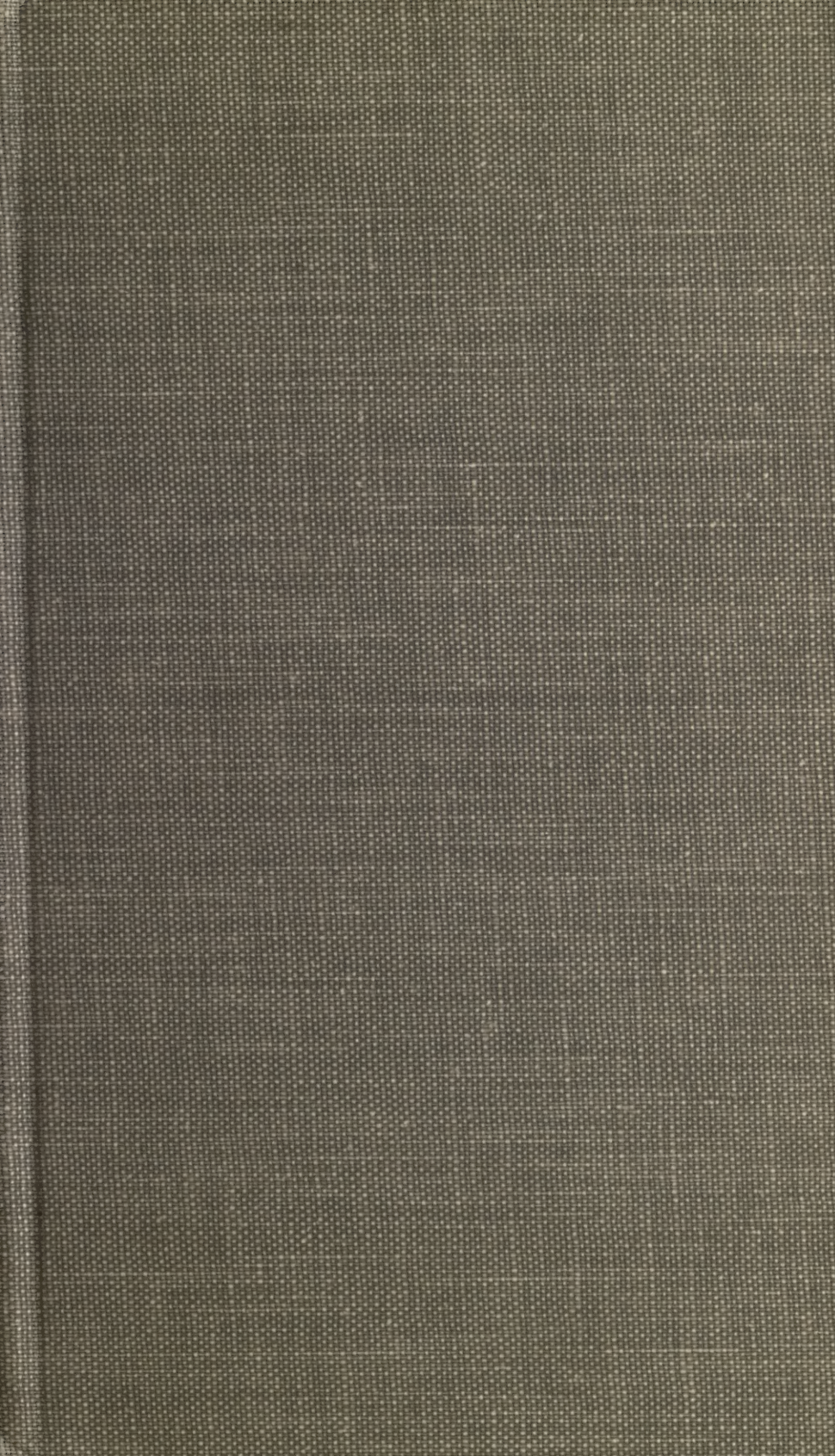




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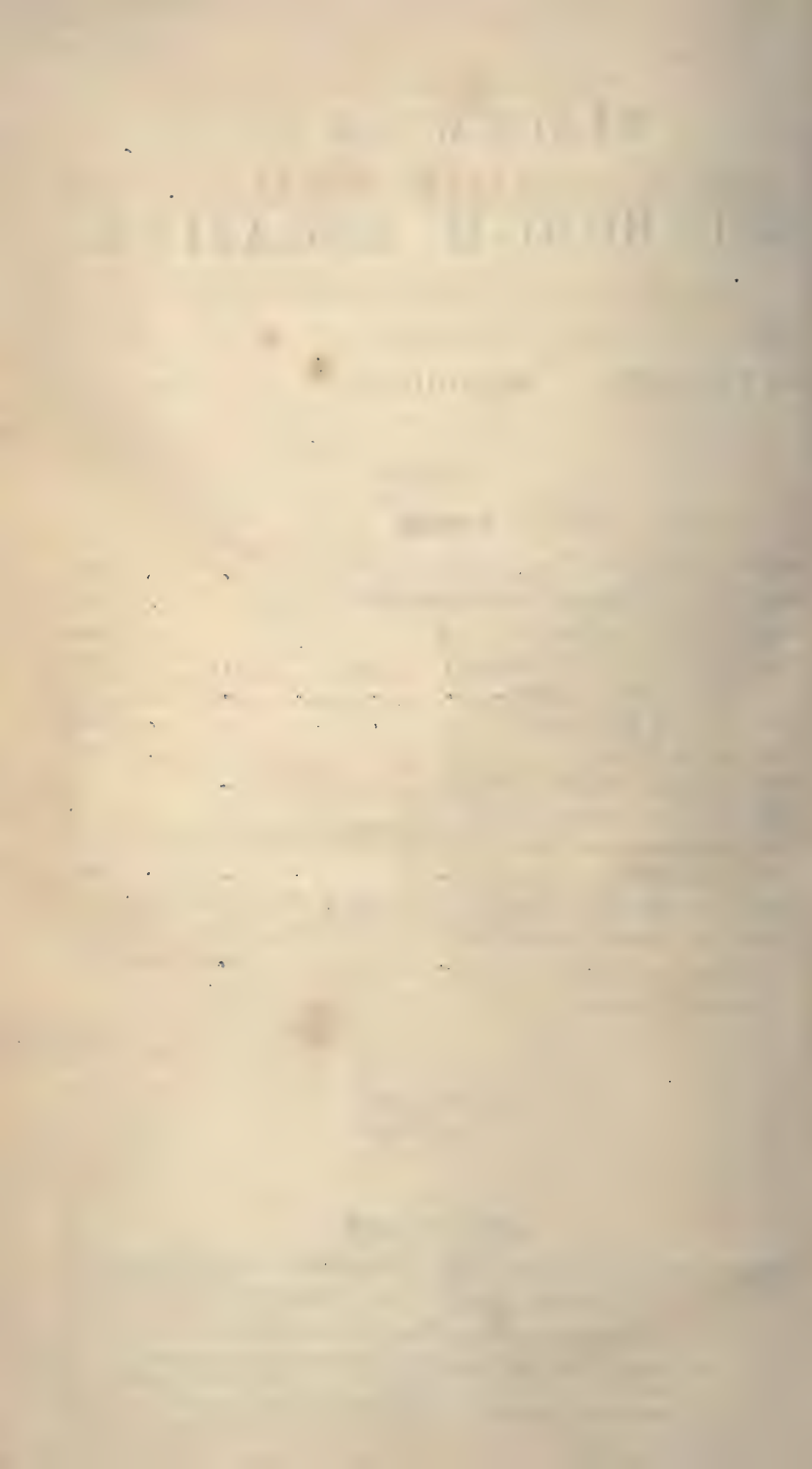
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PHILOSOPHY OF HERODOTUS.

FEW, even amongst literary people, are aware of the true place occupied by Herodotus in universal literature; secondly, scarce here and there a scholar up and down a century is led to reflect upon the *multiplicity* of his relations to the whole range of civilization. We endeavour in these words to catch, as in a net, the gross prominent faults of his appreciation; on which account, first, we say pointedly, *universal* literature, not Grecian—since the primary error is, to regard Herodotus merely in relation to the literature of Greece; secondly, on which account we notice the circuit, the numerical amount, of his collisions with science—because the second and greater error is, to regard him exclusively as an historian. But now, under a juster allocation of his rank, as the general father of prose composition, Herodotus is nearly related to all literature whatsoever, modern not less than ancient; and as the father of what may be called ethnographical geography, as a man who speculated most ably on all the *humanities* of science—that is, on all the scientific questions which naturally interest our human sensibilities in this great temple which we look up to, the pavilion of the sky, the sun, the moon, the atmosphere, with its climates and its winds; or in this home which we inherit, the earth, with its hills and rivers—Herodotus ought least of all to be classed amongst historians: that is but a secondary title for *him*; he deserves to be rated as the lead-

er amongst philosophical polyhistor, which is the nearest designation to that of encyclopædist current in the Greek literature. And yet is not this word *encyclopædist* much lower than his ancient name—*father of history*? Doubtless it is no great distinction *at present* to be an encyclopædist, which is often but another name for book-maker, craftsman, mechanic, journeyman, in his meanest degeneration; yet in those early days, when the timid muse of science had scarcely ventured sandal-deep into waters so unfathomable, it seems to us a great thing indeed, that one young man should have founded an entire encyclopædia for his countrymen, upon those difficult problems which challenged their primary attention, because starting forward from the very roof—the walls—the floor of that beautiful theatre which they tenanted. The habitable world, *ἡ οἰκουμένη*, was now daily becoming better known to the human race; but how? Chiefly through Herodotus. There are amusing evidences extant, of the profound ignorance in which nations the most enlightened had hitherto lived, as to all lands beyond their own and its frontier adjacencies. But within the single generation (or the single half century) previous to the birth of Herodotus, vast changes had taken place. The mere revolutions consequent upon the foundation of the Persian empire had approximated the whole world of civilization. First came the conquest of Egypt by the second of the new emperors. This

event, had it stood alone, was immeasurable in its effects for meeting curiosity, and in its immediate excitement for prompting it. It brought the whole vast chain of Persian dependencies, from the river Indus eastwards to the Nile westwards, or even through Cyrene to the gates of Carthage, under the unity of a single sceptre. The world was open. Jealous interdicts, inhospitable laws, national hostilities, always in *procinctu*, no longer fettered the feet of the merchant, or neutralized the exploring instincts of the philosophic traveller. Next came the restoration of the Jewish people. Judea, no longer weeping by the Euphrates, was again sitting for another half millennium of divine probation under her ancient palm-tree. Next after that came the convulsions of Greece, earthquake upon earthquake; the trampling myriads of Darius, but six years before the birth of Herodotus; the river-draining millions of Xerxes in the fifth year of his wondering infancy. Whilst the swell from this great storm was yet angry, and hardly subsiding, (a metaphor used by Herodotus himself, *τοι οιδοντων πρηγματων*,) whilst the scars of Greece were yet raw from the Persian scymitar, her towns and temples to the east of the Corinthian isthmus smouldering ruins yet reeking from the Persian torch, the young Herodotus had wandered forth in a rapture of impassioned curiosity, to see, to touch, to measure, all those great objects, whose names had been recently so rife in men's mouths. The luxurious Sardis, the nation of Babylon, the Nile, the oldest of rivers, Memphis, and Thebes the hundred-gated, that were but amongst his youngest daughters, with the pyramids inscrutable as the heavens—all these he had visited. As far up the Nile as Elephantine he had *personally* pushed his enquiries; and far beyond *that*, by his obstinate questions from all men presumably equal to the answers. Tyre, even, he made a separate voyage to explore. Palestine he had trodden with Grecian feet; the mysterious Jerusalem he had visited, and had computed her proportions. Finally, as to Greece continental, though not otherwise connected with it himself than by the bond of language, and as the home of his Ionian ancestors, (in which view he often calls it by the great moral

name of *Hellas*, regions that geographically belong to Asia and even to Africa,) he seems by mere casual notices, now prompted by an historical incident; now for the purpose of an illustrative comparison, to have known so familiarly, that Pausanias in after ages does not describe more minutely the local features to which he had dedicated a life, than this extraordinary traveller, for whom they did but point a period or circumstantiate a parenthesis. As a geographer, often as a hydrographer—witness his soundings thirty miles off the mouths of the Nile—Herodotus was the first great parent of discovery, as between nation and nation he was the author of mutual revelation; whatsoever any one nation knew of its own little ring fence, through daily use and experience, or had received by ancestral tradition, *that* he published to all other nations. He was the first central interpreter, the common dragoman to the general college of civilization that now belted the Mediterranean, holding up, in a language *already laying the foundations of universality*, one comprehensive mirror, reflecting to them all the separate chorography, habits, institutions, and religious systems of each. Nor was it in the facts merely, that he retraced the portraits of all leading states; whatsoever in these facts was mysterious, for that he had a self-originated solution; whatsoever was perplexing by equiponderant counter-assumptions, for that he brought a determining impulse to the one side or the other; whatsoever seemed contradictory, for that he brought a reconciling hypothesis. Were it the annual rise of a river, were it the formation of a famous kingdom by alluvial depositions, were it the unexpected event of a battle, or the apparently capricious migration of a people—for all alike Herodotus had such resources of knowledge as took the sting out of the marvellous, or such resources of ability as at least suggested the plausible. Antiquities or mythology, martial institutions or pastoral, the secret motives to a falsehood which he exposes, or the hidden nature of some truth which he deciphers—all alike lay within the searching dissection of this astonishing intellect, the most powerful lens by far that has ever been brought to bear upon the mixed objects of a speculative traveller.

To have classed this man as a mere fabling annalist, or even if it should be said on better thoughts—no, not as a fabling annalist but as a great scenical historian—is so monstrous an oversight, so mere a neglect of the proportions maintained amongst the topics treated by Herodotus, that we do not conceive any apology requisite for revising, in this place or at this time, the general estimate on a subject *always* interesting. What is every body's business, the proverb instructs us to view as nobody's by duty; but under the same rule it is *any* body's by right; and what belongs to all hours alike, may for that reason belong without blame to January of the year 1842. Yet, if any man obstinate in demanding for all acts a "sufficient reason" [to speak *Leibniticé*] demurs to our revision, as having no special invitation at this immediate moment, then we are happy to tell him that Mr Hermann Bobrik has furnished us with such an invitation by a recent review of Herodotus as a geographer,* and thus furnished even a technical plea for calling up the great man before our bar.

We have already said something towards reconsidering the thoughtless classification of a writer whose works do actually, in their major proportion, not essentially concern that subject to which, by their *translated* title, they are exclusively referred; for even that part which *is* historical, often moves by mere anecdotes or personal sketches. And the uniform object of these is not the history, but the political condition, of the particular state or province. But we now feel disposed to press this rectification a little more keenly by asking—what was the reason for this apparently wilful error? The reason is palpable: it was the ignorance of irreflectiveness.

I. For with respect to the first oversight on the claim of Herodotus, as an earliest archetype of composition, so much is evident—that, if prose were simply the negation of verse, were it the fact that prose had no separate laws of its own, but that to be a composer in prose meant only his privilege of being inartificial—his dispensation from the restraints of

metre—then indeed it would be a slight nominal honour to have been the Father of Prose. But this is ignorance, though a pretty common ignorance. To walk well, it is not enough that a man abstains from dancing. Walking has rules of its own, the more difficult to perceive or to practise as they are less broadly *prononcés*. To forbear singing is not therefore to speak well or to read well: each of which offices rests upon a separate art of its own. Numerous laws of transition, connexion, preparation, are different for a writer in verse and a writer in prose. Each mode of composition is a great art; well executed, is the highest and most difficult of arts. And we are satisfied that, one century before the age of Herodotus, the effort must have been greater to wean the feelings from a key of poetic composition to which all minds had long been attuned and prepared, than at present it would be for any paragraphist in the newspapers to make the inverse revolution by *suddenly* renouncing the modesty of prose for the impassioned forms of lyrical poetry. It was a great thing to be the leader of prose composition; great even, as we all can see at other times, to be absolutely first in any one subdivision of composition: how much more in one whole bisection of literature! And, if it is objected that Herodotus was *not* the eldest of prose writers, doubtless in an absolute sense no man was. There must always have been short public inscriptions not admitting of metre, as where numbers—quantities—dimensions were concerned. It is enough that all feeble tentative explorers of the art had been too meagre in matter, too rude in manner, like Fabius Pictor amongst the Romans, to captivate the ears of men, and *thus* to ensure their own propagation. Without annoying the reader by the cheap erudition of parading defunct names before him, it is certain that Scylax, an author still surviving, was nearly contemporary with Herodotus; and not very wide of him by his subject. In *his* case it is probable that the mere practical benefits of his book to the navigators of the Mediterranean in that early period, had multiplied his book

* *Geographie des Herodot*—dargestellt von Hermann Bobrik. Königsberg, 1838.

so as eventually to preserve it. Yet, as Major Rennell remarks, *Geog. Syst. of Herod.*, p. 610,—“Scylax must be regarded as a *seaman or pilot*, and the author of a coasting directory;” as a mechanic artizan, ranking with Hamilton, Moore, or Gunter, not as a great liberal artist—an *intellectual* potentate like Herodotus. Such now upon the scale of intellectual claims as was this geographical rival by comparison with Herodotus, such doubtless were his rivals or predecessors in history, in antiquities, and in the other provinces which he occupied. And generally the fragments of these authors, surviving in Pagan as well as Christian collections, show that they were such. So that, in a high virtual sense, Herodotus was to prose composition what Homer 600 years earlier had been to verse.

II. But whence arose the other mistake about Herodotus—the fancy that his great work was exclusively (or even chiefly) a history? It arose simply from a mistranslation, which subsists every where to this day. We remember that Kant, in one of his miscellaneous essays, finding a necessity for explaining the term *Histoire*, [why we cannot say, since the Germans have the self-grown word *Geschichte* for that idea,] deduces it of course from the Greek *ἱστορία*. This brings him to an occasion for defining the term. And how? It is laughable to imagine the anxious reader bending his ear to catch the Kantian whisper, and finally, solemnly hearing that *ἱστορία* means—History. Really, Professor Kant, we should almost have guessed as much. But such derivations teach no more than the ample circuit of Bardolph's definition—“*accommodated*—that whereby a man is, or may be thought to be”—what? “*accommodated*.” Kant was an excellent Latin scholar, but an indifferent Grecian. And spite of the old traditional “*Historiarum Libri Novem*,” which stands upon all Latin

title-pages of Herodotus, we need scarcely remind a Greek scholar that the verb *ἵστωρ*, or the noun *ἱστορία*, *never* bears in this writer the latter sense of recording and memorializing. The substantive is a word frequently employed by Herodotus: often in the plural number; and uniformly it means *enquiries* or *investigations*, so that the proper English version of the title-page would be—“Of the *researches* made by Herodotus, Nine Books.” And in reality that is the very meaning, and the secret drift, the conservation running overhead through these nine sections to the nine muses. Had the work been designed as chiefly historical, it would have been placed under the patronage of the one sole muse presiding over History. But because the very opening sentence tells us that it is *not* chiefly historical, that it is so partially, that it rehearses the acts of men, [*τα γυνόμενα*,] together with the monumental structures of human labour, [*τα ἐργα*—for the true sense of which word in this position see the first sentence in section thirty-five of *Euterpe*,] and other things beside, [*τα τε ἄλλα*,] because in short not any limited annals, because the mighty revelation of the world to its scattered inhabitants, because—

“Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,

Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli,—

therefore it was that a running title or superscription so extensive and so aspiring had at some time been adopted. *Every* muse, and not one, only, is presumed to be interested in the work; and, in simple truth, this legend of dedication is but an expansion or variety more impressively conveyed of what had been already notified in the inaugural sentence; whilst both this sentence and that dedication were designed to meet the very misconception which has since notwithstanding prevailed.*

* But—“How has it prevailed,” some will ask, “if an error? Have not great scholars sate upon Herodotus?” Doubtless, many. There is none greater, for instance, merely as a verbal scholar, than Valckenaer. Whence we conclude that inevitably this error has been remarked somewhere. And as to the erroneous Latin version still keeping its ground, partly that may be due to the sort of superstition which every where protects old usages in formal situations like a title-page, partly to the fact that there is no happy Latin word to express *Researches*. But, however that may be, all the scholars in the world cannot get rid of the evidence involved in the general use of the word *ἱστορία* by Herodotus.

These rectifications ought to have some effect in elevating—first, the rank of Herodotus; secondly, his present attractions. Most certain we are that few readers are aware of the *various* amusement conveyed from all sources then existing, by this most splendid of travellers. Dr Johnson has expressed in print, (and not merely in the strife of conversation,) the following extravagant idea—that to Homer, as its original author, may be traced back, at least in outline, *every* tale or complication of incidents now moving in modern poems, romances, or novels. Now, it is not necessary to denounce such an assertion as false, because, upon two separate reasons, it shows itself to be impossible. In the first place, the motive to such an assertion was—to emblazon the inventive faculty of Homer; but it happens that Homer could not invent any thing, small or great, under the very principles of Grecian art. To be a fiction, as to matters of *action*, (for in embellishments the rule might be otherwise,) was to be ridiculous and unmeaning in Grecian eyes. We may illustrate the Grecian feeling on this point (however little known to critics) by our own dolorous disappointment when we opened the *Alhambra* of Mr Washington Irving. We had supposed it to be some real Spanish or Moorish legend connected with that romantic edifice; and, behold! it was a mere Sadler's Wells travesty, (we speak of its plan, not of its execution,) applied to some slender fragments from past days. Such, but far stronger, would have been the disappointment to Grecian feelings, in finding any poetic (*à fortiori*, any prose) legend to be a fiction of the writer's—words cannot measure the reaction of disgust. And thence it was that no tragic poet of Athens ever took for his theme any tale or fable not already pre-existing in *some* version, though now and then it might be the least popular version. It was *capital* as an offence of the intellect, it was lunatic to do otherwise. This is a most important characteristic of ancient taste; and most interesting in its philosophic value for any comparative estimate of modern art, as against ancient. In particular, no just commentary can ever be written on the poetics of Aristotle, which leaves it out of sight. Secondly, it

is evident that the whole character, the very principle of movement, in many modern stories, depends upon sentiments derived remotely from Christianity; and others upon usages or manners peculiar to modern civilization; so as in either case to involve a moral anachronism if viewed as Pagan. Not the colouring only of the fable, but the very incidents, one and all, and the situations, and the perplexities, are constantly the product of something characteristically modern in the circumstances, sometimes for instance in the climate; *for the ancients had no experimental knowledge of severe climates*. With these double impossibilities before us, of any absolute fictions in a Pagan author that could be generally-fitted to anticipate modern tales, we shall not transfer to Herodotus the impracticable compliment paid by Dr Johnson to Homer. But it is certain that the very best collection of stories furnished by Pagan funds, lies dispersed through his great work. One of the best of the *Arabian Nights*, the very best as regards the structure of the plot—viz. the tale of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*—is evidently derived from an incident in that remarkable Egyptian legend, connected with the treasure-house of Rhampsinitus. This, except two of his Persian legends, (Cyrus and Darius,) is the longest tale in Herodotus; and by much the best in an artist's sense; indeed, its own remarkable merit, as a fable in which the incidents *successively generate each other*, caused it to be transplanted by the Greeks to their own country. Vossius, in his work on the Greek historians, and a hundred years later, Valckenaer, with many other scholars, had pointed out the singular conformity of this memorable Egyptian story with several that afterwards circulated in Greece. The eldest of these transfers was undoubtedly the Bœotian tale (but in days before the name Bœotia existed) of Agamedes and Trophonius, architects, and sons to the King of Orchomenos, who built a treasure-house at Hyria, (noticed by Homer in his ship catalogue,) followed by tragical circumstances, the very same as those recorded by Herodotus. It is true that the latter incidents, according to the Egyptian version—the monstrous device of Rhampsinitus for discovering

the robber at the price of his daughter's honour, and the final reward of the robber for his petty ingenuity, (which, after all, belonged chiefly to the deceased architect,) ruin the tale as a whole. But these latter incidents are obviously forgeries of another age; "*angeschlossen*" fastened on by fraud, "*an den ersten aelteren theil,*" to the first and elder part, as Mueller rightly observes, p. 97, of his *Orchomenos*. And even here it is pleasing to notice the incredulity of Herodotus, who was not, like so many of his Christian commentators, sceptical upon previous system and by wholesale, but equally prone to believe wherever his heart (naturally reverential) suggested an interference of superior natures, and to doubt wherever his excellent judgment detected marks of incoherency. He records the entire series of incidents as *τα λεγομενα ακοη*, reports of events which had reached him by hearsay, *εμοι δε ου πιστα*—"but to me," he says pointedly, "not credible."

In this view, as a *thesaurus fabularum*, a great repository of anecdotes and legends, tragic or romantic, Herodotus is so far beyond all Pagan competition, that we are thrown upon Christian literatures for any corresponding form of merit. The case has often been imagined playfully, that a man were restricted to one book; and, supposing all books so solemn as those of a religious interest to be laid out of the question, many are the answers which have been pronounced, according to the difference of men's minds. Rousseau, as is well known, on such an assumption made his election for Plutarch. But shall we tell the reader *why*? It was not altogether his taste, or his judicious choice, which decided him; for choice there can be none amongst elements unexamined—it was his limited reading. Except a few papers in the French *Encyclopédie*, during his maturer years, and some dozen of works presented to him by their authors, his own friends, Rousseau had read little or nothing beyond Plutarch's Lives in a bad French translation, and Montaigne. Though not a Frenchman, having had an education (if such one can call it) thoroughly French, he had the usual puerile French craze about Roman virtue, and republican simplicity, and Cato, and "all that." So

that *his* decision goes for little. And even he, had he read Herodotus, would have thought twice before he made up his mind. The truth is, that in such a case, suppose, for example, Robinson Crusoe empowered to import one book and no more into his insular hermitage, the most powerful of human books must be unavoidably excluded, and for the following reason: that in the direct ratio of its profundity will be the unity of any fictitious interest; a Paradise Lost, or a King Lear, could not agitate or possess the mind as they do, if they were at leisure to "amuse" us. So far from relying on its unity, the work which should aim at the *maximum* of amusement, ought to rely on the *maximum* of variety. And in that view it is that we urge the paramount pretensions of Herodotus; since not only are his topics separately of primary interest, each for itself, but they are collectively the most varied in the quality of that interest, and they are touched with the most flying and least lingering pen; for, of all writers, Herodotus is the most cautious not to trespass on his reader's patience: his transitions are the most fluent whilst they are the most endless, justifying themselves to the understanding as much as they recommend themselves to the spirit of hurrying curiosity; and his narrations or descriptions are the most animated by the generality of their abstractions, whilst they are the most faithfully individual by the felicity of their minute circumstances.

Once, and in a public situation, we ourselves denominated Herodotus the Froissart of antiquity. But we were then speaking of him exclusively as an historian; and even so, we did him injustice. Thus far it is true the two men agree, that both are less political, or reflecting, or moralizing, as historians, than they are scenical and splendidly picturesque. But Froissart is little else than an historian. Whereas Herodotus is the counterpart of some ideal Pandora, by the universality of his accomplishments. He is a traveller of discovery, like Captain Cooke or Park. He is a naturalist, the earliest that existed. He is a mythologist, and a speculator on the origin, as well as value, of religious rites. He is a political economist by instinct of genius, before the science

of economy had a name or a conscious function ; and by two great records, he has put us up to the level of *all* that can excite our curiosity at that great era of moving civilization :—first, as respects Persia, by the elaborate review of the various satrapies or great lieutenantancies of the empire—that vast empire which had absorbed the Assyrian, Median, Babylonian, Little Syrian, and Egyptian kingdoms, registering against each separate viceroyalty, from Algiers to Lahore beyond the Indus, what was the amount of its annual tribute to the gorgeous exchequer of Susa ; and secondly, as respects Greece, by his review of the numerous little Grecian states, and their several contingents in ships, or in soldiers, or in both, (according as their position happened to be inland or maritime,) towards the universal armament against the second and greatest of the Persian invasions. Two such documents, such archives of political economy, do not exist elsewhere in history. Egypt had now ceased, and we may say that (according to the Scriptural prophecy) it had ceased for ever to be an independent realm. Persia had now for seventy years had her foot upon the neck of this unhappy land ; and, in one century beyond the death of Herodotus, the* two-horned he-goat of Macedon was destined to butt it down into hopeless prostration. But so far as Egypt, from her vast antiquity, or from her great resources, was entitled to a more circumstantial notice than any other satrapy of the great empire, such a notice it has ; and we do not scruple to say, though it may seem a bold word, that, from the many scattered features of Egyptian habits or usages incidentally indicated by Herodotus, a better portrait of Egyptian life, and a better abstract of Egyptian political economy, might even yet be gathered, than from all the writers of Greece for the cities of their native land.

But take him as an exploratory traveller and as a naturalist, who had to break ground for the earliest entrenchments in these new functions of knowledge ; we do not scruple to say that, *mutatis mutandis*, and *concessis concedendis*, Herodotus has the separate qualifications of the two men whom we would select by preference as the most distinguished amongst Christian traveller-naturalists ; he has the universality of the Prussian Humboldt ; and he has the picturesque fidelity to nature of the English Dampier—of whom the last was a simple self-educated seaman, but strong-minded by nature, austere accurate through his moral reverence for truth, and zealous in pursuit of knowledge, to an excess which raises him to a level with the noble Greek. Dampier, when in the last stage of exhaustion from a malignant dysentery, unable to stand upright, and surrounded by perils in a land of infidel fanatics, crawled on his hands and feet to verify some fact of natural history, under the blazing forenoon of the tropics ; and Herodotus, having no motive but his own inexhaustible thirst of knowledge, embarked on a separate voyage, fraught with hardships, towards a chance of clearing up what seemed a difficulty of some importance in deducing the religious mythology of his country.

But it is in those characters by which he is best known to the world—viz. as an historian and a geographer—that Herodotus levies the heaviest tribute on our reverence ; and precisely in those characters it is that he now claims the amplest atonement, having formerly sustained the grossest outrages of insult and slander on the peculiar merits attached to each of those characters. Credulous he was supposed to be, in a degree transcending the privilege of old garrulous nurses ; hyperbolically extravagant beyond Sir John Mandeville ; and lastly, as if he had been a Mendez Pinto or a Mun-

“ *Two-horned*,” in one view, as having no successor, Alexander was called the *one-horned*. But it is very singular that all Oriental nations, without knowing any thing of the Scriptural symbols under which Alexander is described by Daniel as the strong he-goat who butted against the ram of Persia, have always called him the “ *two-horned*,” with a covert allusion to his European and his Asiatic kingdom. And it is equally singular, that unintentionally this symbol falls in with Alexander’s own assumption of a descent from the Lybian Jupiter-Ammon, to whom the double horns were an indispensable and characteristic symbol.

chausen, he was saluted as the "father of lies." Now, on these calumnies, it is pleasant to know that his most fervent admirer no longer feels it requisite to utter one word in the way of complaint or vindication. Time has carried him round to the diametrical counterpole of estimation. Examination and more learned study have justified every iota of those statements *to which he pledged his own private authority*. His chronology is better to this day than any single system opposed to it. His dimensions and distances are so far superior to those of later travellers, whose hands were strengthened by all the powers of military command and regal autocracy, that Major Rennell, upon a deliberate retrospect of his works, preferred his authority to that of those who came after him as conquerors and rulers of the kingdoms which he had described as a simple traveller; nay, to the late authority of those who had conquered those conquerors. It is gratifying that a judge, so just and thoughtful as the Major, should declare the reports of Alexander's officers on the distances and stations in the Asiatic part of his empire, less trustworthy by much than the reports of Herodotus: yet, who was more liberally devoted to science than Alexander? or what were the humble powers of the foot traveller in comparison with those of the mighty earthshaker, for whom prophecy had been on the watch for centuries? It is gratifying, that a judge like the Major should find the same advantage on the side of Herodotus, as to the distances in the Egyptian and Lybian part of this empire, on a comparison with the most accomplished of Romans, Pliny, Strabo, Ptolemy, (for all are Romans who benefited by any Roman machinery,) coming five and six centuries later. We indeed hold the accuracy of Herodotus to be all but marvellous, considering the wretched apparatus which he could then command in the popular measures. The *stadium*, it is true, was more accurate, because less equivocal in those Grecian days, than afterwards, when it inter-oscillated with the Roman *stadium*; but all the multiples of that stadium, such as the *schœnus*, the Persian *parasang*, or the military *stathmus*, were only less vague than the *cosse* of Hindostan in their ideal standards, and as flue-

tuating *practically* as are all computed distances at all times and places. The close approximations of Herodotus to the returns of distances upon caravan routes of 500 miles by the most vigilant of modern travellers, checked by the caravan controllers, is a bitter retort upon his calumniators. And, as to the consummation of the insults against him in the charge of wilful falsehood, we explain it out of hasty reading and slight acquaintance with Greek. The sensibility of Herodotus to his own future character in this respect, under a deep consciousness of his upright forbearance on the one side, and of the extreme liability on the other side to uncharitable construction for any man moving amongst Egyptian thaumaturgical traditions, comes forward continually in his anxious distinctions between what he gives on his own ocular experience (*οφθαλμοις*)—what upon his own enquiries, or combination of enquiries with previous knowledge (*ιστορειν*)—what upon hearsay (*ακουσιν*)—what upon current tradition (*λογος*.) And the evidences are multiplied over and above these distinctions, of the irritation which besieged his mind as to the future wrongs he might sustain from the careless and the unprincipled. Had truth been less precious in his eyes, was it tolerable to be supposed a liar for so vulgar an object as that of creating a stare by wonder-making? The high-minded Grecian, justly proud of his superb intellectual resources for taking captive the imaginations of his half-polished countrymen, disdained such base artifices, which belong more properly to an effeminate and over-stimulated stage of civilization. And, once for all, he had announced at an early point as the *principle* of his work, as what ran along the whole line of his statements by way of basis or subsumption, (*παρεπαντα τον λογον υποκειται*)—that he wrote upon the faith of hearsay from the Egyptians severally: meaning by "severally," (*εκαστων*)—that he did not adopt any chance hearsay, but such as was guaranteed by the men who presided over each several department of Egyptian official or ceremonial life.

Having thus said something towards re-vindicating for Herodotus his proper station—first, as a *power* in literature; next, as a geographer, economist, mythologist, antiquary,

historian—we shall draw the reader's attention to the remarkable "set of the current" towards that very consummation and result of justice amongst the learned within the last two generations. There is no such case extant of truth slowly righting itself. Seventy years ago, the reputation of Herodotus for veracity was at the lowest ebb. That prejudice still survives popularly. But amongst the learned, it has gradually given way to better scholarship, and to two generations of travellers, starting with far superior preparation for their difficult labours. Accordingly, at this day, each successive commentator, better able to read Greek, and better provided with solutions for the inevitable errors of a *reporter*, drawing upon others for his facts, with only an occasional interposition of his own opinion, comes with increasing reverence to his author. The *laudator temporis acti* takes for granted in his sweeping ignorance, that we of the present generation are less learned than our immediate predecessors. It happens, that all over Europe the course of learning has been precisely in the inverse direction. Poor was the condition of Greek learning in England, when Dr Cooke (one of the five wretched old boys who operated upon Gray's *Elegy* in the character of Greek translators) presided at Cambridge as their Greek professor. See, or rather touch with the tongs, his edition* of Aristotle's *Poetics*. Equally poor was its condition in Germany: for, if one swallow could make a summer, we had that in England. Poorer by far was its condition (as generally it is) in France: where a great don in Greek letters, an Abbé who passed for unfathomably learned, having occasion to translate a Greek sentence, saying that "Herodotus, even whilst Ionicising, (using the Ionic dialect,) had yet spelt a particular name with the *alpha* and not with the *eta*," rendered the passage "Herodote et aussi Jazon." The Greek words were these three—*Ἡροδοτος καὶ ἰαζων*. He had never heard that *καὶ* means *even* almost as often as it means *and*: thus

he introduced to the world a fine new author, one Jazon, Esquire; and the squire holds his place in the learned Abbé's book to this day. Good Greek scholars are now in the proportion of perhaps sixty to one by comparison with the penultimate generation: and this proportion holds equally for Germany and for England. So that the restoration of Herodotus to his place in literature, his *Palingenesia*, has been no caprice, but is due to the vast depositions of knowledge, equal for the last seventy or eighty years to the accumulated product of the entire previous interval from Herodotus to 1760, in every one of those particular fields which this author was led by his situation to cultivate.

Meantime the work of cleansing this great tank or depository of archæology (the one sole reservoir, so placed in point of time as to collect and draw all the contributions from the frontier ground between the *mythical* and the *historical* period) is still proceeding. Every fresh labourer, by new accessions of direct aid, or by new combinations of old suggestions, finds himself able to purify the interpretation of Herodotus by wider analogies, or to account for his mistakes by more accurately developing the situation of the speaker. We also bring our own unborrowed contributions. We also would wish to promote this great labour, which, be it remembered, concerns no secondary section of human progress—searches no blind corners or nooks of history—but traverses the very crests and summits of human annals, with a solitary exception for the Hebrew Scriptures, so far as opening civilization is concerned. The commencement—the solemn inauguration—of history, is placed no doubt in the commencement of the Olympiads, 777 years before Christ. The doors of the great theatre were then thrown open. That is undeniable. But the performance did not actually commence till 555 B.C., (the *locus* of Cyrus.) Then began the great tumult of nations—the *termashaw*, to speak *Bengalicé*. Then began the procession, the pomp, the interweav-

* Which edition the arrogant Mathias in his *Pursuits of Literature* (by far the most popular of books from 1797 to 1802) highly praised; though otherwise amusing himself with the folly of the other grey-headed men contending for a school-boy's prize. It was the loss of dignity, however, in the translator, not their worthless Greek, which he saw cause to ridicule.

ing of the western tribes, not always by bodily presence, but by the *actio in distans* of politics. And the birth of Herodotus was precisely in the seventy-first year from that period. It is the greatest of periods that is concerned. And we also as willingly, we repeat, would offer our contingent. What we propose to do, is to bring forward two or three important suggestions of others not yet popularly known—shaping and pointing, if possible, their application—brightening their justice, or strengthening their outlines. And with these we propose to intermingle one or two suggestions, more exclusively our own.

I.—*The Non-Planetary Earth of Herodotus in its relation to the Planetary Sun.*

Mr Hermann Bobrik is the first torchbearer to Herodotus who has thrown a strong light on his theory of the earth's relation to the solar system. This is one of the *præcognita*, literally indispensable to the comprehension of the geographical basis assumed by Herodotus. And it is really interesting to see how one original error had drawn after it a train of others—how one restoration of light has now illuminated a whole hemisphere of objects. We suppose it the very next thing to a fatal impossibility, that any man should at once rid his mind so profoundly of all natural biases from education, or almost from human instinct, as barely to suspect the physical theory of Herodotus—barely to imagine the idea of a divorce occurring in *any* theory between the solar orb and the great phenomena of summer and winter. Prejudications, having the force of a necessity, had blinded generation after generation of students to the very admission *in limine* of such a theory as could go the length of dethroning the sun himself from all influence over the great vicissitudes of heat and cold—seed-time and harvest—for man. They did not see what actually *was*, what lay broadly below their eyes, in Herodotus, because it seemed too fantastic a dream to suppose that it *could* be. The case is far more common than feeble psychologists imagine. Numerous are the instances in which we actually see—not that which is really there to be seen—but that which we believe *à priori* ought to be

there. And in cases so palpable as that of an external sense, it is not difficult to set the student on his guard. But in cases more intellectual or moral, like several in Herodotus, it is difficult for the teacher himself to be effectually vigilant. It was not any thing actually seen by Herodotus which led him into denying the solar functions; it was his own independent speculation. This suggested to him a plausible hypothesis; plausible it was for that age of the world; and afterwards, on applying it to the actual difficulties of the case, this hypothesis seemed so far good, that it did really unlock them. The case stood thus:—Herodotus contemplated Cold not as a mere privation of Heat, but as a positive quality; quite as much entitled to “high consideration,” in the language of ambassadors, as its rival heat; and quite as much to a “retiring pension,” in case of being superannuated. Thus we all know, from Addison’s fine raillery, that a certain philosopher regarded darkness not at all as any result from the absence of light, but fancied that, as some heavenly bodies are luminaries, so others (which he called *tenebrific stars*) might have the office of “raying out positive darkness.” In the infancy of science, the idea is natural to the human mind; and we remember hearing a great man of our own times declare, that no sense of conscious power had ever so vividly dilated his mind, nothing so like a revelation, as when one day in broad sunshine, whilst yet a child, he discovered that his own shadow, which he had often angrily hunted, was no real existence, but a mere *hindering* of the sun’s light from filling up the space screened by his own body. The old grudge, which he cherished against this coy fugitive shadow, melted away in the rapture of this great discovery. To him the discovery had doubtless been originally half-suggested by explanations of his elders imperfectly comprehended. But in itself the distinction between the *affirmative* and the *negative* is a step perhaps the most costly in *effort* of any that the human mind is summoned to take; and the greatest indulgence is due to those early stages of civilization when this step had *not* been taken. For Herodotus, there existed two great counter-forces in absolute hostility—heat and cold; and these forces were

incarnated in the WINDS. It was the north and north-east wind, not any distance of the sun, which radiated cold and frost; it was the southern wind from Ethiopia, not at all the sun, which radiated heat. But could a man so sagacious as Herodotus stand with his ample Grecian forehead exposed to the noonday sun, and suspect no part of the calorific agency to be seated in the sun? Certainly he could not. But this partial agency is no more than what we of this day allow to secondary or tertiary causes apart from the principal. We, that regard the sun as upon the whole our planetary fountain of light, yet recognise an electrical *aurora*, a zodiacal light, &c., as substitutes not palpably dependent. We, that regard the sun as upon the whole our fountain of heat, yet recognise many co-operative, many modifying forces having the same office—such as the local configuration of ground—such as sea neighbourhoods or land neighbourhoods, marshes or none, forests or none, strata of soil fitted to retain heat and fund it, or to disperse it and cool it. Precisely in the same way Herodotus did allow an agency to the sun upon the *daily* range of heat, though he allowed none to the same luminary in regulating the *annual* range. What caused the spring and autumn, the summer and winter, (though generally in those ages there were but two seasons recognised,) was the action of the winds. The diurnal arch of heat (as we may call it) ascending from sunrise to some hour, (say two p.m.) when the sum of the two heats (the funded annual heat and the fresh increments of *daily* heat) reaches its *maximum*, and the descending limb of the same arch from this hour to sunset—this he explained entirely out of the sun's *daily* revolution, which to him was, of course, no apparent motion, but a real one in the sun. It is truly amusing to hear the great man's infantine simplicity in describing the effects of this solar journey. The sun rises, it seems, in India; and these poor Indians, roasted by whole nations at breakfast-time, are then up to their chins in water, whilst we thankless Westerns are taking "tea and toast" at our ease. However, it is a long lane which has no turning; and by noon the sun has driven so many stages away from India, that the poor creatures begin to come out of their

rivers, and really find things tolerably comfortable. India is now cooled down to a balmy Grecian temperature. "All right behind!" as the mail-coach guards observe; but not quite right a-head, where the sun is racing away over the boiling brains of the Ethiopians, Lybians, &c., and driving Jupiter-Ammon perfectly distracted with his furnace. But, when things are at the worst, the proverb assures us that they will mend. And for an early five o'clock dinner, Ethiopia finds that she has no great reason to complain. All civilized people are now cool and happy for the rest of the day. But, as to the woolly-headed rascals on the west coast of Africa, they "catch it" towards sunset, and "no mistake." Yet why trouble our heads about inconsiderable black fellows like them, who have been cool all day whilst better men were melting away by pailfuls? And such is the history of a summer's day in the heavens above and on the earth beneath. As to little Greece, she is but skirted by the sun, who keeps away far to the south; thus she is maintained in a charming state of equilibrium by her fortunate position on the very frontier line of the fierce *Boreas* and the too voluptuous *Notos*.

Meantime one effect follows from this transfer of the solar functions to the winds, which has not been remarked,—viz. that Herodotus has a double north; one governed by the old noisy *Boreas*, another by the silent constellation *Arktos*. And the consequence of this fluctuating north, as might be guessed, is the want of any true north at all; for the two points of the wind and the constellation do not coincide in the first place; and secondly, the wind does not coincide with itself, but naturally traverses through a few points right and left. Next, the east also will be indeterminate from a different cause. Had Herodotus lived in a high northern latitude, there is no doubt that the ample range of difference between the northerly points of rising in the summer and the southerly in winter, would have forced his attention upon the fact, that only at the equinox, vernal or autumnal, does the sun's rising accurately coincide with the east. But in his Ionian climate, the deflexions either way, to the north or to the south, were too inconsiderable to *force* themselves upon the eye; and thus a more indeterminate east

would arise—never rigorously corrected, because requiring so moderate a correction. Now, a vague unsettled east, would support a vague unsettled north. And of course, through whatever arch of variations either of these points vibrated, precisely upon that scale the west and the south would follow them.

Thus arises, upon a simple and easy genesis, that condition of the compass (to use the word by anticipation) which must have tended to confuse the geographical system of Herodotus, and which does in fact account for the else unaccountable obscurities in some of its leading features. These anomalous features would, on their own account, have deserved notice; but now, after this explanation, they will have a separate value of illustrative proofs in relation to the present article, No. I.

II.—*The Danube of Herodotus considered as a counterpole to the Nile.*

There is nothing more perplexing to some of the many commentators on Herodotus than all which he says of the river Danube; nor any thing easier, under the preparation of the preceding article. The Danube, or, in the nomenclature of Herodotus, the *Istros*, is described as being in all respects *παράλληλος*, by which we must understand corresponding rigorously, but antistrophically, (as the Greeks express it,) similar angles, similar dimensions, but in an inverse order, to the Egyptian Nile. The Nile, in its notorious section, flows from south to north. Consequently the Danube, by the rule of *parallelism*, ought to flow through a corresponding section from north to south. But, say the commentators, it does *not*. Now, verbally they might seem wrong; but substantially, as regards the justification of Herodotus, they are right. Our business, however, is not to justify Herodotus, but to explain him. Undoubtedly there is a point about 150 miles east of Vienna, where the Danube descends almost due south for a space of 300 miles; and this is a very memorable reach of the river; for somewhere within that long corridor of land which lies between itself, (this Danube section,) and a direct parallel section, equally long, of the Hungarian river Theiss, once lay, in the fifth century, the royal city or encampment of Attila. Gibbon placed

the city in the northern part of this corridor, (or, strictly speaking, this Mesopotamia,) consequently about 200 miles to the east of Vienna: but others, and especially Hungarian writers, better acquainted by personal examination with the ground, remove it 150 miles more to the south—that is, to the centre of the corridor, (or gallery of land inclosed by the two rivers.) Now, undoubtedly, except along the margin of this Attila's corridor, there is no considerable section of the Danube which flows southward; and this will not answer the postulates of Herodotus. Generally speaking, the Danube holds a headlong course to the east. Undoubtedly this must be granted; and so far it might seem hopeless to seek for that kind of parallelism to the Nile which Herodotus asserts. But the question for us does not concern what *is* or then *was*—the question is solely about what Herodotus can be shown to have meant. And here comes in, seasonably and serviceably, that vagueness as to the points of the compass which we have explained in the preceding article. This, connected with the positive assertion of Herodotus as to an inverse correspondency with the Nile, (north and south, therefore, as the antistrophe to south and north,) would place beyond a doubt the creed of Herodotus—which is the question that concerns *us*. And, *vice versa*, this creed of Herodotus as to the course of the Danube, in its main latter section when approaching the Euxine Sea, re-acts to confirm all we have said, *proprio Marte*, on the indeterminate articulation of the Ionian compass then current. Here we have at once the *a priori* reasons making it probable that Herodotus would have a vagrant compass; secondly, many separate instances confirming this probability; thirdly, the particular instance of the Danube, as antistrophising with the Nile, not reconcilable with any other principle; and fourthly, the following independent demonstration, that the Ionian compass must have been confused in its leading divisions. Mark, reader, Herodotus terminates his account of the Danube and its course, by affirming that this mighty river enters the Euxine—at what point? in what direction? Opposite, says he, to Sinope. Could that have been imagined? Sinope, being a Greek settlement in a region where such

settlements were rare, was notorious to all the world as the flourishing emporium, on the south shore of the Black Sea, of a civilized people, literally *hustled* by barbarians. Consequently—and this is a point to which all commentators alike are blind—the Danube descends upon the Euxine in a long line running due south. Else, we demand, how could it antistrophise with the Nile? Else, we demand, how could it lie right over against Sinope? Else, we demand, how could it make that right-angled bend to the west in the earlier section of its course, which is presupposed in its perfect analogy to the Nile of Herodotus? If already it were lying east and west in that lower part of its course which approaches the Euxine, what occasion could it offer for a right-angled turn, or for any turn at all—what possibility for any *angle* whatever between this lower reach and that superior reach so confessedly running eastwards according to *all* accounts of its derivation?

For as respects the Nile, by way of close to this article, it remains to inform the reader—that Herodotus had evidently met in Upper Egypt slaves or captives in war from the regions of Soudan, Tombuctoo, &c. This is the opinion of Rennell, of Browne the visiter of the Ammonian Oasis, and many other principal authorities; and for a *reason* which we always regard with more respect, though it were the weakest of reasons, than all the authorities of this world clubbed together. And this reason was the coincidence of what Herodotus reports, with the truth of facts first ascertained thousands of years later. These slaves, or some people from those quarters, had told him of a vast river lying east and west, of course the Niger, but (as he and they supposed) a superior section of the Nile; and therefore, by geometrical necessity, falling at right angles upon that other section of the Nile so familiar to himself lying south and north. Hence arose a faith that is not primarily hence, but hence in combination with a previous construction existing in his mind for the geometry of the Danube, that the two rivers Danube and Nile had a mystic relation as arctic and antarctic powers over man. Herodotus had been taught to figure the Danube as a stream of two main inclinations—an upper section rising in the extreme west of Europe, (possibly in Charlotte

Square, Edinburgh,) whence he travelled with the arrow's flight due east in search of his wife the Euxine; but somewhere in the middle of his course, hearing that her dwelling lay far to the south, and having then completed his distance in longitude, afterwards he ran down his latitude with the headlong precipitation of a lover, and surprised the bride due north from Sinope. This construction it was of the Danube's course which subsequently, upon his hearing of a corresponding western limb for the Nile, led him to perceive the completion of that analogy between the two rivers, its absolute perfection, which already he had partially suspected. Their very figurations now appeared to reflect and repeat each other in solemn mimicry, as previously he had discovered the mimical correspondence of their functions; for this latter doctrine had been revealed to him by the Egyptian priests, then the chief depositaries of Egyptian learning. They had informed him, and evidently had persuaded him, that already more than once the sun had gone round to the region of Europe; pursuing his diurnal arch as far to the north of Greece as now he did to the south; and carrying in his equipage all the changes of every kind which were required to make Scythia an Egypt, and consequently to make the Istros a Nile. The same annual swelling then filled the channel of the Danube, which at present gladdens the Nile. The same luxuriance of vegetation succeeded as a dowry to the gay summer-land of Trans-Euxine and Para-Danubian Europe, which for thousands of years had seemed the peculiar heirloom of Egypt. Old Boreas, we are glad of that, was required to pack up "his alls," and be off; his new business was to plague the black rascals, and to bake them with hoar-frost; which must have caused them to shake their ears in some astonishment for a few centuries, until they got used to it. Whereas "the sweet south wind" of the ancient mariner, leaving Africa, pursued "the mariner's holloa" all over the Euxine and the *Palus Mæotis*. The Danube, in short, became the Nile; and the same deadly curiosity haunted its fountains. So that many a long-legged Bruce would strike off in those days towards Charlotte Square. But all in vain: "*Nec licuit populis*"——or, stop, to save the metre——

"Nec poteras, Charlotte, populis tum parva videri."

Nobody would reach the fountains; particularly as there would be another arm, El-Abiad or white river, perhaps at Stockbridge. However, the explorers must have "burned" strongly (as children say at hide-and-seek) when they attained a point so near to the fountains as *Blackwood's Magazine*, which doubtless was going on pretty well in those days.

We are sorry that Herodotus should have been so vague and uncircumstantial in his account of these vicissitudes; since it is pretty evident to any man who reflects on the case—that, had he pursued the train of changes inevitable to Egypt under the one single revolution affecting the Nile itself as a slime-depositing river, his judicious intellect would soon have desisted the obliteration of the whole Egyptian valley, (elsewhere he himself calls that valley *δωρον του Νειλου*—a gift of the Nile,) consequently the obliteration of the people, consequently the immemorial extinction of all those records (or, if they were posterior to the last revolution in favour of Egypt, at any rate of the one record) which could have transmitted the memory of such an astonishing transfer. Meantime the reader is now in possession of the whole theory contemplated by Herodotus. It was no mere *lusus nature* that the one river repeated the other, and as it were mocked the other, in form and geographical relations. It was no joke that lurked under that mask of resemblance. Each was the other alternately. It was the case of Castor and Pollux, one brother rising as the other set. The Danube could always comfort himself with the idea—that he was the Nile "elect;" the other, or provisional Nile, only "continuing to hold the seals until his successor should be installed in office." The Nile, in fact, appears to have the best of it in our time; but then there is "a brow time coming," and, after all, swelling as he is with annual conceit, father Nile, in Parliamentary phrase, is but "the warming-pan" for the Danube; keeping the office warm for him. A new administration is formed, and out he goes bag and baggage.

It is less important, however, for us, though far more so for the two rivers, to speculate on the reversion of their final prospects, than upon the present symbols of this reversion

in the unity of their forms. That is, it less concerns us to deduce the harmony of their functions from the harmony of their geographical courses, than to abide by the inverse argument—that, where the former harmony was so loudly inferred from the latter, at any rate, that fact will demonstrate the existence of the latter harmony in the judgment and faith of Herodotus. He could not possibly have insisted on the analogy between the two channels geographically, as good in logic for authenticating a secret and prophetic analogy between their alternating offices, but that at least he must firmly have believed in the first of these analogies—as already existing and open to the verification of the human eye. The second or ulterior analogy might be false, and yet affect only its own separate credit, whilst the falsehood of the first was ruinous to the credit of both. Whence it is evident, that, of the two resemblances in form and function, the resemblance in form was the least disputable of the two for Herodotus.

This argument, and the others which we have indicated, and amongst those others, above all, the position of the Danube's mouths right over against a city situated as was Sinope, (*i. e.* not doubtfully emerging from either flank of the Euxine, west or east, but broadly and almost centrally planted on the southern basis of that sea,) we offer, as a body of demonstrative proof, that, to the mature faith of Herodotus, the Danube or Istros ran north and south in its Euxine section, and that its right-angled section ran west and east—a very important element towards the true Europe of Herodotus, which (as we contend) has not yet been justly conceived or figured by his geographical commentators.

III.—On the Africa of Herodotus.

There is an amusing blunder on this subject committed by Major Rennell. How often do we hear people commenting on the Scriptures, and raising up aerial edifices of argument, in which every iota of the logic rests, unconsciously to themselves, upon the accidental words of the English version, and melts away when applied to the original text; so that, in fact, the whole has no more strength than if it were

built upon a pun or an *équivoque*. Such is the blunder of the excellent Major. And it is not timidly expressed. At p. 410, *Geog. Syst. of Herodotus*, he thus delivers himself:—"Although the term *Lybia*" (so thus does Rennell always spell it, instead of *Libya*) "is occasionally used by Herodotus as synonymous to *Africa*, (especially in *Melpom.*, &c. &c.) yet it is almost exclusively applied to that part bordering on the Mediterranean Sea between the Greater Syrtis and Egypt;" and he concludes the paragraph thus:—"So that *Africa*, and not *Lybia*, is the term generally employed by Herodotus."

We stared on reading these words, as Aladdin stared when he found his palace missing; and the old thief, who had bought his lamp, trotting off with it on his back far beyond the bills of mortality. Naturally we concluded that it was ourselves who must be dreaming, and not the Major; so, taking a bed-candle, off we marched to bed. But the next morning, air clear and frosty, ourselves sagacious as a greyhound, we pounced at first sight on the self-same words. Thus, after all, it was the conceit mantling in our brain (of being in that instance a cut above the Major) which turned out to be the sober truth; and our modesty, our sobriety of mind, it was which turned out a windy tympany. Certainly, said we, if this be so, and that the word *Africa* is really standing in Herodotus, then it must be like that secret island called *Ελβας*, lying in some Egyptian lake, which was reported to Herodotus as having concealed itself from human eyes for 504 years—a capital place it must have been against duns and the sheriff; for it was an English mile in diameter, and yet no man could see it until a fugitive king, happening to be hard pressed in the rear, dived into the water, and came up to the light in the good little island; where he lived happily for fifty years, and every day got bousy as a piper, in spite of all his enemies, who were roaming about the lake night and day to catch his most gracious majesty. He was king of *Elbo*, at least, if he had no particular subjects but himself, as *Nap* was in our days of *Elba*; and perhaps both were less plagued with rebels than when sitting on the ampler thrones of Egypt and France. But surely the good Major must have

dreamed a dream about this word *Africa*; for how would it look in Ionic Greek—*Αφρικη*? Did any man ever see such a word? However, let not the reader believe that we are triumphing meanly in the advantage of our Greek. Milton, in one of his controversial works, exposing an insolent antagonist who pretended to a knowledge of Hebrew, which in fact he had not, remarks, that the man must be ignoble, whoever he were, that would catch at a spurious credit, though it were but from a language which really he did not understand. But so far was Major Rennell from doing this, that, when no call upon him existed for saying one word upon the subject, frankly he volunteered a confession to all the world—that Greek he had none. The marvel is the greater that, as Saunderson, blind from his infancy, was the best lecturer on colours early in the eighteenth century, so by far the best commentator on the Greek Herodotus has proved to be a military man, who knew nothing at all of Greek. Yes, mark the excellence of upright dealing. Had Major Rennell pretended to Greek, were it but as much as went to the spelling of the word *Africa*, here was he a lost man. *Blackwood's Magazine* would now have exposed him. Whereas, things being as they are, we respect him and admire him sincerely. And, as to his wanting this one accomplishment, every man wants some. We ourselves can neither dance a hornpipe nor whistle *Jim Crow*, without driving the whole musical world into black despair.

Africa, mean time, is a word imported into Herodotus by Mr Beloe; whose name, we have been given to understand, was pronounced like that of our old domestic friend the *bellows*, shorn of the *s*; and whose translation, judging from such extracts as we have seen in books, may be better than Littlebury's; but, if so, we should be driven into a mournful opinion of Mr Littlebury. Strange that nearly all the classics, Roman as well as Greek, should be so meanly represented by their English reproducers. The French translators, it is true, are worse as a body. But in this particular instance of Herodotus they have a respectable translator. Larcher read Greek sufficiently; and was as much master of his author's

peculiar learning as any one *general* commentator that can be mentioned.

But Africa the thing, not Africa the name, is that which puzzles all students of Herodotus, as, indeed, no little it puzzled Herodotus himself. Rennell makes one difficulty where in fact there is none; viz. that sometimes Herodotus refers Egypt to Libya, and sometimes refuses to do so. But in this there is no inconsistency, and no forgetfulness. Herodotus wisely adopted the excellent rule of "thinking with the learned, and talking with the people." Having once firmly explained his reasons for holding Egypt to be neither an Asiatic nor an African, but the neutral frontier artificially created by the Nile, as a long corridor of separation between Asia and Africa, afterwards, and generally, he is too little of a pedant to make war upon current forms of speech. What is the use of drawing off men's attention, in questions about *things*, by impertinent provisions of diction or by alien theories? Some people have made it a question—Whether Great Britain were not extra-European? and the Island of Crete is generally assumed to be so. Some lawyers also, nay, some courts of justice, have entertained the question—Whether a man could be held related to his own mother? Not as though too remotely related, but as too nearly, and in fact absorbed within the lunar beams. Yet, in all such cases, the publicist—the geographer—the lawyer, continue to talk as other people do; and, assuredly, the lawyer would regard a witness as perjured who should say, in speaking of a woman notoriously his mother, "Oh! I do assure you, sir, the woman is no relation of mine." The world of that day (and, indeed, it is not much more candid even now) would have it that Libya comprehended Egypt; and Herodotus, like the wise man that he was, having once or twice lodged his protest against that idea, then replies to the world—"Very well, if you say so, it is so;" precisely as Petruccio's wife, to soothe her mad husband, agrees that the sun is the moon; and, back again, that it is *not* the moon.

Here there is no real difficulty; for the arguments of Herodotus are of two separate classes, and both too strong to leave any doubt that his

private opinion never varied by a hair's-breadth on this question. And it was a question far from verbal, of which any man may convince himself by reflecting on the disputes, at different periods, with regard to Macedon (both *Macedonis* the original germ, and *Macedonia* the expanded kingdom) as a claimant of co-membership in the household of Greece: or on the disputes, more angry if less scornful, between Carthage and Cyrene as to the true limits between the daughter of Tyre and the daughter of Greece. The very colour of the soil in Egypt—rich black loam, precipitated by the creative river—already symbolized to Herodotus the deep repulsion lying between Egypt on the one side, and Libya, where all was red; between Egypt on the other side, and Asia, where all was calcined into white sand. And, as to the name, does not the reader catch *us* still using the word "Africa" instead of Libya, after all our sparring against that word as scarcely known by possibility to Herodotus?

But, beyond this controversy as to the true marches or frontier lines of the two great continents in common—Asia and Africa—there was another and a more grave one as to the size, shape, and limitations of Africa in particular. It is true that both Europe and Asia were imperfectly defined for Herodotus. But he fancied otherwise; for them he could trace a vague, rambling outline. Not so for Africa, unless a great event in Egyptian records were adopted for true. This was the voyage of circumnavigation accomplished under the orders of Pharaoh Necho. Disallowing this earliest recorded *Periplus*, then no man could say of Africa whether it were a large island or a boundless continent having no outline traceable by man, or (which, doubtless, would have been the favourite creed) whether it were not a technical *akté* such as Asia Minor; that is, not a peninsula like the Peloponnesus, or the tongues of land near Mount Athos—because in that case the idea required a narrow neck or isthmus at the point of junction with the adjacent continent—but a square, tabular plate of ground, "a block of ground" (as the Americans say) having three sides washed by some sea, but a fourth side absolutely untouched by any sea whatever. On this word *akté*, as a term but recently

drawn out of obscurity, we shall say a word or two further on; at present we proceed with the great African *Periplus*. We, like the rest of this world, held this to be a pure fable, so long as we had never anxiously studied the ancient geography, and consequently had never meditated on the circumstances of this story under the light of that geography, or of the current astronomy. But we have since greatly changed our opinion. And, though it would not have shaken that opinion to find Rennell dissenting, undoubtedly it much strengthened our opinion to find so cautious a judge concurring. Perhaps the very strongest argument in favour of the voyage, if we speak of any *single* argument, is that which Rennell insists on—namely, the sole circumstance reported by the voyagers which Herodotus pronounced incredible, the assertion that in one part of it they had the sun on the right hand. And as we have always found young students at a loss for the meaning of that expression, since naturally it struck them that a man might bring the sun at any place on either hand, or on neither, we will stop for one moment to explain, for the use of such readers and ladies, that, as in military descriptions you are always presumed to look *down* the current of a river, so that the “right” bank of the Rhine, for instance, is *always* to a soldier the German bank, the “left” *always* the French bank, in contempt of the traveller’s position; so, in speaking of the sun, you are presumed to place your back to the east, and to accompany him on his daily route. In that position, it will be impossible for a man in our latitudes to bring the sun on his *right* shoulder, since the sun never even rises to be vertically over his head. First, when he goes south so far as to enter the northern tropic, would such a phenomenon be possible; and if he persisted in going beyond the equator and southern tropic, then he would find all things inverted as regards our hemisphere. Then he would find it as impossible, when moving concurrently with the sun, *not* to have the sun on his right hand, as with us to realize that phenomenon. Now, it is very clear, that if the Egyptian voyagers did actually double the Cape of Good Hope so far to the south of the equator, then, by mere necessity, this inexplicable phenome-

non (for to them it *was* inexplicable) would pursue them for months in succession. Here is the point in this argument which we would press on the reader’s consideration; and, inadvertently, Rennell has omitted this aspect of the argument altogether. To Herodotus, as we have seen, it was so absolutely incredible a romance, that he rejected it summarily. And why not, therefore, “go the whole hog,” and reject the total voyage, when thus in *his* view partially discredited? That question recalls us to the certainty that there must have been *other* proofs, independent of this striking allegation, too strong to allow of scepticism in this wise man’s mind. He fancied (and with *his* theory of the heavens, in which there was no equator, no central limit, no province of equal tropics on either hand of that limit, could he have done otherwise than fancy?) that Jack, after his long voyage, having then no tobacco for his recreation, and no grog, took out his allowance in the shape of wonder-making. He “bounced” a little, he “Cretized;” and who could be angry? And laughable it is to reflect, that, like the poor credulous mother, who listened complacently to her seafaring son whilst using a Sinbad’s license of romancing, but gravely reproved him for the sin of untruth when he told her of flying fish, or some other simple zoological fact—so Herodotus would have made careful memoranda of this Egyptian voyage had it told of men “whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,” (since, if he himself doubted about the one-eyed Arimaspians, he yet thought the legend entitled to a report,) but scouted with all his energy the one great truth of the *Periplus*, and eternal monument of its reality, as a fable too monstrous for toleration. On the other hand, for us, who know its truth, and how *inevitably* it must have haunted for months the Egyptians in the face of all their previous impressions, it ought to stand for an argument, strong “as proofs of holy writ,” that the voyage did really take place. There is exactly one possibility, but a very slight one, that this truth might have been otherwise learned—learned independently; and *that* is, from the chance that those same Africans of the interior who had truly reported the Niger to Herodotus, (though erroneously as a section of the Nile,) might simultaneously have re-

ported the phenomena of the sun's course. But we reply to that possible suggestion—that in fact it could scarcely have happened. Many other remarkable phenomena of Nigritia had *not* been reported; or had been dropped out of the record as idle or worthless. Secondly, as slaves they would have obtained little credit, except when *falling in with a previous idea or belief*. Thirdly, none of these men would be derived from any place to the south of the line, still less south of the southern tropic. Generally they would belong to the northern tropic: and (that being premised) what would have been the true form of the report? Not that they had the sun on the right hand; but that sometimes he was directly vertical, sometimes on the left hand, sometimes on the right. "What, ye black villains! The sun, that never was known to change, unless when he reeled a little at seeing the anthropophagous banquet of Thyestes,—*he* to dance cotillions in this absurd way up and down the heavens,—why, hamstringing is too light a punishment for such insults to Apollo,"—so would a Greek have spoken. And, at least if the report had survived at all, it would have been in this shape—as the report of an *uncertain* movement in the African sun.

But as a regular nautical report made to the Pharaoh of the day, as an extract from the log-book, for this reason, it must be received as unanswerable evidence, as an argument that *never* can be surmounted on behalf of the voyage, that it contradicted all theories whatsoever—Greek no less than Egyptian—and was irreconcilable with all systems that the wit of men had yet devised [viz. two centuries before Herodotus] for explaining the solar motions. Upon this logic we take our stand. Here is the stronghold, the citadel, of the truth. Many a thing has been fabled, many a thing carefully passed down by tradition as a fact of absolute experience, simply because it fell in with some previous fancy or prejudice of men. And even Baron Munchausen's amusing falsehoods, if examined by a logician, will uniformly be found squared or adjusted—not indeed to a belief—but to a whimsical sort of plausibility, that reconciles the mind to the extravagance for the single instant that is required. If he drives up a hill of snow, and next morning finds his horse and gig

hanging from the top of a church steeple, the monstrous fiction is still countenanced by the sudden thaw that had taken place in the night-time, and so far physically possible as to be removed beyond the limits of magic. And the very disgust, which revolts us in a *supplement* to the baron, that we remember to have seen, arises from the neglect of those smooth plausibilities. We are there summoned to believe blank impossibilities, without a particle of the baron's most ingenious and winning speciousness of preparation. The baron candidly admits the impossibility; faces it; regrets it for the sake of truth: but a *fact* is a *fact*: and he puts it to our equity—whether we also have not met with strange events. And never in a single instance does the baron build upwards, without a massy foundation of specious physical possibility. Whereas the fiction, if it had been a fiction, recorded by Herodotus, is precisely of that order which must have roused the "*incredulus odi*" in the fulness of perfection. Neither in the wisdom of man, nor in his follies, was there one resource for mitigating the disgust which would have pursued it. This powerful reason for believing the main fact of the circumnavigation—let the reader, courteous or not, if he is but the logical reader, condescend to balance in his judgment.

Other arguments, only less strong on behalf of the voyage, we will not here notice—except this one, most reasonably urged by Rennell, from his peculiar familiarity, even in that day, (1799,) with the currents and the prevalent winds of the Indian ocean; viz. that such a circumnavigation of Africa was almost sure to prosper, if commenced from the Red Sea, (as it was,) and even more sure to fail if taken in the inverse order; that is to say, through the straits of Gibraltar, and so down the western shore of Africa in the first place. Under that order, which was peculiarly tempting for two reasons to a Carthaginian sailor or a Phœnician, Rennell has shown how all the currents, the *monsoons*, &c., would baffle the navigator; whilst taken in the opposite series, they might easily co-operate with the bold enterprizer, so as to waft him, if once starting at a proper season, almost to the Cape, before (to use Sir Bingo Binks' phrase) he could say dumping. Accordingly, a Persian

nobleman of high rank, having been allowed to commute his sentence of capital punishment for that of sailing round Africa, did actually fail from the cause developed by Rennell. Naturally he had a Phœnician crew, as the king's best nautical subjects. Naturally they preferred the false route. Naturally they failed. And the nobleman, returning from transportation before his time, as well as *re infecta*, was executed.

But (ah, villanous word!) some ugly objector puts in his oar, and demands to know—why, if so vast an event had actually occurred, it could ever have been forgotten, or at all have faded: to this we answer briefly, what properly ought to form a separate section in our notice of Herodotus.—The event was *not* so vast as we, with our present knowledge of Africa, should regard it.

This is a very interesting aspect of the subject. We laugh long and loud when we hear Des Cartes (great man as he was) laying it down, amongst the golden rules for guiding his studies, that he would guard himself against all “prejudices;” because we know, that when a prejudice of any class whatever is seen as such, when it is recognised for a prejudice, from that moment it ceases to *be* a prejudice. Those are the true baffling prejudices for man, which he never suspects for prejudices. How widely, from the truisms of experience, could we illustrate this truth! But we abstain. We content ourselves with this case. Even Major Rennell, starting semi-consciously from his own previous knowledge (the fruit of researches a thousand years later than Herodotus,) lays down an Africa at least ten times too great for meeting the Greek idea. Unavoidably Herodotus knew the Mediterranean dimensions of Africa; else he would have figured it to himself as an island equal, perhaps, to Greece, Macedonia, and Thrace. As it was, there is not a doubt to us, from many indications, that the Libya of Herodotus, after all, did not exceed the total bulk of Asia Minor carried eastwards to the Tigris. But there is not such an awful corrupter of truth in the whole world—there is not such an unconquerable enslaver of men's minds, as the blind instinct by which they yield to the ancient root-bound trebly-anchored prejudications of their childhood and original belief. Misconceive

us not, reader. We do not mean that, having learned such and such doctrines, afterwards they cling to them by affection. Not at all. We mean that, duped by a word and the associations clinging to it, they cleave to certain notions, not from any partiality to them, but because this preoccupation intercepts the very earliest dawn of a possible conception or conjecture in the opposite direction. The most tremendous error in human annals is of that order. It has existed for seventeen centuries in strength; and is not yet extinct, though public in its action, as upon another occasion we shall show. In this case of Africa, it was not that men resisted the truth according to the ordinary notion of a “prejudice;” it was, that every commentator in succession upon Herodotus, coming to the case with the fullest knowledge that Africa was a vast continent, ranging far and wide in both hemispheres, unconsciously slipped into the feeling, that this had always been the belief of men; possibly some might a little fall short of the true estimate, some a little exceed it; but that, on the whole, it was at least as truly figured to men's minds as either of the two other continents. Accordingly, one and all have presumed a bulk for the Libya of Herodotus absolutely at war with the whole indications. And, if they had once again read Herodotus under the guiding light furnished by a blank denial of this notion, they would have found a meaning in many a word of Herodotus, such as they never suspected whilst trying it only from one side. In this blind submission to a prejudice of words and clustering associations, Rennell also shares.

It will be retorted, however, that the long time allowed by Herodotus for the voyage argues a corresponding amplitude of dimensions. Doubtless a time upwards of two years, is long for a modern *Periplus*, even of that vast continent. But Herodotus knew nothing of monsoons, or trade-winds, or currents: he allowed nothing for these accelerating forces, which were enormous, though allowing fully [could any Greek have neglected to allow?] for all the retarding forces.—Daily advances of thirty-three miles at most; nightly repose, of necessity to men without the compass; above all, a *coasting* navigation, searching (if it were only for water) every nook and

inlet, bay and river's mouth, except only where the winds or currents might violently sweep them past these objects. Then we are to allow for a long stay on the shore of Western Africa, for the sake of reaping, or having reaped by natives, a wheat harvest—a fact which strengthens the probability of the voyage, but diminishes the disposable time which Herodotus would use as the exponent of the space. We must remember the *want of sails aloft* in ancient vessels, the awkwardness of their build for fast sailing, and, above all, their cautious policy of never tempting the deep, unless when the wind would not be denied. And, in the mean time, all the compensatory forces of air and water, as utterly unsuspected by Herodotus, we must subtract from *his* final summation of the effective motion, leaving for the actual measure of the sailing, as inferred by Herodotus—consequently for the measure of the *virtual* time, consequently of the African space, as only to be collected from the time so corrected—a very small proportion indeed, compared with the results of a similar voyage, even by the Portuguese, about A. D. 1500. To Herodotus we are satisfied that Libya (disarming it of its power over the world's mind, in the pompous name of Africa) was not bigger than the true Arabia as known to ourselves.

And hence, also, by a natural result, the obliteration of this *Periplus* from the minds of men. It accomplished no great service, as men judged. It put a zone about a large region, undoubtedly; but what sort of a region? A mere worthless wilderness, now *θεσιωδης* dedicated by the gods to wild beasts, now *αμμουδης*, trackless from sands, and every where fountainless, arid, scorched (as they believed) in the interior. Subtract Egypt, as not being part, and to the world of civilisation at that time, Africa must have seemed a worthless desert, except for Cyrene and Carthage, its two choice gardens, already occupied by Phœnicians and Greeks. This, by the way, suggests a new consideration, viz., that even the Mediterranean extent of Africa must have been unknown to Herodotus—since all beyond Carthage, as Mauritania, &c., would wind up into a small inconsiderable track, as being *dis-punctured* by no great states or colonies.

Therefore it was that this most interesting of all circumnavigations at

the present day did virtually and could not but perish as a vivid record. It measured a region which touched no man's prosperity. It recorded a discovery, for which there was no permanent appreciator. A case exists at this moment in London precisely parallel. There is a chart of New Holland still preserved among the *παραλιστα* of the British Museum, which exhibits a *Periplus* of that vast region, from some navigator, almost by three centuries prior to Captain Cooke. A rude outline of Cooke's labours in that section had been anticipated at a time when it was not wanted. Nobody cared about it: value it had none, or interest; and it was utterly forgotten. That it did not also perish in the literal sense, as well as in spirit, was owing to an accident.

IV. The Geographical AKTE of Greece.

We had intended to transfer, for the use of our readers, the diagram imagined by Niebuhr in illustration of this idea. But our growing exorbitance from our limits warns us to desist. Two points only we shall notice:—1. That Niebuhr—not the traveller, as might have been expected, but his son, the philosophic historian—first threw light on this idea, which had puzzled multitudes of honest men. Here we see the same similarity as in the case of Rennell; in that instance, a man without a particle of Greek, “whipped” (to speak *Kentuckicê*) whole crowds of sleeping drones who had more than they could turn to any good account. And in the other instance, we see a sedentary scholar, travelling chiefly between his study and his bedroom, doing the work that properly belonged to active travellers. 2. Though we have already given one illustration of an *Akte* in Asia Minor, it may be well to mention, as another, the vast region of Arabia. In fact, to Herodotus the tract of Arabia and Syria on the one hand, made up one *akte* (the southern) for the Persian empire; Asia Minor, with part of Armenia, made up another *akte* (the western) for the same empire; the two being at right angles; and both abutting on imaginary lines drawn from different points of the Euphrates.

V.—Chronology of Herodotus.

The commentator on Herodotus, who enjoys the reputation of having

best unfolded his chronology, is the French President Buhier. We cannot say that this opinion coincides with our own. There is a lamentable imbecility in all the chronological commentators, of two opposite tendencies. Either they fall into that folly of drivelling infidelity, which shivers at every fresh revelation of geology, and every fresh romance of fabulous chronology, as fatal to religious truths; or, with wiser feelings but equal silliness, they seek to protect Christianity by feeble parryings, from a danger which exists only for those who never had any rational principles of faith: as if the mighty *spiritual* power of Christianity were to be thrown upon her defence, as often as any old woman's legend from Hindostan, (see Bailly's *Astronomie*,) or from Egypt, (see the whole series of chronological commentators on Herodotus,) became immeasurably extravagant, and exactly in proportion to that extravagance. Amongst these latter chronologers, perhaps Larcher is the most false and treacherous. He affects a tragical start as often as he rehearses the traditions of the Egyptian priests, and assumes a holy shuddering. "Eh quoi! Ce seroit donc ces gens-là, qui auroient osé insulter à notre sainte religion!" But, all the while, beneath his mask the reader can perceive, not obscurely, a perfidious smile; as on the face of some indulgent mother, who affects to menace with her hand some favourite child at a distance, whilst the present subject of a stranger's complaint, but, in fact, ill disguises her foolish applause to its petulance.

Two remarks only, we shall allow ourselves upon this extensive theme, which, if once entered in good earnest, would go on to a length more than commensurate with all the rest of our discussion.

1. The 330 kings of Egypt, who were interposed by the Egyptian priests, between the endless dynasty of the gods, and the pretty long dynasty of real kings, (the Shepherds, the Pharaohs, &c.,) are upon this argument to be rejected as mere unmeaning fictions, viz. *that they did nothing*. This argument is reported as a fact, (*not as an argument of rejection*,) by Herodotus himself, and reported from the volunteer testimony of the priests themselves; so that the authority for the number of kings, is

also the authority for their inertia. Can there be a better proof needed, than that they were mere men of straw, got up to colour the legend of a prodigious antiquity? The reign of the gods was felt to be somewhat equivocal, as susceptible of allegoric explanations. So this long human dynasty, is invented to furnish a substantial basis for the extravagant genealogy. Meantime, the whole 330 are such absolute *fainéants*, that, confessedly, not one act—not one monument of art or labour—is ascribed to their auspices; whilst *every one* of the real unquestionable sovereigns, coinciding with known periods in the tradition of Greece, or with undeniable events in the divine simplicity of the Hebrew Scriptures, is memorable for some warlike act, some munificent institution, or some almost imperishable monument of architectural power.

2. But weaker even than the fabling spirit of these genealogical inanities, is the idle attempt to explode them, by turning the years into days. In this way, it is true, we get rid of pretensions to a cloudy antiquity, by wholesale clusters. The moonshine and the fairy tales vanish—but how? To leave us all in a moonless quagmire of substantial difficulties, from which (as has been suggested more than once) there is no extrication at all; for, if the diurnal years are to reconcile us to the 330 kings, what becomes of the incomprehensibly short reigns, (not averaging above two or three months for each,) on the long basis of time assumed by the priests; and this in the most peaceful of realms, and in fatal contradiction to another estimate of the priests, by which the kings are made to tally with as many *seisai*, or generations of men? Herodotus, and doubtless the priests, understood a generation in the sense then universally current, agreeably to which, three generations were valued to a century.

But the questions are endless which grow out of Herodotus. Pliny's Natural History has been usually thought the greatest treasure-house of ancient learning. But we hold that Herodotus furnishes by much the largest basis for vast commentaries revealing the archæologies of the human race: whilst, as the eldest of prose writers, he justifies his majestic station as a brotherly assessor on the same throne with Homer.

THE WORLD OF LONDON. PART VIII.

FOREIGNERS IN LONDON.

ENGLAND! home of the free, asylum of the brave, refuge of refugees, and so forth—in heroic prose, and yet more heroic verse, what fine things have, and may be, said and sung on this self-glorifying subject, to the great joy of the gods and goddesses, in one shilling and two shilling galleries! Something about slaves being free the moment they touch British soil, regenerated, disenthralled by the genius of universal emancipation, or some such stuff; we are not sure whether the passage occurs in Curran's Speeches or Tom Thumb, but it takes pit, boxes, and gallery by storm, upon all occasions; it is truly delightful to witness the ardour with which a British auditory compliments itself upon its excursive humanity, transmarine benevolence, and free-trade philanthropy!

There is a disease well-known to opticians, wherein the patient can see distinctly objects a great way off, but is quite incapable of distinguishing such as lie immediately under his nose: the artist applies a spectacle of peculiar construction to remedy this defect: we think it would be a vast advantage to the public in general, if ingenious opticians would turn their attention to a remedy for that long-sighted benevolence, which sweeps the distant horizon for objects of compassion, but is blind as a bat to the wretchedness and destitution abounding at their own doors. We confess we think there is an affectation in this gad-about benevolence, of which we see now-a-days so much—too much: there seems about it that sort of pitiful ostentation, which induces an Irish gentleman to ask every body he meets to dinner, when he has not dinner enough for his own family at home.

We confess we are of opinion that charity, though it need not end, should begin at home; and that it is time enough when severe distress has been relieved at our own door, to walk to the other end of the earth in search of foreign beggars. There is, no doubt, a highly gratifying pride in seeing this free and happy country the asylum of fallen royalty and discomfited revolutionists—the home of the brave, and of the knave—the polar star of

wandering Poles and refugees of all ranks, climes, colours, and nations; but with great respect for Lord Dudley Stuart, there is an order of precedence in charity as in nobility; our fellow-countrymen demand the *pas*, and there is quite enough of misery, if we look for it, within the scope of our visible horizon; when we have relieved the pressing necessities of our indigenous tribes, it is quite time enough to cast about for exotics, wherewith to occupy our overflowing benevolence.

We know, of course, that it is nauseous and emetical to be told that our fellow-countrymen starve outside our gates; such recitals of domestic misery interfere with the process of digestion, and, like the sad realities of another place, should never be mentioned in the hearing of ears polite. Nothing can be more vulgar, uninteresting, and anti-sentimental, than the distresses of Hicks, Higgins, Figgins, and Stubbs, and all weavers or others who are neither rebels nor refugees—who are vulgar enough to work if they can get it—who wear no bristles between their noses and lips, and who have no names ending in *rinski*!

If you stroll down Regent Street, the Quadrant, and Waterloo Place, any fine afternoon, you cannot fail to remark vast numbers of exotics in glossy black silk hats, with mustaches and whiskers to match, hard, inexpressive coats, flash satin vests, unwhisperables plaited ridiculously over the hips, glazed leather boots, and a profusion of Birmingham jewellery and Bristol stones. These gentry smoke very fast, talk very loud, or rather chatter intolerably, and look killing and impudent at the ladies as they pass.

There is a polished brass knocker at the corner of Grosvenor Square, which, when we have titivated with a burned cork, as we usually do when passing that way, seems the common ancestor of these gentry; certainly they are great fellows, and it is difficult to conceive that the town is not their own. Like Samson, their strength lies in their hair; flowing locks, well-oiled, brushed, and curled, form a fair proportion of their gene-

ral stock in trade. By their fashion of wearing their hair, you may get at their politics. The Bonapartist is known by a short bristly mustache and staring hair; *la Jeune France* is represented by young gentlemen wearing their hair clubbishly, after the fashion of the Jacobins; these posteriorly hirsute gentry are republicans to a man; partizans of the existing dynasty wear whiskers à la Louis Philippe, and cut the mustache; the Legitimists may at once be recognised by dressing like gentlemen.

The avocations of these capillary peripatetics are mysterious, and not to be got at without difficulty. It is to be feared, that the commodities they deal in are chiefly contraband, and, like themselves, very much in the fancy line; artificial flowers, ladies of pleasure, *rouge, rouge et noir*, smuggled lace, loaded dice, Chantilly veils, fiddle-strings, gamesters, *or-molu* clocks, and *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. The *habitat* of the animal, as naturalists would say, lies almost altogether about the Quadrant, Waterloo Place, and Leicester Square, especially the latter, where *Hotels Françaises* and *Cafés à la mode de Paris* abound, and where may be had *diners à la carte*, *vins à tous prix*, and *pain à discretion*. Hereabouts, moreover, are most of those inferior gambling-houses, or "silver hells," where so many young men about town get relieved of their superfluous cash; houses of no particular reputation, cigar-shops, where other commodities than cigars are saleable—we presume you *smoke*; cheap gun shops, trinkum-trankum shops; salacious book and print shops, thorns in the side of the suppression of vice society; small shellfish shops, and equivocal emporia of every description.

In the coffee-houses about this Frenchified neighbourhood, the gentlemen we have been introducing to the reader abound in such numbers, as to make it necessary to set aside a "petty France" in each, for their particular accommodation. Here, under the auspices of a "Napoleon le Grand" in plaster of Paris, crowned with a wreath of immortelles, they play dominoes, smoke, and read the *Charivari*, *L'Ami du Peuple*, and *Le National*; and may be heard any night of the week, especially on Sundays, discussing politics and things in general, somewhat in the manner and form following, that is to say:—

"Parlons donc de la guerre?—Vill you bring me une demi-tasse café, et von grande circonference de toast, buttered on de von side and de oder? —le grosse bête, Louis Philippe!—Ah! Bah!—Mon Dieu—Sacre bleu—Ha! Ha!—have you never got two pennies to give me for von halfpenny? —à bas les tyrans!—dem bad café! —apropos de bottes, parlons de—vous le trouverez, j'en vous assure, la Société d'Assassins du Roi, hommes pleins d'honneur—shall it rain yesterday?—I tink it vash—le grosse poire, Louis Phil—Sacre nom de—Too—too, my littel deer, vill you not give me von littel kiss?—he! he! he! —Chantons—tira la la—tira la la!—Savez-vous, mon ami que la Republic toujours —parbleu—que le dindon farcée aux truffes c'est la belle chose. —O Ciel! L'Empereur n'tait pas mort, ni serait-il jamais—quatre sous pour cette demi-tasse of nasty café—c'est épouvantable, tira la la!—*Le National* aujourd'hui dit, que Madame Munoz c'est—quelle aille aux tous les diables!—N'importe, I have paid for you to-morrow before yesterday—Shikspnr, bah! le Grand Corneille était le seul homme du monde, qui—tira la la, tira la la!—regardez-vous le diaphanisme de ce morceau de pain—Angleterre c'est, sans doute, vilain pays pour la musique et la danse—bring me le change, trois sous, von halfpenny two pennies—Vive la Charte!—Ecoutez, demi-douzaine huitres de Carcaise—bon—trois plats au choix—très bon—Vive la Revolution Eternelle!—A bas Louis Phillipe et les propriétaires de tous les Cafés de quatre sous!—Hi! hi!—J'en suis d'accorde—I prescribe to dat!"—and so run they on until the hour of shutting shop.

ITALIANS do not muster sufficiently strong here to enable us to depict their peculiarities *en masse*; nor is there any very striking individuality, still less any marked nationality, giving them particular claims upon our notice. The privation of a national character never fails to have a bad effect upon the character of the individual; it is not merely upon the nation that oppression marks its brand of ignominy, but upon every man, woman, and child, belonging to the nation, which is enslaved. When a people no longer boasts national interests, their pride takes fire at the expense of their fellow-countrymen of the next province—and thus it is with

Italy : the Milanese looks with dislike upon the Venetian, the Venetian despises the Bolognese, the latter shuns comparison with the serfs of the Church. The Calabrian Highlander abhors the cowardly ragamuffinry of the two Sicilies, although reluctantly submitting to their dominion. The Florentine, rich in the fertility of his exhaustless soil, and supplied abundantly with the necessities of existence, pities and despises the other children of fair Italy. Yet Italy must ever assert her supremacy. Rome, once mistress of the world, still asserts the shadow of a sacerdotal sovereignty, triple crowned, seated upon her seven hills ; forwarding legions of priests, monks, and friars to every corner of the habitable globe, and ever striving to reconquer the spiritual domination she once exercised over ignorant unreasoning men. Italy, once glorious in the songs of Horace and Virgil, and again in the strains of Dante and Ariosto, now, alas ! glorifies herself in the flexile trills of a cantalizing Signora, and finds her greatest and most renowned son within the girdle that embraces the vast circumference of the large Lablache. From the empire of the Cæsars, they have descended to the supremacy of cameo cutters—from the Metelli, we stoop to contemplate Mosaics—workers in tufa replace the Tarquins—Palladio is represented by artificers in cork—Dante and Petrarch by the jingling *improvisatori*—the legions of the empire by multitudes of friars and priests—Michael Angelo is a man of alabaster images—Raphael the “divine,” a copier of old masters for the American market.

Thus, mighty, powerful, glorious Britain, might it one day be with thee and thy sons—if thy sons consented basely to survive thy fall ; then might the representatives of thy master-spirits exhibit penny shows in the streets of foreign cities, and spout doggerel verses at the corners ; then might thy merchant princes wander, pedlars of petty wares, from clime to clime ; then might thy nobility let lodgings, furnished and unfurnished, and thy daughters go forth dancing women and singing women into all lands ; then may thy national glory be represented by chaplets, wreathing the heads of *prima donna* Johnson, or *contralto* Smith ; then may thy effeminate seamen creep the along-shore, and give old ocean his own

again ; then may thy traffic lie in dancing-masters, sausages, brimstone, *bulls* and excommunications ; then may the men of Kent find their poor ambition in reviling the men of Northumberland—the Yorkshireman and the Cornish man swear eternal enmity ; this living without life, this non-existent existence, can never be *thy* lot ; if degradation is to come, death must lead the procession, and whoever would enslave us, must enslave us in our graves ; the good ship Old England has weathered many a tough gale, and will weather many more than we shall live to fight against. If, in the revolutions of empires, our day of decline *must* come, historians of the future will record of once mighty England—she broke who never bent—she sank who never would succumb—she left no willing slaves memorials of her shame ; like one of the guardian giants that once prowled along her coast, she fought to the last, as often she had fought before, against the aggregated might of hostile nations ; with colours nailed to the mast, she gloriously descended into the bosom of her subject deep, while the blaze of parting light that heralded her rest, lives along the wave, a terror and a warning to all nations !

There is a patrimony in pride of country—let other nations live as they may, when thou art lost—thou parent of noble enterprize, thou nurse of manly virtue—let *us* die, as we have lived, together !

If the native of Italy possesses no national pride, neither has he that flippant, cocksparrow-like licentiousness of manner characteristic of your modern Gaul ; those poor men who carry about the streets of London casts in plaster of Paris, are remarkable for good-humour, courtesy, and patient endurance of hardship, hunger, and fatigue.

THE SAVOYARDS are noted as the monopolists of our out-of-door's music—the minstrels of the streets and lanes, the grinders of our extrinsic harmony ; hateful are they in the sight of porters of Inns of Court, and much beloved of little children and nursery-maids : frumpish old maids and bitter batchelors, who have no music in their souls, drive them away rudely from their inhospitable doors ; but tender mothers, with many little ones, welcome them on each returning Saturday with halfpennies,

crusts, and cheese-parings, pitying them, wanderers far from their friends and native land; while circumhabitant infancy and childhood congregate around the smiling minstrel, melted by the pathetic cadences of "All round my hat," or stimulated to salutory exertions by the toe-and-heel-inspiring air of "Jump Jim Crow." Their little rotund chubby faces beaming with smiles; the poor grinder, though hungry, perchance, or cold, responding to their merriment with a hop, skip, and jump, an accompanying whistle, and a good-humoured grin; the affectionate mothers in the background looking on with that look of mingled pride and tenderness, the mother's own expression—make a picture we often stop and gaze at, wishing for the pencil of a Wilkie. The Savoyards, among whom, by the way, are comprised Tyrolese, Genoese, Sardinians, and Italians proper, have their ambitions like other men; one is happy in the possession of a pair of white mice—another glorified in the tricks of a mischievous monkey; all grades of mechanical music belong to them, from the discordant hurdy-gurdy to the organ imitative of a full band. The *ne plus ultra* of their art, however, is the conduct of their "*comédie*," as they call it, which, being interpreted, meaneth no more or less than the puppet-show. The popularity of these exhibitions, though considerable, never rises to that height of enthusiasm wherewith our populace receive the immortal Punch, now naturalized in our northern clime, and, to the manner of the people, adapted, if not born.

The poor Savoyards are eminently gregarious, huddling together in narrow courts and alleys on the northern side of Holborn, whence you may see them set out in groups, on Sunday mornings, for Primrose Hill, Hampstead, and Highgate, where, in the shady woods or sunny meadows, they idle away the livelong summer's day, indulging in fond remembrances of their far distant mountain home, and laying up in their pulmonary apparatus, as much fresh air as serves them for the week ensuing. It is truly miraculous how those poor creatures make out life, paying, as they do, extortionate sums for the use of their music mills, to those who make a trade of letting them out for hire, faring hard, ill-lodged, and exposed to all weathers; yet do they struggle on in

the hope of saving a few pounds, wherewith to support their aged parents, or settle themselves for life in the pleasant valleys they have left behind.

SPANIARDS we see little of in London; they form a very minute fraction of the adventuring foreigners who swell our full tide of existence. Incapable from character and habit of exertions of trifling ingenuity, and from the long and destructive wars that have desolated their country, indifferent to trade, manufacture, or commerce, they have neither great nor petty business to attract them here. The wine, cork, fruit, and cigar trades, occupy a few merchants of no great note in the city; a few obtain a precarious subsistence by teaching their language, or the guitar; they have no peculiarities to distinguish them from other continental foreigners, except it may be the high feeling, grave deportment, and formal politesse, characteristic of their nation; whenever you meet a Spaniard in London, you may be sure, whether he be poor or rich, you come in contact with a gentleman.

GERMANS we have in abundance: musicians, teachers of languages, clock-makers, bookbinders, and artizans of various descriptions: mute, inglorious Stulzes in great numbers, attracted hither by the uncontrollable propensity of our indigenous snips to indulge in the striking absurdity of "strikes." By the way, our native-born artizans of all sorts, give every encouragement to the inundation of swarms of foreigners, by reckless indulgence in suicidal combination against their employers, not seeing that every recurring "strike" brings into the labour-market hundreds of interlopers, who cannot so easily be got rid of, thus lowering the wages of the home artizan, and spreading distress among our humbler population. Your German in London resembles your German any where else; heavy, dunder-headed, gross, beer-and-'bacco-bemuzzed individual, but dogged and steady at his work, patient, and generally trustworthy.

AMERICANS are to be found in the commercial quarters of our world, but by no means in the numbers they contribute to Liverpool, where they may be found at every evening party. As we do not in these papers intend to inflict upon the reader descriptions of that which we have not had leisure

and opportunity to contemplate, we cannot undertake to describe the American in England. Once, and only once, had we an opportunity of contemplating the native-born Yankee, at the hospitable board of a commercial acquaintance in the city.

The biped was certainly curious, we might say unique: though, as we have said, we cannot undertake to describe the species, we make no scruple of identifying the individual, in the hope that our Zoological Society may secure the animal without loss of time. The genius in question was attired in an amorphous blue coat, with huge brass buttons, a flaming vest, profusion of projected shirt and double ruffle, boots shaped like fire-buckets, nankeen unwhisperables fluttering about his limbs, resembling a purser's couple of shirts on a couple of handspikes, a white neckcloth with loose tie, and a churn-shaped castor under his arm. At first, we concluded he must be lunatic, but felt relieved upon hearing that he was only republican. He ate much, drank deep, talked loudly and incessantly: his topics were varied, and, as we thought, somewhat tinctured with incongruity: from one subject he rattled to another, dogmatizing and soliloquizing: "free and independent—niggers; rights of man—Lynch law: fourth of July—slave breeding: civil and religious liberty—tar and feathers: John Tyler—Jim Crow: (these he called great men—the latter *may* be)—corn-laws—loafers: shin-plasters—Van Buren: Congress—*locofocos*: civilization—Kentucky: ex-President Adams, and the puddings made of Cobbett's corn and treacle, which said Adams had every day for dinner: General Jackson—clam soup: canvass backs—Governor Biddle," and so on, from the beginning of the fish to the end of the Madeira. On the retirement of the ladies, this extraordinary mammal called for brandy and cigars; which, being forthwith provided, he proceeded to imbibe and exhale, talking from between his teeth in a high nasal tone, expectorating, at short intervals, betwixt the bars of the grate, with the precision of a Chickasaw rifleman.

The impression produced upon the company by the conduct and conversation of this sample of transatlantic humanity, appeared to be unqualified disgust with Christopher Columbus for having discovered America, and a general inclination to take refuge with

the ladies. We should be sorry indeed to suppose that this remarkable item represented his nation; on the contrary, we imagine him to have been a living caricature of the American citizen, who is no doubt modest, well-bred, Christian-like, and sensible, as becomes his British origin. These ridiculous stories of Lynch law, tar and feathers, John Tylers and Jim Crows, we take to be merely little imaginary extravaganzas, in which men will at times indulge, who know that the listener must travel four thousand miles to be able to contradict them.

THE HEBREW NATION next claims a share of our attention, as representing the most numerous, important, and wealthy body of distinct people in London. It may be considered strange that we should include our notice of the Jews under the head of foreigners in London, since they are our fellow-countrymen, and fellow-citizens, as *Sir* Moses Montefiori and *Sir* David Solomons (by the way; *Sir* Moses has an oddity of sound about it, reminding us of the *father* of chemistry, and *brother* of the Earl of Cork) can abundantly testify.

Yet, when we reflect that this most ancient, curious, and surpassingly interesting people, not only refuse to mingle or amalgamate with us, but maintain, with inflexible perseverance, not merely their religious tenets, but their distinctive character as a nation, we may be excused from classing a people so foreign in fact, if not in law, under our present division. Whether we are right in so doing, or wrong, makes no matter; we have told the reader that we cannot be answerable for exact classification; besides, what with the cold of this attic wherein we now write, fire gone out, and nobody to fetch a bundle of wood to re-light it, nothing in the house for dinner but the heel of a twopenny loaf and half an onion, and without either money or credit, it is no wonder we should put the Jews to bed with the Christians in our hurry. In the mean time, we must just step to the public-house over the way, warm our toes and fancy, and *score*, if we can, a half-pint of beer till Magazine day (*albo dignum saxo notandi*) comes round again.

The man who can look a Jew full in the face (we do not allude to *Slo-man*, or any other of the Hebrew fraternity of *bums*, fellows that we cannot bear to contemplate otherwise

than at the top of our speed,) without perusing in his oval phiz, high, pale forehead, dark, deep-set, flashing eye, a volume of the romance of history more eloquent than Josephus ever writ, must have no more association in his pate than a block of the New Patent Timber Paving Company.

Talk of pedigrees, forsooth!—tell us of the Talbots, Percys, Howards, and such like mushrooms of yesterday!—show us a Jew, and we will show you a man whose genealogical tree springs from Abraham's bosom—whose family is older than the Decalogue, and who bears incontrovertible evidence in every line of his oriental countenance, of the authenticity of his descent through myriads of successive generations. You see in him a living argument of the truth of Divine revelation—in him you behold the literal fulfilment of the prophecies. With him you ascend the stream of time, not voyaging by the help of the dim, uncertain, and fallacious light of tradition, but guided by an emanation of the same light, which, to his nation, was “a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night;” in him you see the representative of the once favoured people of God, to whom, as to the chosen of all mankind, He revealed himself their legislator, protector, and king; who brought them out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. “Israelites,” as Saint Paul saith, “to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises: whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is overall, God blessed forever. Amen.”

You behold him established, as it were for ever, in the pleasant places allotted him: you trace him by the peculiar mercy of his God in his transition states from bondage to freedom; and by the innate depravity of his human nature, from prosperity to insolence, ingratitude, and rebellion: following him on, you find him the serf of Rome; you trace him from the smouldering ashes of Jerusalem, an outcast and a wanderer to all lands: the persecutor of Christ, you find him the persecuted of Christians, bearing all things, suffering all things, strong in the pride of human knowledge, stiffnecked and gainsaying, hoping all things, “For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land:

and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them, and bring them to their place: and the house of Israel shall possess them in the land of the Lord, for servants and handmaids; and they shall take them captive whose captives they were; and they shall rule over their oppressors.”

The associations connected with the history of the Jews are oppressive in interest, and would lead us far away from the humble and unpretending picture of manners we have proposed to limn in our homely Dutch-like way; he who would bring out in colours of truth and nature the romance of Jewish history, must be the Raphael, not the Teniers, of the pen.

When you are awake early in the morning by the reiterated cry of “Old Clo”—or when the cunning little Isaac, who frequents our court, seduces all the good housewives to their doors and windows by the dulcet strains of his accordion, only to poke them into an exchange of a pair of discarded unwhisperables for a soup plate, soap dish, or some other article of his miscellaneous crockery—you have no idea of Jews or Judaism in London: you must pack up your traps, make under our experienced tutelage a voyage into the East by ’buss or cab, and when we have shown you the Hebrew *quartier*, and initiated you into many of the peculiarities of Hebrew life, if you do not conclude the day by treating us to a jolly “blow out” at the Albion in Bishops-gate, then art thou indeed a very Jew—a Haman, upon whom Mordecai (*me ipso teste*) will take unutterable revenges.

The Jewish quarter, then, is bounded to the north by High Street, Spitalfields—to the east by Middlesex Street, popularly known and called Petticoat Lane—to the south by Leadenhall Street, Aldgate, and the hither end of Whitechapel—to the west by Bishops-gate Street, where we are engaged to dine at the Albion aforesaid. This is literally the New Jerusalem: here we Christians are foreigners, strangers in a strange land: here, over the doors, are inscribed pot-hooks and vowel points, indicative, to those who understand them, that Moses Abrahams furnisheth “slops” for home consumption and exportation—this we naturally conclude to be the meaning from the

articles exhibited in the windows ; for though the sign be Hebrew to them, we need hardly say that it is Greek to us. Within the area bounded as above described, but especially about Bevis Marks, Houndsditch, St Mary Axe, and Petticoat Lane, you might readily imagine yourself transported to Frankfort, Warsaw, or any place enjoying a superabundant Jewish population ; here, every face is of the shape, and somewhat of the complexion, of a turkey egg ; every brow penciled in an arch of exact ellipse ; every nose modeled after the proboscis of a Toucan ; locks as bushy and black as those of Absalom abound, and beards of the patriarchal ages. Here, and hereabouts, Isaac kills beef and mutton according to the old dispensation : Jacob receives accidental silver spoons, and consigns gold watches, now warranted never more to lose a second, to the crucible, kept always at white heat in his little dark cellar, and *no questions asked*. Here, at the corners, Rebecca disposes of fried liver and 'tatoes, smoking hot, on little bright burnished copper platters, to all the tribes of Israel not prohibited by law to eat—that is to say, to all who possess the solitary “browns” wherewith to purchase the appetizing dainty. Solomon negotiates in the matter of rags : Esther rejoices in a brisk little business of flat fish fried in oil—a species of daintiness in which the Jews alone excel : Moses and Aaron keep separate marine stores, where every earthly thing, furtively acquired, from a chain cable to a Cardigan, finds a ready sale : Rachel, albeit a widow, dispenses from behind the bar “short” and “heavy” to the thirsty tribes : Ruth deals wholesale in oranges and other foreign fruits : Melchizedec dabbleth in Hebrew books and tracts : Absalom sells opium and Turkey rhubarb : Mordecai is a “crimp,” the vulture of seafaring men : nothing is to be seen above, below, around, but Jewish physiognomies, Jewish houses, and Jewish occupations. The avidity with which this, in one sense, primitive people pursues gain is not wonderful, when we reflect that gain is all that the, till lately, unrelenting persecution of the Christian has left them to pursue : with money, in the dark days of their history, have they purchased the poor privilege to live : with money have they secured for themselves in one country connivance,

in another toleration, in a third citizenship : with money have they made war, and set by the ears hostile Nazarenes : with money have they negotiated peace—transferred from king to king diadems and sceptres—playing at chuck-farthing with the fates and fortunes of European and Asiatic nations. The same all-absorbing thirst of gold that formed the leading principle in the life of that pillar of the Stock Exchange, the well-remembered Rothschild, animates the merest Israelitish urchin who follows through the streets his bearded progenitor, esquire of the clothes' bag : to the pursuit of gain all their energies are directed with an intensity, unscrupulousity, and perseverance unknown to, and unattempted by, any Christian people : money they must and will have, “*rem. quocunque modo rem.*” the lowest depths of knavery, chicanery, and extortion, are practised by this rabble to accomplish this the end of their existence : for this, the infamous “crimp” grasps the hard earnings of the unsuspecting seaman as soon as he steps upon his native shore, and then spurns him naked into the street : for this, the marine store-dealers and receivers open their seminaries of theft : for this, the current coin of the realm is clipped, and ingots and sovereigns perspire : for this, the pander entraps, and the bawd opens wide the gates that lead to everlasting death, trafficking in Christian flesh for purposes worse than the worst of slavery.

We are no advocates for renewing the barbarities of the Edwards and the Henries, when a Jew's tooth was rated at a thousand pounds good and lawful monies of our Sovereign Lord the King, or for making our talented friend Nasmyth extractor-general of the tusk-tax : yet we must candidly confess, that when we see the daughter of a Christian man patrolling the streets, decorated in the trumpery properties of a Jewish brothel, while the devil's dam, in the shape of an hideous Hebrew hag, follows the poor unfortunate, like the shadow of death, to clutch the wages of her shame, we really think a Christian government might, without any hazard of public odium, string up at the doors of their own dens, Mother Abrahams, Mother Isaacs, and Mother Jacobs. But, after all, perhaps it is better as it is : if this abominable traffic *must* be connived at, it is better that those should

have the monopoly who have nothing in common with us, save that which the weasel has in common with its prey: those who have made a god of mammon, worshipping the golden calf with the tenfold idolatry of their fathers.

There are various kinds of industry—the industry of enterprize, the industry of saving, the industry of toil; the industrial characteristic of the Jew, is industry of over-reaching; other men are content to do business, the Jew must do *you*. A curious instance of this irreclaimable propensity in the Ten Tribes to catch with instinctive claw whatever does not appear to be honestly come by, occurred no great while since in the city. A respectable man, possessed of a considerable stock of an article which hung heavy upon his hands, and which happened to be particularly suitable to the Jewish market, offered his commodity to several of the nation at a great sacrifice, but without success: a happy thought-struck him, that what their hard hearts might deny, their charitable avarice might afford: accordingly, in the clouds of night, our trader repaired to the warehouse of one of the Moseses, noted for his constitutional politesse in abstaining from impertinent questions of the “how came you by it” form of interrogation: acquainting the Jew with his possession of a certain quantity of a certain article which he was obliged to dispose of under peculiar circumstances. Moses jumped at the bait like a ravenous pike, and under the supposition, natural enough under the circumstances, that the goods were stolen, actually offered, and paid, more for the articles than the fair market price. When the truth came out, poor Moses, who purchased the articles *bona fide* stolen, as he fondly imagined, was overcome with the agonizing thought that they had been honestly bought and paid for: the speculation, so foreign to his line of business, and his ideas of mercantile honour, overcame him, and taking a sharp razor, he cut his way through the jugular, as Dr Jonathan Swift would have said, *to his own place*.

Many and wondrous are the shows of London; but among all the London shows, there is not to the reflecting student of human nature a more remarkable show than the Clothes’ Exchange of Cutler Street, Houndsditch, or, as it is popularly called, Rag Fair.

It is a scene full of speculation—full to overflowing; a lively picture of the vicissitudes of sublunary things. Here may the philosophic historian contemplate and record the decline and fall of a Stulz-built coat, the mutations of a military uniform, the anarchy of a cotton gown, and the revolutions of a pair of breeches; from hence, as from a great museum, could D’Orsay form a collection of fashions from the earliest ages to the present time; here the political economist could illustrate tangibly his theory of vested rights, and the moralist find ample materials for an essay on bad habits; here are turned-coats sufficient for the clothing of both Houses of Parliament; here, as to a workhouse, all that is worthless and worn-out finds its way; here are represented, in their several discarded skins or sloughs, the “out-at-elbows peer and desperate dandy;” the seedy swell is here in a greasy Newmarket cut; the literary man represented by a rusty suit of melancholy black; the subaltern officer’s second-worst uniform coat; the despairing lawyer’s unliquidated gown; the discarded footman’s tawdry livery; in short, it is here, and here alone, you can truly and fully, without affectation or disguise, contemplate the outward and visible man—man created by tailors. You may behold the metamorphoses produced by their rising and their falling fortunes in the microcosm of Rag Fair; through this must pass, at one stage or another, half the second-hand habiliments of the empire; that chocolate silk dress, flung yesterday morning from a duchess to her favourite waiting-woman, in the evening is transferred, for a consideration, to one of the tribe of Benjamin, and loud and angry may you now hear the contention between the purchaser and seller; those crimson plush breeches we beheld a twelve-month ago investing the limbs of a footman of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley; that venerable patriarch now holding them between him and the light is concluding the purchase from brother “Sholomonsh” for a shilling; before night they will be disposed of for half-a-crown, payable by instalments, to a dustman in Gravel Lane. That reminds us, by the way, that the natural law by which dustmen are predestinated to red plush breeches is hitherto unexplained. What are the Royal Society about?

A foolish, extravagant, and mis-

chievous term has crept into our dictionaries, which is productive of much detriment to the Christian, and great wealth to the Hebrew nation, when applied, as it usually is, in derision of our faithful habiliments—the word “*worn-out*,” and a more dissipated word, a word more addicted to running up bills and running out money; a word more directly subversive of the liberty of the subject who is in the habit of encouraging it, does not exist under the “*W’s*” of any known vocabulary. It is a villainous word, and has been the ruin of many a respectable family. Your child’s clothes lately made are “*worn out*,” your wife’s gowns, paid for only a month ago, are “*worn out*,” though we know very well the gowns are good as new, the only thing worn out being the fashion: her bonnets are “*worn out*” in consequence of the changeableness of the weather—meaning of the fashion: your servants’ liveries and livery hats are *always* worn out, which is no way wonderful, considering that wearing out every thing belonging to their masters is the chief end of their existence: your harness is worn out, your horses are worn out, your carriage is worn out: last of all, your patience is worn out: every thing in your establishment is worn to a thread, and so are you. Go study morals in Rag Fair; any hour of the day, from nine in the morning until six at night, will you hear eloquent sermons from the lips of Rabbis upon the wickedness and folly of supposing that any habiliment in human shape divine can *ever* be worn out: go, dull clod, and behold the hats, coats, gowns, petticoats, bonnets, and shawls, which you and your wife, tempting the wrath of Providence, have sacrilegiously sold as good for little, or benevolently given away as good for nothing. There may you behold the third best hat you presented to ourselves the other day, in regard to what you were pleased to call our distinguished literary attainments, and which you told your lady wife you might as well give away, being half a size too little for your head, *besides* not being worth three-halfpence, and which we incontinently trucked for twopennorth of Betts’ patent brandy; to-morrow that hat, furbished into a second birth, new lined and banded, will be found ticketed in Holwell Street at six-and-sixpence, not merely as good, but, as Moses will tell you, clinching the asseveration

with an oath, “*more betterer as new*.” Regard that chaos of old boots—boots, did we say? old leathers rather; a bushel of boots for one-and-sixpence; next week, having gone through the hands of a score of renovators, you may behold these identical leathers black-balled to the nines, on a stall in Field Lane, sold for half-a-guinea a pair, and warranted to any thing—wear and tear only excepted.

Behold that venerable ruin of a coat; powers of tatters! is it possible that Mr Pobble O’Keefe, the Irish importer, (we should have observed before that three of the four provinces of Ireland are clothed out of Rag Fair,) is about to add that venerable remain to his dilapidated “*properties*?” It is so. He has turned the vestment inside out over and over again, looking for the right side, but in vain; the garment having been turned so often that both sides are wrong ones. Now he holds it expanded upon his arms between him and the light, which streams in broken rays through sundry apertures. Anon, he exhibits a “*joey*” between his thumb and forefinger; Moses extends three digits in reply; the Milesian shakes his head: the Hebrew plucks his beard, dances about on his axis, uttering untranslatable imprecations. Mr Pobble O’Keefe, moved by the pathos of Moses, exhibits in addition a couple of browns; the bargain is struck, the “*tin*” transferred, and the rag forked into the wareroom above stairs, to be packed for exportation.

Thousands and tens of thousands of transactions like these, make up the mighty business of Rag Fair. The adventuring tourist, however, who would see it in all its glory, must take care not to choose Saturday for his visit. This, the busiest, most bustling day of the week in other quarters of the town, is here, and hereabouts, the day of Hebrew rest, recreation, and devotion. On the afternoon of Friday, all business is suspended. The men perform their weekly ablutions, and the women, having set their houses in order, put on their dresses of bright scarlet or startling yellow, and having decorated themselves with ear-rings, bracelets, and necklaces of the precious metals, or, in their default, of mosaic gold, bring forth chairs and tables, seating themselves before their several doors, in the true oriental fashion. Then issue forth the male children of Judah, dressed in all their best, to exchange

courtesies with Rachel and Rebecca. Tables covered with cloths of imposing whiteness, upon which candles burn during the evening, are placed near the windows. A Friday supper answering to our Sunday dinner is prepared, of the best each house affords, and if we may judge from the savoury steams that permeate the ambient air, provisions of the best are hereabouts in great plenty. On summer evenings, when the weather permits to its full extent the out-of-doors relaxation in which this peculiar people delights, Petticoat Lane, swarming with black flowing locks, olive complexions, scarlet, crimson, yellow, and orange dresses, mosaic gold and imitative precious stones, realizes to a vivid imagination those oriental bazars wherein Haroun al Raschid delighted to wander, unnoticed and unregarded, in search of the picturesque in human character and conduct.

Saturday, in the Hebrew *quartier*, is a day of devotion and of rest. The perpetual din of the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and the compulsory idleness of the Christian Sabbath, is exchanged for complete repose. Every shop is shut, every avocation suspended. If the traveller happen not to encounter the congregations in the way to or from the several synagogues, in the course of his perambulations, he may readily imagine the neighbourhood utterly deserted. It is truly a striking contrast between the almost conventual silence on that day of Bevis Marks, Houndsditch, and St Mary Axe, and the excessive noise and bustle of Whitechapel, Bishopsgate, and Leadenhall. How our Sabbath is observed in the Jewish neighbourhoods, may be best estimated from the following notice, which we observed, on our latest visit to the neighbourhood of Rag Fair, posted against the booth which the authorities have lately erected for the better accommodation of those engaged in "de ragsh bishness." The notice is as follows:—

"Business will commence at this Exchange on SUNDAY mornings, at ten o'clock. By order of the managers, MOSES ABRAHAMS."

The toleration of Sunday trading, enjoyed by the Jewish community, is truly creditable to our city authorities. There is, it is true, the hypocrisy of half-shutters, but the real business of Rag Fair goes on as briskly, though more silently, on the Sab-

bath, (our Sabbath, that is to say,) as on any other day of the week. The reason for this exemption we must leave city Solons to define; but it certainly does excite strange and repugnant sensations, when passing from the Jewish quarter, in the plenitude of its exemption from the repose of the Christian Sabbath, we come upon a little ragged urchin of our own persuasion, with his forfeited stock of oranges and nuts, dragged through the streets by a stalwart policeman, an example to Sunday traders, and consigned to duranee vile for the horrible crime of sacrilegiously attempting to earn twopence wherewith to procure a morsel of bread, for a bedridden father it may be, or a widowed mother. There is surely something rotten in this. If Sunday trading is an abomination, we cannot see why *we* are liable to penalties in the exercise of that profanation which is connived at among the Jews, only because they choose to observe strictly their own Sabbath, while openly violating ours.

The care which the members of the Hebrew persuasion take of their own poor, is highly creditable to them as a body, and worthy all imitation. You see many poor Jews, but never a Jewish beggar. Their hospitals, asylums, and benevolent societies, embrace every variety of distress to which their unfortunate brethren may be exposed. Instead of hunting, as we do, for paupers and vagabonds over the face of the earth whereon to bestow their benevolence, their laudable selfishness takes care of its own in the first instance, and their overplus only finds its way to general purposes of charity. The sooner we begin to imitate our Hebrew fellow-citizens in this particular, the better.

Our object in these papers being, as the reader will by this time have observed, less the delineation of the *physique* than of the *morale* of London life, we abstain purposely from any description of the public buildings appropriated to Jewish worship, or of the ceremonies therein performed; this subject properly belongs to other publications, and to them we leave it.

GIPSIES we see little of in London: this nomade tribe seldom penetrate into our streets, or take up their abode permanently among us. We recollect once, and once only, seeing one of their caravans pass along Cheap-side, on its way to Fairlop fair, in all probability. A tribe of wandering

Arabs could not have excited more astonishment; the swarthy countenances of the men, the masculinity of the women, wrapped up in tattered blankets, with scarlet 'kerchiefs bound around their heads; the children barefooted and all but naked; their moveable house, the chimney smoking as they journeyed along, rendered the group a show of the moment, to be stared at, laughed at, and forgotten. Yet London affords to this extraordinary people a plenteous harvest; the suburban fairs, now happily limited in their noxious influences, gather together multitudes of simple holiday-folks, of whom the gipsy tribe reap a rich contribution for services rendered in anticipating the decrees of fate, and bestowing the favours of fortune, like the sunshine, equally upon the worthy and unworthy, the just and the unjust.

In regarding the multitudes of adventurers, foreign and domestic, to which London affords an asylum and a livelihood, of one sort or other, we cannot be insensible of the small amount of individual wealth they accumulate, or of the insignificance of their services. It is to the character of the native-born citizens that this mighty world owes all its wealth, all its influence, and all its importance.

How petty, in comparison with our London merchant, our London tradesman, our London manufacturer, appear the chattering Frenchman, the fiddling Italian, the plodding German; in comparison with the magnificence of London industry and enterprise, how poor is the position occupied even by the tortuous, over-reaching, chicaning Jew! It is to ourselves we owe all that we call our own; the supremacy of the law, based upon free institutions, gives us that tranquillity which is the parent of prosperity, and that prosperity which has enabled us to reap the rich harvest of our glory; hence the solidity of our national character; hence our aversion to rash unconsidered change, the instinctive feeling of men who are aware that change produces disturbance, and who know that disturbance is but the portal to decay. From the establishment and fixity of our institutions have we derived all that has made us avowedly, in the eyes of the most envious and hostile nations, the

most powerful nation upon earth. Can we be more than the *most* powerful?

While other nations have spent their energies in the continual pursuit of actual change, and find that with every change the desire of further change is all that they have attained by successive struggles, how careful should we be lest that concentration of industry, enterprise, and perseverance, now employed in accumulating, at the uttermost ends of the earth, wealth to be diffused, converted, and expended at home, should be turned against each other, which is only in another way turning each man against himself, and lowering the condition of our common country!

With what intensity of feeling does not the humblest Englishman regard the honour of his national flag, and with what indomitable energy does he not avenge an insult offered to that flag, the representative of his might and power; how intimately is not the prosperity, glory, and honour of his country mixed up with the very constitution of every one who belongs to this country! Shall we then do that at home, in our folly, which others dare not do abroad in their hate—shall we wage a civil war, aiming suicidal blows at the venerable institutions under whose shade we have grown to greatness? Periods of distress and seasons of depression we must experience, in common with the rest of the nations of the earth; but if we preserve ourselves in peace, these distresses are casual, these depressions temporary; our resources are all but boundless; peace, order, and repose, have developed them hitherto; peace, tranquillity, and repose, must develop them still.

The unimportance of the foreign adventurers who swarm in our streets to the great interests of this great world, suggest contrasts favourable to our national pride, in contemplating the magnitude of the interests intrusted to the keeping of our countrymen by foreign powers; Englishmen organizing navies, and commanding them, for the Sultan and the Czar; Englishmen drilling and commanding the armies of Greece, and the auxiliary legions of Portugal and Spain.—This self-laudatory topic is, however, extrinsic to our subject, and we leave the vain-glorious reader to pursue it for himself.

THE SPY.

THE perils incurred by a spy in watching the movements and entering the camp of a foreign enemy, are far from equalling the dangers of similar occupations during a civil war. To the risk of detection by some former acquaintance or friend, must be added the difficulty of deceiving men of the same country and habits, speaking the same language, and prepared to seize on the smallest incongruity of speech or action as a motive for suspicion. Yet individuals are always to be found who, for gold, and now and then from motives of enthusiasm for their cause, will run all risks, and put themselves in positions of imminent peril, in order to obtain or convey information. During the wild war between Carlists and Christinos, innumerable strange incidents occurred, arising out of the great extent to which the system of *espionage* was carried by both parties. In this the partisans of Don Carlos had the advantage, at least in the Basque provinces; for there the peasants, devoted to the cause of the Pretender, gratuitously acted as spies, or conveyed despatches across districts held by the enemy. A man would set out at the smart run which those light-footed mountaineers will keep up nearly as long as a dweller in the plain could walk; when fatigued, he would hand over his despatch, or perhaps verbal message, to the first intelligent and active peasant he met, and thus from one hand to another till the mission was accomplished. Curious means were sometimes resorted to in order to conceal a letter, in case of the messenger being met by the enemy. Like the old man, condemned by Sancho Panza, who had hidden his neighbour's money in a hollow staff, despatches were sometimes placed in sticks prepared for the purpose; but this was a stale device, and often detected. A fragment of bread in the pocket of a peasant's jacket could scarcely excite suspicion, yet in this bread was often baked a slip of paper, which, if found, would have cost the bearer his life. A picket of Christino cavalry was patrolling a road in Navarre, and, as dusk came on, stopped a peasant. After many questions, to which the man replied satisfactorily, his person

underwent a rigid search. Half-a-dozen dollars were in the worsted sash round his waist, and taking them in his hand, he humbly offered them to the subaltern commanding the party. "*No somos ladrones*," was the angry reply. "We are not robbers; keep your money." The man pursued his journey; and three hours afterwards placed a small thin paper, closely written over, in the hands of a Carlist general. It had been concealed in one of the coins refused by the Christino officer.

The persons who acted as spies were usually, but not always, peasants or muleteers. Soldiers who had deserted to the enemy, expressing themselves disgusted with the party they had left, would sometimes, after a few days' or weeks' stay with their new friends, return to their former colours, taking with them all the information they had been able to collect. Not unfrequently a column on the line of march was joined by a miserable beggar-woman, perhaps with a child in her arms, who would keep up with the troops for a few hours, alternately chatting with the soldiers, and listening to their conversation amongst themselves. At the passage of some watercourse or ravine, she would leave them, without any one remarking when or where she had gone; and even when they found that the foe they were marching to attack had disappeared, or when they themselves were surprised in the same night's bivouac, scarcely a man thought of attributing their discomfiture to intelligence conveyed to the enemy by the ragged companion of their morning's march.

Towards the latter part of the year 183—, and on a fine autumnal morning, a scene of some dramatic interest was enacting in a field about half musket shot from a hamlet of northern Ajava. Several companies of infantry, and some cavalry, were drawn up, their Basque *berets*, worn by officers as well as men, and some other peculiarities of costume, marking them as Carlist troops. At a score of paces in front of the line, a mounted officer, whose richly embroidered cuffs showed him to be of high rank, was conversing with others of inferior grade. A

short distance from the group, and in charge of a guard, stood a young man in the uniform of a cavalry officer; and rather more in the back-ground were assembled several women, and persons in citizen and peasant garb.

"Valentin Rojas!" cried the general.

The guard surrounding the prisoner opened its files, and the young officer, advancing to within a few paces of the chief in command, there halted, and respectfully saluted,

"Valentin Rojas! you have been guilty of gross neglect of duty in allowing your picket to be surprised last night from want of proper vigilance. The drumhead court-martial has condemned you to death, but not without a recommendation to mercy, founded on your well-proved courage and zeal for the true cause. Neither do I forget the services of your gallant father, slain at the side of the immortal Zumalacarreguy. Your fault, however, must be expiated; and if I extend to you the mercy, which, by his Majesty's commission, I am empowered to do, it will be on one condition."

And beckoning the prisoner to draw nearer, he leaned over his saddle-bow, and spoke a few words in a low tone of voice.

A strong expression of disgust came over the handsome countenance of the young soldier.

"Your Excellency alluded to my father and his glorious death. I should be doing little honour to his memory in taking my life on the terms you propose."

"There is no disgrace in serving the King, in whatever way it may be," said the general sternly. "Take your choice, however; that, or *cuatro tiros*."

"The latter, then;" replied the young man doggedly.

"Order out the firing party," said the general, in a vexed and hurried tone, to one of his aides-de-camp.

A piercing shriek was heard, there was a movement amongst the bystanders, and a young and beautiful girl, her hair hanging loose upon her shoulders, broke away from those who sought to restrain her, and rushing up to the prisoner, fell fainting into his arms.

"*Todavía es tiempo*,"* said the general, turning to Rojas. "Poor Doleres!" added he, casting a look of compassion on the inanimate form that the young man was sustaining.

Rojas was deadly pale, and the muscles of his countenance were working violently. He gazed intently on the lovely creature of whom the women had now taken charge, and were trying every means to restore to consciousness. At this moment she half opened her eyes and in a faint voice uttered the word "*Valentin*."

"*I accept*," gasped the prisoner.

Ten minutes afterwards the troops were in their quarters, and Rojas was closeted with the general commanding the Carlist troops on the lines of Alava.

The convent of Santa Domingo at Vittoria, situate a few yards within the Bilboa gate of that city, has of late years, like most edifices of its class in the north of Spain, been converted into barracks for troops. It was during the hottest part of the Carlist war, that, on an October evening, the massive portico of the principal entrance to the convent was lit up by a large fire, which partially illuminated also the broad earth-floored corridor leading into the interior of the building, and caused the slime and damp which hung upon the walls to glisten in the flickering blaze. The retreat had not yet sounded, and, independently of the men on guard, a number of the Queen's soldiers were grouped round the fire, waiting the usual signal to retire to their straw mattresses, and meanwhile employing their leisure in singing, chatting, and laughing, so as to create a most Babel-like din. It was during a momentary lull that a small gap in the circle was filled up by a person who squeezed in, making himself as small as he could, and extended his hands over the fire, on which he fixed his eyes with a vacant stare, and as though unconscious of being an intruder, or of the presence of the soldiery. The new comer was a lad about twenty years of age, whose countenance, of an exceedingly brown hue, was rendered singularly inexpressive and stupid-looking by a mouth constantly half open, and by the man-

* There is still time.

ner in which his hair was brought forward over his forehead, so low as almost to cover his eyes. His dress was a jacket and trousers of the rough brown cloth which the Alavese peasants manufacture themselves from the coarse wool of their sheep; and a broad-brimmed grey hat, placed quite on the back of the head, increased the *niaiserie* of his whole appearance.

"*Caremba!*" cried a joyous-looking corporal, who, to judge from the ready laugh with which his comrades welcomed his most trifling sallies, was a wit of no small consideration.

"*Que hay aqui?*" "whom have we here, and whence come? Assuredly he must be *alcalde* of some Biscayan city. Behold his sapient look, and dignified manner of wearing his *sombrero!*"

The sneer was followed by many similar ones from the soldiers, who, for the most part Castilians, entertained a proper degree of contempt for every thing Basque.

"*Vamos! Camarado,*" said one, seeing that the stranger took no notice of the jests for which he supplied the materials; "you have taken a place at our fire, without so much as a 'by your leave.' The least you can do in return is to give us some account of yourself."

No reply was made by the peasant, and his interlocutor, irritated at his obstinate silence, prepared to arouse him from his apathy by a process likely to be more effectual than agreeable. Unsheathing his bayonet, he introduced its point into the seam of the peasant's jacket. But scarcely had the keen weapon found its way through the cloth, when the Biscayan turned sharply round, and in an instant the aggressor was disarmed and prostrate at the feet of his antagonist. The soldiers pressed forward to help their comrade; but the stranger threw down the bayonet, and burst into a volley of those strange inarticulate sounds which the deaf and dumb emit in their vain attempts to express anger or other violent passions.

"*Es mudo;*" "he is dumb!" exclaimed the soldiers, keeping back their comrade, who had risen to his feet, and having picked up the bayonet, seemed disposed to avenge his overthrow.

They now began to hold conversation with the dumb peasant by means

of signs and gestures, which he, however, showed little quickness in comprehending, and it soon became evident that the poor wretch was nearly an idiot.

The rattle of drums, and the shrill yet mellow sound of bugles, now became audible; soldiers came hurrying into barracks, and each man on guard arranged himself in the best position he could, in order to snatch a little repose before his turn for sentry arrived. The *mudo* remained a short time cowering over the embers of the fire, but finally lounged awkwardly away, probably to seek some softer bed than was afforded him by the granite flags of the convent portico.

The following morning, however, he returned, and for many days after continued to pay long and frequent visits to the barracks. The soldiers amused themselves with his uncouth gestures, and by endeavouring to talk to him by signs; and at length became so accustomed to his presence, that he began to share their affections with the regimental dog, *Granuja*, a most intelligent animal, always ready with a leap for the Queen, and a growl for Don Carlos, and who had moreover suffered in the cause, having received a graze from a musket ball in a recent skirmish.

But the *mudo* did not confine his visits to the convent, although he appeared to make it his headquarters. During the day he would roam from one barrack to another, affording amusement to the soldiery, ever disposed to be diverted by the smallest incident which varies the monotony of their life; and at length *El Mudo di Santa Domingo* became as well-known to the garrison, as the governor of the town himself.

The month of December had set in cold and wintry, and, with the exception of an occasional reconnoissance or foraging party, active military operations were likely to be for some time suspended. One night, however, an order was given for the troops quartered in the *St Domingo* convent to hold themselves in readiness to march early the following morning; and it was rumoured that some convoy or post of the enemy was to be surprised. Soon afterwards several officers came down to the barracks, and, having ascertained that all was in readiness for the march, stopped

for a moment to light their cigars at the guard fire.

"We shall have a better blaze than this to warm ourselves by ere twelve hours are past," said a young lieutenant, stamping his feet as he spoke, to get more warmth than he could obtain from the smoky green wood.

"By the bye," cried another, "how far is it to this powder mill? I do not remember seeing it in any of our sorties or foraging parties."

"It is off the high road, but not more than five or six leagues distant from Vittoria. The roads are good, thanks to the frost; and if we start early, we may get there, blow up the place, and be back to our *puchero* by an hour after noon."

"Hush!" said an old captain with a thick grizzled mustache, "you know not who may be within hearing; and though the gates are shut, they say there are Carlists in Vittoria who communicate with the enemy by lights and other signals."

"Pshaw!" cried the young officer who had first spoken; "you are over cautious, *mi capitán*. There is no one near but the men on guard and that wretched dumb idiot."

"Walls have sometimes ears," replied the captain. "At any rate, all our secret expeditions for the last month or two have been failures. Either our spies do not earn their money, or there is treachery within the walls. But it is growing late, so *buenas noches, Senores!*"

"*Buenas noches! buenas noches!*" and the officers walked away in the direction of their respective billets.

Scarcely had the sound of their footsteps become inaudible, when a head was slowly raised from among the mass of confused forms that were lying huddled about the fire, and the black eyes of the *mudo* peered keenly around from under the bush of tangled hair that overshadowed them. The sentry had his back turned, and was leaning on his musket, doubtless waiting with impatience to be relieved from his wearisome duty, rendered doubly disagreeable by the coldness of the night. With noiseless step the *mudo* crept along in the shadow of the convent wall, and in the direction of the ramparts, which at that time were in a most dilapidated condition. The darkness enabled him to pass within a short distance of more

than one sentinel, and to arrive unobserved at a place where the slight earthen wall, broken and crumbling, offered an easy egress from the town. The *mudo* dropt lightly into the shallow moat, and scrambling up the opposite side, disappeared in the obscurity.

A few hours after this escape, a body of troops marched out of the Bilboa gate. It was a clear starlight morning, but bitterly cold, and the soldiers, mostly from the south, and as yet unaccustomed to the severity of a Basque winter, seemed but moderately rejoiced at the biting frost which congealed their breath into icicles on their mustaches, and caused the road to ring like iron under their measured tramp. Such a temperature was no temptation to laggards, and at so brisk a pace did the men advance that when day broke there was little more than a league between them and the object of their expedition. The high road had been already abandoned, and they were traversing a flat country having little appearance of recent cultivation, partially overgrown with gorse and broom, and intersected with ravines and broad ditches, from whose banks innumerable snipes and water hens would whirr away on the approach of the column.

At length the ground began to rise, and after a tolerably long but very gentle ascent, the troop of cavalry composing the advanced guard halted on the top of a long ridge, extending on either hand for a mile or more. On the opposite side of this ridge the ground gradually descended, and from thence to the foot of a range of mountains which rose two or three leagues off, the country appeared far less wild, and better cultivated, than that which the column had as yet crossed.

About half a league off, and in front of a thick wood, composed in great part of evergreen trees, stood a tolerably well constructed building, having in its neighbourhood a few scattered cottages, and flanked by several earthen parapets, equidistant from one another, and *echelloned* in an oblique direction; so that whilst the two hindermost nearly touched the outer corners of the building, the most advanced were at some distance to the right and left of the same points. Here it was that powder, ball, and

cartridges were fabricated in large quantities for the use of the Carlists. The lead was brought from mines in the neighbourhood; and the cartridges, as soon as made, were sent off to some of the Pretender's strongholds. The military authorities of Vittoria had long been anxious to destroy this establishment; and, having ascertained by their spies that no Carlist force of importance was within three hours' march of the place, they sent out the small column whose progress we have followed, the officer commanding which had orders to destroy, burn, and blow up every thing, and return immediately to his garrison.

There appeared as yet to be nothing stirring either in the powder-mill or adjacent cottages. The doors and windows were closed, and every thing as still as though the place had been uninhabited. Such was the observation made by the Christino colonel, as he headed the squadron which composed his whole force of cavalry; and, ordering the infantry to follow as fast as possible, moved forward at a canter. Arrived in front of the powder-mill, he sent half his cavalry to patrol in rear of the hamlet, to prevent any one from escaping and giving information to the enemy, and then waited the coming up of the infantry, which arrived the next instant, somewhat out of breath, and their ranks a little in confusion, from the severe pace at which they had rattled over the frost-bound fields. Scarcely had the word halt! been given, when a single musket-shot was heard, and forthwith arose such a wild and deafening shout, as appeared to rend asunder the very heavens. The wondering Christinos gazed around them in astonishment; but the cause of the din was soon apparent; for, as though the earth had again been sown with serpents' teeth, and produced armed men, in rear of each of the half-dozen parapets before mentioned, stood two or three companies of Carlist troops, forming together a force far superior to that opposed to them. They had been concealed by lying down in the ditches, which, as usual, were dug behind each parapet, to afford greater security to its defenders; and favoured by the morning fog which hung over the ground, and yet more by the incautious approach of the Christinos, their

proximity had been unsuspected, until, at the signal of the musket-shot, they sprang up and formed. Simultaneously with their movement a smart fire was opened on the Queen's troops from the windows of the neighbouring buildings, and a body of admirably mounted Navarrese lancers, headed by Real, one of the best cavalry officers in the service of Don Carlos, emerged from an opening in the wood, where they had lain *perdus*, charged the troop of hussars stationed in rear of the houses, and drove them in on their main body, fighting, it is true, and, in spite of the surprise, yielding their ground slowly, and making good use of their sabres and carbines.

The Christino colonel, to whose over-confidence and negligence in not having sufficiently reconnoitred the ground, it was owing that he and his troops were now in so perilous a position, showed, however, infinite coolness and presence of mind in the midst of the danger. He lost not a moment, but, forming his infantry into a compact column, began to retrace his steps, steadily and rapidly, hoping at least to get clear of the parapets, and into the open country, before the Carlists could collect their scattered companies into a sufficient force to endeavour to bar his retreat. Then, leaving the infantry in charge of the officer next in command, he placed himself at the head of his handful of cavalry, and charged the enemy's lancers with such vigour and good-will, that in spite of their superior numbers, he drove them back some distance with considerable loss. But, while returning under a heavy fire to the main body, a ball struck him on the breast. The gallant but unfortunate officer reeled in his saddle, made an ineffectual attempt to retain his balance, and fell heavily to the ground. His death was the signal for a general rout. The Christino troops had now reached the front of the parapets, but not without suffering greatly from the fire of the enemy; and seeing that the latter had formed two strong columns, and were rapidly advancing to cut them off, they lost all heart, and the retreat became a scamper. Over the ploughed fields, and through heather, and briars, and brambles, across ditches and swamps, breaking through the ice, and splashing in mud and water, went pursued and pursuers. Little quarter was

asked, and less given; for, at the period referred to, the animosity between the two parties was at its height. Many a poor wretch, sinking under fatigue, and hearing the footsteps of his blood-thirsty foes drawing nearer and nearer, till he could fancy he felt their breath upon his shoulder, shortened his horrible suspense, and solved the question uppermost in the mind of a man flying for his life, "Shall I or shall I not escape?" by throwing himself on the ground, and waiting patiently the bayonet-thrust that was to terminate his sufferings.

At length the ardour of pursuit diminished, and few others than the cavalry persevered in the chase. Even these dropped off one by one as their horses became blown, and soon barely a score of troopers, either better mounted or more eager for blood than their comrades, hung upon the skirts of the fugitives, flying now more from panic than real danger. A young Carlist officer, who bestrode a splendid Andalusian charger, was far ahead of his men, and made himself remarked by his ferocity. He had broken two lances, and now made use of his sabre with deadly effect, turning a deaf ear to supplications for mercy, and accompanying every blow with a heavy curse. He was within a score of yards of five or six Christino soldiers, when they suddenly turned, and levelling their muskets, made a simultaneous discharge on their pursuer. Owing to a sudden bound of the horse the bullets took effect upon him instead of his rider, and the noble animal fell. Before the Carlist could regain his feet he was in the power of the soldiers. In the ineffectual struggle he made to escape from their grasp, the *boina* fell from his head, and a quantity of long hair, lank with sweat, hung over his forehead. The soldiers stared at him, and then at each other, and then again at the prisoner, with a puzzled look.

"*Lo es !*"* at length exclaimed one; and as though a charm had been broken, "*El Mudo!*" they shouted simultaneously.

The Carlist officer smiled bitterly.

Outside that handsome square at Vittoria, composed of houses of uni-

form structure, and surrounded by a colonnade of stone pillars, which is known by the name of the Plaza Nueva, and of late years Plaza de la Constitucion, is an open space entitled the Plaza Vieja, or old square. Although totally unable to compete with its more elegant neighbour as an evening lounge for the fashionable of the town, because its appearance is uncouth, and its pavement uneven, and usually dirty, it is yet not entirely without interest, especially to a stranger. The fountain at the lower end of the Place, within a few yards of the *Principal*, or chief guard-house, is each morning the rendezvous of innumerable *criadas* or servant girls, and other damsels of low degree, who, having filled their wooden or earthen vessels, allow them to remain for a few minutes on the stone ledge round the spring, while they indulge in a little gossip. Here may be studied the manners and dress of the lower classes of the province. The peasants from the neighbouring mountains, who bring in mule-loads of wood and charcoal for sale, station themselves near the fountain, and address their rude attempts at gallantry to the buxom water carriers, whose brilliant yellow or crimson petticoats, neatly turned ancles, tight boddices, and abundant black hair, rendered glossy by some preparation, which is certainly not the real Macassar, constitute in the eyes of the charcoal burners the ne-plus-ultra of attraction. The lounging soldier, the passing muleteer, the artisan hurrying to his work, all have a smart word for the *mozas*,† who, after receiving a due meed of compliments and admiration, trip lightly away with their burden of *aqua fresca* on their heads, and make room for new comers.

Less cheerful associations than these are, however, connected with the Plaza Vieja. It is here that are usually executed the criminals sentenced to the *garrote*—a punishment about equivalent to the English one of hanging.

Early on the second morning after that which had witnessed the disastrous expedition to the powder mill, workmen were busy erecting scaffolding for an

* It is he.

† Young girls.

execution, and it soon became known that the criminal about to suffer was the Carlist spy who had caused the recent discomfiture of the Queen's troops. Towards noon the whole of the garrison not on duty was formed up round the *plaza*, and large crowds had assembled to witness the execution. On the scaffold (a small square platform) was firmly fixed a strong wooden pillar, against which a bench had been nailed. Two or three feet above the bench was an iron bar, bent into nearly a circle, and which, by means of a powerful screw, could be brought with great force against the front of the oaken post, so as to crush any thing that might intervene. Two men, preserving somewhat of the ancient Spanish costume, in their suits of rusty black, short cloaks, and broad leaved slouched hats, were standing by the instrument of death, waiting till the moment should arrive to exercise their loathsome functions.

At length the criminal made his appearance, strongly guarded, and attended by a grey-haired priest. His head was bent upon his breast, and he appeared to be lending an attentive ear to the exhortations of the reverend father; but his step was firm, nor did it lose any of its steadiness as he ascended the half-dozen steps leading to the scaffold. After embracing his penitent, the priest stepped on one side, averting his eyes from the sad spectacle that was to follow, and the prisoner, dropping the cloak which had hitherto protected him from the inclement weather, and also partly shrouded his face, appeared in the short green jacket and red overalls of the Carlist cavalry. Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he snatched his boina from his head, and

in a voice as clear and sonorous as though he had been commanding a squadron on a field day,

"*Viva Carlos Quinto!*" shouted he, "*Mueren los negros!*"*

When, by this action of the prisoner, his face became visible to the surrounding crowd; a suppressed hum ran through the lines of the soldiery, and the words "*El Mudo*" passed from mouth to mouth. Before this murmuring noise, instantly repressed by the officers, had entirely subsided, the prisoner had tranquilly seated himself on the fatal bench, the iron collar was adjusted round his bare neck, and one of the executioners gave a few rapid and vigorous turns to the screw. A slight crushing noise reached the ears of the nearest bystanders, as the vertebrae of the neck were broken against the wooden pillar. *El Mudo* di Santa Domingo had paid the penalty of his offences.

After the corpse, according to custom, had remained a short time exposed to the gaze of the multitude, it was removed from the scaffold, and buried outside the town. The following morning, however, the grave in which it had been laid was open, and the body had disappeared.

In the cemetery of a church, a few leagues north of Vittoria, is a plain slab of grey stone, which for a great part of the year is nearly undiscoverable, so concealed does it lie under the tangled profusion of red and white roses which the village maidens have planted around. When, however, the fragrant but thorny barrier is put aside, an inscription is visible. It is short, and runs thus—

Valentin—17 Diciembre,

Doleres—23 Diciembre.

Poco le sobrevivia.

* Long live Charles the Fifth! Death to the *Negros*! (or Liberals.)

SKETCHES OF ITALY.

No. III.

GALLEY SLAVES—LEGHORN.

"Nempe in Lucanos vel TUSCA ERGASTULA mittas."

WENT this morning to see the galley slaves in their *interior*. The nest of these hornets is sadly picturesque. Unaware of the place, we came upon it somewhat unexpectedly, from the summit of a steep short mound like the Monte Testaccio at Rome, raised out of broken earthenware and rubbish. We looked right down on the stagnant ditch of the fort within which they are confined, and saw a mass of beings, the clank of whose chains might be heard for several minutes before they could be discovered. As they came up, two by two, through a narrow covered passage from the recesses of the fort, upon a platform, where they drew up in ranks, we saw about thirty marked men with their *faces* towards us, of whom the law tells frightful tales *behind their backs*, while their physiognomy, air, and deportment, too readily sustain some damning word on the reverse of the medal. There they stood, and so vivid was the impression made by thirty picked scoundrels, that they seem even now to stand, some utterly reckless and sullen, others, like mountebanks at a fair, glad to court the astonishment of those who contemplate them in security across the moat. Our attention is at first called to the distinction of two uniforms, yellow and red, of which you will not be two days in Leghorn without learning the interpretation. The faded yellow is to last for life; the "red," although you read on it, "*omicidio in rissa*," "*furto violento con mano armato*," housebreaking, incest, or other appalling felonies, is but for a definite, though always for a long, period. These ruffians are coupled like hyenas together, and, like them, live only as the useful scavengers of this foul town. Soldiers with loaded guns stand by, but stand *aloof*, as if even they dreaded coming in contact with them; and there are eight or ten policemen for ordinary discipline, who exceed our hardest featured turnkeys. This party were waiting for the boat which was to convey

them across the moat into the town. Another had already landed, and was receiving, out of a neighbouring shed, the shovel and the rake, with which they are to collect and fling into their cart the feculence of the drains. Two old men, of very unequal stature, but both grey headed, in whom the fire of the eye has been quenched, but not its sedate satanic glare, lead the van; one of them, the murderer of a sister, stands the full glance of the timid visitor in silence; his companion, with a face of which for ferocity we never saw the equal, whines for alms, and coolly refers you to the hump on his back, where the half-obliterated word "*grassazione*" makes you look again. The house-breaker and the cattle stealer, "*abigeato*," clank their fetters rhythmically, (unless they happen to fight for the end of a cigar which has been thrown away,) and discourse on the mysteries of their particular line, or change permitted jokes with their keeper, as they draw the empty handcart towards the next embankment of dirt. The other detachment is now on board, and is nearing our side of the moat. A crew of branded slaves passing the fosse of Leghorn, and ferried over by one of themselves, chained to his post to work the old rude craft, is a picture ready for the artist! At six in the morning the ferryman is padlocked to his boat; having carried over these unblest spirits to their vile labours, he goes for more, and takes the different relief gangs, consigning the last of them to their quarters at sun-set. As we, too, had to go over, we pressed our way through the set just landing—between rape, and murder, and all other revolting enormities—who seem surprised at our surprise, and disposed to say, what do you stare at? Did you never see a bloody hand before? We commit ourselves, however, to the slave boatman, who tugs us over, and would no doubt turn us overboard, for sixpence; a horrible offence is stamped on his jacket for life, an offence which none convicted of it in England can

expiate with less than life itself. We spring out impatiently before the boat has well touched the opposite shore, and are directed to a covered archway which leads us to the slave yard. After passing the guard-house, we descend a narrow stair into a sort of impluvium or court, with a shed round it; some of the criminals were sawing, some breaking wood, and some trundling a wheel-barrow full of filth, to a place from which it is to be precipitated into the water of the calm sea sleeping at their feet. How calm! how beautiful! does the sea look to-day with the Gorgona, Elba, Corsica, in the distant view, and the shipping and the boats in the harbour! How cheering, after such sights as we are leaving, and glad to leave, is the oar's light stroke, and the splash of the sporting bather, and the voices of the distant market, and the cry of the itinerant fish-men or bean-seller! How invitingly the boats glide about, in and out through the bar; how sparkle those broad spread nets from their sterns, with the silvery scales of fish they are conveying to the steamer! How finely coloured is yonder distant ridge of the Carara quarries, and how animating the groups of the lookers on—the soldiers, with their women and children; the idlers sitting on the wall, and gazing like ourselves; and the priest or the monk taking their morning's walk along the rampart. . . .

We are now in the parlour of the head of the "Bureau;" he sees we are strangers and Englishmen. He hands us over to a tall jovial fellow, who expects a reward for showing his menagerie, else would he treat our curiosity and interest with derision. He first takes us to the dormitories—filthy rooms they are not; but dingy, crowded, incommodious, and rare places for the spread of any contagious disease; they are four rooms, two over two, with sixty and forty beds in each, disposed in tiers, for the economy of space, like sailors' hammocks. Each bed has a straw mattress and a bolster, and the convict's cloak or coverlet, similar in colour to his jacket of the day, lies on it. Inside the cloak, the name of the criminal; outside, the crime. At sundown they all return to the fort, get their irons unclinchd, walk about half an hour unchained, take off their jackets, and lie down under their cloaks.

Silence is now rigorously exacted, and blows from the custode fall on such as are refractory. A few whose friends enable them to eat a second meal in the evening, are allowed to do so, and they take this coveted addition to their common allowance by themselves. The dormitories, the dining-room, the kitchen, and parlour, have one miserable table in the midst, on which, at ten o'clock, twenty-four ounces of bread and six ounces of beans are given to each. They thrive on this spare diet; besides which they get, every now and then, something extra. They have four *quattrina* (about five farthings English) for doing particularly dirty work; for work in which there is particular danger, half a paul is given them in consideration of the added risk; and they must go to mass once a week, and confess! Confess!! The forced confessions of branded galley-slaves must be strange indeed! But the Church is here in more ways than one, and in some more promising. By every convict's bed hangs a little lead crucifix, with holy water; coarse prints of sacred subjects, placed here with the best intentions, grace the begrimed walls: devotional verses are printed upon each; and a coloured print of the Madonna, behind a small, ever-burning lamp, is placed at the head of each room, to which the guard, making the convicts imitate his example, touches his hat as he passes. Over every bed, the convict's shoes, stockings, and civil costume are hung up, to remain there during his legal death, like dead men's garments at the *morgue* at Paris; and here they often remain unworn for many years! You see the shoes, by whose nails the housebreaker may have been tracked; the hat that he wore in the murderous scuffle; the linen still stained with his own or his neighbour's blood; the coat rent in the affray. We asked for a little gossamer information. "*Latrocinio's*" jacket turned up, and the convict himself had no objection to tell us,—"*Mine is only highway robbery; but if I rob you with violence at the corner of a street, I wear a yellow jacket, and am marked 'Grasazzione'—grazia! If I slay you off-hand, it is only red homicide for a few years; but if I bear the badge of 'omicidia premeditata' on my yellow jacket, it is for thirty years*"—*bene!* We saw a

group of "galeriens" collected round the miserable table. One was seated, the rest were standing in their chains, and dictating to him who was writing. "What is this?" "They are getting the secretary to put down what they want to have purchased, and he is calculating it all up, before he sends it to the 'custode.'" One poor wretch, seated in a corner by himself, much arrested our attention. His age about the "mezzo cammin' della nostra vita," but he looked old from sickness and suffering. His face livid, his lips blue—his ancles, from which the chains had been removed, swelled; he sat, anxiously absorbed in his own painful sensations, and was breathing quick. We needed not feel his pulse, but we *did*. The custode smiles, and asks if we are medical. "These are three days that he has been off work," said the custode. "Caro lei che volete?"—"How can I work?" asked the breathless man? "He is not fit

to work," we interposed. "Il signor chirurgo," said the keeper, "must settle that—my present orders are so and so; but he has a diseased heart!" And so in fact had the custode, only of a different kind; so he merely shrugged his shoulders, and said, as he turned away, "*Non so!*" Sometimes they employ him, it seems, to write letters to their friends—"but we always see what they write," said our amiable guide, who was the last person we should have chosen for our confidant; "some write long letters to their wives, some to their children, for no women are admitted here." Here is a life where there is no admission for love or friendship—a life of degradation and privation—a life of peril, hard fare, and reproach. Can any live such lives long? Yes; I saw *many* there who told me, with glee, that they had passed within a few months, or years, their full period of suffering, and would be liberated at last!

MUSEUMS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The merit of museums has always appeared to us to depend not so much upon their possessions, as upon the felicity in which these treasures are exhibited. Isolated specimens are, to the uninitiated, mere *facts* in natural history; the arrangement and combining of these into groups forms a connected story, which cannot fail both to interest and to instruct. In short, those which are best administered are best. It certainly is not in the number of its stuffed hides, in the bleached skeletons of its "ruminan-

tia," or in the jars contained in its cupboards, that such exhibitions are rich; but it is in proportion as these are made first to please the eye, and next to fix the attention. In this view, let us glance at a few of the happiest of these collections; and placing at the head of them our own incomparable garden in the Regent's Park, we will suppose our reader on Houssin's carpet, and *wish* him over Alp and Apennine, to others on the banks of the Arno, or at the foot of the Euganean hills.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

We have shown our authority, and placed our body in the one-fourth part of that ingenious plague, (not imagined by Dante himself,) the *click revolving stile*, and in one moment we are caged as effectually as the *animals themselves*—caged in the incomparable garden, with Armidas out of number, and enchantments beyond our heightened expectation. Right before you are the bears, at graceful gambols on their pole,—all being *polar* bears in this sense. One of them is looking out from the mast-head, and evidently making signals to us. Happy bears!

the only awkward creatures are ye that the fair sex fancy! Happy bears! who secure not only all the first out-breakings of unfatigued admiration from men, women, and children, but a Benjamin's share of the good things from the pastry-booth below. But, oh! thrice happy in these *unfor-bearing* days, when such a price is set upon your adipose tissues, and Mr Ross every now and then announces his intention of killing a fine fat creature of your species, with as little conscience as Bladon puts a turtle into his cauldron. For ourselves, we always did

admire you; and never saw any one of you on his hind-legs in his native shag, with forepaws gracefully doubled by his sides, [how that small, sly-eyed fellow looks up at us from the pit!] without recalling some of those curious biped specimens of *la jeune France*, in singular costume, going about the Palais-Royale in hairy *pale-tot*, and ripe for mischief of any kind. How fraternally you all drink out of the same pail, rub your noses against the same post, and beg for the same bit of bun which some mischievous urchin, taught by his seniors, has let down twenty times till within an inch of your crimson *oesophagus*. Always bring your Abernethy biscuits here, you will want them for your favourites in the promenade. That eminent person conceived that a good medical manner might be picked up in this school; and we confess we like it better than the monkey or the jackall manner, as the fashion of some is, and would sooner adopt it than others the scrape or the whine, by which some seek to degrade an honourable profession. At this barrier, by a slightly inclined plane, we descend to the animals below stairs, having first sufficiently reconnoitred the fine position which time compels us to abandon, the best by far in the garden for the deliberate study of *ladies' ankles*, as they stand behind the low parapet on tiptoe and lean over to make overtures to the bears. What a nasty creature that fellow is, half bear, half sloth, who smells at you through his bars, and rattles his overgrown incurvated toe nails, as he springs about his den, or protrudes the terrible apparatus towards muslin dresses, and other loose investments of tender flesh and blood! We next encounter a long line of animals associated at once in their anatomical and moral character. There scowls the dark striped tyrant from Bengal, from the deepest recess of his cage, his eye blazing in the corner, and his very respiration a growl; there lies the lion, worthy of Rubens or Canova; there bounds the graceful but hateful leopard, pacing his narrow prison with brisk light step, and sharp turn, and looking at the spectators, with an expression where ferocity strangely seems to blend with the love of admiration. They were not used to see *parasols* in the desert—see

how they whisk and swing the tail, and show the enameled teeth, with sardonic expression, as the offensive silk approaches! A little further on, we forget beasts and birds, and every living thing, in our admiration of the flowers, sprinkled over many a gay *parterre*, which tessellates the well rolled gravel. This is a real garden of plants—not merely a Necropolis of interred roots, epitaphed under their little white tomb-stones, but bear-garden, bird-garden, and flower-garden in one—a real *Paradeisos*! But to return to the animals. It is well worth the shilling you have paid, merely to have seen, even were it but for once, the *attitudes*, the *tread*, the *à plomb*, of those caged monsters; to catch the old lion sleeping, *as he slept to Canova*, his terrible eye half closed, and half his lancets sheathed within that fore foot, so gracefully and harmlessly protruding under the bars. As to the monkeys, they secure attention every where, by their fun, frolic, and grimace. Who can refuse to laugh at these hairy Odryes and Grimaldis, who grin and chatter away, though all are doomed to die prematurely of consumption? An old monkey in England is a phenomenon of resistance to climate—constant exercise is no prophylactic, the warm cell and the tenderest care avail not. No *office* would *ensure* their lives at any premium. They may gibe and chatter away, but it may be fairly doubted whether the poor monkeys, like other comedians, are not melancholy at heart—their acquaintance list, their blue book must be constantly obsolete; no tenant occupies his tiny house for long; permanent friendships must be impossible; even the *ourang-outang*, the keeper's pet, that impersonation of a bandy-legged ostler, sits miserably by the side of his wizened wife's flannel petticoat, and, like a consumptive lunatic, gazes vacantly as he minches and munches at his stick! But away to the birds, singing, chirping, or whistling their own happiness to the passer by. There the deep-feathered cockatoo stretches forth his graceful head, and parts the feathers on his neck as if on purpose to be caressed, and evidently desiring to hold gentle converse with you as you plunge your hand amidst his down. Surely it is not in this compartment of the aviary that the cruel

serpent should have been shut up, among turtle doves and parroquets! for here the *boa's* fourteen feet of irresistible violence is coiled in harmless sleep on a costly blanket; and the double-barred *cobra* is waiting in grim repose till the next week's victim rabbit be thrust into his cage! On that pretty margined pond, his miniature Windermere, swims the black swan, with his fairer cousins, and other web-footed foreigners of distinction. Hard by, the king of birds, with drooping eyelids, elings in solitary grandeur to his forlorn perch, with his yellow talons bent under him. His neighbour, the grey-necked vulture, flaps his colossal wings, or utters a carnivorous cry, as he greedily rushes to the bars, equally ready to devour the gift or the hands that hold it; and the nimble kite, the bright-eyed destroyer of sparrows, and the owl staring at you through his round spectacles, and that offspring of clandestine marriage between pheasant and fowl, and the gazza ladra, and the jackdaw, and all the little birds of the air, are all here. Last, in separate paddocks, as it behoves them, stalk those enormous fowls that

lay eggs big as unshelled cocoa-nuts, who mince their awkward steps, and come sidelong up to you. In coppices, beautifully enameled with crocuses and daisies, the soft-eyed deer quits his rich pasturage for a moment, to rub his cold black nose against the railing where you stand. The timid gazelle is here, and the elk, proud of his stately antlers; and, towering above all, the unwieldy elephant, with his rolling gait and his gouty legs, librating his trunk, and peeping out from between his ivory tusks; while, from the far end of his substantial stall, the fiery eye of the shaggy bonassus arrests and fascinates yours, as he glares on you wildly, and pushes his huge neck against the wooden barrier between him and the three slender giraffes, whose beautiful forms stand like Canova's sister graces, intertwining their long amorous necks high over your head. But we are getting already too national, and, in our character of a traveller, are pledged to bring before our reader the *merveilles*, not so much of a similar as of a dissimilar character, which await him abroad. We will begin with Pisa.

PISA.

That there be leaning towers, and campaniles, and campo santos, at Pisa, and duomos, and churches and bridges on the long dull quay of the Arno, the reader long since knew; but he probably may not know any thing of the *unique* farm of the Duke of Tuscany, on which the camel has supplanted the ox; and that it is no longer a scene in which the magnificent horned cattle of Etruria are the *protagonists*, but a vision of the desert; with the beasts of the desert, and the very sands and tourbillons of the desert, to set it off! To others, the black and white chequer-work of the towers and churches of Pisa!—of our *own doings*, we shall record only our visit to the camel establishment, and our gleanings there, together with a brief notice of its most interesting and overlooked museum.

"Our present number of camels," said their head keeper to us asking for information, "is about sixty; from ten to fifteen yearly births make up our annual deficiency caused by death, or

the sale of the old and infirm beasts to itinerant showmen. These persons pay us from forty-five to fifty sequins (L.20—L.23) for an old camel to lead about with a halter, and we have no difficulty in thus disposing of them. Such of our camels past their work, as are not thus got rid of, die not unfrequently of accident, or of apoplexy, or still more frequently of inflammation of the bowels. The age attained by the camel here, may be stated to be about that of the horse, viz., from twenty to twenty-five years. They eat about the same quantity of hay, but will find sustenance in grazing upon what would be sorry fodder for the latter. They drink seldom oftener than once in the twenty-four hours. The males alone are employed to work—are all stallions. The progeny of too young a camel are weak and sickly, and for this reason ours are not allowed to generate till they have attained their tenth year, from which period the rights of paternity are conceded to them, till they have passed their

eighteenth. During the *cold* months of the year, which is their season, it is not safe to approach them. As the time for their accouchement approaches, (which is just one year after conception,) the females are narrowly watched by those whose office it is to attend the birth. They follow them about by day, and pen them up every night, and see that they have a comfortable litter. When they are once confined, they are apt to quit the *maison de couché*, and to leave the young camel deserted; to prevent which, the keeper is often obliged to carry the suckling after its mother, and even place the teat in its mouth; nor is the lady camel allowed to recommence her Arab life in the pine-forest, for three or four months afterwards. To assert or *think* deformity of the camel kind, because other quadrupeds have *straight* spines, would be indeed absurd. Yet certain it is that all protuberance of the dorsal column begins by giving this impression; but really when protuberance of the belly comes in aggravation or in counterpoise of prominence of the spine, the impression as to lines of beauty is highly unfavourable; and we assure our readers that a camel, in that condition in which camels like to be who love their lords, is very unprepossessing indeed. Till four years old, the young camel is educated to be docile and humble; after this period they quit their mothers' side, leave the sandy shore of their childhood, and are saddled with the panniers, which they carry for twenty years. As a camel's natural pace—his "*ruminating*" pace—is but about four miles an hour, he does not object to carry a thousand pounds, if it be equally balanced on his back, and Bajocchi used to send them down to Leghorn, laden with this weight of fodder, to the horses of the garrison.

We saw one huge brute lying down, his morning labours over, to taste that repose, without which not even the longsuffering camel can continue his laborious life. He looked round at us from his straw, and seemed displeased at our intrusion. As we drew near, the idea of having to get up and show himself for our amusement, seemed to cross his mind, and made him very angry. He began to work his bifid lip from side to side, and looked as cross as Lord B——, when his nose is in motion, and the victim

of his sarcasm is before it. This making of faces not succeeding, his next plan was to raise his head, only increasing his labial contortions, till at last he set his mouth wide open, and began to utter a series of harsh guttural sounds, accompanied with a look of such angry impatience, that we had no difficulty in at once understanding his displeasure. The keeper now tries to get him up, and up he gets, still protesting, however, that it is *malgré lui*. The man puts the panniers on his back, and *this* redoubles his wrath. He now scolds thick, his *eyes* are angry, and right ahead; till having lost all control over his temper, he *brings up* his inflamed pouch, which protrudes forth on both sides of his graminivorous jaws—it is scarcely swallowed again, when, like a *globus hystericus*, it works up again, and so on—(it is not every one who sees a camel in a passion.) He was now ordered to kneel, and as he appeared slow, a rod made its appearance, when the subdued brute turned an expostulating look to the keeper, as if he would say, "strike, but fear."

It was very interesting to see a whole herd of male camels kneeling in a semicircle, to get their panniers on, or at work. Midway between the farm and the sea, in the middle of the sandy road, we saw several lady camels standing audaciously, in all the protuberance of advanced pregnancy and secured idleness. In this royal "*chasse*" rests might be seen set up here and there for unpractised guns to lean upon, amidst the pines and poplars; while we were here, (as if to complete the oriental picture,) the *sand* rose and was whirled about in columns across our path—beyond us the sea was foaming, and a sentinel or two in military costume might be described on the look-out. The *preventive* service in which these persons were engaged was a curious one; it was literally to prevent any person *carrying away any part of the sea*, unless he had proper documents of authority to do so; for sea water yields *salt*, and salt *res fisci est*—nobody sells salt or gunpowder but the Duke. This sandy plantation of the Maremma has been turned to excellent account, and furnishes much wealth to Pisa; it is stocked with *deer*—1000 head are annually slaughtered, but the venison is by no means good, as it would seem,

for antelopes bring not more than *one penny per pound!* Boars also abound in the thicket, and grow fat upon the fine acorns of its ilex and *Farnia* oaks. The pine cones are also valuable; gathered in by the camels, they are housed for the winter, and in summer are brought out and exposed to the sun, till they open and give out their little seed or *nut*—needed for the *agro dolce sauce* of the said boar. At the roots of the trees flourishes a little yellow fungus called a *pinocchio*, which rivals the "*Pioppini*," or that variety of mushroom which affects the *poplar*. These, and the "*Morrecchi*," which abound at the foot of the *farnia*, are sold in great quantities towards autumn in the Pisan market. There was a smart breeze, as we have hinted,

when we entered the royal preserves and a considerable fluster took place amongst the timber in consequence—the frailer inhabitants of the wood were shaken sorely, and all were put upon their metal. We felt quite sorry for a row of young *acacias*, as we watched their agitated movements, and their Angouleme screw curls all loose about their shoulders. The *aspens* were hysterical; the *catalpe* rattled his long pods, like *castanets*, to promote the dance; the dark olive sighed at being obliged to part with his unripe berry; the ilex and the oak dropped their acorns in silent displeasure; and every now and then an immature *pine cone*, full of turpentine, and heavy as a cricket ball, fell thundering at our feet.

MUSEUM.

This is a small, but a most interesting one. Every glass-case conveys an episode—a story—in natural history. The birds are admirably disposed, and the sight of them an ornithological treat. Had the present celebrated professor, Sari, had the fixing of each, he could scarcely have given a greater felicity of attitude to all, without giving one false "*pose*" to any of them. There was the mother quail, fat and freckled, sitting in moss, with all her little freckled offspring before, around, upon her back, under her belly, and between her wings, a beautiful little group of innocence on eider down. There was a poor blackbird perched on a tree, and thence beholding a villainous marten on another, where her own nest lay unprotected, with his malignant snout within one inch of the little brood. The poor bird is in agony, and cannot fail to excite the sympathy of all who behold her. Many a sigh has she doubtless extorted from young mothers. A crowd of speckled starlings draw off our attention to see what they may be about. We should say, at this distance, by observing their position, that they are particularly happy; but they are at nasty work as we get near, picking from the *nares* of a goat's head the unclean progeny of the blowfly, over which, true to their instincts, their buzzing mothers hover in swarms. An old bluebottle seems fascinated to the spot. An audacious bird has carried

off one of her brood; it is writhing on her bill; and she who has been the parent of a thousand such, will ere long sit like Niobe over her slaughtered brood! From the starling we turn to a pond of frogs. They are the common frog, destined for *fricassee*, as a printed notice informs the uninitiated, and look as if they were suspicious of our observing them, with that very recollection in our heads; those of them fairly in the water take care to keep all but their heads below, while others lurk under the leaf of the water lily. A marvellous representation is before us of a frog's soiree about hay-time. Some seem leg-weary with the length of way they have come; and, conscious of having contracted some soils, are about to wash themselves before the music begins. One idle fellow, who has been bathing all day, stretches out his lazy length on a bit of wood, and floats in luxury on the pond, in which attitude his hind quarters look particularly fat and inviting; he sees you think so, and in another moment will be down headforemost, and out of danger. After a few minutes, as we stand gazing on them, our friends the frogs have taken confidence, and opine that we do not intend, *pro hac vice*, to molest them; a whole population, that had at first escaped our observation, now come in view. One sprawls with another on his back; two or three are blowing out their buccinators; a third is trying

a sort of mesmerism on the body of a young slug, making passes with his tongue, and staring her out of countenance with goggle eyes. If he fail to fascinate like other magnetisers, he will take substantial revenge, and eat up his victim. Now, is that diaphanous medium, on which, or in which, all this is transacted, really not water? To resolve this doubt, and at the danger of unperching a thrush, who is watching the froggery from a thorn, we lift the apparatus upside down, and lo! the seemingly liquid medium is as solid as rock-crystal! Let those who would see how amiable a hedgehog can look, when she is a mother, peep under a neighbouring cover; the little dears, for whom she has made the sacrifice of coming here to exhibit, are all round her, and as prickly as herself—one is still coiled up asleep, another on his back is just opening his eyes to unroll himself for the day. Such a prickly progeny must make suckling one's own any thing but pleasant. A little camel, white and woolly, stands, in three months' helplessness, on a shelf. She came from the Pisan farm. The *young camel* is always thus white. The miniature wonders of else invisible botany are here displayed on a scale such as *Mirbel* and his microscope make them out; but wax will change colour, and a wax mushroom, however correct the likeness may be at first, soon changes to a toadstool hue. This, indeed, happens not only to mushrooms, to fruits, and to flowers in wax, but, alas! to ladies' busts. Our own artist in Paris told us, and as all may see, he never would have his *Psyche* done again. He would leave her, he said, to turn round in his window as at first, and never forget to wind her up; she should always be *coiffée* in the last mode; but as to her *complexion*, he had made up his mind to be indifferent about that, for he had always had her three times painted and restored by the modeller, and, notwithstanding all this expense, he did not believe she had ever brought

him a new customer. A branch of the *oleander* in flower bears a specimen of that beautiful sphinx, the *nerca*, whose escutcheon is a death's head. She sits there as if proposing to all who pass, (her empty *crysalis* lying below,) the riddle of her birth! She had entered that fragile receptacle a lengthy many-footed voracious caterpillar; who could expect her to appear to the world in her present character of a feathered hexapod, of exquisite symmetry, with an apparatus no longer suited for chewing cabbage (which her reformed taste now repudiates,) but a spiral tube expressly destined for the enjoyment of the *nestarium*? Behind her, you have a specimen of the imperfect insect that knows not of any beyond the caterpillar state, or dreams of higher destiny than that in which he died. Ye lovers of boar-hunting on old sarcophagi, ye amateurs who would give much to possess a genuine *Schneider*, look to the drama enacted here! Does not the tusked old sow look as if she would instantly break cover and be at you, and bring her enemies the dogs through the shattered glass? There she stands magnificently at bay, and looks in her erect attitude like those heroes in the Farnese, who see Medusa's head, and as they look, are hardening into stone. A huge point from a snapt spear is buried in her back; one dog is hanging to her ear, and another, disemboweled, is dying under her belly. There she stands! These and similar groups make us careless to look at an immense aviary, that, without uttering a note, is singing around us; or at the monkeys, who grin, or swing suspended by their coiled tails, for their own pleasure; or at those great birds, who fill whole presses with their grotesque forms, curly to the rump, and with legs as thick as a donkey's. It is altogether a fine collection. We would stay longer, but there is the botanic garden to be visited, and we are to-morrow to reach Florence, by an inexorable engagement with a vetturino.

BOTANICAL GARDEN.

The pride of this garden is English—its three principal trees came from London, and were planted here half a century ago—viz., a cedar of Lebanon,

surpassed, however, by the one at Paris, an oriental willow of unexampled luxuriance, and two *Magnolias* (*grandifolia*,) that spread out to their

hearts' content, and cover many perches of ground. The oaks make a family tryst of it: there is the *Quercus rotundifolia* of Spanish origin, and famous food for cattle, the *Ilex* oak, and the *Farnia*, (*Quercus cerus*), the *Balotta* oak, furnishing a sweet acorn equal to the chestnut in flavour, and our own *Quercus robur*, on whose leaves *Gaetano Mazoni*, a dyer of Leghorn, lately turned out a colony of cocci to pasture in the Maremma; there they multiplied, and acquired an exceedingly fine colour; the great show carpet of *St Peter's* was dyed in one pound of these very dried insects, and with the most brilliant success. The tobacco plant was not afraid to show his face here, despite antinicotian tariffs and Tuscan despotism, blooming in every variety in broad leaves, and lanceolate leaves, besides a little pigmy kind that is more flower than leaf. We saw the coffee tree, that carries its berry under its arm, and the *Ficus elastics* was made to yield a small quantity of its milky caoutchouc; a *Laurus camphora* yielded us evidence of that substance concealed within its leaves. The *Mimosa pudica* did not escape our notice; we touched her trembling leaves, and they closed on their drooping stems—a little red flower (*Portulacca Gilesi*) set, on similar provocation, all its yellow anthers in motion, as if they had been its antennæ; nor were the sensibilities of the *Cactus opuntia* more obtuse—the *Acarus calamus*, whose soaked root gives its bitter principle to “vermouth,” grew in a small tank, amidst other aquatic

plants. The ebony tree (*Diospyros*), which we had seen in blossom at Padua (in May) was now ripe, and yielded its sweet but astringent fruit, in appearance vastly similar to the scoriæ apple. The new wood of this tree is white, like other wood; it is only the old wood or “anima” of the plant, that is black, and which constitutes the *ebony*. There was no end to the medicinal plants of this garden, henbane, and hemlock, and stramonium, and Elaterium (luffa) with pods as big as cucumbers, *Atropa belladonna* in her pink bonnet, and all the poisons! We saw the beautiful *Musa paradisaica*, the Banana tree, which is always cribbed down to a glass room of twenty feet, and breaking its neck against the windows—melancholy it looks! and always reminds us of our old acquaintance the elephant, in Exeter 'Change; its bark shows the cellular arrangement of growth which is common to other plants, where, however, the microscope is generally required to make it visible; it yields a strong smell of cucumber when cut across. We saw much that we shall like to see again and again, and amongst these particularly, the Japan medlar (*Mesplus Japonicus*), which we had tasted ripe, and an excellent fruit it is, at Genoa, in the month of May; and which we found in most fragrant blossoming here in September! So that this extraordinary tree either brings with it a new code for regulating the growth of vegetables from Japan, or makes to itself an unsocial system here.

FLORENCE MUSEUM.

Our arm has been seized by the youngest (not very young) of two Florentine females (not very handsome) who have just entered the wax gallery, and, unable to read what is written over a fœtus of twelve days' old, have requested us to interpret. We do so; she clasps her hands in ecstasy, and asks about the next. It is a wax *accouchée*, deposited upon an ornamented couch, and provokes the exclamation, “Ah che bella Donna!” as if they were looking at Titian's Venus in the Tribune. At length we are obliged to turn off abruptly from the two fair ones, under pain of

not seeing any thing but what might move their curiosity. After passing through a suite of rooms, devoted severally to bones, muscles, joints, nerves and viscera, besides much comparative anatomy, where the huge elephant and well-riveted giraffe stand stiff on their wooden foot-boards, in a grove of antlers and horns, foreign and domestic, with whales' vertebræ, and huge fragments of poted mammoth and shark's jaws, over our head, and hyenas grinning at us under the table, we enter the insect compartment, which was what we came to see; where our friend Dr Passerini

is waiting to receive us, and where we are sure of beguiling away an agreeable and instructive hour. Dr Passerini is a very intelligent and amiable person, who began to love insects while a boy, and now follows up his passion with unwearied assiduity in spectacles. Placed at Florence in the midst of the fine arts, he sticks true to *nature*, and prefers the "Io" or "Vanissa" of God's own colouring, to all the Titians of the gallery! His own coat may be somewhat seedy, for it is not on his own dress that he spends his money; but his butterflies are select, and their pelisses are without speck! He is liberal, like all men of science, and *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*, which all collectors are not. He is not one of those who would cheat a brother entomologist in a transaction about a *longicorn*, or would glue legs, not his own, into a *cetonia*. Alas! we have known gentry of this sort, (Paris abounds in them,) whom we would not leave in a room alone *with a good insect* for something! who call themselves naturalists *by profession*, and hang out a glass frame full of beetles, by way of signboard to their premises, where they sit reducing dislocations, splicing antennæ, and labelling specimens for young beginners, to be sold very dear, and with apparent reluctance! The insects at the museum were not, perhaps, in good preserva-

tion; but it was vastly interesting to look at an old collection, as left by Geoffrey, Fabricius, and Latreille, and with the old names—a collection formed before man looked too curiously for minute differences, or sought to distinguish an insect in order to distinguish themselves. Here we saw, with no ordinary interest, a specimen of that small and by no means rare or very brilliant insect, the *Necrobium ruficolle*, which saved the life of the celebrated Latreille. In prison during the Reign of Terror, and daily expecting to be led to execution, one of these little creatures appeared one morning at his window. It was *then* a new insect. He secured and sent the captive to one of the *Directory*, whom he knew to be fond of entomology. The present propitiated the man in power, who could not let a brother entomologist go to the scaffold, and interceded effectually for his preservation. Well might the periled man, in gratitude to the small creature for his deliverance, express his obligation in the universal language of science—"Insectum mihi carissimum! illis enim infelicissimis temporibus, quibus calamitatum omnium pondere obruta Gallia trepidante gemebat, amicissimis auxiliantibus Bory St Vincent, Dargelas, Burdigalensibus, (posteriori maxime,) *hoc animalculum mihi libertatis salutisque occasio miranda evasit.*"

THE BIRDS.

We enter this vast noiseless aviary, where a thousand birds are spell-bound into silence! there they stood, the mother birds looking affectionately off their perches on the mossy cradles where the callow brood reposed, each name upon each nest! The family of the "Passeres" was there in great muster, with all their distant foreign relations; but no *chirping* being *permitted*, each cock stood stiffly by his dame, their beaks, like the faces of partners misallied in a quadrille, looking from off each other into the centre of the room. Amongst this division we note all the numerous small birds, which constitute the chief *game* in an Italian market, and all the finches, and they are few, of the Italian grove. But we had all the fine foreigners of the tropics to keep them company.

There were the *sylvæ*, in their yellow pelisses; the *trochilus*, or humming-bird, in his brilliant shot red and green waistcoat; the *cæreba*, that looked as if she had been steeped in liquid lapis-lazuli, and many others, blazed away, or shone the despair even of Venetian colouring, on the sun-illuminated panes of an old Gothic cathedral. Amongst the gallinaceous birds, we stop to salute a gallant cock, the Hector of the group, who shines in glossy green armour, and has a plume of burnished feathers topping his erect crest; whatever his country, Greek or Barbarian, well he deserves his Homeric name of "Lophophorus refulgens!" Next came the *grallipides*, those birds on "stilts," indebted perhaps to Plautus for the name, (*cursu cervum, grallatorem gradu vincentes*),

curiously attitudinizing on one leg, or poisoning their high-titled personages, *d'aplomb*, on both sides at once; the ostrich's leathery thighs were there trollying over her eggs; and the "Ibis," dressed out like a "cardinal" in scarlet; and those saucy "*becs retroussés*" birds, the "*recurvirostra*," turning up their long bills as they looked at you! In passing out of this aviary into the darker room, where solitary eagles confront keen-eyed

kites, and the horned owl sits in her spectacles blinking at the hooded grey-eyed vulture, our attention is forcibly arrested by that uncommonly silly fellow, the goose, with his name distinctly written on his green gooseberry iris, and a printed notice round his neck, drawing himself up and looking half-pleased half-sulky, like a fool, who does not know why you stare at him, but hopes it may be a tribute of your respect to his superior parts.

SNAKE-ROOM.

Confined here rather by *fascination* than design, we look around and see colossal boas rolled upon themselves, in the absence of any object to implicate within their immense folds; their last cast skin is folded up carefully and beside them: vipers are here open-mouthed, with their lancets ready for instant inoculation: and the snake, in whose tail nature places the rattle, to warn you, as some will have it, of the danger of his head! Small wiry ophidians, rising perpendicularly, like figurantes, on the very tip-toe of *their tail*, stiff as corkscrews, and looking implike through their small round eyes! The "*coluber æstivus*," that gave you no pleasant recollections of summer, showed his many spotted coils; while freckled and specked *boccali* of

poisonous reptiles, less known than these, filled all the glass cupboards around. The "*amphisbæna*," that does not know his head from his tail, was there; and lizards, who, no doubt in consideration that they frequently lose that appendage, have been furnished by nature, in a provident freak, with one that was bifurcated. Theameleon, no longer not knowing what *hue* to assume next, is immutably bleached in spirits of wine; and the wide-mouthed *batrachii*, blown out and glazed, are fixed half-erect on their bandy legs, or swim in large jars of white brandy.

These are but slight glimpses of the abounding interest of those collections, concerning which it were beside our purpose at present to say more.

IMPOSTURES.

It is told of Bishop Butler, the celebrated author of the "Analogy," that one day, being observed by his chaplain to be peculiarly immersed in thought, he enquired what was its subject. "I was considering," said the philosopher, "whether, as individuals go mad, whole nations may not also go mad." What so profound an enquirer might have made of his conjecture, is unluckily lost to the world; but the statements which we are now about to give, show sufficiently that vast multitudes may be as fantastic, as wild, and as headlong as any lunatic under the sky. It will be seen that men may act, *en masse*, as much in contradiction to common sense, to common interest, and to common experience, as if they were mistaking crowns of straw for crowns of jewels; and that millions of men may be as easily duped, chicaned, and plundered, as the simplest dreamer of waking dreams, who takes counters for guineas, and canvass for cloth of gold.

The physical theory of those observations remains for higher science than man has yet attained. But nothing can be more palpable than that there are faculties of sympathy in the human intellect not dissimilar to those which make our tears fall at the sight of tears, or our frames quiver at peculiar sounds, and that those faculties may be given, as all our other faculties are, for great purposes of wisdom and happiness; while, like all those faculties, they are capable of being perverted into instruments of great suffering and singular folly. It is obvious, also, that all the higher order of delusions have always fastened themselves upon some natural and even meritorious impression of the time, and, taking advantage of the impulse, have inflamed the good into vast and sweeping evil. Thus the Crusades originated in the newly-risen spirit of reverence for the land trod by the first leaders of Christianity. Thus the various schemes of the alchemists took advantage of the justifiable desire in the multitude to acquire wealth, and in the philosopher

to penetrate into the secrets of nature. Thus astrology took advantage of the natural homage to the Hand which made the lights of heaven, and the growing love for investigating the sublime mysteries of the skies. Thus even the extravagances of witchcraft, magic, and its whole class of fearful and disturbing delusions, found their impulse in the natural and solemn anxiety to search into our own fate, the destiny of kingdoms, and the profound and awful career of the world to come. Mankind, in successive ages, seems wandering through a great gallery of successive fatuities—some bold and brilliant, some feeble and squalid, some merely eccentric, and some fierce and fearful, of which it mounts the successive pedestals, dresses itself in the robes, and adopts the characters.

But the rapidity with which the harmless absurdity has often darkened into the remorseless crime, should be a warning to legislators and nations against all deviations from the path of soberness. Against these deviations, we admit that there is a growing barrier in the general life of labour and general difficulty of subsistence inflicted on European nations. Poverty is a great restorer of the mind to the stern realities of existence. Yet what could be more rapid than the change of England, two centuries ago, from the mild monarchical feeling to the fury and tyranny of the Commonwealth—or the change of France from festivity and loyalty into the maniacal horrors of the Revolution?

The work which has suggested these remarks, is one of research and ingenuity, but it goes only into a very limited portion of the subject. It is true, that space is required, but so much interest might be thrown upon the national history of the human mind, that we should be glad to see the topic adopted on a more diversified and comprehensive scale. The chapter of human extravagances is but half opened, and we propose heads for its further investigation. The investigation would derive additional

interest from its being ranged under centuries, and exhibiting the actual connexion between the "delusions" and the habits of the age. Thus a striking intellectual view of the sixteenth century might give the history of the Fountain of Youth, which so many adventurers went to seek in the South Seas, and the dreams of Eldorado, eminently the result of the romantic and adventurous age of Elizabeth. Ascending still higher, the fifteenth might give the history of the Philosopher's Stone, and the Elixir of Immortality. The fourteenth the age of astrology. The thirteenth the fortune-telling and juggling of the wandering minstrels of France and Italy. The twelfth the papal assumption of universal temporal power, as curious a delusion as any in the annals of human craft. The tenth, ninth, and eighth, might exhibit the connexion of relic worship, of legends, and spiritual terrors, with the power of Rome, and the profound ignorance of the people. Thus going back to the Gothic invasions, and those wild and often terrible superstitions connected with their worship in the forests and deserts of the north. The fourth and third centuries might give a valuable view of those stern superstitions of the Egyptian anchorites, which spread so rapidly through the Christian world, and formed the groundwork of the whole conventual system of later times.

Or, returning towards our own period, there would be ample materials for curious and interesting narrative, in the miracles of the Abbe Paris in the eighteenth century, in the divining rod, and in the mesmerism of France, and the illuminatism of Germany. The *miracles* of Prince Hohenlohe are the only contribution which the nineteenth century is yet prepared to add to such an enquiry. But the horrors and absurdities of the French Revolution covered so large a space of the European mind within our memory, that human vice or folly has scarcely been able yet to find a spot to pitch its tent upon. But our age will not be without its share. Some new extravagance will run away with the common understanding of man, and whether it be popery or puseyism, revolution or the art of flying, teetotalism or projects for living on sawdust, and extracting champagne out of ditch-

water, the world will not be left without its legacy of delusion for the laugh and for the rivalry of posterity.

We come to the moneyed delusion; the most showy piece of financial charlatanism on record.

There is nothing new under the sun. Every individual who has money, is marked as the natural object of swindlers. Every nation which has money, becomes equally the natural object of conspirators against its purse. The cause and the consequence go together, by a strict necessity. Such things never happen in poor countries. As Hudibras remarks—

"No Jesuit e'er took in hand
To build a church in barren land,
Nor ever thought it worth his while
A Russ or Swede to reconcile."

France, though never equaling the wealth of England, at least during the last two centuries, has always been an opulent kingdom. Its fertility, its favourable climate, and the frugal habits of its people, have always made it recover with singular ease from the poverty produced by its rebellions and wars. But this easy recovery has been attended with peculiar dangers. Its despotic monarchs, finding wealth pouring spontaneously into their hands, have often been tempted to waste it in desperate invasions of Europe, or on profligate corruptions of manners at home. From the time of Francis I. to that of Louis XIV., the alternation of parsimonious with profligate princes, had exhibited alternately the power of France to restore itself, and the power of the throne to exhaust the public prosperity. But the death of Louis XIV. was a crisis in public affairs. No king of France had so much embodied in his own character the spirit of the nation. He was generous, splendid, aspiring, and bold, but this was the bright side of the medal. He could be selfish, pitiful, insidious, and wasteful. This last quality was ultimately felt by his people to threaten France with ruin. The enormous expenses of his wars, and the scandalous prodigality of his court, had long threatened France with bankruptcy; and at his death in 1715, the cry arose that the kingdom was ruined. Still the expenditure was below the revenue, the former being but 142 millions of livres, while the latter was

145, thus leaving three millions of surplus. But then there was a debt of 3000 millions, for which this surplus was the only sum provided to discharge the interest. The Duke of Orleans, who was appointed regent during the minority of Louis XV., then only seventeen years old, assumed the power of the throne, with no other faculties for its guidance than a great deal of wit, a great deal of gayety, and a passion for pleasure astonishing even to the French themselves.

We have already observed, that "there is nothing new under the sun;" and the condition of France, the king, and the finances, at the beginning of the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI., has the strongest imaginable similitude to that of France at the commencement of the regency. The remedy for the evil in both instances was also the same; for the purpose of rescuing the government from the responsibilities of a national bankruptcy, the calling of the States-General was advised. But the catastrophe of the French monarchy was destined to the delay of nearly a century. The Duc de Noailles, a man of penetration, and wise beyond his time, resisted the revival of a power so undefined, and suggested the hazards of popular legislation so powerfully, that the regent, shrewd with all his dissoluteness, shrank from the experiment, and put off a day which might thereby have anticipated the horrors of the Revolution.

But money must be found to pay the public creditor; and the first expedient showed at once the dishonesty and the ignorance of the French financiers. The coinage was called in, and a new coinage issued to the holders, at a depreciation of *one-fifth*. By this operation, a sudden gain was made of twenty-two millions of livres. But every holder of 1000 livres was cheated of 200. This was of course instantly felt in the price of corn, and commodities of all kinds, as also in the exchanges; and on the whole, France probably lost ten times the amount which the minister gained; but the immediate evil was lightened, and the fraud was forgotten.

The Government having fallen in popular estimation by cheating the people, now made an attempt to re-

cover popularity, by giving up its servants to public vengeance. The farmers-general had long been an obnoxious class; contracting for the receipt of the revenues, they were naturally tempted to deal severely with reluctant payers of taxes. Obloquy naturally directed itself against them, and their employment, unpopular from its circumstances, was pronounced to involve every subtlety of chicane, and every atrocity of oppression. Some of them had grown immensely rich, and might justly be suspected of fraud, but the Government fell with indiscriminate violence upon them all. We see in this act, how closely the Revolution of 1789 copied the regency. The iniquitous decree which flung all the bankers and moneyed men of Paris and the provinces into dungeons, within our memory, was only a repetition, though on a more sweeping scale, of the persecution which assailed the moneyed men of almost a century before. Informers were encouraged to give evidence against them, by the promise of a fifth of their fines. A tenth of all their goods discovered was given to the discoverers. The innkeepers were commanded to refuse horses to them, when in their fright they endeavoured to escape from France. As they were actually the collectors of the whole revenue, and of course employed a vast number of subordinate officers, all those officers sharing the same odium were exposed to the same punishment. The Bastille was crowded with the principals, the provincial prisons were equally crowded with their dependents. The fortunate distinction between this period and that of the Revolution was, that the populace were not yet the executioners of the law; and out of their whole number, but one, Samuel Bernard, a farmer-general, was put to death. He was so opulent, that he was able to offer six millions of livres for his life. But he must have been remarkable for oppression or atrocity of some kind; for, tempting as the offer was to a prodigal court, it dared not remit his sentence. The remaining criminals, if such they were, expiated their offences in the pillory, the galleys, or the dungeon. But the hint of fine, perhaps adopted from the offer of the unfortunate farmer-general, became soon realized in the practice of the government. The offence

of the rich, whatever it might be, was atoned for by a sum of money; and by this single contrivance, the government squeezed out of the collectors of the revenue not less than 180 millions of livres. Nothing could be more popular than this mode of raising money; for it at once spared the pockets of the people, and punished the most unpopular class in France. But the use of this enormous sum was the reverse of popular. The regent was notoriously the most profligate individual in the most profligate country of Europe. Prodigality and profligacy are twins in every country. A hundred millions of this money were lavished no one could tell how, unless it was in extravagant largesses to the companions of the regent's pleasures, or in personal excess. The example of the court, always contagious, produced corruption in every act, and every organ of the state. It produced corruption even in the infliction of the penalties. Fines were sold, even before they were raised. The story is told of a nobleman of the court, who came to one of those rich culprits, then under sentence of a heavy fine, and offered to obtain his acquittance for a bribe of a hundred thousand crowns. The answer was, "You are too late, my lord; your wife has been here already, and made a bargain with me for fifty thousand." But remedies of this order were obviously temporary, and must end in general ruin. The money disappeared not only from the farmers-general, but from every class of commerce. The regent was slowly roused from his lethargy, but the time was come when he could sleep no longer; and when at last he opened his eyes, he saw the whole country on the eve of famine and rebellion.

This was the time for charlatans, and the most complete of charlatans suddenly appeared. John Law was born in Edinburgh in 1671, the son of a goldsmith, who gradually acquired wealth sufficient for the purchase of an estate, from which he was designated Law of Lauriston. The goldsmith of his day was generally a banker, and young Law acquired his first knowledge of banking in his father's counting-house. But the vivacity of his disposition, and the shapeliness of his figure, introducing him into society, where he was even called Beau Law, he at length grew weary of the desk,

and the death of his father in 1688, making him master of the estate, he set out for London and the world. In London his life was what might be expected from a man of great personal vanity, no principle, and a passion for indulgence of every kind. Gaming was the fashionable vice of the age. Law soon became a most dexterous gamester. But fortune is proverbially a coquette, and after some years of remarkable success, suddenly every thing went wrong with him, and he was forced to mortgage Lauriston. His gallantries, still more culpable, brought him into still more serious hazard. He was engaged in a duel; and though he escaped, yet, having killed his adversary, he was tried for murder, and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to a fine, on an application to the court, which regarded his act only as manslaughter. But, on an appeal from the family of the deceased, he was detained in prison. From this confinement he contrived to make his way to the continent; a reward was offered for his apprehension, but in vain, and he remained abroad, pursuing a rambling, but evidently an unprincipled career, gambling and speculating in every country from Flanders to Hungary. His ultra-dexterity at play was so remarkable as even to attract the notice of the higher powers, and he was successively expelled by the magistracy from Venice, Genoa, and Paris.

But during all this period of idleness, and often of personal distress, Law had not forgotten the lessons of his early life; and finance, and its application to the various necessities of the European states, was the frequent study of a mind, evidently subtle and inventive by nature. In an early part of his exile, he is said to have even ventured back to Scotland, for the purpose of urging the plan of a Scottish Land Bank—the notes issued by which were never to exceed the value of all the lands of the kingdom. The principle of all Law's projects was, "that no country can grow rich which limits itself to a circulation in specie; and that paper is essential to the development of the national resources;" an assertion which, in that day, and especially on the continent, was looked on by the multitude with unbelief and horror, by some as a brilliant discovery, and by all as a

novelty, involving the most unlimited consequences, whether for good or evil. By the caution or timidity of the Scottish legislature it was rejected, a resolution being put upon the journals, "that to establish any kind of paper credit, so as to force it to pass, was an improper expedient."

In France, perhaps so early as 1708, Law proposed his plan to the Finance Minister. But the King was probably startled at its boldness, and got rid of it, on the easy plea of his being a heretic—an objection which was fatal in the most superstitious, yet most immoral, court of Europe.

Law was never able to remain long in one place. The vocation of a gamester is locomotive, and when he has plucked his dupes sufficiently in one quarter, he naturally looks for fresh plunder wherever he can. He now made his way into Italy; but, on the road, he attempted the credulity of the Duke of Savoy. It is remarkable, and yet only a common instance of the advantages of difficulty to sovereigns as well as their inferiors, that the dukes of Savoy during the last two centuries, with scarcely an exception, had been able princes. The secret seems to have lain in the hazard of their thrones, placed on the frontier of Italy, and always involved in the attacks and intrigues carried on by France on the one side, and Austria and the Italian States on the other. Savoy was kept in perpetual peril, of course compelled to use all its skill to save its existence, and thus the dukes became diplomatists and warriors *malgré*. The general quietude of Italy towards the close of the last century relaxed the fears of the Piedmontaise Government, and probably relaxed the activity; for nothing can be more certain, than that when Napoleon, at the head of his ragged republicans, dashed into the duchy, he swept every thing before him, as the horse's tail sweeps flies. Piedmont and Savoy, the strongest countries in Europe, a continued fortress of mountain, torrent, and precipice, was overrun as if it had been a sheepfold—king, court, and all, were hurried off as if the French army had been an inundation, and the Piedmontaise royalty stubble floating on its surface. The mountaineer army was beaten by the rabble of the French cities, and the monarch was glad to make his

escape to the last remnant of his dominions, and be king over the melancholy soil and half savages of Sardinia.

Law proposed to the Duke to establish a land bank. But Victor Amadeus laughed at the charlatan, and pleasantly told him that he was too poor a sovereign to afford to be ruined. With equal keenness he recommended him to try the French again, for there "novelty was every thing." The advice, however, given in jest, was adopted in earnest; and no sooner was Louis XIV. dead, than Law flew back to Paris, and the year 1715 saw him make his *début* under the auspices of sovereignty itself.

The difficulties of the Regent have been already stated. Law offered to relieve them at once; and he was received as if he had come invested with the mantle of Plutus. On the 5th of May 1716, by a royal edict, he was authorized to establish a bank, under the firm of "Law and Company," whose notes should be received in payment of the taxes. His capital was fixed at six millions of livres, in 12,000 shares of 500 livres each, purchasable one-fourth in specie, and the remainder in *billets d'état*. Law was certainly, if not profound in the mystery of banking clever in the art of making his schemes popular. His first stroke was masterly. The people had been peculiarly fretted by the changes of the coinage. The late depreciation had made every man distrustful of the circulating coin. Law made all his notes payable at sight, and in the coin current at the time of their issue. The result instantly was, that his notes, being regarded as more permanent, obtained a higher estimation than the coin, and were at a premium of one per cent. Their use in restoring the languid finances and commerce of the nation was so apparent, that they were called for every where, and thus rapidly rose to a premium of fifteen per cent. In the mean time, the government paper, or *billets d'état*, sunk desperately in the opposite scale, and were even at a discount of 78½ per cent. This, of course, increased the demand for the notes of the firm. Law's protestations, that a banker who should issue notes beyond his power to repay in full, deserved to lose his head, sustained public infatu-

ation prodigiously. Branch banks were formed in the provinces, and the clever Scot had evidently discovered the philosopher's stone, except that paper was the subject of his transmutation into gold.

It is difficult to say what might have been the ultimate fate of Law's project, if he had remained content with his original plan. His capital was undoubtedly, in its chief part, visionary; and the least shock to its credit would have rapidly brought him under his own sentence, for he probably could not have paid a shilling in the pound. But France was a virgin soil for the financier—her means were in their infancy—every year of undisturbed commerce and agriculture would have given her substantial wealth, the shock might not have come at all, and, if it did, she would have speedily acquired strength enough to bear much severer financial shocks than she was likely to encounter without a war.

But when was a projector content with success?—he must have been a miracle. Like the shell thrown from the mortar, if his fortunes sweep above the heads of men, it is only preparatory to their bursting—it is their character to explode. Law was, like the rest of his compeers, born to be undone.

The French traders in America had penetrated to the Mississippi, and they had brought back romantic tales of the prairies; they were a paradise, covered with boundless luxuriance, and even filled with gold and diamond mines. The romance pleased the French, as it has always done, and Law now offered himself as the man to realize it. He had already done so much, that he got credit for being able to do every thing, and his proposal to form a "Company," which should have the exclusive privilege of trading with the vast and redundant region of the west, and making the Mississippi its canal, was embraced with national rapture. Two hundred thousand shares of 500 livres each, were to form the capital, the whole of which might be paid in *billets d'état* at their nominal value, though that value was now at a depreciation of seventy or eighty per cent. The effect of this measure was of course to raise the value of the *billets d'état*, and thus relieve the government. To give greater force to Law's operations, the regent gave his

bank the monopoly of tobacco, and the sole refining of the gold and silver; thus, undoubtedly giving additional wealth and stability to the bank. But the regent was himself a gamester, and he resolved to dabble in the precarious play on public credulity. Law had hitherto conducted his operations within a limit of comparative moderation; his issues of paper had never exceeded sixty millions. The regent suddenly erected his bank into a royal establishment, and called it the Royal Bank of France. The title might have been advantageous, by giving it an additional claim to national confidence. But it was dearly purchased by the extraordinary and profligate issue of paper, to the amount of one thousand millions of livres.

Without going into the minutiae of these remote transactions, they are curious as a part of the history of public credit, itself the most curious and characteristic product of modern Europe. They have also a political importance in exhibiting nearly the first example of that resistance of the French parliaments to the will of the court, which was the preliminary to the great revolution of 1789. The Chancellor D'Aguesseau had so strongly expressed his alarm at the repeated issues of paper, and depreciation of the coin, that he was dismissed by the regent, and D'Argenson, a more complying minister, was put in his place. The new official instantly showed his zeal by a new project for extinguishing the *billets d'état*; and it was this singular one, that each depositor of 4000 livres of the old standard, and 1000 livres in *billets d'état*, should receive 5000 new livres. By this piece of dexterity, it is evident that the government would gain the extinction of the 1000 notes, while it would lose nothing by the exchange of the coin; 5000 of the new, by the depreciation already mentioned, being exactly equal to 4000 of the old.

But others were to the full as keen on the subject as the minister; and the measure was instantly met by a strong remonstrance from the parliament. The regent refused to listen to it. But the parliament felt that it was backed by the nation, and boldly ordered that no money should be received in payment but that of the old standard. Thus began the battle; the regent annulled the order; the par-

liament issued another; the regent annulled this too. The parliament then fell on Law, whom they regarded as the original source of the evil, and prohibited his bank to have any concern in the revenue; and, to make the prohibition more effective, forbade any foreigner to have any share in the management of the public revenues; some of them even proposing that Law should be brought to trial, and on conviction, hanged at the door of the Palace of Justice.

Law, in alarm, sought an audience of the regent, and urged that the parliament should be compelled to submit. He found a willing hearer in the regent, who had also a previous personal quarrel with the parliament. His power was resistless. The president and two of the members were seized and sent to provincial prisons, and the parliament gave up its opposition.

Law now applied himself to his Mississippi scheme; and in addition to its monopoly of the imaginary trade of the west, he proposed to enlarge it by an equally imaginary monopoly of the trade of the east. He, in 1718, obtained an edict, granting this company the exclusive privilege of trading to China, India, and the South Seas, and all the possessions of the French East India Company. This company now adopted a new title, "Company of the Indies," and created 50,000 additional shares. Its prospects undoubtedly were tempting, if they could be realized. For he proposed, for every share of 500 livres, to give a dividend of 200; and as he was to take the *billets d'etat* at their nominal value, the profit would have been 120 per cent.

It is obvious, that, in a great commercial country, the exclusive possession of the right of trading to America and India, would have enabled a company to supply this dividend. If England, for instance, were the scene, it might have supplied ten times the dividend. But the Parisians omitted in their calculations the most important fact of the whole, namely, that France had scarcely any foreign trade whatever. Thus, to expect stability in the dividends, was a dream. The shares were only made to sell, and the discovery was equally rapid and ruinous.

Of all nations, France seems the

fondest of being deceived. She seems the most inclined to take a whim for a reality, and to find in the wild excitement of the delusion, some unaccountable indulgence to the restless fantasies of her nature. For the time, she gave herself up to this delusion with an eagerness which seemed almost a determination to be deceived; for nothing could be clearer to common sense, if it had then existed within the borders of the land, than that Law's paper had no foundation whatever, that his bank had no resources in land, in revenue, or in commerce, and yet all France rushed to purchase. For the 50,000 shares, there were immediately upwards of 300,000 applications. The accounts of the pressure, the solicitations, and even the intrigues to obtain those shares, would be ludicrously extravagant, if their extravagance were not true to the letter. Persons of the highest rank constantly crowded Law's doors, to ascertain the success of their applications. When unable to enter, they remained in the street for hours in their carriages; when the continual growth of the crowd rendered the pressure hazardous, they took lodgings in the neighbouring houses, to be at least near the new distributor of fortune. The mania increased so rapidly, that the regent, delighted at this new art of money-making, ordered the issue of 300,000 shares at 5000 livres each. They were instantly disposed of. The people paid 1500 millions of livres for them; and they would have taken ten times the number in the madness of the moment, if they could have got them.

The street in which Law lived, the Rue de Guineampoix, was a narrow one, like most of the Parisian streets in that day, and the accidents from the tumults and pressure were frequent and serious. But the householders, at least, had no reason to complain; houses that had formerly let for one thousand livres a-year, now brought sixteen thousand; apartments had a corresponding rise; even fragments of apartments had their new value; and a cobbler, whose only tenement was his stall, made two hundred livres a-day by letting it, and by the supply of pens, ink, and paper, to the stock-dealers. As the Parisians always have their burlesque, a man who was lucky enough to have a

hump-back made a little fortune by hiring the use of it as a desk, for the financial operations of the multitude. The street must have been a lively one in every sense of the word. The pickpocket naturally follows the crowd, and the Rue de Guincampoix became the grand scene of petty larceny. Other adjuncts of the dissipation of a great capital followed; and at length the soldiery were found necessary to keep the street clear at nightfall. The whimsicality of this scene was still carried on, when Law, for the purpose of preventing the tumult, removed to the Place Vendome. The brokers and buyers flocked after him, and the square presented the appearance of a place of public festivity. Tents were erected for the transaction of business, and the sale of refreshments; gaming-tables were of course among the ornaments of the scene, and the Place Vendome was the grand *lounge* of Paris.

From this position he removed again, and only with the effect of exhibiting the grotesque frenzy of the people in a stronger light. The Chancellor of France, whose court was in the Place Vendome, had complained of the perpetual noise as disturbing his court. Law, who was in all probability wearied with it himself, acceded to the wish of this high functionary, and took the Hotel Soissons, a large mansion, in a more retired situation, and with a garden of several acres in the rear. The hotel belonged to the Prince de Langnan, whose conduct showed that a capital speculator had been thrown away, when he was born a prince. In selling the house to Law, which was done at an enormous price, the prince dexterously reserved the garden for himself. Immediately afterwards, an edict was issued, however obtained, prohibiting the sale of stock any where but in the gardens of the hotel. The prince let out his privilege to a handsome purpose. Nearly five hundred small tents and pavilions were immediately erected for the mingled purposes of trade and festivity. In France, every thing on which a riband can be hung, has its riband, and the tents were made as gay and glittering as possible. The Parisians crowded to the garden, and music, feasting, and making fortunes were the order of the day; but the prince was the

substantial gainer. He let out his tents at the rate of five hundred livres a month; his monthly receipts were calculated at 250,000 livres, equal to ten thousand pounds sterling, or at the rate of £120,000 a-year. We doubt whether any prince on record made a better bargain than himself, or land was ever made so much of before.

Of course the great magician, the master of the gold mine, the discoverer of this philosopher's stone, led a life of celebrity. Law was the true monarch of France. The regent could not command courtiership enough for a levee. Every body was at the "Court" of the Hotel de Soissons. Judges, Peers, and even Prelates, were seen duly and daily doing homage in his antechambers, and waiting the will of this new distributor of the grand *matériel* of power, luxury, and existence. Dukes and duchesses were too happy if they obtained a smile. It may be presumed that the humbler grades of society were not backward to enforce their claims when they saw the front rank on their knees. Six hours was an usual time of waiting for even a look of recognition, and the man who received a nod looked upon his fortune as made. His domestics had a fine season for their harvest too. Large sums were constantly poured into their ever-open palms, simply for engaging them to announce the givers' names. The ladies of France, at no time remarkable for timidity in pursuing their objects, came round the great financier in such crowds, and solicited him for shares with such smiling perseverance, that he often declared that they were more formidable than all the battalions and squadrons of foot and horse which charged him from hour to hour.

It is only astonishing that Law, who well knew the world, who, of course, knew that the bubble must burst, and who had no kind of scruple on the subject of personal appropriation, did not run away in the height of the frenzy, carry off half a dozen millions of livres, and seat himself in a German principality, or take wing for America, purchase half a continent, and anticipate the rebellion.

But if farce could detain him, where could the earth show him any thing the hundredth part so farcical as the scene which he saw every day from his win-

dows? The grand object of life was, to find *any* mode of making way to M. Law. A lady who could discover no other means of introduction, ordered her coachman to overturn her carriage in front of his hotel. It was done, the lady was taken out fainting, and Law ordered her to be brought into the house. While he was in the act of sprinkling her face with essence, she sprang up, threw her arms round his neck, and insisted on her being put down for a share.

Another lady, knowing where Law was engaged to dine, drove to the door, and gave the alarm of fire. The company rushed out, and Law among the rest, but soon discovering the trick, he made his escape, and left the fair engineer behind.

The regent happened to mention in the presence of his minister his intention of sending a lady of the rank of a duchess to attend on his daughter at Madeira, adding: "But I do not know exactly where to find one." "Indeed!" observed one of the party, in affected surprise, "I can tell you where to find every duchess in France. Send to M. Law's, you will see every one of them in his antechamber."

The rapidity with which those shares rose, was, like every thing else belonging to them, astonishing. A large holder, thinking himself dying, sent his servant to sell out 250 shares at 8000 livres each, the price of that morning. The servant went, but by the time of his arrival at the Jardin de Soissons, they had risen 2000 livres each; the difference on the 250 shares being thus—500,000 livres, £20,000 sterling, with which he fled from France.

The poor suddenly started into opulence. Law's coachman grew so wealthy, that he determined to be a servant no longer, and gave his master warning. His master desired him, before he left his place, to find him another coachman. In the evening, the fellow returned, bringing with him two candidates, and bidding Law "take his choice of them, as *he* intended to take the other himself."

The details of this kind were numberless, as we may well conceive, in a country where every thing excites every body, and where *whim* is the study of the nation. But, with the burlesque, was sometimes mingled atrocity, as might be expected among a multitude maddened by the passion

for wealth, and gaining it in the most stimulating style. Paris had become one huge gaming-house, and, of course, had the passions of a gaming-house. One affair of conspicuous barbarity attracted general attention. The Count d'Horn, a younger brother of the Prince d'Horn, and related to some of the first French families, connecting himself with Mille, an Italian officer, and Lestang, a Fleming, laid a plan to rob and murder a broker, who was known to carry India shares about his person. The contrivance was, to inveigle him to a low public-house near the Place Vendome, and there plunder him. The unfortunate man came, induced by an appointment for the purchase of Indian shares; he was met by the confederates, and while he was conversing on the pretended purchase, the count threw himself upon him, and gave him three stabs of his poniard. The man fell expiring, on the ground. The count robbed his portfolio of Mississippi and Indian shares to the amount of 100,000 crowns, while the Italian, with brute ferocity, stabbed the dying man again and again. But he still struggled, until his cries brought persons to the spot. Lestang, who had been planted at a window to watch, leaped from it, and escaped. But the Count and Mille were seized in the fact.

A crime of this dreadful order could not be passed over even in the most relaxed state of society, and the two assassins were brought to trial next day, and condemned to be broken on the wheel. The noble families to whom the count was related made the most powerful efforts to save him, but the regent was not to be moved. They next tried to avert the disgrace of a public execution. The regent answered in the fine phrase of Corneille,

"Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud."

(The guilt, and not the scaffold, makes the shame.)

The Duke de St Simon, a man of great influence, was then sent to represent to the regent, that in Germany, where the family had large possessions, no relative of an individual broken on the wheel could obtain any public office until a whole generation had passed away. He prayed for be-

heading, as less degrading. The Regent was inclined to yield. But Law urged him so strongly on the other side, that he determined not to interfere. The murderer must die like the lowest felon.

Another attempt was made to evade this horrid sentence. The Prince de Robec Montmorency made his way to the dungeon, and offered the count poison, but the wretched culprit refused to drink it, and Montmorency contemptuously turned away, with the words, "Die, wretch, you are fit only for the hands of the hangman!"

To all these remonstrances the regent gave a direct refusal, influenced by Law, who insisted that justice ought to be strictly done, and who probably thought that he was regarded as the especial representative of the moneyed interest, and therefore had a peculiar right to be heard on this occasion. Within six days from the murder, the Count and Mille were broken on the wheel; Lestang was never heard of.

Portions of this national frenzy were so frivolous, that it is difficult to regard the matter as serious in any point of view. But the narrative is important, from its proof of the extraordinary influence which a sudden increase of the circulation may have upon a great country, and of the imminent hazards to which it exposes the people.

The first effects of this redundancy of imaginary wealth were absolutely dazzling. Paris was said to increase its population by 350,000; such was the conflux of strangers, come to traffic, to spend, and to enjoy. By a natural consequence, the whole tribe of hotel-keepers were making fortunes; lodgings of all kinds were let at high prices, and the streets were suddenly so full of equipages, that, to prevent their running over each other, they were obliged to go at a foot pace. The manufacturers of lace, silk, velvet, and all the materials of luxury, found abundant customers in the new opulence of a nation with its hands full of paper; all were soon in full operation, and the prices rose fourfold. Provisions followed the rise of manufactures, as usual; the wages of labour followed the provisions; the man who had once gained fifteen sous a-day, now gained sixty; new buildings rose in all quarters, and land increased in value. Men suddenly found

themselves ten times richer, fifty times, a hundred times, richer than they ever were before—yet none knew why. Luxury, ostentation, and extravagance, were universal. All were treading on paper, and bankruptcy was below—the great gulf ready to swallow them all. Law, as might be presumed, was not the last to profit by the national frenzy. He bought two great estates in the provinces, and was in treaty for the marquisate of Rasny. The regent now offered to make him comptroller-general of the finances, but his Protestantism stood in the way. Law soon determined that it should be no obstacle, and the wretched man apostatized, and was received into the Popish arms by the Abbe de Teucin, in the cathedral of Melun, with appropriate pomp. His first honour, however, was the churchwardenship of St Roch, for which he paid with princely liberality; his donation on this occasion amounting to 500,000 livres.

This scandalous conversion was remembered afterwards, and produced the following *jeu-d'esprit*, and probably hundreds better and worse.

"Foin de ton zele seraphique,
Malheureux Abbe de Teucin,
Depuis que Law est Catholique,
Tout le royaume est Capucin."

"Be hang'd to your seraphic touch,
Unlucky Abbe de Teucin,
That rescued Law from Satan's clutch,
But left all France a *Capucin*!"—

the poverty of the Capucins being a part of their vows; and France being soon very much in the same condition.

All the nobility were gamesters in this stock, but all were not sufferers. Some even made large sums—among the rest the Duke de Bourbon, son of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan. With his gains he rebuilt Chantilly, and, being fond of horses, he added to its buildings the finest stables in Europe, to which he brought a hundred and fifty of the finest English horses.

Law still rose in popularity. He was more than regent—he was more than man. Such crowds followed him in the streets, that the government ordered him the escort of a troop of cavalry. This royal compliment he repaid in a royal manner. A diamond merchant had offered the famous jewel

for sale, afterwards called the Regent, one of the finest diamonds in the world for brilliancy; as large as a green gage plum, without flaw, and weighing five hundred grains. The regent, though eager for the purchase, shrank from the price. But Law, the resistless and exhaustless Law, was at hand, bade him be of good cheer, and bought the gem for 2,000,000 of livres.

The most astonishing of the wonders of this whole scheme, was its continuance. In any country of Europe at the present day it could not last three months—in France it lasted three years. The American shares had been established in 1717—the Indian in 1719—and at the commencement of 1720 the stock was still regarded as gold, and better than gold. But there was one evil preying upon the scheme, which arose from the cupidity of the government. As new issues of notes were in constant demand for the increased purchases of the shares, they were issued without limit—the regent being delighted to find so simple a way to indulge the profusion of the most profligate court on earth. Thus millions on millions continued silently to swell the circulation, for which there was not a livre of corresponding specie in the bank. The act of an angry noble gave the first blow. The Prince of Conti, offended at some refusal of shares by Law, suddenly sent all his paper to the bank, demanding payment in specie. The paper was in such quantity that it filled three waggons. Law was indignant and alarmed.

An example of this order once becoming fashionable, would have extinguished him. He flew to the regent. Power did what nothing else could have done. The regent gave the prince a severe lecture, and commanded him to send back to the bank two-thirds of the specie which he had thus hazardingly drawn. The order was submitted to, with whatever ill-will; and as the prince happened to be a man of unpopular manners, the whole nation joined in an outcry against his vindictiveness, and in the clamour, the real culprits, the regent and Law, were forgotten.

But the blow was coming. The Prince of Conti's experiment had partially failed, but it brought the truth before the eye of some of those sagacious people who have sense enough to learn wisdom from the

folly of others. The sight of these waggon loads of paper parading through the streets of Paris, suddenly suggested the idea, that there was a vast quantity of paper wandering through the public hands, while specie was scarcely to be seen. Some of the leading stockholders now began silently to get as much of the specie as they could purchase, and when the specie was not to be had, they bought plate and diamonds, and sent the whole three across the frontier. In one instance, a stock-dealer, gathering a million of livres in gold and silver, and not choosing to trust them to other hands, hired a cart, covered his money with dung, and wearing a smock frock, drove his cart into Flanders; from which he speedily transferred himself and his freight to Amsterdam, then supposed to be the safest spot for money in Europe.

These performances and hoarding, rapidly diminished the specie in circulation, and, at length, the people began to ask what had become of it—how they were to do without it? If France at that time had credit enough to borrow from Holland or England, she might have reinforced her coin, and thus kept off the evil day for a while. But it must have come at last. Paper cannot pay paper; and, for the numberless small transactions of life, coin is essential, even if paper may be sufficient for the larger. The remedy now proposed by the government showed only its ignorance; though it is difficult to say how far this remedy was to be imputed to so sagacious a brain as Law's. It was the issuing of an edict, declaring the coin to be five per cent below the value of the paper! This produced naturally no other effect than hoarding, or sending more coin out of the country. Another edict followed, depreciating the value ten per cent; this would have been only worse and worse, but for its being accompanied with an order that no one cash payment should be made by the bank, of more than one hundred livres in gold, and ten in silver. This was nominal safety, but virtual bankruptcy. The catastrophe was now all but visible.

The ruin is still more instructive than the rise. Specie almost totally disappeared, as it always has done under restriction. The government edicts only showed its superiority to the go-

vernment paper. There was but one measure wanting to destroy the bank, and it was adopted. In February 1720, an edict was issued, forbidding any person to keep more than 500 livres (£20) in his hands, under penalty of fine and confiscation. This was equivalent to the total disappearance of coin. But it was further prohibited to buy up jewellery and plate with the paper. This was equivalent to the total depreciation of the paper, for if it could not buy what men chose, it had lost its use. But this was connected with a still worse measure, the employment of informers, who were to receive half the amount of their discoveries. France was instantly covered with this worse than locust host. No family, no individual was safe. Arrests and confiscations were universal; the simple word of an informer, that he suspected gold in any man's house, was enough to authorize a search warrant. Robbery and revenge naturally availed themselves of this desperate privilege, and all kinds of offences and insults were offered. Lord Stair, the British ambassador, wittily said of this extraordinary act of tyranny, that Law had now completed the proof of his sincerity in turning papist—having first shown his faith in transubstantiation, by turning all the gold of France into paper, and next having thrown all France into the Inquisition. The blow was struck.

Popular terror now began to flame into popular rage. Coin was not to be had, or if had, any sum above 500 livres brought the possessor or offerer to ruin. No one would touch the paper of the bank. Conspiracies began to be organized. Threats of a new St Bartholomew were heard in all quarters. All was poverty, misery, and vengeance; and the government were still more frantic than the people. The curse of despotism was now thoroughly felt. Force attempted every thing, in an instance where it could do nothing. The excess of paper had been the origin of the evil: the government, in its desperation, absolutely swelled that excess. Between the 1st of February and the last of May, it issued notes to the amount of 1500 millions of livres (£60,000,000 sterling.)

This only increased the general depreciation. The president of the par-

liament of Paris told the regent to his face, that he would rather have 100,000 livres in specie, than 5,000,000 in his paper.

We can follow those details no longer. On the 27th of May, the bank stopped payment in specie. Law and D'Argenson were both dismissed from the ministry. D'Aguessseau was made chancellor again, and by some temporary arrangements the bank was enabled to pay small sums in coin. This produced new riots; the rush to the bank was so furious, that people were frequently crushed to death. In one day, fifteen were thus killed. The bank itself would have been plundered, but for the soldiers, who met the crowd with fixed bayonets. Law's equipage happening to be in the court-yard of the Palais-Royal, to which some of the bodies of the dead were carried by an immense mob, to show the regent the effect of his measures, the carriage was torn to pieces; and the president of the parliament, which was then sitting, happening to bring the news, the whole assembly rose with a general acclamation—a voice being heard above it all, crying out, “And Law himself, is *he* torn to pieces?” The president is said to have even turned poet on the occasion, and, in his rapture, to have entered the hall, saying or singing—

“Messieurs, Messieurs, bonne nouvelle!
Le carosse de Law est reduit en canelle.”

The French are certainly a singular people. In this conflict the shares of the Great Indian Company were continually going down. The regent made another hopeless attempt to raise them. The parliament, now tenfold fortified by the public opinion, contemptuously refused to register the decree. The regent, in return, banished the whole body to Pontaise. The parliament took a comic, but characteristic revenge. They gave a succession of balls and suppers. Never was banishment so amusing before. All the wits and all the beauties of Paris flocked to their parties. Judges and councillors danced, sung, and gamed, like so many court pages. All was calembourgs, caricatures, farces, and flirtations. Pontaise was city and court together, and gayer than either had ever been. This continued for weeks, until the

regent, convinced that, while Frenchmen could dance and sing, they were not to be reduced to obedience, suffered them to return to Paris, and thus broke up the most sportive scene of Europe.

In the month of November, the India and Mississippi Company were stripped of all their royal privileges, and reduced to a private establishment. This was ruin. Law was suffered by the regent to leave the country, and he set out for Brussels under an escort of cavalry. All his property in France was instantly confiscated; and he is said to have retained only a single diamond, worth five or six thousand pounds. The notes in circulation were stated to be 2700 millions; for not one-half of which, on the largest calculation, was specie to be forthcoming. The national debt had risen to 3100 millions of livres, (£124,000,000 sterling; at an interest of £3,196,000,) a small sum, compared with the burdens of later times—but formidable, compared with the French ability to bear it. All the leading actors in this affair soon sank away.

D'Argenson, overwhelmed with the loss of office, died in retirement within a year. The regent died in 1723 suddenly, while sitting by his fireside, perhaps from the habits of a profligate life, but not improbably also from vexation and a sense of the popular hatred. Law retired to Venice, where he was compelled to pawn his diamond; he then lived in Copenhagen, and, pursued by creditors, obtained leave to reside in England. After a residence of four years, he returned to Venice, where he died in great embarrassment. His brother, who had shared his prosperity and his fall, being imprisoned in the Bastille, was ultimately more fortunate; for, settling in France, he became the founder of a family,

possessing the marquise of Lauriston.

Law must have been an impostor; for it is a rule of finance, as well as of nature, that “*ex nihilo nihil fit*”; and paper cannot supersede coin without exposing its holders to the rapid discovery that it is worth nothing. But he must also have been an enthusiast. Inflated with the success of his projects, he must have thought that time and circumstance would be controlled for him, and that the delusion would last until *he*, at least, would be out of the reach of the general *debacle*. It is only on this ground that we can account for his extraordinary disregard of all the common precautions by which property is to be secured—his purchase of great landed possessions in France, where they were in the grasp of authority—his neglect of remittances to the foreign banks, or any of those various arrangements by which chance is turned into certainty. The only solution for his conduct is, that he was by nature and by habit a gamester, and the gamester knows not the word “*to-morrow*.” The success of the moment is always regarded as perpetual, and no success can exceed his expectations, or satiate his avarice. To this propensity he fell, and justly fell, a victim. His apostasy deprived him of all respect and all sympathy. Europe looked on him with contempt as a beggar, France with hatred as a swindler, and England gave him a refuge, only with that disdain which must be felt for the knave combined with the fool.

We have felt much amusement and interest in these volumes. The remaining subjects—the Crusaders, Witchcraft, and others, offer striking illustrations of popular error—strikingly detailed. And we shall be gratified by seeing the History of the Alchemists, from the same writer.

THE HEIRESS AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

ANY one passing along that fine row of cottages on the way to Dulwich, each standing (like a nobleman's mansion) in its own grounds, and guarded from the vulgar intrusion of every thing but noise and dust, by bright green railings—each also ornamented with a line of shrubs along the walk, and four, rather finer than ordinary, safely ensconced in gigantic flower-pots;—any one, I say, passing along that line might have seen, a great many years ago, a bright brass plate at No. 7, with the name of Mr John Hibbert engraved on it in the Roman letters. Furthermore, any one on enquiry would have found that Mr John Hibbert punctually paid his weekly bills, was as regular as clockwork in his daily movements to and from Old Broad Street, was in a flourishing way of business; and, in all senses of the word—even to the extent of keeping a gig—a respectable man. Mr John Hibbert was a widower; and as history has forgotten to record the maiden name of his deceased companion, we may very safely conjecture that she was not any near relation of the Plantagenets or Howards; but she was a most excellent woman, as Mr Hibbert frequently took occasion to mention, especially when he was in wrath with either of his daughters; and it would indeed have been astonishing, as he often observed, that such a paragon should have been the mother of two such very provoking creatures, if it had, indeed, been true that she was so entirely faultless as she was now represented by the irate father. It was remarked as a fine trait of his character, and a proof of his contempt of flattery, that he had never made use towards her, during her life, of a single expression that could lead her to think it at all remarkable that the girls were much like the ordinary race of mortals. She had no idea that she was such a wondrous piece of perfection herself; probably from having it pretty often dinned into her ears that she was the very reverse—from all which we are bound to confess that Mr John Hibbert, in spite of his

brass plate and green railings, and perfect respectability, was a considerable brute in his way, and that his family were rather to be pitied than otherwise. His eldest daughter took the management of his house, and was trained from an early age in all the ways of her amiable sire. Such a tartar was never known by any of the butchers' boys or grocers' apprentices in those parts: roasting before a slow fire was not half punishment enough, if she had had it in her power to inflict it, for venturing into the kitchen with dirty shoes. The maid, when she heard of any one being condemned to hard labour at the treadmill, looked up, with a sigh of envy, reflecting that the unfortunate prisoner was at least free from the superintendence of Miss Susan. And it was a great pity that that excellent establishment had not the benefit of her assistance, for nature had exactly adapted her to be an overseer: if she had been a man, she would have been a slave-driver from choice. Her sister Elizabeth was eight years younger, and if you had seen them walking together to church, you never would have thought them branches of the same tree. Susan was short and thin; a small red nose gave a finish to a countenance of which the other principal features were bright grey eyes, very small and deep, and a large mouth, with long white teeth. Elizabeth, on the other hand, had all the beauty resulting from a fine healthy complexion, good features, and a full well-shaped figure. She had nothing of what people absurdly call intellect in her face—as if clever people were not generally the stupidest-looking, ugliest monsters, you can meet with; but in her great black shining eyes, cherry-coloured lips, and rosy cheeks, there was something which, for my own part, I greatly prefer to the most intellectual snub-nose or philosophical squinting eyes you can imagine.

They say pretty girls know their prettiness at a very early age—and perhaps the remark may be right; but in this instance Miss Susan—which is a very uncommon thing—

very early made the discovery that she was atrociously ugly. Upon my word, I think, by constantly dwelling on the subject in her own mind, she exaggerated her ugliness, as other people, by the same process, exaggerate their beauty. She seemed to take a pride in it: she petted it, and caressed it; and was quite pleased when her mirror discovered to her that she was looking at any time more than usually hideous. The father, also, seemed to be enchanted with her frightfulness. He was an ugly fellow himself, and took it as a sort of compliment that his daughter was a second edition of his own unloveliness. But with regard to Elizabeth, they both felt that there was some implied insult in all that flush of health and beauty. They could not exactly accuse her of having fine-cut features and graceful movements, and white hands, and small delicate feet, on purpose to spite them; but they felt that all was not right; that there was some latent undefined satire—perhaps a libel—in those bright sunny eyes and glossy ringlets; and, if the truth must be told, they hated her with all their hearts. And no wonder; she was such a provoking girl: she laughed, and talked, and sang, all day long, unless when Susan had succeeded in bullying and tormenting her into a good cry. She ran out of the house without her bonnet, and slipped into No. 9, and gossiped, and talked, and laughed, and played on the piano, with the young Misses Forman, and then hurried back again when she was tired, and bounded into the drawing-room without wiping her shoes on the scraper; in short, she was a hoyden of the most undeniable character, and cared nothing at all about punctilios, and not much more for her sister, who was little else than a great ill-natured red-haired punctilio in *propria persona*. This lasted for a long time. Mr John Hibbert grew richer and richer every year, and would perhaps have been lord mayor of London if he had lived long enough: but he did not; for, when his youngest daughter was eighteen, and his eldest owned to twenty-three, though in reality she was twenty-six, he was taken very unwell. He grew more sour and crabbed than ever. He could not go every day, as he used to do, into the city; so he sat and sulked most tremendously, at home. Susan sat opposite, and

sulked too. Elizabeth couldn't sulk; but she sat as quiet as she could, and tried to look unhappy: but beautiful girls of eighteen find it very difficult to look unhappy; and so she sometimes looked up from her work with a radiant smile, and was sure to be rebuked for it, as if it had been a heinous sin, by her father and sister. Then she began to cry, and they said she was sulky; then she smiled again, and they said she was thoughtless, and did not care whether her father lived or died; then she went up to her bed-room to avoid their reproaches, and they said she neglected the sufferer. In short, one pretty, silly, happy creature of eighteen, is no match for two ugly people that are determined never to be pleased. And Elizabeth was treated worse than Cinderella, without any fairy coming to give her carriages and fine clothes—a clear proof to me that there are no fairies left, or they would have done it to a certainty. But all this scolding at the poor girl, and grumbling at every thing else, did not do a bit of good to Mr Hibbert's complaint. He grew worse and worse, and, by sympathy, Susan scolded more and more. Both the maids rushed out of the house in a fit of frenzy, as if they were going to drown themselves in the Thames; the butcher's boy refused to take another joint to No. 7, and the grocer's apprentice meditated an attack on the till, and a flight to America. They were, therefore, unattended to, and nearly starved, and at last had to send Elizabeth round to the tradespeople, to make matters smooth. The butcher's boy at the first smile agreed to deliver, if required, an ox per day, cut up into half pounds; and the grocer's apprentice became moral and religious all of a sudden, and would not have gone to America to be made president of the United States. Even the maids, when they came back about their boxes, agreed to stay, all for the sake of Miss Elizabeth. What two beautiful things are good nature and good looks! Mr Hibbert sold off his stock in trade, and got a large sum for the good-will of the business—added up all his accounts, and found he was worth fifty thousand pounds. Fifty thousand pounds, and to live all his life at No. 7!—Poor man, he did not know that all his life was not to be

very long; and felt as much disgusted at the thoughts of being imprisoned in such a cottage, as if he was to live as long as Methusaleh. As long as he had been in business, he had never thought of the inadequacy of the house for a man of his possessions. I suspect money-making people, while in trade, think their houses a sort of back-room to the office; a part of their commercial premises, and are very well pleased if they can get a chop in them, and a bed. But the moment they have closed the ledger, they are different beings. They have given up their office; why the deuce should they continue to live in the back room? Mr Hibbert looked every day through all the advertisements of the *Times* in search of an estate with a commodious mansion, fit for the reception of a family of respectability. Such a wonderful number of houses to be sold! all so beautiful—woods and lawns and waters—it seemed as if Cubitt or Burton had got a lease of Paradise, and let it out in lots; but, on close enquiry, it turned out that sin had entered in and cut down the trees, or ploughed up the lawn, or let out the water, for the places were dreadfully ugly, and the houses in bad repair. At last he heard of an admirable place in the county of ———, just the thing; finely cultivated land, spacious house,

elegantly furnished, and most select neighbourhood. Oh what a curious metamorphosis of our snarling friend in No. 7! A select neighbourhood—yes—he would get into the best society; give dinners to all and sundry, get a red cuff to his coat, and I.P. to his name. What a pity he should die just when he had concluded the bargain; three and twenty thousand pounds, the timber valued at three more—altogether, with expenses, and a few alterations, twenty-seven thousand pounds; leaving him twenty-three thousand on a first-rate mortgage at five per cent. One little week before he was to take possession he became much worse—sent for another doctor—and for an attorney, to make his will. The other doctor came, and took his three guineas, and shook his head sagaciously as he left the house. The lawyer arrived, and shook his head sagaciously as he went in. Now you may remark, that in those two professions, medicine and law, a great deal of meaning is conveyed by a shake of the head. The shake of the doctor said as plainly as words could have said it, that there were very few more three guinea fees to be had; and the attorney's was no less explicit as to his belief that the undertaker might reasonably calculate on a speedy summons.

CHAPTER II.

So the lawyer was shown into the room, a dapper-looking little man about five-and-thirty years of age, with an amazingly clean shirt, ornamented with two gold pins; a bright blue satin waistcoat, with gold buttons; and three little chains across the breast, retaining his watch in the left-hand pocket, like the cables of a seventy-four at anchor at Spithead. All his clerks thought him the perfect beau-ideal of a gentleman, so we may be sure he had what is called an air distingué, which on this occasion was perhaps a little marred by a great blue bag which he carried in his hand. But, to be sure, even the blue bag he carried with a very distingué air, as they say Virgil scattered manure about his fields as if he had been a sovereign distributing crosses of the Guelphic order; and when he—not Virgil, but the smart little attorney,

laid the bag upon the chair, and held out his hand to the invalid, you saw in a moment that he had studied in the very highest school of politeness, known east of Temple Bar. "Well, my good sir," he said, "and how goes it? You look uncommon well, I do declare."

"I don't, Tyem, I don't; and you know it. I'm very ill."

"My dear sir, I'm grieved to see you so desponding. By the bye, are you concerned in the subterranean railway?"

"Never heard of a subterranean railway except a common sewer. I want you to make my will."

"Delighted, I'm sure, and feel flattered you apply to me. I will just take a note of your wishes, and draw it out for your signature as soon as possible."

"No: write the will at once. It

won't be long. I will tell you the substance, and you can put it into law. Item "——"

"Pardon me, my dear sir, we don't begin with item "——"

"You end with a good many though."

"Ah, just the old man; always joking."

"Never joked in my life, sir. Begin. I, John Hibbert, of Willerdon Hall, in the county of ——, Esquire, leave all my property of all kinds whatever to my eldest daughter, Susan Hibbert, for her life, if she continues unmarried, and to her and her children for ever if she marries and has any, on condition of her paying an annuity of a hundred pounds to her sister, my daughter, Elizabeth Hibbert; and after her death to her child or children. And in case my eldest daughter dies without children, I then leave every thing to my second daughter, if then living, or her child or children, if she has any."

"And failing them, sir?" enquired the attorney.

"I don't care where it goes—put any body's name in you like."

Mr Tyem reflected above half a second; and, as he was directed to put down any one's name he liked, and he liked his only son better than any body else except himself, he enquired if he might insert the name of Augustus Tyem.

"You may put down the devil, I tell you!" answered the meek invalid, suffering probably from a twitch of pain!

"Oh, thank you, sir! I'll put down poor Augustus out of compliment, for he hasn't a chance—not the remotest. They'll both marry; they're so very good looking, especially Miss Hibbert."

"She's as ugly as sin, sir, and you know it. The other one is what they call pretty, and may marry without a fortune—a thoughtless, careless gipsy"——

"Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear sir; indeed you are mistaken. Miss Hibbert hasn't, perhaps, such regular features; but there's a fine acute intelligent expression about her, that you must be a little blinded not to perceive."

"Well, turn all that I've said into proper phrases, and let me sign it, for I am tired."

The lawyer sat down and did as he was directed; and, by dint of sundry whereases, and furthermores, and neverthelesses, contrived to manufacture a document so totally unintelligible to ordinary men, that it bore strong internal tokens of being profoundly legal. When it was finished to his satisfaction, and carefully read over by Mr Hibbert, proper witnesses were called in, and the document was signed, sealed, and delivered, in due form. Then did Mr Tyem discover his politeness and good taste, and displayed his ingenuity at the same time, by pouring into the dying man's ear all the tittle-tattle of the city—the late failures, the expected bankruptcies, the gallant news of the day; for Mr Tyem was a gay widower, and read the unstamped newspapers, and some of the stamped ones, every Sunday morning. Then he was eloquent about the East End Club, of which he was a member; and related various anecdotes of being overcharged twopence for lunch, and resisting the imposition with the indignation of a virtuous man, who never made an overcharge in his life; and finally, when the two girls fortunately came into the room, he had nearly succeeded in talking the almost speechless sufferer to death.

"Oh, father! how very ill you look!" said Elizabeth, horrorstruck at the change produced by the loquacity of the visitor.

"That's always the way you go on"—exclaimed Susan in a sharp tone—"always trying to frighten poor dear papa about his looks. I wish you wouldn't speak to him at all, if you can't give him any more comfort than that."

But Elizabeth was not to be put down by sharp speeches, when she saw her father so dreadfully changed.

"Oh father," she said, "is there any thing I can do?—tell me," and she took his hand.

"Yes," said the father in a tone that might almost have been mistaken for Susan's, "you can hold your tongue and leave me alone."

"Your father, Miss Susan, has just done me the favour to dictate to me his will"—said the attorney, smirking at the same time.

"Oh!"—said Miss Hibbert enquiringly.

"And I believe, sir, I may mention

to Miss Hibbert, that you have shown your sense of her merits by leaving her nearly your whole fortune."

"Oh dear, I'm sure I never deserved it," said the now relieved young lady—and put the handkerchief to her face; but as only a few shrill notes proceeded from her diminutive nose, upon this demonstration, I cannot positively declare whether she succeeded in extracting a single tear. But Elizabeth, who considered the making of a will the very last act (as it too often is) of life, and that it was like the last speech and confession of a person on the scaffold, without hope either of reprieve or pardon, turned suddenly very pale, and sat down, and looked at the pallid face of her father in silence. "What a heartless creature she is," said Miss Hibbert to herself, taking a look at her from the corner of her pocket handkerchief, "to take on so about not being left any thing!—and not to care about dear papa!—I couldn't have thought it." You will remark that people who have not sense enough to enter into the better feelings of our calumniated nature, are never aware of that deficiency themselves, and are persuaded that the emotions of a pure and good mind are exactly the same as those of a vile and bad one. And so, from the great height of her contentment with her father's whole fortune, she looked down with the abhorrence becoming an affectionate daughter and a good Christian, on her poor sister, whose thoughts were very differently engaged. There certainly is some thing after all in natural affection, or why should Elizabeth have cared a straw for such a bitter cantankerous old tormentor as Mr Hibbert? But so it was: perhaps he had not always been unkind; perhaps, sometime or other when she was a child, he had kissed her, or played with her, or bent over her in her little crib at night; and the remembrance of that kindness, after lying dormant through many years of neglect and harshness, was awakened all of a sudden by the sight of his pain-contracted features. She slept noiselessly across the floor, and without saying a word, while her eyes were filled with large glistening tears, she gently placed her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"There now!" cried Susan starting—"She'll be the death of poor

papa! I always said so—always trying to work on his feelings—and he's so very sensitive, Mr Tyem. Is she hurting you, papa?"

"Yes," said the invalid, breathing with increased difficulty, and scarcely understanding the question; "she's leaning all her weight on my chest; she's choking me, I can't get breath—ha—ha."

"There—you hear what he says, Mr Tyem. He says she's choking him. For shame, Elizabeth—come away from him—do."

Elizabeth, who had kept her head bent over the panting sufferer, watching the heavings of his chest with awe and terror, raised her face when her sister spoke to her. She would fain have poured out her pent-up affection on her father, or even on her sister, to whom the awful scene seemed to unite her more closely than she had ever felt before—but the pert cold face of that young lady repelled her; the angry tones of her father repelled her; the strange looks of Mr Tyem, who saw that his best way of paying court to the heiress was to insult the sister, repelled her; and so, feeling at that moment, more bitterly than ever, the utter loneliness of her situation, she lifted solemnly the unresisting hand of her father to her lips, and slowly left the room.

"I'm glad she's gone," said Miss Susan—"she's such a selfish creature, that Elizabeth, never taking the least trouble about poor dear papa, but always attending to her own amusements, even when he's so wretchedly ill as at present.—He's very ill, isn't he?"

"Oh, very," replied Mr Tyem, in the tone of a man answering a question to which he feels an affirmative answer is the only welcome one—"I should say he can't last a day —"

There was a pause after that, during which the young lady again hid the red peak of her nose behind the pocket handkerchief.

Mr Tyem respected the sufferings of an amiable daughter in these distressing circumstances, and half made up his mind to propose on the spur of the moment.

"Is the will all signed?" enquired the tender-hearted girl, with a catch in the voice, that before friendly auditors might have been considered a very good imitation of a sob.

"Oh, yes, Miss Hibbert! I took care to attend particularly to *your* interest."

"And does the same will carry land as well as moveables?"

"Be quite easy, my dear young lady, don't agitate your sympathizing heart at this most trying crisis. May I assure you, that in me you will find a person who will never neglect your interests, and to whom your happiness will always be" —

"Ha! ha! — air here! — air! — I can't get breath!" cried the sufferer, as if he were in reality choking — "take that girl off my neck — her arms suffocate me."

Mr Tyem dropt the hand he had taken in the zeal of his protestations;

and Miss Hibbert, telling her father to be quiet, rang the bell, and sent out for the assistance of a nurse. Mr Tyem, finding no further opportunity of showing his devotedness and admiration, gathered up his blue bag and retired; and Miss Hibbert, drawing her chair to the fire, and putting her feet on the fender, fell into a reverie, in which Willerdon Hall, and a vast deal of ready money besides, played no inconsiderable part. In the meantime, Mr Hibbert lay back in his arm-chair, pale and speechless, and struggling for breath; for Death's grasp was growing tighter and tighter, like the coils of a boa constrictor, round the writhing and panting carcass of a tiger.

CHAPTER III.

In about a week, the shutters were all closed in No. 7, and the grief of Miss Hibbert seemed nearly inconsolable, and had such an effect on her temper, that she did not scold any body, not even her sister, for three whole days. She sat in her own room, laying out her future plans. Her detestation of her present suburban residence rose into a fury, now that she had it in her power to leave it; and she determined, as soon as the funeral was over, to go down and take possession of Willerdon Hall. She determined, at the same time, to alter her whole course of life: ambition had lain dormant for many years, in that very flat and very acidulated bosom; but now she made up her mind to make the most of her situation, and act up to the dignity of her rank. She was one of those individuals who think it a duty they owe to the public at large, and themselves in particular, to exact their extreme rights in all cases whatever; and that the best way of getting on in the world, is never to lay yourself under an obligation to another, if possible; and, at all events, never to lay any person whatever under an obligation to you. An amiable class of people, who invariably lay claim to the approbation of the world on the strength of this very Christian disposition, as if they were setting a good example of self reliance and independence. By the time she had settled all her concerns entirely to her own satisfaction, a long procession

started from No. 7 to the parish church; sorrowful peals were rung all day; hackney coaches, covered with crape, and containing all the personal and commercial friends of the defunct, followed at a slow pace an enormous hearse, ornamented with a multitude of waving plumes; and in a very few days, a great square slab of marble, sunk into the wall of the church, surmounted by a figure of charity very thinly clothed, and looking very cold and uncomfortable, announced to all who might be desirous of such information, that Mr John Hibbert had been the best, the wisest, and most benevolent of men, and that this tribute was paid to his memory, by the most grateful and affectionate of daughters. As the epitaph was from the classical pen of Mr Tyem, and duly charged for in his bill, we may safely enough conclude, that all the praises lavished on the deceased, were at all events not *meant* to be satirical, but rather a propitiatory sacrifice to the tender feelings of the afflicted heiress. As if in expectation of the good effects of this and the other instances of his regard for that most dismal young lady, he took an early opportunity of presenting himself in the little drawing-room, where, attired in deepest sables, she sat like an African Niobe, of somewhat diminutive size, all tears and white pocket handkerchief. She held out her hand listlessly, as if in the extremity of sorrow, and Mr Tyem entered at once

into the spirit of the scene, and shook it with so woe-be-gone an air, that you might have fancied he also had buried his father and succeeded to £50,000. Whether he assumed these mournful appearances in right of the contingent interests of his son, I cannot say, but it must have been something of the sort that enabled him to be so profoundly touched, for it is an ascertained thing, in all affairs of the kind, that the external demonstrations of grief bear a remarkable proportion to the internal satisfaction; and therefore, a person who is not benefited by a death, has no possible right to appear to regret it.

"I am glad to see you bear this blow so well, Miss Hibbert," he began, in a pathetic tone of voice; "to be sure it was what was to be expected from your excellent sense."

"I don't bear it well, Mr Tyem; I'm surprised to hear you say I bear it well. I can't bear it at all. Oh dear, oh dear!"

Mr Tyem saw he had got on the wrong tack.

"Oh, dear Miss Hibbert, your disposition is so very soft and tender. You should not take on so; indeed you shouldn't."

"I don't take on, Mr Tyem; I'm surprised to hear you say I take on. I am a Christian, I hope, and though I can't help regretting poor dear papa—Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Come, come, I see you are making noble struggles to subdue your natural feelings. You mustn't dwell on such sorrowful subjects always. Life is all before you—the admiration of all who make your acquaintance, the affection of some who know you well.—Ah!"

Miss Hibbert buried her face deeper in her handkerchief, to give herself time to think. The tone of voice struck her as something different from what she had ever heard before. Indeed, the combination of such words as admiration and affection with her name was enough to startle her. "Has this fellow the audacity," she thought, "to fancy he can talk me over?" She felt so convinced of her own ugliness, that she was sure nobody would even pay her compliments, unless for the sake of her money, and therefore speeches of the kind now adventured by Mr Tyem, were so many cautions to her to beware of robbery.

"You have many friends, Miss Hibbert?"

"No, I have no friends. I never had a friend in my life, and never wished to, and that's more," she answered, rather snappishly.

"A noble, independent spirit; I honour you for it. It is only silly creatures that rely on friends—I mean of their own sex, of course. Men—some of them, at least—can enter into your feelings—and"—

"I don't want any body to enter into my feelings; and I can assure you, for your comfort, Mr Tyem, that I am perfectly able to take care of myself."

The bitter tone and sharp look this was said with, were, perhaps, only a different manifestation of the dutiful grief that consumed her. To ordinary mortals it would have appeared very like an outbreak of ill-nature; but Mr Tyem's breast was double-steelled. His waistcoat and fine gold chain would have resisted a sharper lunge than that, and he proceeded, in sublime unconsciousness of the impression he was making.

"You will lead a happy life at Willerdon Hall, Miss Hibbert; I envy the families in the neighbourhood—you will be *such* an acquisition."

"Shall I?—Oh!"

"Do you doubt it? Your modesty is too great. I'm only afraid your new friends will make you forget your old ones—do you think they will?"

"I told you before I hadn't any friends to forget."

"Oh, but you were wrong—you were indeed—you *have* friends, Miss Hibbert—attached ones—I can assure you I"—

"Drew up my father's will, and think you can throw dust in my eyes. Why don't you go to my sister?" she said, breaking out.

"Your sister!—'pon my honour, my dear Miss Hibbert, you astonish me! And if I did draw your father's will—or if I ventured to suggest any thing to him about a preference of one daughter to another"—

"Oho!—don't try to persuade me of that. I knew what my papa meant to do all along; he never could abide Elizabeth, and no wonder; she never loved him as I did. Oh dear, oh dear!"

"I am well aware of that. All the friends of the family are aware of it.

The only wonder is, that my deceased friend left her so well off as he did."

"I wonder at it too," said the young lady, laying aside her pocket handkerchief; "a hundred a-year is a very good income."

"It is indeed; and then there's the chance of the estate, and all the property. I think she has a very fair chance."

"What right have you to say you think she has a fair chance?" exclaimed the indignant heiress, in the tone of a hyena interrupted in gnawing a bone. "I consider you very impertinent in saying any thing of the kind—very indelicate and insulting."

"Why—what have I done to offend you, my dear miss? I merely alluded to the fact, that in case of your having no children,"

"I have children! what do you mean, talking such detestable language to me, sir? I won't be insulted by you nor any one else, sir. I see your object, sneaking here like a paltry, pitiful lawyer as you are, and talking gross improprieties. If you're no gentleman, I'll show you I'm a lady. Leave the house, sir. Send me in your bill, and if I approve the items, I'll pay it; but never speak to me, or show yourself to me again, sir!"

Mr Tyem saw, in direct proximity with his face, a little red visage inflamed with anger; there was an uneasy jerking about the lady's arms, as if she longed to exercise her nails on his nose, and altogether the voice and attitude were so determined, that he saw it was vain to offer the least explanation; so, in a state of great terror and dismay, he rushed from the room, and nearly broke his neck in projecting himself down stairs.

"*She*, indeed!" continued the irritated heiress, whose blood was now fairly up. "*She* have a very fair chance! I'll teach her what her chance is worth!" and, like a hollow shot with the fusee lighted and all ready to explode, she burst into the bed-room of the astonished Elizabeth, who was sitting in an easy chair, looking more beautiful than ever in her deep mourning, and reading the *Scottish Chiefs*.

The two sisters made as complete a contrast as can well be conceived. Elizabeth, radiant with good nature, and the inward sunshine that proceeded from the very desirable quality of

her mind—equal to a good conscience itself in its beneficial effects on the complexion—which enabled her to cast off all care and uneasiness whatever; and Susan bursting with rage and spite; the more, perhaps, when she perceived the imperturbability of her thoughtless victim. "I want to know, Elizabeth," she began abruptly, "what your plans are—I'm going to Willerdon Hall next week."

"And am I not to go with you?" asked Elizabeth, closing her book, and putting a ribbon mark at the scene between Wallace and Helen Marr in the Tower.

"I wonder you can ask such a question. After the way you've always behaved to my poor dear papa, I can't expect you would behave any better to me."

"And where in all the world am I to go?" enquired the bewildered girl, forgetting all about Helen Marr and Wallace. "I have no friend to go to."

"What! no friend, with all the beauty and captivating manners, and all that, that the Formans are always talking about? oh, you must have many friends that will be delighted to have you. You have a good income too—a very good income; I don't know how I am to pay it, I'm sure. But papa was always too generous."

"Susan, are you serious in what you are saying now; or is it only said in a fit of passion?"

"A passion!—what makes you fancy I'm in a passion? I'm never in a passion. No. I've been thinking the matter over, and once for all you shan't live with me. See what your friends will do for you."

"And do you call yourself a sister, behaving in the way you do?" said Elizabeth, rising up, and assuming the dignity given her by her outraged feelings and growing indignation. "You are older many years, you should be a mother to me; you throw me from you before my father is well cold in his grave—you turn me into a world of which I know nothing, friendless—homeless—destitute—and all for what? I'm sure I have done nothing to offend you."

"Oh no! nothing to offend me; only crossed me in every thing, and shown your hatred to me in all possible ways—that's all. But it won't do; the house is mine now, and I will be

mistress of it. I will have no body with me that takes offence and flies into passions at every thing I do. I won't be treated as you treated poor papa."

Elizabeth was a girl of great beauty, great simplicity, and no pretensions either to abilities or fine education, for she had neither the one nor the other; but she had a right feeling heart, and some little pride of her own, though she concealed it so well. But now, when she saw the object of her sister, she disdained further controversy, and perhaps startled that young lady—who had expected a fierce encounter—with her calmness and dignity, more than if she had burst out into a tempest of indignation.

"I see what you mean"—she said—"and shall trouble you with my presence no more. You have repelled me from you when I wished to love you; you have thrown away the affection of a person who would have clung to you, if you had shown that you had any value for her attachment. I leave this house to-day: and as we are never to meet again, remember I lay the blame of this separation on you. If I am unhappy in life, I charge your conscience with the guilt of it; if I die, you shall answer for it. And now we part. It is for ever." She turned away as she said this: and Susan, after vainly attempting once or twice to make some answer, mumbled a few inarticulate words, and tossing her head to conceal her discomfort, stalked insolently out of the room.

In a week from that time, a post-chaise, containing two females, and loaded with a profusion of bags and band-boxes, drove up to the entrance of Willerdon Hall. A man-servant opened the door, and out of the post-chaise stepped a little person, in a sky-blue silk pelisse, with a very red nose, and very little eyes, and an expression of face that said plainly—why, I declare, it's nobody but our sweet friend, Susan Hibbert! The other female was dressed more plainly, and while the people about the house were engaged in emptying the chaise, she went up to the lady of the mansion, and said, "please, ma'am, I means to go back in that 'ere chaise."

"Oh, you do? do you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I wouldn't stay

with no lady as behaves as you does, no, not for twenty times your wages—I never see you before to-day, and I'll take famous good care I never sees you again."

"Why, what could the people at the servants' bazar mean by recommending such an insolent creature to any lady?"

"I don't think as you're much of a one. And so, if you please, I goes back in that 'ere chaise. Don't take out my box, if you please, I'm agoing back again."

"Then you don't go back at my expense, that's all," said Miss Hibbert. "Driver, I pay no back fare for this young woman; she must settle with you for that herself. Here's a shilling for you—you've driven twelve miles."

"A shilling for twelve miles ma'am? we never gets less than threepence a mile from nobody."

"Oh, then, if you don't like the shilling you needn't take it at all—I will never be imposed on."

"Ye see ma'am, we boys gets no regular wages; we trusts entirely to the generosity of the gentlefolks."

"Well, haven't I offered you a shilling? Will you take it or not?"

The professional dignity of the post-boy was roused.

"No, ma'am, I won't take a shilling for twelve miles from nobody."

"Then so much the better for me," said the generous lady, "for now I won't give you a farthing—and I've a great mind to write to your master to complain of your insolence. I never was so insulted in my life."

As by this time the luggage was all carried into the hall, Miss Hibbert walked proudly into her mansion, where she had previously sent down two maids and a footman; she shut the door with her own fair hands, with a force that showed she was determined to maintain a vigorous defence against any attempt at a siege, leaving the new-come maid and the post-boy—an old man, by the bye, of about sixty—looking at each other with an expression of considerable bewilderment.

"Well, I never see sich a critter no where," said the abigail.

"She's reg'lar vicious, and no mistake," said the unfortunate Jehu, as if in chorus. "But step in, young woman. I'll take you back to our

hotel—and I'm blest if you aint a real lucky one to get out o' the hands of sich a varmint."

The scene at the hall door had a wonderful effect on the spirits of the domestics inside. They had been laughing and joking all the morning,

but whether it was from respect for the dignity of their new mistress, or some other cause, they laughed, and joked no longer. You would have thought they had all of a sudden been found guilty of murder, and were that moment on the eve of execution.

CHAPTER IV.

The Formans at No. 9. were the best people in the world—in their way; most praiseworthy individuals every one, though in all human probability their manners would have been considered rather peculiar than otherwise at Almack's. The father was a perfect basha in his office, snubbed his clerks, and strutted about as if the room was a great deal too tight to hold him; but he was a very little man at home, and would have fitted into a cupboard. All his immense dignity evaporated on the omnibus or the two horse coach, for in those days omnibuses were in the future tense; and by the time he tript up the little straight walk, he was a perfect specimen of the good Samaritan in grey knee-breeches and long gaiters. His wife was always at the front door to receive him, and generally his three daughters were waiting in the little passage or on the stairs. Then there was such a shaking of hands and kissing, and all manner of slapping on the back and bare shoulders, so that you would have said they had not seen each other for a month at least. Dolly took his hat; Sally unbuttoned his gaiters, and Pug brought him his slippers, and he at last attained the drawing-room, attended by a suite as if he had been a foreign ambassador, or a Roman general enjoying an ovation. A fastidious critic might have objected to the girls that they were too fat and stumpy to have stood for the three Graces, but in spite of their fatness and stumpiness, there was something far from disagreeable in their round shining cheeks and smiling lips, and mischievous black eyes. For my part, I delight in ugly people when they look good natured; but that is a contradiction in terms, and I am ready to fight a duel with blunderbusses and broadswords, with any man who will say that any one of the Formans, Dolly, or Sally, or Pug, was in any respect deserving of the

epithet ugly. There was, by the greatest good luck in the world, a nice little bed-room to spare, with clean white dimity curtains, new carpet, dressing-table, and a great pier glass—and if I had been a fairy I should have liked nothing better than to have stept in some fine morning and looked into the bed; for there I should have seen the fine healthy face of Elizabeth Hibbert smiling in happy dreams, and with the very faintest dimple still perceptible, being not yet quite filled up after all last night's laughing. Elizabeth was happier than she had ever been before. At first she thought all the kindness of the Formans put on, as she had sometimes seen the amiable Susan very soft and even insinuating in the midst of her greatest rages, and expected every hour to see them burst out in their real characters. But day after day wore away; Mrs Forman treated her exactly like the three girls, which was the very kindest thing she could do; Mr Forman got gradually on, till at last he slapt her shoulders, or pulled her ear, or kissed her cheek, as if she had been Pug or Sally. It was so new a thing to Elizabeth to be kindly treated—or evenspoilt a little, if the truth must be owned—that it awoke new feelings in her altogether. She loved the Formans, and felt a positive delight in loving them; for in that inexperienced heart there was a wonderful pleasure in feeling attached to any one. She thought them all beautiful—even Pug. Now Pug had received that name in a moment of inspiration from her father, she was so like one of the little black-faced, bright-eyed, quick-looking dogs known by that denomination; and it had stuck to her ever since. There was an old tradition in the family, countenanced in some degree by an entry in the family bible, that she had been christened Sophia Matilda; but this was gradually wearing away, and there was every probability that a

few more years would efface it entirely ; for Pug seemed so infinitely more natural, that it would have looked very like affectation to have called her any thing else. And when I have said that Elizabeth thought even Pug beautiful, you may guess what a famous painter affection is, and how it softens away disagreeable features, and improves good ones, as if it were Chalon. And if she thought Pug beautiful, I wonder what she thought Sally, with her nice little dumpy figure and animated face ; or Dolly, with her glossy ringlets hanging all over her snow-white neck ? She thought them Duchesses of Sutherland, and if she had studied Lempriere, would have had a very low opinion of Venus, in comparison with either of them. And there were other people, too, besides Elizabeth, that thought the Formans worth fifty heathen goddesses all in a row. There was a young stock-broker, a very good-looking man, that had his coats from Stulz, and kept a cab, and was in very good business, that, if he had not altogether proposed to Sally, was on the very point of doing so, and called very often, and never refused an invitation to dinner, and always sat next Sally, and even asked her to take a potato, with so sweet a voice and soft a look, that you might have fancied he was asking her to take *him*. And, in fact, there could be no doubt about it ; and Mr Forman was delighted, and Mrs Forman became so confoundedly conceited, that you might have thought all these flatteries had been addressed to *her*. And, in short, before Elizabeth had been domiciled a month, the proposal was actually made, and Sally was very soon to become Mrs William Smillom. Oh, it was delightful from that moment to see the whole family, Elizabeth included. There was more slapping and kissing than ever when Mr Forman returned from the city ; and it was unanimously agreed that Elizabeth's arrival was the most fortunate thing in the world, for it would just keep up the family number after Sally went away ; and she was formally presented with the reversion of Sally's office, which consisted in taking the old gentleman's hat. It made her about as happy as the reversion of the chancellorship would make me. Now Mr William Smillom was a most excellent man of business—but

didn't I tell you he had his coats from Stulz, and kept a cab ? He was of a very ambitious soul, and despised trades-people, except in business hours. From ten till four he was as industrious as a man could be ; and grudged neither toil nor trouble in the way of business : but exactly as the clock struck four, he was a new man—away flew the pen, on went the coat ; a little pocket-comb did the honours of his top knot ; he washed his hands ; waved a towel slightly over his boots ; and, in about twenty minutes, might be seen trotting down Regent Street, or crossing into the Park, in a very handsome cab, with a little tiger in the Smillom livery, holding on behind. Any body who didn't know it was paid for, might have taken the whole turn-out for a lord's. And his friends were scarcely less fashionable than his coats and cab. He was an amazing judge of all things pertaining to mode and manner, dress and address, and selected his acquaintance with a strict regard to their gentlemanly appearance ; if he did strain a point or two, 'twas in favour of a real *bona fide* title. He would have been delighted to have strutted up St James' street with the very ugliest of the baronets, or the most contemptible looking of the lords ; but in any thing below a knight, he exacted, as the great condition of his friendship, that he should be gentlemanly in appearance. You are therefore not to wonder that the ladies at No. 9 looked forward with great expectation to the introduction of Mr Frederick Selby, who had expressed a great wish to make the acquaintance of the Formans, and whom Mr William Smillom had promised to drive down to dinner. On the day he was to come, Dolly put on a new gown, and dressed herself with such amazing care, that any body might have seen in a moment that she meditated a severe attack on the new comer ; even Pug laid every ornament in her possession on her funny little person, on that portentous day. It was evident the proposal of Mr Smillom to Sally had set them all on the alert for a similar demonstration to themselves : and they would probably have answered, if they had been asked what was the chief end of man, to pop the question. Mr Smillom came, and brought M. Selby with him, and certainly he never did a stupider thing in

his life; for there was something in Mr Selby's manner and appearance, so different from any thing that had ever been seen in No. 9, even in Mr Smillom himself—who had hitherto been the standard as to all matters of politeness and good looks—that they unanimously concluded he was the Lord Chamberlain in disguise, or master of the ceremonies to the Lord Mayor himself. And Mr Smillom fell immediately in the estimation of all, except Sally, from being the first man in Rome to the second in Paradise Row. Frederick was the grandson of a baronet, the son of a general, the cousin of two or three lords, and, by his mother's side, traced up to the Scottish kings, so that Mr Smillom, when any thing was said disrespectful to the memory of Charles the First, apologised to his friend, as if it had been an attack on a near relation. He had no profession, but was in daily expectation of one; indeed, he had had that comfortable expectation almost the whole of his life—for at some remote period, a distant cousin had told him he was a smart fellow, and ought to go out in the diplomatic line; then he had been told by another, he had better get an appointment in the colonies; and so he read the newspapers in his club, and dined out wherever he was asked, till something of the kind should fall in his way. But as to taking any active steps in the matter himself, he never thought any thing of the sort at all needful; he had a small fortune—very small, had no expensive habits, and was so confirmed an optimist that it was impossible for any disappointment to ruffle his happiness for an hour. Dolly Forman thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen, and in this she was not mistaken, and couldn't help blessing her stars a thousand times over that Sally was disposed of, and therefore could not stand in her way. But a cloud, for the first time since Elizabeth's arrival, fell on the brow of Mrs Forman, when she saw the captivated looks that Frederick cast across the table where she sat, the whole time of dinner, and how he followed her slightest motion, and smiled when by chance she looked at him. The appalling truth burst on the good old lady's understanding, that there was not one of her daughters to be compared to Elizabeth Hibbert; no, nor all

three of them put together: for now she saw the futility of all the plans she had fallen upon to delude herself as to the beauty of her children. She used to think that Sally was not perhaps quite so beautiful at first sight, but had a most captivating mole which Elizabeth wanted; then Dolly had much longer teeth, and showed a great deal more of them when she laughed; and even Pug had a smaller foot, although it was a good deal broader; but now she saw that other people judged differently, and cared very little, in comparison, for the mole of Sally, and the long white teeth of Dolly, and Pug's stumpy little foot. And yet they were both so open and so natural—the gentleman no less than the lady—that it was impossible to be angry; and when she saw them together at the piano, and heard their happy voices, she couldn't help thinking that they had been intended for each other by nature. And so thought Frederick Selby. What Elizabeth thought I have no intention to tell, but the first thought, whatever it was, became strengthened every day; for regularly every day Frederick found some excuse or other for coming to No. 9; and at last, in three or four months, he came down one morning, and told them he had got an appointment in some far-away place—I forget the name of it—in South America, and must sail from Portsmouth in a month. The Formans were all so happy, and shook hands with him again and again, in the warmth of their congratulations. Elizabeth only shook his hand once, and at that moment, by some chance or other, there came a great round tear into the corner of her eye. Frederick was more delighted with that one short silent shake of the hand, than with all the boisterous demonstrations of the rest; and after a couple of days' deep thinking, he rushed down to No. 9 in an agony of expectation, and asked Elizabeth if she would go with him to his new situation? Elizabeth had found it so new a thing to be heartily and truly loved, that she loved Frederick with all her heart in return—out of pure gratitude. And I feel certain, if the world had been four times the size, and he had asked her to go with him to the other end of it, she would not have hesitated a minute; so, of course, she did not hesitate a moment in only going with

him to South America. It was a tremendously busy month for all parties concerned; for Mr Smillom determined to take advantage of the opportunity, and be married at the same time. All the milliners in the neighbourhood were pressed into the service. Frederick wrote and announced his approaching departure to his consulship, and his marriage to Elizabeth, to his few remaining friends; for his father and mother had long been dead, and only his brother, a curate, came up from Devonshire to be introduced to his future sister-in-law. He had come up, determined to try to stop the scheme if he could, or, at all events, to see if there was any money to be expected with the bride; but when he saw her and spoke to her, and discovered what a clear-hearted simple creature she was, he never said a word, either about her fortune or any thing else, but her beauty and good qualities. Old Mr Forman knew nothing about Mr Hibbert's will; Elizabeth only knew that Susan had

told her she had to pay her a hundred a-year, and grudged it; and Frederick, on being informed of it, told her he would see Susan at the ——— (a very bad word should be inserted here)—before he would accept a sixpence. Elizabeth consulted her friends, whether she shouldn't write and apprise Susan of what was going to happen, but Frederick again said, he would see her at the ———, (the same bad word is understood)—before he would allow a syllable to be said to such a detestable, unnatural old maid. So amid the kindnesses and blessings of strangers, Elizabeth, the pure and good, was led up to the altar, and gave her hand where she had already given her heart, to a man who would not have exchanged a glance of her eye for all the wealth of the Indies; and in ten days after the wedding she sat on the deck of a gallant ship that was ploughing its way down the Channel, and saw night fall on the white cliffs of Cornwall; and bade a last farewell to England.

CHAPTER V.

"Did Mr Augustus tell you where he was gone to," said a stout gentleman, considerably on the wrong side of fifty, to one of the clerks in a dark office, in a dingy lane near the bank.

"Yes, sir; he has just drove down to Tarsell's, to hear about his roan filly. She's backed against the Priam colt, and Mr Augustus is trying to hedge, never so."

"Hem," mumbled the senior, and walked into the private room. "This bad health of Miss Hibbert, and the certainty of her succession, has turned the boy's brain. Business neglected, race-horses kept, and every extravagance indulged. What a lucky thing that girl died, and Susan has never married! though, edad!" he added, "she might have done worse than try her fortune with Joe Tyem. 'Twas a pretty day's work that of mine, putting Gusty's name in the will; and the rent charge I've secured on the succession; and eight hundred a-year will be a very nice thing to retire on, and shows the boy's gratitude, too, poor fellow; though, after all, he might just as well have made it the thousand, as I asked him." You would scarcely recognize the jaunty

attorney—the carrier of the blue bag—the drawer of Mr Hibbert's will—the proposer for Miss Hibbert's hand—in the plethoric individual who was indulging in these meditations. Twenty years have passed and gone since the close of the last chapter. Napoleon has died upon his rock, and dynasties have been overthrown, and kings crowned, and others banished: there have been wars and rumours of wars, and the whole world has undergone a wondrous change; for Steam, which we left in his cradle, is now a grown giant, shaking earth and heaven. No wonder, therefore, that a change has also taken place on the personages of our story, and on the bodily configuration of Mr Tyem.

"Ha, old un, how aint you?" exclaimed Augustus, familiarly slapping his respectable ancestor on the shoulder—"caught you in a brown study—eh?"

"How can you be so thoughtless, Gusty?" replied the ancient, in not the best of humours. "Haven't you heard Miss Hibbert is much worse?"

"Haven't I? that's all. Bought another horse on the strength of it this very morning. She can't hold out long."

"No; and therefore, my boy, I think you ought to be on the spot, or at all events in the neighbourhood, to see that no damage is done to your property. Have you heard any thing about the savings? they must be immense."

"All in hard guineas, tied up in old stockings, or sewed into chair bottoms. Capital fun it will be finding out all her posies! I only wish we could get quit of that Miss Jones"—

"Pooh, never mind her. I know all about her. She's been so bullied, rely on it, by the old tabby, that she'll be easily bullied by any body. Out with her, Gusty, the very first thing—neck and crop out by the window, if she doesn't go quietly by the door; but search her boxes, boy—be sure you search her boxes."

"Well, do you think she's going to make a die of it immediately?"

"Hem: I don't know; better go down on the chance."

"I go down? why, if it was her last breath, she would spend it all in ordering me out of the house."

"It's a custom she has with our family, boy; but never mind. You go down to the Aylward arms, and be on the look-out for squalls. Send for me the moment it happens, and I'll come down with the needful deeds. Don't lose a moment. Who knows but we may come in for some of the hidden treasures you talk of, if we can get into possession at once? If we don't, that little minx—a Welshwoman, of course—that Miss Jones, and the parson, will lay their hands on all. Mem., my boy, the furniture is conveyed by the will; and, luckily, I've kept the inventory. So be off: don't say a word; but write to me by to-morrow's post how the land lies."

"Well, I suppose I had better," said Augustus, who did not seem quite as keen on the matter as his more prudent sire. He, nevertheless, lost no time in driving down in his beautiful yellow tilbury, with red wheels, to the Aylward Arms, which was the name of an inn about half a mile from the Willerdon Hall estate. It was four o'clock when he arrived, on a beautiful day in July; and, after duly attending to his horse, and giving the hostler a volunteer opinion, that all the posters in the stable were

infernal screws, he was shown into the small apartment on the ground-floor, which, by courtesy, was called the coffee-room, there being no private room at that moment unoccupied. "Ah, so much the better," said Mr Augustus; "I hate private rooms, especially when I am on the hunt for information. I'll just have a chop or so, by way of a brightener, and then proceed to work like a Trojan." He accordingly gave his order in a magisterial tone, for the purpose of impressing the waiter with an idea that he was a prince in disguise; and, whether in consequence of this dignified manner or not it is impossible to say, but, at the end of a very few minutes, Mr Augustus saw before him a very nice smoking dish of veal cutlets, with all proper accompaniments; a tankard of brown stout and a pint of sherry not being omitted.

"Waiter," he said, with his mouth nearly filled with meat and potatoes—for he was determined to lose no time in commencing his enquiries—"you know Willerdon Hall, of course?"

"Yes sir; the outside on it."

"Ah, very good. What, not very hospitable—eh? The old lady's close, is she?"

"Her doors is, sir."

"But they're open sometimes, surely. Does nobody go near her?"

"Oh yes; Parson Aylward is there very often, especially since Miss Jones went there."

"He's fond of Miss Jones, then, this parson—eh?"

"Oh yes; she lived with he afore she went to the Hall."

"The deuce she did!" mused Mr Augustus. "Ah, now I see it all—a reg'lar plot between Jennie Jones and the parson. And Miss Hibbert's very ill—isn't she?" he continued aloud.

"Yes, our doctor went up and bled her two days since."

"Not very easy to bleed—eh?" said the facetious gentleman, winking to the waiter; "rather dry, Peter."

"My name's Joseph, sir."

"Well, never mind; did any blood come, Joe?—eh?"

"Can't say, sir—coming, sir." This latter very unusual form of speech was addressed to a young man who at that moment came into the coffee-room, and called for a bill of fare.

"It's a pity, sir," said Joe to the stranger, "that this gentleman has just begun, or you might have joined company, p'r'aps"—

The stranger looked towards our friend Augustus, and did not seem very much disappointed at having missed the pleasure of his society.

"I would rather dine alone," he said; "let me have any thing you've got."

"I recommend their veal cutlets," interposed Mr Augustus; "they're amazing good, considering it's so far in the country this here hotel."

The stranger bowed, and repeated his order. Mr Augustus resumed his labours; and at intervals, as he could catch the attention of that most unenvied pluralist, Mr Joe, continued his enquiries about the inmates of the hall.

"I say, Joe," he began, when that functionary was placing the cheese on the stranger's table—"is this Miss Jones good-looking at all?"

"Oh, beautiful, sir," said Joe.

"Oho! I smell a rat, Joe. The parson's very sweet on her, you say? Sly old rogue the parson! How old is she, Joe?"

"About seventeen or eighteen, I should think, sir; but I don't know."

"Never looked in her mouth—eh?"

The stranger seemed gradually to become more interested in the conversation, and almost repented he had refused the offered society of the inquisitor.

"Is this Miss Hibbert going to make a die of it, do you think?"

"Don't know, sir; but she's a tough one: it will take summat to kill she."

"Do you think Miss Jones would see a gentleman if he called on her, Joe?"

"I beg your pardon," interposed the stranger; "do you speak of Miss Jones, the friend of Miss Hibbert of Willerdon Hall?"

"Yes," replied Mr Augustus. "I should like to say a few words to her. Just to hear the exact state of health the old lady is actually in. Reports are very strong that she's dying."

"Perhaps, sir, when the waiter is gone you will let me speak to you on that subject."

"With all my heart. Bring your bottle—a half-pint, I see; 'pon my soul, I'm ashamed of this generation—and we'll talk as long as ever you like. I'm fond of society."

Society, however, did not seem to be very fond of him, for there was a look about the gentleman, who now drew his chair to the table of Mr Augustus, which showed that his movement had a different object from the pleasure of making that individual's acquaintance. And, after all, Augustus was not a very captivating character at first sight. He had the lightest possible hair, and the greenest possible eyes; he was dressed in a bright green coat and flashy-coloured waistcoat, and spoke in a shrill loud voice, and altogether comported himself in a way that, by some mysterious concatenation of ideas, always called up the most vivid images of horsewhips and kickings down stairs.

"Well, sir," he said, lighting a segar with an unfailing lucifer, and taking his first whiff, "you said you would talk to me on a certain subject. Talk away."

"I heard you mention the family at Willerdon Hall. Do you know them?"

"Come, now, that's coming it a little too strong. Why, you're turning me into the witness-box, when all I bargained for was to have a social chat. Why do you wish to know?"

"Because I am deeply interested in one of those ladies."

"So am I.—Deeper than you a cussed sight, and no mistake."

"Perhaps not in the same," said the stranger, with a smile. "I give up the old lady entirely to you."

"Do you! Then you're a good fellow. Oho! you're after the young one, eh?"

The stranger nodded.

"Well, I don't care if I give you a helping hand. I'm up to a spree at the shortest notice. How can I assist you?"

"I heard you ask if Miss Jones was likely to see a gentleman if he called on her. I thought, perhaps you had some business at the house, and might"—

"Tip her a note, or whisper an appointment? Oh Lord, I'm delighted with the fun!"

"Will you help me?"

"Tell me how to do it; for the fact is, that though I'm a mighty deal more anxious than you to get my foot inside the door, I can't hit on any plan to make good an entrance."

"I think we can manage it, if you

agree to what I propose. Stop, let me ring the bell. Joe, bring a bottle of claret, clear the decks, and let us start with a bumper. Now, sir, fire away!"

"My great object is to get Miss Jones away from Miss Hibbert."

"'Gad, my boy, so's mine; but what will you do with her when you get her away?"

"Marry her."

"Marry her! — oh crikey! — I thought you was only up to a lark." Mr Augustus filled out another glass. "This looks very bad," he thought. "This here bird wouldn't think of marriage if the jade hadn't secured the old lady's tin—all the spoons at any rate—blow'd if she aint both the maid and the magpie all in one."

"You seem astonished, sir; but if you knew how I am placed."

"Hard up, eh?—uncle, and all that? Has she any pewter?"

"I don't know, and don't care, I'm rich enough for both. I'll tell you how it is, sir, and then I'm sure you'll not hesitate to assist me."

"What, to get her away from the old varmint?—not an instant—I'll go through fire and water; but, let's hear your tale—drink, boys, drink, and drive away sorrow."

"Three years ago, she came to live at the house of my tutor, a clergyman in the north—he was then sixteen. I was three years older—we very soon became attached—our love was soon discovered."

"I've always said," interrupted Mr Augustus, "there ought certainly to be a foundling hospital in every parish—but go on."

"My tutor, who was a relation—uncle he said—though I know he had no brother of that name"—

"Bah, man! she was his daughter—nothing's commoner than to hide it by a different name. Why was the Fitzroys called Fitzroy, but to hide that they were children of George the Third? It's always the way."

"Well—but in this case it was different. He had scruples about allowing the engagement to go on, for he said she was poor, and my father was then alive. And when I wrote to him about it, he also opposed it. Susannah was therefore sent away."

"Ah! them Susannahs are always persecuted by the elders!" said Mr Augustus.

"They never told me her place of concealment, but luckily I have now discovered it. She promised me, that if, when I was my own master, I still continued to love her, she would be my wife. I have written to her at Willerdon Hall, and my letters have been all returned unopened."

"You can't have paid the postage. Old Miss Hibbert never opens an unpaid letter."

"I am afraid it arises from something worse. I hear Miss Hibbert is a very crabbed, ill-tempered, old woman; she perhaps tyrannizes over her."

"You may take your oath of that, unless she's quite changed from the time father knew her."

"Now, I don't like to go up to the Hall myself, till I know more about my position; but if some friend"—

"Would step up and do the needful, you would be very much obliged?—but how am I to do it?"

"Why, if you would really take the trouble, I don't see what's to prevent you from going up and offering your services, now that Miss Hibbert is so ill, as a London physician sent to give your opinion by the clergyman of the parish, Mr Aylward."

"That's the old boy that Miss Jones stayed with before she came to live at the Hall? He'll find it out, to a certainty."

"Never mind. You'll be far away by that time, and will have done a particular kindness to me."

"And to myself too," said Mr Augustus. "And I'll have a touch at the old varmint's pulse in half-an-hour from this time, or I'm a Dutchman. What's your name?"

"Harry Millard, of Colme Abbey. She'll know."

"Have you got a license? I'll bring her down here directly."

"Not quite so quick as that," said Harry Millard, with a smile, "ask if I may see her for five minutes sometime this evening. I've much to say."

"I daresay you have. You're a rum one, you are; but stay you quietly here, and I'll bring or send you word as soon as I can. What gammon it is!"—he muttered, as he walked off to enact the part of a disciple of Esculapius—"in this Mr Millard—a tip-top sawyer, I see by the looks of him—to run his rigs on me about marriage with this here Jennie Jones.

I'll have a look at her boxes, as father advised, before I let her off the premises. If I were her next of kin,

I would prosecute for loss of services. I've known good damages in a case of the very same kind.

CHAPTER VI.

The twenty years that had wrought such changes on the world at large, had not been without their effect on our old friend, Miss Hibbert. At first, when she had taken up her residence at the Hall, the neighbours had all called to welcome her to the county; but, somehow or other, none of them seemed to have been so prepossessed by their reception, as ever to have repeated the visit. Susan had grown bitterer and bitterer every year, as it is the nature of bitters to do. Anxious to marry, in order to spite poor Elizabeth, when she found out at first that she had nothing more to fear from her—as the annuity never being claimed, clearly proved that she had died; and the sad news was confirmed to her by the Formans, to whom she had actually taken the trouble to apply for information; and finally, all doubt was removed by a notice of her decease in the newspapers—her anger and apprehension took a different direction, and day and night she fancied she saw the hateful visage of Mr Tyem gloating over the prospect of his succession. And when she pictured to herself the triumph of the attorney and his son, she almost wished she had not been quite so severe on the faults of her poor sister; for, you will observe, she had impressed herself so vividly with the belief that Elizabeth had treated her very ill, that even remorse did not altogether discover the truth to her in all its extent; but—instead of the unvarying clamour she used to make, to all who came within speaking distance, of the great provocations she had received from Elizabeth, and the angelic way she had borne them for many years, till at last they had become really intolerable—she was now sometimes quite pathetic after her fashion, which bore a great outward resemblance to rage and bitterness, on the early death of the poor persecuted girl, and wished she had lived to inherit the estate. Grief, even in this modified degree, had a softening effect on her disposition; and, by way of proving to the world at large that she possessed

every virtue fit for a lady and a Christian to possess, she became ferociously charitable, and subscribed two guineas a-year to a clothing society, and forced flannel jackets and double drawers of her own making on all the brawny poachers and labourers of the parish, in the middle of July. She made herself also president of a soup and scrap society, and paid inquisitorial visits to the larder of every cottager in the village; counted the number of potatoes they had boiling in the pot, and, in fact, made herself so prodigiously Samaritan, that it was quite a pleasure to see her. Good Dr Aylward tried to moderate the transports of her zeal, but she was not to be restrained. She thought he was a hard-hearted, uncharitable man, to talk of discretion in such a cause, and despised his doctrine as cold and moral; and if it had not been that the doctor was a man of high family, and universally liked in his parish, and that it would not have been “genteel” to leave him, she would have attended the Reverend Snuffle Sybby, the owner of a chapel in the neighbouring parish, who had gone through the whole gamut of religious belief—from the depths of ranting Calvinism up to the very highest notes of Pharisism and assurance; and was at that time popular, from the force of sympathy, with all the vain and shallow-witted old maids in the vicinity. But she contented herself with looking down on her own religious instructor, and feeling that she was a great deal better than he was: a pleasing frame of mind which she enjoyed every Sunday, or indeed, every day in the week; for it occurred to her whenever she thought of her own prodigious advances in holiness and virtue. She became quite a model of the manner in which an angel would probably live, if it by any chance came to reside for a season on earth; and as even a heart such as that of the devout Susan, could hardly exist without something to like or care for, she made a display, to all who came near her, of the tenderness of

her disposition, by being a great friend to the lower animals, and particularly partial to cats. It showed such a warmth of affection and gentleness of mind, that people were amazed that those amiable sentiments limited themselves so strictly to her intercourse with the four-footed creation. I have no doubt half the village of Willerdon wished they were cats; but even this state of sympathy with any living thing, was doomed to have an end. Her notions of moral virtue became so prodigiously strict, and her modesty grew so amazingly tender, that she became scandalized at certain accessions to the number of her favourites; even on the part of staid, sensible-looking old tabbies, from whom she expected better things; and when at last she perceived that her great old grey, the most steady and demure of mousers, gave symptoms that she also was about to be a "mother and no wife," she lost patience with the whole race, and expected some fearful judgment on her and her house, if she did not at once wash her hands of such a perverse generation. The cats were accordingly drummed out with every mark of disdain and abhorrence, and the mansion of Miss Hibbert became again a residence fit for Diana.

Now it happened that the good Dr Aylward, seeing the loveliness of his heavenly-minded parishioner, took a strange fancy into his head, that the best way to turn her thoughts into a happier channel, and soften the asperities of her temper, was to show her, in the person of a sort of protégée of his, the Miss Jones we have heard so much about, how sweet and amiable a person may be, without pluming herself on those qualities at all; and he accordingly proposed to Miss Hibbert, to receive his young friend for a month or two into her house. Whether his intention in this was really to be of use to Susan, or to hide the beautiful Susannah from the pursuit of Harry Millard, I am sorry to say he failed in both objects. Harry Millard, we have seen, discovered her hiding-place, and Susan continued as bitter and self-satisfied as before. Yet there was something in the gentle looks of her new companion, that had a sedative effect on her disposition. Involuntarily, as it were, she softened beneath the smiles and unflinching good

temper of Susannah, as ice melts beneath the sun; and though still as capacious as ever in tone and manner, it is an undeniable fact, that the ill-temper was not nearly so deep-seated as before; and that occasionally, far down in the hard dry places of her heart, there welled out the smallest possible trickling of what might be called, without much exaggeration, the milk of human kindness; very skim, no doubt, but still a hundred-fold better than no milk at all. Nay, her conduct to Susannah, though harsh enough in itself, was by comparison kind and considerate. She did not remind her of her poverty more than three times a-day, or find fault with Dr Aylward for pensioning her on her bounty more than once a-week; and, in short, conducted herself in as friendly a way as her nature would permit. Month after month passed on, and no hint of Susannah going back to the parsonage; and it began to be verily believed, that if such a thing had been proposed, Miss Hibbert would have objected to it with all her might, more especially as her health had now very much failed, and she had become used to the mild attentions of the good-hearted Susannah. But all the attentions of the best and prettiest of nurses, cannot put off the inevitable day. Susan grew worse and worse; the village apothecary, after bleeding her, had hinted obscurely at getting further advice—the thought of the expense of which, would have more than counterbalanced the advantage of the additional skill. But if, at the same time, the benefit could be procured without the expense—

Just as vague ideas of that kind were wandering through her brain, a message was given to Miss Jones, that a medical gentleman wished to see her.

"What can the man want?—I wonder those doctors can't let me alone"—said Susan in the same charming tone; you would have sworn from the voice, that she was unchanged from what she was twenty years before. "Tell him to go about his business, Susannah—turn him away, I tell you—I will not be imposed on."

Susannah left the room, to give the unexpected practitioner his dismissal.

"How do, Miss?" said the elegant Mr Augustus. "I'm sent here quite

in a friendly way, to see if I can do any thing for Miss Hibbert.—She's kicking, I hear, poor old gal—D'ye think she'll go soon?"

"Sir?"

"Oh, bless me!—Yes—I forgot—you're Miss Jones, I feel certain, from the description. Better be down at the main-gate this evening, my dear, at eight o'clock—you'll hear good news of Harry Millard—poor Harry—a jolly dog—you'll see him, perhaps, who knows?"

Saying which, and totally disregarding the effects of his abrupt communication, he put his finger to his nose, and winked in the most gentlemanly way in the world. Chesterfield would have been delighted to see him, and so would Sir Charles Grandison.

"I'm a doctor, my dear, sent here to do what I can for Miss Hibbert. Old Parson Aylward told me to come."

"You are sent here, sir, by Dr Aylward?"

"Didn't I tell you so?—Come, where's the old gal?—I can't wait here all day.—Don't forget the main gate at eight o'clock.—Poor Harry will die if you disappoint him.—Take me to Miss Hibbert."

"If Dr Aylward recommended you."

"Ah! that's a good gal—go on—I'll follow"—and half driving Susanah before him, he forced his way up stairs, and the poor girl, terrified and agitated, had hardly time to announce him as sent by the kind Dr Aylward, before he burst into the room where our poor friend was sitting up in bed, propped up by pillows, and looking as if she had lunched on thunderbolts, and they hadn't agreed with her."

"What do you want, sir?—who told you to come here, sir?—go back—not a shilling shall you get from me. I won't be imposed on."

"Nobody wants to impose on you, as I can see," replied Augustus, half frightened at the vehemence of her indignation. "I only dropt in to see if they were treating you well, that's all."

"They're treating me very ill, sir; you're treating me very ill, sir; I've been ill-treated all my life, sir."

"So you're used to it, like the eels, eh!—you take?"

"Take what, sir?—I wish you would get out of the house—you had

no right to come here at all, without being sent for. I shan't pay; mark my words—I won't be imposed on."

"I don't want any pay. Let's have a hold at your pulse; too quick a great deal. You're in a bad way—'pon my soul—and nobody to attend you,—that young woman has affairs of her own to attend to."

"Who?"

"Miss Jones—a lover, or something of that kind. She's to meet him, when it's dark, at the gate.—You take?"

"Oh, la!" sighed Miss Susan, horror-struck at the idea, "this is worse than the cats! I'll turn her out of my house directly."

"You had better. I advise it."

"And what right have you to advise, sir? Who asked you for your advice? I didn't."

"You'll take it, though. And by George, ma'am, if I were in your place, I'd not leave her a sixpence in my will. You haven't left her any legacy, have you?"

"I'll tell you what it is, sir," said Susan, sitting up by a great effort, "I believe you're sent here to kill me by that carnal-minded, moral preacher, Dr Aylward. And if you want to murder me outright, you'll go on with your insolent questions; but I'll hold you answerable for the consequences; and if I die, I trust in a bountiful providence you'll be hanged.—Go away, sir."

"Can't indeed, ma'am; professional avocations must be attended to. I think you're as ill as need be already, and I advise you to do as I tell you, just to ease your mind. If you've signed any will or other document, it's quite easy to cancel it. I can draw you a form in a minute."

"Young man," cried Miss Susan, looking at him very hard, "you're not a doctor—your voice puts me in mind of some disgusting being I have seen somewhere or other—your face, too, ha! horrid!—you're that nasty little wretch, young Tyem!" She fell back on making this appalling discovery, and seemed so completely bereft of strength, that Mr Augustus thought it time to retire.

"I'll write to father this very night," he thought, as he slept down stairs. "This old gal will be off the hooks in a few hours—and then good-by to the Poultry. I think I've settled the hash of Miss Jones, anyhow. There must be thousands hid away in old

cupboards. I must have the house cleared out, bag and baggage, the first thing—and all I find I'll keep."

The wrath caused by the thought that the heirs were waiting so impatiently for her demise, gave a very alarming turn to Miss Hibbert's illness. She seemed changed into a new being. She summoned the lawyer from the village—she instructed him to write a will, leaving all she possessed to Susannah; for she concluded the story of the lover was a

calumny of our friend Augustus. Susannah, the servants, the lawyer, his clerk, were called into the room to witness her signature. She took the pen and dipt it in the ink; but her strength gave way, her hand shook convulsively—"I can't do it!" she said, and threw away the pen. When they went closer to the pillow they found that the effort had been too much for her—and Willerdon Hall was the property of Mr Augustus Tyem.

CHAPTER VII.

Harry Millard was sitting at the open window of the coffee-room, in the Aylward Arms, on the day of the funeral, wondering if Dr Aylward would take any notice of his letter, or if Susannah had taken offence; and fifty other suppositions were flitting through his brain, without leaving any very distinct impression, when a gentleman in deep mourning stopped as he was passing, and said, "so, I've found you Harry."

"My dear, sir, I'm so glad to see you," cried Harry, rushing out of the window—"Ah, now, I'm sure of a friend."

"Yes you are—but you may save yourself a long story. Dr Aylward has told me all, and as far as I am concerned, I withdraw all opposition."

"Well, and aren't you the only person concerned, except" — he added hesitatingly—

"Susannah herself, you would say, and you feel pretty secure of her. You are rather a vain young man, Harry; but you will have a good deal to do yet before you win her. This death" —

"Has left her poor as ever, I am delighted to hear" —

"Ahem!"

"Well, poor or not; for it can't be much, as I have been told on very good authority, Mr Augustus Ty" —

"Ahem!"

"What is the meaning, my dear sir, of all that coughing?"

"Something sticks in my throat, that's all. But an hour or two will, perhaps, explain every thing. Have you ever seen Dr Aylward?"

"No."

"Then come up to the parsonage: I'll introduce you."

"Shall I see her?" enquired Harry.

"Ahem!—but my cough's growing troublesome again. Come along."

In Dr Aylward's library a deep consultation was held. Harry and the gentleman in deep mourning were very active members of the council; and it was finally decided that Harry should go on an embassy to the Hall, and invite Mr Tyem senior and Mr Augustus to attend the further sitting of the conclave.

Those two worthy gentlemen were at the summit of their wishes. They were sitting in the dining-room enjoying their wine, after a hurried dinner; but Augustus was every now and then looking round with an air of proprietorship, which, somehow or other, did not altogether please his progenitor.

"You might make it the thousand, Gusty."

"Can't, upon my soul, old boy; should be happy, but can't afford it. I shall cut the shop, of course; and that's a loss" —

"High time to cut it, my boy, for it is just on the point of cutting you; but you'll be famously off without it. A week or two will put you into full possession; for we can easily go to the Old Bailey, and get two or three witnesses to the death of Elizabeth Hibbert" —

"Subornation—eh? it will cost something."

"Lord bless you! I'll get two most respectable gentlemen—one the clergyman of the town, and the other the surgeon of the parish—to make oath that she died of yellow fever, after two hours' illness, in any part of the world, for half-a-crown. I took the precaution, twelve years ago, to put her death in the papers, so my Old Bailey friends will have no difficulty. Fine girl, 'pon my soul: I remember her well."

"Selby died at the same time—did he?"

"Oh yes; at the same time and same price too. However, seriously,

there can be no doubt on the point. We must advertise for six months or a year, I forget which; but it's all the same. They are gone, depend on it, or the annuity would have been claimed every year. At the Foreign Office, they believe Selby died immediately on his appointment; and all we have to fear is the casting up of some next of kin, and an enquiry into the savings. Old Hibbert, or even his wife, is sure to have had relations."

"Did you ever hear what their mother's name was?"

"Never."

Mr Augustus slapped his forehead, as if he had hit on a prodigious discovery. "Father, I'll bet you ten crowns to one, it was Jones, and this girl has been sent to look after her own interests."

"In that case," said the father, "we had better lose no time in rummaging the house. She was such a queer old file, I'm sure it's all in hard cash; indeed, we know she has a great deal of property somewhere at her own disposal, for she was on the very point of making a will"—

"And in favour of that girl. I'll double the odds I'm right, father: she's her first cousin by the mother's side."

"Hem! I don't know," mused the father; "and yet, when I saw her the other day, it struck me she had a likeness to the Hibberts too. It may be so; and therefore we had better look sharp and overhaul the cupboards."

But just when they had arrived at this honourable resolution, Mr Harry Millard was announced.

"'Pon my soul, glad to see ye, sir," said Mr Augustus, holding out his hand. "This here is the gentleman, father, that put the doctor-disguise into my head. Draw in your chair, and take a glass of wine, sir; though we're rather busy just now, owing to the late melancholy event—dreadful bereavement! wasn't it, sir?"

"I am sent by Dr Aylward, to request that you will come down to his house immediately, both of you, on business of the very greatest importance"—

"Dr Aylward's a reg'lar trump, I've no doubt," said Mr Augustus; "but, if he has any business to transact, he may as well come up here—eh, father?"

"Oh no; by no means," replied Mr Tyem; "keep them out of the

house, you fool. We shall be happy to accept the Doctor's kind invitation"—

"Blowed if I walk this hot weather, then," said Augustus, sulkily. "I'll have out the old lady's carriage, and give her old nags a trot. If you like to stay, I'll give you a lift on the box beside me."

Mr Millard declined, with a supercilious bow.

"Oh, just as you please. How about Miss Jones?" said Augustus.

"I advise you, very sincerely, to be silent on the subject of that young lady, sir," replied Harry Millard; "I've known insolent fellows very severely kicked for impertinence of that kind."

"Oh, blast us!—you're a fire-eater, are you? Well, I didn't expect such behaviour after the love message I gave her. A very nice girl that same Jennie Jones; and not so bad a speck as you thought—eh?"

Harry stepped hurriedly forward, but checked himself as he saw Mr Augustus skip nimbly behind the window curtain. "You needn't try to carry on the joke any longer," he continued. "We know that she's looking out for a poor deceased friend's succession, though she never made any will in her favour."

"Hold your tongue, Augustus," interposed Mr Tyem. "We have a suspicion already, sir, of the nature of the business you wish to see us on. Miss Jones is a relation of the late Miss Hibbert. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"A cousin?"

"The nearest relation, as she was the dearest, that England contains!" said Mr Millard. "We shall see you soon; good morning."

"The nearest and dearest relation!" repeated Mr Augustus, "what the deuce can she be? Can you imagine, father?"

"Can't think," replied that gentleman, thunderstruck. "It's perhaps a lie," he added, by way of relieving his astonishment. "I've known many gentlemen tell lies; why shouldn't Mr Millard?"

"I'll tell you what, old boy," cried Mr Augustus, after a minute's deep musing, "I've found it to a certainty; she's Miss Hibbert's own daughter!"

"I hope not," said Mr Tyem, in great perturbation. "That would ruin us all; but it's impossible. She never

would have kept the marriage concealed."

Mr Augustus put his thumb to his nose, and extended his four somewhat dirty fingers in a most facetious manner. "Perhaps, old boy, there was no marriage to conceal."

"Ha! then, in that case we are safe—the heir to this property must be born in wedlock; but stuff, boy! it's impossible."

"Well, here's the carriage; let us go down and hear what Dr Aylward has got to say. I hate parsons, I do, they're always so meddling."

Mr Tyem and his son were shown into the library on their arrival at the parsonage, and before any one else had time to say a word, Mr Augustus thought it incumbent on him to demand an explanation—"I think, gents," he said, "you must have very particular business, indeed, to summon a man in the midst of a talk with his governor—in such infernal hot weather as this is too, and so soon after our affliction—dreadful bereavement; isn't it, father?"

"I thought it better, Mr Tyem," began Dr Aylward, addressing himself to the senior partner, without taking any notice of Augustus's oration, "to send for you to let you know that we give you formal notice to quit Willerdon Hall; of which, I may be allowed to add, you have most improperly and most unwarrantably taken possession."

"You give us notice, do you? Oh! Of course you will follow it up?"

"Of course."

"And prove that my son has no holding under Miss Hibbert's will?"

"Of course."

"Oh! and you've got evidence, of course, to rebut the evidence I can produce, that her sister, Elizabeth Hibbert, died in No. 36 of the High Street of Cuenca, on the 19th of July, eighteen hundred and twenty—? I have two most respectable gentlemen who saw her die, and took a note of the date."

Dr Aylward and the gentleman in deep mourning exchanged looks at this intelligence.

"And as to your friend, Miss Jones," pursued Mr Tyem, triumphantly, "of course you must have good evidence to prove that she is any relation at all; though in that we are not at all interested, as her claim, as next of kin, can only extend to the savings."

"What! not if she is a very near

relation indeed?" enquired Dr Aylward.

"Didn't I tell you so, father?" interposed Augustus. "They're going to rip up old sores, and expose the frailties of our deceased friend; but it's of no use, gents, for, even if she *were* Miss Hibbert's daughter, she needs to be lawful—doesn't she, father?"

"Undoubtedly; but perhaps we mistake the case of the opposite party."

"You do entirely," answered the doctor, "and so far as Miss Jones is concerned—with regard to whom I can't understand your allusions—I have to inform you that we resign all claim on her behalf, as next of kin; and we can have no objection, in case any other friends of hers should advance any claim on that plea, to let you hear the evidence which convinces us that she has no possible right to any part of Miss Hibbert's estate."

"Well—that's handsome, anyhow," said Augustus; he drew his father aside for a moment—"I see how it is, they want a little hush-money; and rather than be bothered, I don't care if I give them fifty pounds. What do you think?"

"Do you wish to see our evidence?" said Dr Aylward, with something of a sneer. "It must be gratifying to you to find that one claimant is disposed of."

"Oh, yes! by all means. Let's hear the evidence."

Dr Aylward made a sign to the gentleman in deep mourning, who left the room, and returned in a short time with a lady leaning on his arm. She wore a veil a little way over her face, so it was possible only to see her mouth and chin; a beautiful mouth and a beautiful chin, and a majestic presence; and when she lifted up her veil, and showed her finely-chiseled features and bright glancing eyes—oh heaven! oh earth!—it was nobody but Elizabeth Hibbert herself! It could be no mistake; and the miserable heart of Mr Tyem felt in a moment that his two Old Bailey witnesses could be of no possible use.

"Come, my dear madam," said Dr Aylward, "you have just arrived in time to satisfy this person that you did not die in the High Street of Cuenca some eighteen years ago. Did you die at the time and place specified by two respectable gentlemen?"

Elizabeth gave one of the sweet

laughs that used to enchant all listeners—except her father and sister—long ago.

"How do we know, sir, that this lady is the person she assumes to be?" said Mr Tyem, in the agonies of despair. "Who knew her in her youth, and can swear to her identity? I knew Miss Elizabeth Hibbert intimately, and this lady, I declare on my honour, is not in the least degree like her."

"I am the brother of her husband," said the gentleman in deep mourning, "and I bear witness she is the same."

"Here! let me look at her once more, and I shall die content," exclaimed a very jolly-looking little man, very red-faced, very loud-voiced, and dressed in pepper-and-salt shorts and continuations, "I saw her as I stopped at the Aylward Arms. Says I to Pug, Pug, says I, if that aint Elizabeth Hibbert, I'm a Dutchman. I followed here; if I'm wrong, Lord forgive me."

"But you're not wrong, dear, kind Mr Forman," said Elizabeth, holding down her cheek for the old man to kiss, "and darling Pug; is she with you? Oh! let me see her again!"

"All in good time; Pug is with me, and Dolly, and Mrs Smillom, and my old woman, and five of the Smilloms. We were all travelling from town together in two coaches, and luckily caught sight of you at the inn."

"You're satisfied now, I hope," said Dr Aylward to Mr Tyem, leaving Elizabeth and her ancient friend to their raptures undisturbed.

"This may be a conspiracy, for any thing I know," said Mr Tyem; "but to settle the matter, are you inclined to come to any liberal compromise. It will be the best way, and avoid disputes."

"I know a way, I think," said Mr Augustus. "This lady, whoever she is, is perhaps a widow; now I'm a bachelor, you see; and so we might, perhaps, make it mutually agreeable."

"But she is not a widow. Her husband, Sir Frederick Selby, has only gone to town for a day or two."

"But there's that Miss Jones," pursued Mr Augustus, who was resolved on patching up conflicting interests with a marriage. "If this lady settles the savings on her—and she's justly entitled to them—I haven't any objection to take her, for better for

worse. It's a sacrifice; but I don't mind it."

"I believe she is pre-engaged to a very different person," said Mrs Selby, with a laugh. "My friend and quondam pupil, Harry Millard, has obtained the consent of her mother and Sir Frederick."

"Her mother?—Miss Jones?"—said Augustus, in the extremity of bewilderment.

"Yes; and though you certainly are not entitled to any explanation, I may tell you, that Sir Frederick, after resigning his consulship, got engaged in a variety of incidents in South America, which kept him from communicating with his friends. At last, when he saw a prospect, about three years ago, of being able to return home, he sent his daughter to my care, under the name of Miss Jones, with an injunction on the part of his wife, to get her, if possible, introduced to her aunt, Miss Hibbert, to soothe her, to humour her; and, if she could perceive any opening, to inform her that her sister still lived, and was anxious, on her return to England, to be on good terms with the only relation she possessed. That opportunity never occurred; and now, having related to you as much as is necessary for you to know, you will have the kindness to leave this house instantly, and on no account to return to Willerdon Hall, which has already been taken possession of in the name of the rightful owner."

What a pleasant night that was at the parsonage! Old Mr Forman had the greatest possible difficulty in avoiding slapping the back of Elizabeth, as in days of old. Mr Smillom was enchanted to find that he was the intimate friend of a real baronet—for Frederick's uncle had died ten years before)—handsome enough to be his companion, even without the title. But the happiest of the whole party were two people who sat on a sofa by themselves, a long way from every body else, and did not seem to say much to each other either; unless, indeed, their happiness yielded to Pug's—the same happy, dumpy, warm-hearted creature as ever—who sat the whole night long with a firm hold of Elizabeth's hand, and looked up into her still beautiful face, as she used to do in Paradise Row.

PARIS—CHRONICLES OF THE CITÉ.

Soon after the period when the sway of Rome began to be consolidated in Northern Gaul, and the fishermen of the muddy marshes on the banks of "the winding river," as they termed it—the tortuous Seine—had begun to feel the effects of southern civilization, the little island that was dignified with the euphonious name of Lutetia became a post of importance in the military system of the Italian conquerors. No traces now remain of any of the architectural efforts of those mighty masters and instructors of mankind, within the precincts of this insulated nucleus of Paris: what few remnants have been found at various periods beneath its soil, altars, and mutilated fragments of sculpture, have long since been carefully stored up in the public museums; and indeed the only visible remnants of Roman work now to be found any where, in or near this modern capital of France, are confined to the ruins of the Palace of Julian; the Palais des Thermes, as they are called—to the mutilated arches of an aqueduct at Arcueil, and to the shapeless fragment of a tower, or wall, on the northern slope of Montmartre. One indelible trace, however, of what Rome did for Paris, though marked no longer by Roman brick or stone, still exists in the capital, and may be instantly observed upon a map of the city; the straight line running nearly north and south, which indicates the old Roman road, and coincides with the Rue St Jacques, on the southern bank of the Seine—with the Rue de la Juiverie in the island of the cité—and with the Rue St Martin in the northern division of Paris. This still remains, and will most probably continue as long as Paris is a city, or France a nation; and it forms the earliest positive recollection of the capital in Roman times. This line divides the oblong, pear-shaped island, nearly in half in its narrowest width: and so straight is its direction, that whoever stands in the Rue St Jacques, opposite the Pantheon, and looks northward, may carry his eye right athwart Paris, up a long narrow street, for the space of nearly three miles, till it reaches the high ground in the neighbourhood of La Villette. Westward

of this line, the island of the city was at an early period taken nearly entire possession of by the military governors of Paris, who constructed at the furthest extremity, a residence which ultimately became the Royal Palace, and still retains the title of "Le Palais," as a memento of its former greatness. To the eastward of the Roman road, the ecclesiastical authorities, as soon as Christianity became the leading power in the Gallie state, founded some important establishments; and the cathedral of Notre Dame, with the Episcopal Palace, were, till modern times, the most important edifices it possessed. For a long while, Paris was confined to the narrow limits of the original island: the Normans checked the spreading of habitations on either bank of the river, and even the two small islands lying behind the other, higher up the stream, were not applied to any other uses than those of pasturage, till within a few hundred years: one of them indeed is not even yet built on, though far within the circuit of the metropolitan walls. The space was uncommonly small for the population, and at the time of the Norman incursions, every inch of the island was occupied: defences, more or less strong, ran round its shores, and protected them from hostile descent; while within, narrow tortuous streets and closely packed houses kept, even at that early period, a large number of inhabitants in a very inadequate compass of ground. No sooner had a little respite been afforded by the settlement and conversion of the fierce northern invaders, than the Parisians came out of their stronghold over the only two bridges they possessed, and spread themselves, with a luxurious desire for elbow-room and free air, over both banks of the Seine.

It is not our purpose to write a history of Paris, nor even to draw up a catalogue of its antiquities: we are only going to single out one or two of the curious old stories and traditions that belong to the most ancient part of the capital, and to try to rescue from oblivion the former conditions of a quarter which is every day losing more and more of its characteristic peculiarities under the hammer and plum-

met of the municipal embellishers. Whatever may have been the inconveniences of the modes of building used in the middle ages, and even within the last three centuries, for private dwellings, and however agreeably modern tastes may be flattered by seeing all things converted to their accommodation, it is impossible not to witness the demolition of ancient and almost historical buildings with regret, or to be unmoved at the disappearance of the mute but substantial evidences and illustrations of national history. Streets may be made wider and cleaner, houses may be rendered more uniform and commodious, new modes of life and domestic economy may be introduced: all this may prove well for the common run of mankind, who live but from day to day, and who think always of the present, never of the past, and but little of the future: yet, to the antiquary, to the lover of old times, to the reader of old chronicles, to him who would wish to see a nation pay some respect to the deeds of its forefathers, every old stone and brick that is displaced causes him a pang: his sensibility may be exaggerated, it is true, but still it exists; and it makes him suffer. Were he left to have his own way, would the rolling tide of mankind only consent to stop in its course for a few moments, he would raise his voice and hand in defence of old buildings, old customs, and old things, and he would crave that at least some mementos of the civil life of former days might be allowed to remain: if he were to wander through the streets of the "cité," which are now almost all resounding with the mason's chisel, and are rapidly putting on a modern guise, he would put his common sense in his pocket, and would lament the picturesque forms and associations of earlier days; he would sigh for the degeneracy of the present race of men, who know not how to respect the works of their ancestors, and he would utter a wish that old Paris, like old Rouen, like old Strasburg, and like so many other good old cities, might be left alone, and be spared the profanation of modern improvements. But such wishes are in vain: they come too late: the work of demolition has been in great part effected: many streets of the cité, which existed ten years ago, are now no longer to be found on the

map: one of the principal buildings of the island, the archbishop's palace, has been sacked by a furious populace, and its site has been planted with trees: all the sacred edifices but two have disappeared, (most of them during the great Revolution:) the "Palais" is about to undergo a restoration, probably a judicious one, for it is intrusted to good hands: and the cathedral itself is ordered to be repaired, and unfortunately "beautified," by the most Vandalic architect Paris ever was afflicted with. So that we must hasten with the pen, we must dive at once into the dusty deeds and records that remain of its former condition, and we will mention some peculiarities of the cité in former days.

Who has not read the glorious romance of "Notre Dame?" Who has not perused Victor Hugo's vivid description of Paris in the olden time? Never was a picture traced with bolder hand nor with greater fidelity: he brings the past so strikingly forward in all its characteristic singularities, that the reader lives as it were with him in antecedent epochs, and becomes an actual spectator of the curious customs and practices of the middle ages. To him let the general sketch and composition of such an extensive picture be left: we are going only to add a few details. The streets in the cité never recovered from the pressure they were subjected to in the first ages of their existence, when the incursions of the Normans squeezed up the population in a space not a quarter big enough for its size, and forced every one to add to the height of his house, instead of seeking to expand it in width and depth. Few of the old streets in this part of Paris were calculated for vehicles of any description, and, in some, two horses with their riders could hardly pass abreast: the houses hung over in stages, each story growing in area as it neared the roof, and at length the opposite gables of the upper ones almost touched each other. It is needless to say that light did not penetrate in any superabundant quantity to the nether regions of the ground floor, and that fresh air was a commodity by no means placed in the first rank of the necessaries of life: as for cleansing of the streets, that was nearly out of the question: it was left to chance, to the occasional inter-

vention of a friendly shower, and to the gradual pushing of the superabundant matter from one end of the narrow streets or "ruelles" to the other, when a heap of mud might happen to turn the corner, and be left to the charge of its new neighbours. In the *Traité de Police*, a document of the time of Louis XIV., a curious proof is given of the small degree of salubrity which the inner streets of the cité down to so late a period enjoyed. It is mentioned that the Sieur Courtois, a physician who dwelt in the Rue des Marmouzets, had his principal sitting-room looking out to this street, and he used to observe, that every morning a pair of large brass dogs, which he used for supporting the flaming logs of wood in his fire-place, were covered with a tolerably thick coating of verdegriis, occasioned by the deleterious vapours which rose from the street below. The worthy physician appeared to have had sufficient confidence in his own healing skill not to remove from such a neighbourhood, or probably it was too lucrative a district, as may well be imagined, for any medical man to make bones about so small a matter; and, therefore, as he proceeds to relate, his servant used to clear the brass dogs every morning, and they were ready for the renewal of the phenomenon within the four-and-twenty hours next ensuing. How the shopkeepers fared in the dark holes which they rented on a level with the Stygian stream of mud and filth that stagnated in the central kennels, is not said; but in those days people were not so fastidious as in our degenerate times of "Eau de Cologne," "Eau de Mille fleurs," "Extrait du Zéphir," &c.; and, as Dr Courtois further remarks, they allowed "the corrupted air to make so much the more malignant an impression on their lungs and other viscera, as those parts of the body are incomparably more delicate than copper or brass—which is, no doubt, the cause of many maladies." In those days, no one in Paris, who pretended to the character of a gentleman, ever thought of going into the streets on foot unless stoutly booted; and a boot of the time of the "Grand Monarque" was a foot-and-leg preserver of about the same degree of elegance and strength as the waterproof equipments of a modern fen-farmer from the heart

of Lincolnshire. As for the women, poor souls, they fared as they could; we find no mention made of how their "chaussures" were constructed for Parisian promenading; but we should not be surprised if the high-heeled shoes, which came into fashion about this time, were not merely an imitation from those of the men, but were really a feminine device for the preservation of dry petticoats. An ordinance of police, however, cleansed, or attempted to cleanse the streets, and the irruption of Gallo-Italian taste which pervaded all France and Western Europe about the time of the fourteenth Louis, made a most important change in the physiognomy of the cité. The old overhanging gable-topped houses were proscribed: every one set up a court front to his habitation; the streets gained in uniformity and width at the top, but remained as narrow as ever at the bottom, and the cité tried to ape the airs of the Marais, or the still more fashionable Faubourg St Germain.

Henry IV. and Louis XIII. had made serious inroads on the primitive antiquity of the island; the first, by contracting the Pont Neuf at its western extremity, and the latter, by building the Place Dauphin, which connected the Palais with the work of his father. The seat of the Parliament itself, in the ancient palaces of the kings, had begun to lose much of its mediæval appearance about the same period; and the accidental burning of the famous "Grande Salle"—the Westminster Hall of Paris—in the reign of Louis XV., completed the metamorphosis; nothing now remains of the old Gothic work, except the gloomy towers of the Conciergerie, and the jewelled shrine of the Sainte Chapelle. But we leave aside for the present the Palais and its recollections—the Conciergerie and its horrors; and we return to the streets, their noise, their dirt, and their traditions. In the narrow compass of the island, which is only 2400 feet long, by 750 wide, were crammed together sixty streets, six culs-de-sac, six places or squares, eleven parish churches, four chapels, two collegiate churches, the great cathedral, the archbishop's palace, the "Palais," which alone occupied a fourth part of the entire space, the great hospital of the Hotel Dieu, and three prisons, be-

sides other public buildings. The number of houses was 1300, besides 700 shops or stalls; the streets were lighted by day by as many, or rather by as few, of the sun's rays as could straggle into the interstices of the heaps of stone and timber-called habitations; and by night, the absence of the chaste Diana was supplied by 311 lamps, or, more correctly speaking, according to the old police returns, lanterns. Reckoning twenty-five inhabitants to each house, which is a moderate computation for Paris, and also taking into account the inmates of public or monastic buildings in the cité, the population of this human ant-hill was upwards of 30,000.

The principal street of the cité—what might be called its Regent street—was the old Roman thoroughfare athwart the fair Lutetia—the Rue de la Juiverie, so termed, as chronicles tell us, from the Jews that were established there previous to the reign of Philip Augustus. The inhabitants of this persuasion had long dwelt there: it was then the centre of business and all commercial operations. The wealthier Jews lived in the street itself, or else in those of La Pelleterie, or La Tisseranderie, while some were not ashamed to reside in the Rue de Judas; but the petty tradesmen and artisans of the Israelitish tribes, most of whom were “courtiers” and “fripiers,” or brokers and old clothes-men, occupied the halles or markets, and the dirty streets that led to them. The Jews had schools of their own within the island, and their synagogue was allowed, as a matter of special favour, to exist in the Rue du Pet-aud-Diable; but their cemeteries were to the south of the Université, and occupied some waste ground where now the Rue Pierre Sarrazin stands. In 1183 Philip Augustus sent them all to the right-about, proceeding by the most approved methods of confiscation and torture to kill his geese with golden eggs, and to please the church at the same time that he tried to replenish his own coffers. The sufferings of this unhappy people in those days are too well known to need even allusion: it is sufficient to say, that they never more dwelt in the cité: they were never allowed to appear in public without a yellow mark on the breast, and a horned cap on the head; they were forbidden to bathe in the

Seine, and whenever the public executioner did any of them the honour to suspend some of their community from the gibbet of Montfaucon, they were always hung up between two dogs. If the Rue de la Juiverie was the Regent street, the Rue de la Barillerie was the St James' street of the cité: it led by the gate of the Great Palace: had two considerable churches on the western side, one of St Bartholemy towards the northern end, the other of the community of the Barnabites in the middle: at the southern end was the carrefour of Port St Michael, where treaties of peace were proclaimed; and at the northern was the great clock tower, or Tour de l'Horloge, which still rears its pointed head in primitive simplicity. In front of the great gates of the palace was a space, where once stood the house of Jean Châtel—the precursor of Ravail-lac, in attempting the life of Henry IV.; the habitation was razed to the ground after the torturing and execution of that criminal, and a semicircular place was formed at the entrance of the Rue de la Vieille Draperie. Immediately to the northward of this spot was the western entrance of the church of St Bartholemy; a site rendered remarkable by the superstition of Robert, the second king of the Capetian race. He had married Bertha, his cousin-german, with the consent of the bishop of France, but contrary to the wishes of Pope Gregory V.; and this pontiff took advantage of the uncanonical degree of consanguinity existing in this union, to declare the marriage void, and to excommunicate the sovereign. One morning Robert was praying at the steps of St Bartholemy, according to his daily custom—for ever since the issuing of the papal censure, he had never dared to enter the church, though it fronted his own royal residence—his courtiers were at a distance from him, afraid of the unholy contagion, and he was attended only by the two servants who waited on him at his meals, and purified, by passing through the fire, each plate and goblet as soon as the king had used them. Robert was absorbed in prayer, when Abbo, the abbot of Fleuri, accompanied by two females of the royal household, approached him to announce the accouchement of the queen. The women were carrying in their hands a large golden dish,

covered with a linen cloth, and the abbot, as soon as he had communicated his intelligence, snatched the covering from the dish, and exclaimed, "Behold the effects of your disobedience to the church, and the seal of the anathema marked on the fruit of your love! Robert looked at the dish, and saw on it with horror a mishapen embryotic mass of flesh, ending in the head and neck of a water bird; the sight produced the result intended; the king gave way, repudiated his wife, married Constance of Provence, and thereby entailed many years of war and misery on his subjects. Not a stone of St Bartholomy now remains; but on its site has been erected a "pâté" of houses, and where the choir once resounded with holy chants of mass, of vespers, or of midnight prayer, the public dancing-rooms of the *Prado* are now a resort for all the lowest and most abandoned characters of the French metropolis. Southward of the Barnabites, the Rue de la Calandre led from this street to the old quarter of the Jews: it was, and still is, one of the dirtiest in Europe; but it merited to be held in odour of sanctity, if not of reality, on account of the popular French saint, St Marcel, who was born in a small house on its northern side. Here, too, some wag of the middle ages had left a perpetual riddle to the inhabitants, and the following inscription, on a house at the eastern corner, was destroyed during the Revolution, without ever having been explained:—

"Urbs me decolavit,
Rex me restituit,
Medicus amplificavit."

Near where the Pont Notre Dame joins the island, there are to the eastward three dirty streets or alleys, called the upper, lower, and middle Rues des Ursins; they derive their names from having been formed on the site of the residence of Jean Juvenal des Ursins, the interesting Chronicler of France, and one of the most valuable of her historians after Froissart. The lower of these streets is prolonged under the title of Rue d'Enfer, to the north-eastern corner of the cité, lying throughout its extent, much below the level of the quay that runs around, and so narrow and inconvenient, that it is hardly conceivable how it could have

been used for any but foot passengers. At the furthest end there is an obscure smoky house, the upper stories of which have been changed probably in each succeeding century since the 12th: it possesses no architectural attraction, but it touches the house of the Canons of Notre Dame, and over the gateway is an inscription, declaring that it was once the residence of the Canon Fulbert, the old Uncle of Heloisa, and that it was here that Abelard lodged and loved, and wooed and won. The position of the house, and the constancy of the traditions, are quite enough to warrant belief in the fact; and the desire to fix a locality to their well-known history, induces us to accept it as the scene of their loves. Not a stone perhaps, nor a beam, of the original edifice remains above ground, so that it is difficult to associate the idea of that unfortunate cross of true love with any thing in the apartments that now catches the eye; but under ground, far down below the lowest soil of the city, is a large and strongly vaulted cellar, certainly contemporary with Abelard, if not older; and this is indicated as the actual spot in which the canon's vengeance was perpetrated. No other authentic mementos of the unfortunate monk, and the still more unfortunate nun, remain, except this house, the tomb in Père la Chaise, and the remains of the priory church at Argenteuil, a little way to the north-west of Paris, where the architecture of the 12th century attests that the walls once heard the voice, perhaps the sighs, of the amiable Heloisa.

Southward of the Rue d'Enfer, and running parallel to the contour of the island, is the Rue des Marmouzets, that *healthy* abode noticed above, which is prolonged by the Rue du Cloître Notre Dame. The latter, which was occupied principally by the canons and other clergy attached to the cathedral, was separated from profane intercourse with the town by strong gates: the former, besides its dirt, was known for a bloody tradition, the exact spot and date of which are now no longer remembered. In this street, it is said, there lived a barber and a pastry-cook, whose intimacy was not less a subject of general remark, than the rapid increase of their fortunes was of envy. The barber shaved all

the gallants in town, and every body flocked to the pastry-cook's shop for his meat-pies, which were known not only throughout the cité, but were in reputation among the guards of the Châtelet over the Pont au Change, and were in no small demand among the hungry scholars and clerks of the university in the Rue du Fouarre—that street where Petrarch came to listen to the wrangling doctors.

Whether it was that the two tradesmen amassed too much money for the rapacious officers of the royal treasury not to consider them fair game, or whether their neighbours and rivals grew envious of their success, and determined to effect their ruin, is not known; but the rumour was spread abroad, and was eagerly credited, that several persons who had submitted their weekly growth of bristles to the barber's razor were missing, while others had been observed to go into his shop but never to come out of it.

The idea of murder was speedily caught up and improved on: the supposed fact of slaughter was accompanied by the invention of atrocious circumstances, and at length it was asserted, that, after the barber had cut the throats of his unfortunate customers, he used to deliver their bodies over to his friend, the pastry-cook, who immediately converted them into mince-meat, and therewith stuffed his pies. The story was too horrible, too monstrous, not to be exactly suited to popular credulity: and what was believed by the populace in the middle ages was generally acted on. The poor barber and the pastry-cook were torn from their houses by an infuriated multitude, were conducted to the king's justiciary at the palais, were instantaneously condemned to death, were swinging as dead corpses at Montfaucon the same day, and twenty-four hours after, their habitations, which joined each other, were level with the ground. A stone cross was erected on the spot in commemoration of the event, and for upwards of a century a vacant space remained in the street, upon which no one considered himself entitled to build. In the reign, however, of Francis I., when incredulity began to raise its head in France, a councillor of the parliament, Pierre Belut, demanded permission to build on this unholy ground, and obtained a royal decree, protecting him from

all molestation in right of prior claims. The Rue des Marmouzets still remains, but is much altered, and, as the term goes, "improved;" and out of it lead some of the smallest and most ill-famed streets, even of the modern capital. This part of Paris is the notorious rendezvous of all the thieves and tramps that can find room to stow themselves away in it: here there are lodging-houses, where only *two sous* a-night are asked for a bed, and here the officers of the police, whose headquarters in the prefect's residence are not three hundred yards off, find their prey ready to their hands. Here the force of the law is held at a discount; and, provided the inmates of these houses and streets confine their orgies and their quarrels to their own precincts, little notice is taken of their proceedings; the district forms, in fact, one of the many "*Cours des Miracles*" with which Paris abounds; but it was not for want of spiritual assistance that it was almost as ill-famed in former days as it is now, since, round its immediate limits, and within a space half as large as Lincoln's-Inn Fields, eight churches, or chapels, were situated, besides the cathedral.

At the south-eastern corner of the island, the clergy of the capital fixed their headquarters at an early period. Here the Cathedral of Notre Dame rose; here on the south of that edifice was the Episcopal palace; on the north were the cloisters, the chapter-house, and the canons' residences; the small church of St Denys du Pas almost touched the eastern end of the cathedral; that of St Jean le Rond was at the north-western corner; the church of St Christophe was opposite the western front, and the chapels of the Hotel Dieu, and of the Episcopal palace, were on the south. The churches of Ste Geneviève-des-Ardens, of St Pierre-aux-Bœufs, and of Ste Marine, were each within fifty yards of the "*Parvis*," or enclosed area in front of the cathedral; so that, within a space of 200 yards square, there were *nine* edifices dedicated to public worship. The history of Notre Dame, the history of the Episcopal palace, and still more, the history of the Hotel Dieu, would each fill a volume; so fertile are the records connected with these places in events of deep historical interest; but we abstain from trenching on what is in part forbidden

ground; for who would venture to reveal the secrets of that dread charnel-house, the great hospital of the Hotel Dieu—that last refuge and epitome of all the misery of the capital? And who would desire to know more of Notre Dame than has already been traced in that book of historical romance, where every page burns? Of the Episcopal, afterwards the Archi-Episcopal palace, much less is known; its own place, indeed, knows the edifice no more—the ruined sacristy being the only portion of it still standing; while, of the many churches which nestled round the great pile of Notre Dame, one only—the least considerable—the nave of Ste Marine, now remains; and even this is a wine-cooper's workshop! We will confine ourselves to the brief narration of two events, one connected with the palace and the cathedral jointly; the other relating to a portion of the palace alone.

The occupants of the see of Paris were always important personages in the political world of France; and their dignity being one of no small rank, the prelates were furnished with a sumptuous and extensive residence. This palace was a large building extending by the river side, nearly as long as the cathedral itself, with two wings running to the north, and other buildings, forming two courts. The rooms of state were large and numerous; they were calculated for the reception not only of the clergy of the diocese and provinces, and the personal suites of the prelates, but were also destined, on solemn occasions, to receive the king and the court. The archbishop had jurisdiction within the limits of his palace, and a lofty Gothic tower, between the main body of the edifice and the cathedral, called the Tower of the Officiality, served as a prison for ecclesiastics, and other persons who might be visited by the sentence of the archbishop's delegated justiciary. Gardens were on the south and east of this pile of building, and the whole formed a residence worthy

of the head of the metropolitan church. It was in 1625 that the archbishop's palace became the scene of a solemn festivity, in which England, as it ultimately proved, was deeply interested. In the autumn of the previous year, after the Prince of Wales, subsequently Charles I., and the gay Duke of Buckingham, had visited the court of France, to solicit the hand of the fair Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis XIII., the Earls of Carlisle and Holland were sent over as ambassadors extraordinary to negotiate the treaty of marriage in due form. They were received with extraordinary magnificence at Compiègne; the King of France adhered to the terms of the treaty, and, on occasion of the royal consent being given, the inhabitants of the capital were commanded to light bonfires on the 14th of November, in all the streets of Paris; while, as a contemporary chronicle takes care to record, "the cannons of the Bastile and the arsenal were all fired three times, and next day there was nothing else at the Louvre but banquets and ballets." Thursday, the eighth day of May 1625, was fixed on for the solemn betrothal of the young princess, and the ceremony was performed in the Chateau of the Louvre, in which she had been born. Henrietta Maria was then in the sixteenth year of her age, and had already shown the amiable vivacity of her mind no less than the expressive beauty of her person. Who is there that is not familiar with her portrait, as delineated by the pencil of Vandyke?—but this was executed some time after her marriage: there are others at Versailles which represent her at an earlier period, and show her to have been one of the most fascinating women of the day; she was at that epoch in the full freshness of her charms, and not a single moment of sorrow had occurred to sadden her countenance.* The nobleman destined to receive the hand of the young princess by proxy, was one of the most accomplished and the most illustrious of the French court—Claude

* In the highly valuable collection of portraits in the northern wing of the palace of Versailles, there is an assemblage of peculiar interest to the British visitor: it includes *contemporary* portraits of Charles I., Queen Henrietta Maria, the Duke of Buckingham, Oliver Cromwell, (one of the finest, if not the very finest, extant of him—the painter unknown,) Vandyke himself, Charles II. and his Queen, James II. and his Queen—their children, the Duke of Berwick, &c. &c.

de Lorraine, Duke de Chevreuse, one of the peers of the kingdom, Grand Chamberlain and Grand Falconer of France. He was the fourth son of the famous *Bulafre*, Duke of Guyse, and therefore the representative of a family which was but little removed from the royal blood, and three years before had married a lady who was connected with two of the most powerful, and almost royal houses, of the monarchy. The Duchess de Chevreuse was Marie de Rohan, the eldest daughter of Hercules de Rohan, Duke de Montbazou, and widow of Charles d'Albret, Duke de Luynes: the especial favourite of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, and had been at one time exiled by the Cardinal de Richelieu; but returned on the accession of Louis XIV., and remained a steady friend to the unfortunate Queen of England in her days of trouble. The selection of such a person as the Duke de Chevreuse, who had greatly distinguished himself by his military achievements, was a compliment due from the King of France to his cousin of England; and the ceremonial of the betrothal and marriage was conducted on a corresponding scale of honour and magnificence. On the day of the betrothal, the king was in his throne-room, accompanied by the Queen, by Gaston, Duke of Orleans, his brother, the Dukes of Nemours and Elbeuf, the Mareschal de Vitry, the Mareschal de Bassonspierre, and other seigneurs of the court. The officers of state were sent to conduct the young princess into the royal presence, and she soon appeared, accompanied by her mother the Queen Dowager, Marie de Medicis, the Princesses of Condé and Conti, the Duchesses of Guyse, Chevreuse, and Elbeuf, and a bevy of fair and noble ladies, "all prepared," as the chronicle states, "for this ceremony." Madame, for such was the title which the princess, as being the king's eldest (and only) sister bore, was dressed in a robe of cloth of gold and silver, worked all over with gold fleurs-de-lis, and encircled with a profusion of diamonds and precious stones: her train was borne by Mademoiselle de Bourbon, daughter of the Prince de Condé. "When she had entered the king's chamber," we quote the chronicle of the time, "with a majesty worthy of

her birth, the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, ambassadors extraordinary from England, came thither shortly after, richly and *advantageously* dressed. The which noblemen having entered, and having made a profound reverence to the king, presented to him the contract of marriage; and the chancellor having received it from his majesty's hand, read it with a loud voice. The articles of the contract being agreed to by his majesty, the ambassadors withdrew to the chamber of the Duke of Chevreuse, over that of the king; and the duke, on learning that the royal consent had been accorded, came into his majesty's presence, accompanied by the ambassadors and several seigneurs. The Duke was clad in a black dress, in bands all covered with diamonds down to the points of his *aiguillettes*." The contract was then signed by the king, by madame, the queens, the duke, and the ambassadors: the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault performed the ecclesiastical ceremony of the betrothal, and the marriage was fixed for the Sunday following.

On that day, the 11th of May, great preparations had been made at the Archbishop's palace and at Notre Dame; the whole of the inside of the cathedral, and the great hall of the palace, were hung with the most sumptuous of the royal tapestries, "all in gold, silver, and silk—very rich." The tapestries selected for the choir were appropriate enough, being the representation of the history of the acts of the Apostles; but those for the nave were of a rather mundane character, being the triumphs of Scipio Africanus over the Carthaginians. From the door of the palace, to the western portal of Notre Dame, ran an open gallery in wood, eight feet high, the roof of which, supported by rich coloured satins, all powdered with fleurs-de-lis in gold; and the floor was carpeted by "a linen cloth well waxed." In front of the western portal, was erected a large theatre or gallery, decorated in a similar manner, and open to the "Parvis" of the cathedral, so that all the people could see what was done in it: while from this theatre to the entrance of the choir, along the nave, extended another covered gallery; and in the choir itself was a royal throne on a platform

of three steps, with a "dais" spangled with fleurs-de-lis of gold. As early as nine in the morning, the princess proceeded from the Louvre to the archbishop's palace, where she was clad by her ladies in the robes of the Queen of England. At eleven, the Chevalier de Vendosme went in the queen's carriage to call for the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, who were lodged in the Faubourg St Germain, at the Hotel des Ambassadeurs Extraordinaires: from thence, he went and fetched the ambassador of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, and then calling for the Duke de Chevreuse at his residence, conducted these noblemen to the archbishop's palace. Here they alighted in the grand court, and the Queen of England having placed herself at one of the windows, the Duke and his noble attendants made profound reverences, in the court below, to her majesty: this done, they went into the great hall of the palace, and then taking their seats, had the patience to wait three mortal hours till the king and court arrived from the Louvre. How the young queen and her ladies bore this tedious interval, we are not informed: but, from the length of time required for state movements in those days, it is probable that they had been "prepared," as the chronicle says, from at least five or six in the morning. Meanwhile an immense crowd was assembled all along the quays from the Louvre to the Pont Neuf, and along the southern side of the island of the Cité to the front of Notre Dame: their attention was occupied from time to time by the passing by of the public bodies and corporations going to the ceremony, such as the provost of the trades, the eschevins or sheriffs of the city, the councillors of the parliament in their red robes of state, and a host of other public officers. At four o'clock, the king set out from the Louvre for the archbishop's palace; and at five, what may be called the ceremony itself began. First, there issued from the gates of the palace the grand master of the ceremonies, and the grand master of France conducting the Duke de Chevreuse and the English ambassadors, amid a crowd of nobles and gentlemen. The duke is stated to have been dressed in a suit of black cloth, all slashed and lined with cloth of gold: on his

head he wore a toque, or cap of black velvet, with an aigrette of diamonds; over his right shoulder was hung a scarf, "all studded with roses of diamonds:" and his short mantle was not only bordered with gold, but was richly decorated with precious stones. The duke, in fact, was the Prince Esterhazy of those days. The Earls of Carlisle and Holland, about whose habiliments the chronicler is by no means so minute in his description, wore vestments of cloth of beaten or dead silver, with toques to match; and they walked by the side of the duke. In this gallant trim, the noble company moved along the covered gallery, and took the places assigned them in the open theatre, fronting the people. Soon after this, the royal cortège began to move along the gallery in the following order:—The march was opened by the captain of the gate with his company of guards: next came the "cent Suisses" of the body guard, with drums beating and their standard unfurled. These were followed by the twelve royal hautboys, by the eight royal drums, and by the king's six trumpeters, all in royal livery. Then there appeared the grand master of the ceremonies, who, as the chronicler quaintly says, was "very well dressed and accompanied:" and he was followed by seven heralds at arms, carrying their "bastons," and having their coats of ceremony in "Tanné-cramoisy" velvet, charged with fleur-de-lis in gold. Next walked the Mareschaux of Vitry, Aubeterre, and Bassonspierre: then the Dukes of Bellegarde, Brissac, Halluin, Luxemburg, and Chaulnes: and then the Prince de Joinville, the Duke d'Elbeuf, and the Comte d'Harcourt. The king, dressed in a vest of gold and silver, now appeared, leading in his right hand his sister, the Queen of England, whom he held by her left; while his brother, the Duke of Orleans, was on the right of the queen, holding her right hand with his left. Henrietta Maria wore her crown, and the manner in which she was attended, is worthy of attention. The train of her robe was borne by the Princesses of Condé, Conti, and Soissons, all of the blood royal. But the train of her mantle was borne by M. de Villeserjan, her esquire. The three princesses were each led by the left hand by a nobleman of the court, and

the trains of their own robes were each borne by their own esquires : so that this part of the procession consisted of eleven royal and noble persons all linked by the hands, or holding a part of another's dress. The queen-dowager came next, conducted by two noblemen, one holding each hand, and her train borne by a marquise, her lady of honour. The Queen of France, Anne of Austria, followed, conducted in the same manner : but Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who followed her majesty, was led by only one nobleman : and four duchesses who came after her, were each conducted in the same way, while all the ladies had their esquires bearing their trains.

The king and the court ascended the theatre, in front of the cathedral : and there his majesty delivered the Queen of England into the hands of the Duke de Chevreuse : the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault performed the nuptial ceremony, and the whole procession moved into the body of the church. Here, on arriving at the door of the choir, the Duke de Chevreuse and the two English earls withdrew, after making profound reverences, and retired to the archbishop's palace ; the sovereign they represented being a Protestant, and etiquette requiring that they should not attend at the mass which was then about to be celebrated. The king and the queen took their seats on the royal platform under the dais, and mass was then celebrated by the cardinal, the Queen of England going up to the steps of the altar at the time of the offering, the Princess de Conti bearing the train of her robe, M. de Villeserain of her mantle, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier carrying the sacred taper. The duke and the earls were in waiting at the entrance of the choir, as the royal party came out into the nave, and the whole cortège returned by the open gallery to the hall of the archbishop's palace, where a sumptuous banquet ensued. The services, as they were brought in, were preceded by the king's guards, his maitres d' hotel, and the grand masters of France, whose baston, or truncheon, used on this occasion, was half an ell in length, covered with small fleurs-de-lis in diamonds : and the dishes were all borne by gentlemen of the court to the royal tables. Here

the king was seated in the midst, under a dais, with the Queen of England, the dukes and the earls, on his left hand, the two other queens, and the princes and princesses of the blood on his right ; each of the royal personages was served by three noblemen of the highest rank, and all the other personages seated at table, by one nobleman. The Queen of England was waited on by the three marshals of France, the Earl of Carlisle by the Comte de Pontgibault, one of the oldest noblemen in Auvergne, and the Earl of Holland, by the Marquis de Mortemart, one of the principal seigneurs of Lower Normandy.

During the evening "feux-de-joie" were lighted all over the capital, "and the cannon and mortar let off made so much noise," our chronicle observes, "that it seemed as if heaven and earth were coming together." That day great numbers of debtors, and persons confined for offences in Paris and various parts of the kingdom, were liberated, and other beneficent actions testified to the nation the joy of the court, at a marriage concluded under such happy auspices. On the 24th May, the Duke of Buckingham arrived at Paris to conduct the young queen home ; and all the inhabitants are said to have flocked to the hotel of the Duke de Chevreuse, to see the preparations made for her majesty's journey. This commenced on the afternoon of the 24th of June, when Henrietta Maria issued from the Louvre in a litter of red velvet, embroidered in gold, borne by two mules, whose housings were of the same material, and whose heads were decorated with plumes of white ostrich feathers. Before the litter rode the king's muletter, on a mule "well barbed and caparisoned," and by its side rode the civil lieutenant and the provost of the traders of Paris, who were ordered to accompany her majesty half way to St Denis. A whole host of royal and illustrious personages accompanied the queen, including her mother and sister-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, the Cardinal de la Valette, the Dukes of Chevreuse and Buckingham, the Earls of Carlisle, Holland, and Montgomery, with other English noblemen ; three French dukes and marshals, with a great number of seigneurs ; the Princesses of Condé, Conti, Soissons, and

Montpensier, the Duchess of Guise and Chevreuse, "together with an infinity of dames and demoiselles, several companies of guards, part of the body guards, and part of the cent Suisses." So moved on this royal pageant, and so passed the life of the unfortunate Henrietta Maria—she moved on from splendour and happiness to destitution and misery. She was not appreciated by her consort; was misrepresented and calumniated in England; was driven from her palace and her throne; and, within a few years after the king's death, was again residing in the Louvre, but in such a state of want, that neither herself nor her attendants had money sufficient to procure suitable clothing or food. This extremity lasted, it is true, only for a short time; but her life was never a happy one from the time even of her first leaving France. If she had any thing to console her, it was the affection of her children, who were tenderly attached to their mother, and by whom, the moment it became in their power, she was placed in a condition of suitable wealth and dignity. Queen Henrietta, after residing some time during her latter years at the convent of Ste Marie de la Visitation in Chaillot, retired to a country house at the small village of Colombes, near Argenteuil, and there died, on the 10th of September 1669.

If the archbishop's palace often witnessed courtly ceremonies, it also was the scene, more than once, of melancholy tragedies. The following is authenticated by contemporary records, and we are indebted for the knowledge of it to a French antiquarian writer of the present day. About the commencement of the same century in which the marriage of Henrietta Maria took place, the curate of St Mederic, (in St Mery—the church of modern revolutionary memory,) the worthy Pierre Décorieux, was universally esteemed in his parish for his piety and abilities. He was of a retired studious disposition, but was a man of unbounded benevolence, and none of his parishioners ever applied to him in vain for his advice or assistance. He was thirty-six years of age, and was of a tall, noble appearance. One evening, as he was about to retire from his confessional stall in the church, a young lady of his parish,

the daughter of the Comte d'Estral, entered, and throwing herself on her knees at the opening of the confessional, assured the reverend father that she was lost for ever, both in this life and the next, if he would not have pity on her and give her his assistance. She informed him that her father had betrothed her, against her will, to the Chevalier de Verhais, whom she was to marry in three days, but that, sooner than do this, she had determined to kill herself; and she now besought the curate, who had attended her mother in her last moments, to give her his benediction before she carried her resolution into effect. The worthy father remonstrated with her, but in vain; she declared that she would destroy herself immediately on leaving the church; he therefore bethought himself of an expedient, and telling her to follow him, they left the edifice together. It was night: they traversed the lonely cloister, went through the narrow streets of the Quartier St Martin, and after a long walk, came in sight of the Bastille. Here the Abbé Décorieux went, with Mademoiselle d'Estral, down a narrow, dirty by-lane, and tapping at the door of a small house at the end, was admitted by a respectable-looking old woman. Here he informed his fair companion that she was in the residence of the woman who had nursed him when an infant, and on whom he could rely: that she might remain concealed there as long as she pleased, and that he would come and pray with her from time to time. The disappearance of the young lady soon became known to her father, and made an immense noise in the capital; active search was set on foot; all the circumstances of the day on which she had quitted her home were compared and reflected on; and at length it was recollected that she had been seen to enter the church of St Mederic at a late hour of the evening. This fact led to the discovery of others, and two scholars of the university declared that they had seen her with the Abbé in the Rue St Antoine, about ten at night. The Abbé was arrested, and examined before the official of the archbishop: he denied nothing, he explained his conduct, but he solemnly refused to reveal the place of her retreat. All means to extort this

secret from him were found to be useless, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The place of his incarceration was the tower of the officiality attached to the archbishop's palace: and here he remained four years, quietly occupying himself with his books, which he was allowed to have, and amusing himself by writing a history of the diocese of Paris, which still exists in manuscript. During this period, the Comte d'Estrad died; and the Abbé Décorieux became forgotten; he was visited by no one except an old woman and a young clerk, who used to come to him frequently.

One evening, and for the first time, the young clerk visited him alone in his cell, and after prevailing on the Abbé to let him stay behind when the jailors came to lock up the cells—a duty in which they were by no means strict—he persuaded the Abbé to attempt to escape with him that night by means of a rope-ladder which he had brought concealed under his dress. He said they would both go to Rome, and get pardon from the Pope; he had means of support for both of them, and he could guarantee the success of his enterprise. The Abbé consented.

Just as eleven o'clock struck by the

bell of Notre Dame, a heavy sound, as of something falling, was heard in the court of the palaces, and then a piercing cry. The guardians of the prison rushed to the spot, and found the mutilated bodies of the Abbé and the young clerk: the rope-ladder had broken; they had fallen from a considerable height; the Abbé was quite dead, but the clerk was still alive. The latter turned his head slowly round, and said, "God be blessed for having allowed me, before calling me to his presence, to give testimony before men: the Abbé Décorieux has never ceased to be perfectly virtuous and pure. May God forgive me! and grant that I may not survive him!" Here his lips grew white, his eyes closed, and he expired!

One of the guardians, thinking that he had only fainted, unbuttoned his habit to give him air—when he found that it was a female!—it was Made-moiselle d'Estrad!—The archbishop, on being informed of the circumstance, ordered the Abbé's body to be buried in the cloisters of Notre Dame, and the remains of the unfortunate young lady were interred in the church of St Mederic, where, up to the time of the Revolution, a marble slab on her monument commemorated the tragical tale.

THE PRISONER OF GHENT.

BY B. SIMMONS.

[Ghent, May 5, 1841.

"On Monday last, the Nestor of captives died here in prison—Pierre Joseph Soete was condemned in 1773 to be broke on the wheel for having murdered a young girl. He was then seventeen years of age. The Empress Maria Theresa commuted his punishment to imprisonment for life. In 1814 he was set at liberty by Count Bichaliff, the hetman of the Cossacks, whose headquarters were in this city; but being destitute of the means of subsistence, of relations, and friends, he requested to be allowed to return to the same prison which had been so long his abode. The request was granted, and he remained in the Rasphuis twenty-seven years more, (in all sixty-three years,) and died on Monday, at the age of eighty.

TIMES Newspaper, 10th May, 1841.]

STAND from my path, you solemn pair,
Nor block the gateway to the dead—
Dull Priest, and sleek Mediciner,
With bowl and bible at my bed!
I taste not that—I touch not this;
The one my loathed life would stay,
The second, o'er yon black abyss
Guide to a realm, no doubt, of bliss
Like that I quit to-day.
Where I may once again be born,
May know what means the breeze of morn,
Then share—as it before befell—
Some blinding dungeon's endless hell.

See, through my cell's late-opened door,
 That mile-long line of vaulted dark,
 Which drowns the groping sight, before
 It gains the solitary spark
 Of daylight, that from broad blue skies
 And wild free woods has struggled in,
 Marking the porch where Pity dies—
 Where Hope, the long-reluctant, flies
 And leaves the keys to Sin.
 Gray monk!—my countless years have pass'd
 One straight, curs'd level, black and vast
 As that grim gallery, with a ray
 Of sunshine on their opening way.

Say thou, who preacheest man was sent
 Into this God-created world
 With high beneficent intent,
 Why my unripen'd soul was hurl'd,
 Just as it started in the race—
 Ere Reason's cup had cool'd my lips—
 Ere I could sunder guilt from grace—
 Down, down where demons have their place
 In Death's unsounded deeps?
 One hour was mine of lovely things,
 Flowers, waters, forests, glancing wings,
 Then sudden night!—and slimy stone,
 Shut me and Madness up alone!

They said 'twas Mercy saved me so—
 The slaves!—I could but briefly feel
 Their bursting mace's ponderous blow,
 Stretch'd on the limb-dividing wheel.
 I should not then have died the death
 Which takes a century to slay,
 When whelm'd, enchain'd, and choked beneath
 One marble mass, the charnel's breath
 Its victim rots away.
 I should not then have felt my mind,
 From lonely horror scared and blind,
 Whirl into savage frenzy's rage,
 Like captive tiger round his cage.

Who that had heard me strive to break
 With shouts that ceaseless solitude,
 Till my faint gasp refused to shriek,
 And mine became the Idiot's mood;
 When strength of youth and manhood's might
 To moping, soundless torpor grew,
 And the sick undiscerning sight
 One blank interminable night
 Of burial only knew;
 Who then had deem'd the driveller there—
 Plough'd by the Avenger's fiery share—
 Of love, life, light, once drank his fill,
 As the lithe roe-deer drinks the rill?

Yes!—give me back *one* year of bloom,
 And though remorseless was my fall,
 And fiercely dire my monstrous doom,
 Yet I will face it all!
 So once again I may but rove
 With *HER* the fair and evening-eyed—

That thing of radiance and of love—
Sweet Maude, who in the chestnut grove
So prized and perjured died.
Oh! but to watch her on this breast,
Sink like a folded flower to rest
Once—*only once*—as in *that* time—
She free from falsehood—I from crime!

The bow of heaven had less of grace
In valley-waters glass'd and bent,—
The very glory of her face
Fresh lustre to creation lent.
This heart with fire was all too full;
By winding brook and mossy stone,
And thunderous wave, and woodland lull,
I loved with her the Beautiful,
And lived for her alone.
I sought one eve our trysting-tree,
The linden bough was budding free,
But wild December stript it bare,
Before again she met me there.

She came at last. I drank the start,
The blush her treacherous cheek betray'd.
Enough—the life-tide of her heart
Was crimson on my blade.
I had a right—who taught her first
Earth's only boon, true love, to know—
When wrong'd in every dream I nurst,
To snatch her from the last, the worst
Of sorrows here below.
Not sweeter went our early hours,
Beneath the happy chesnut flowers,
Than wore that first red night away,
When I and Murder watch'd her clay!

You know the rest—ye felon's friends!—
The sands of hideous grief are run;
Nor tell me, when Earth's thralldom ends,
That Heaven's is but begun.
I dare not deem the creed divine,
That from this parting hour would tear
The trust, that horrors like to mine
May from the Judgment-threshold's shine
The blot of bloodshed wear!
From my life's page, the hand of shame
Swept hope, love, memory, fortune, name.
The rest—Remorse, fear, frenzied woe—
Remember THOU to whom I go!

THE LEGEND OF ST ROSALIE.

BY DELTA.

FAIR art thou, Sicily ! in all his round,
 Shines not the sun on lovelier land than thine ;
 With gorgeous olive groves thy hills are crown'd,
 And o'er thy vales the pomegranate and vine
 Spread rich in beauty ; halcyon seas around
 Thy shores breathe freshness, making half-divine
 An earthly climate ; eye hath nowhere seen
 Heaven brighter in its blue, earth in its green !

But of these boasts I sing not now—my tale
 Is of an ancient pestilence, when the power
 Of death hung o'er thee, like a sable veil,
 And desolation ruled each awful hour ;
 When man's heart sank, and woman's cheek grew pale,
 And graves were dug in every garden-bower,
 And proud Palermo bow'd her spiry head
 In silent gloom—a city of the dead !

Hush'd was the voice of traffic on each street ;
 Within the market-place the grass sprang green ;
 Friends from each other shrank with hasty feet,
 When on the porch the plague's red-cross was seen ;
 The clocks had long forgotten to repeat
 Time's warning hours ; and where had revel been
 On days of carnival, with wheels of dread
 The dead-cart roll'd, and homes gave out their dead.

A lurid vapour veil'd the sun from view,
 And the winds were not ; strangers fled the shore ;
 Lay in the ports the ship without a crew,
 The heat-warp'd fisher-boat and rotting oar ;
 Wander'd the house-dog masterless, and grew
 So fierce with famine, the gaunt looks he wore
 Betoken'd madness ; broken was each tie
 That sweetens life, or links humanity.

Thus week on week crawl'd on, and day by day,
 Down to the dreary caverns of the grave,
 Pass'd in this harvest-home of death away,
 Unmark'd, unmourn'd, the beauteous and the brave,
 The white-hair'd sire, and infant of a day ;
 No funeral had a single follower, save
 The hirelings who for wine or booty schemed,
 And, while they trode the verge of hell, blasphemed ;

Till one gray morn, when all was drear and dumb,
 Arose, far off, the sound as of a sea,
 Or wailing of the wild winds, when they come
 To strip the frail leaves from October's tree :
 Now nearer—'twas the multitudinous hum
 Of human tongues. What could the meaning be ?
 The timid and the plague-struck left their beds,
 And all the roofs were clad with gazing heads !

And lo ! a gray-hair'd abbot, in the van
 Of a tumultuous, motley, rushing crowd,

Which throng'd around the venerable man,
 And scarce a passage for his path allow'd.
 Above his head, as if a talisman
 Of peace, a long white silken banner flow'd ;
 Unsandal'd were his feet, his sackcloth vest
 And sable cowl, humility confess'd.

And in his calm blue eye a mystery shone,
 And on his brow a bright intelligence,
 As if his soul to happy worlds had flown,
 To carry back some gracious message thence ;
 Straightway he mounted on a ledge of stone,
 'Mid the hush'd crowd glad tidings to dispense,
 And stretching forth his thin pale fingers, thus
 He spake, in accents clear though tremulous :—

“ As in my solitary cell I lay,
 On the dried rushes sprinkled for my bed,
 A golden light, as if of sudden day,
 Around my darken'd walls effulgence shed ;
 Upon my knees I sprang, in act to pray,
 And, earthward as I shrank in solemn dread,
 I heard a silver tongue, which thus began—
 ‘ Put away fear, and look to me, O man !

“ ‘ Look up to me—my home is Paradise,
 Where all is fadeless, shadowless, and grand,
 And groves of amaranth in glory rise,
 And streams of silver lave a golden strand,
 And angels with their white plumes veil their eyes,
 As in the presence of the throne they stand ;
 Put away fear—to lighten human woe,
 Only on messages of love we go.

“ ‘ Yes ! I have come the harbinger of good
 From God to man ; the tear, the suppliant sigh,
 While happy hearths were doom'd to solitude
 And silence, have ascended to the sky.
 Now by His precious name who died on rood,
 Health shall once more revisit Sicily—
 Again Palermo take her titles old—
 The wide world's granary*—the shell of gold.†

“ As music melts within the moonlight sea,
 So ceased her voice upon the silent air ;
 And, looking up, from sudden fear set free,
 Behold ! a form, angelically fair,

* *The wide world's granary.*—From time immemorial Sicily has been noted for its amazing fertility. It was hence styled “*Romani imperii horreum*,” at a time when the empire of the Cæsars scarcely knew limits. According to Pliny, its fields yielded a hundred fold ; and Diodorus, surnamed *Siculus*, from the island being his birthplace, assumed patriotically that it produced wheat and other grain spontaneously. Brydone, in his spirited and classical *Tour*, gives it as his opinion, that any of its average harvests is sufficient to supply the whole inhabitants for seven years.

† *The shell of gold.*—“From the singularity of situation, as well as from the richness of the soil, Palermo has had many flattering epithets bestowed upon it, particularly by the poets, who have denominated it *Conca d'Oro*, the Golden Shell, which is at once expressive both of its situation and richness. It has likewise been called *Aurea Vallis*, *Hortus Sicilia*, &c., and to include all these together, the lasting term of *Felia* has been added to its name, by which you will find it distinguished in the maps.”—*Brydone's Tour through Sicily and Malta.*

In robes cerulean mantled to the knee,
Floating in light—a halo round her hair;
Within her hand she held a branch of palm,
And in her eye dwelt heaven's eternal calm.

“ Like honey dripping from the comb, so came
Once more her words—‘ list to me, do not fear—
No vows of wrath I bring, no words of blame,
This world, where now we are, was once my sphere;
And all the feelings of the human frame,
And all man's hopes and joys to me were dear;
Yes! I was once a denizen of earth,
And in the home of princes had my birth.

“ ‘ Each pleasure for my young heart was devised,
My wishes all were with fruition crown'd,
Yet, girt with earthly grandeur, I despised
The gayety and the giddiness around,
The calm of holy meditation prized,
And, seeking solace in religion, found;
Till wean'd from frailty, in abstraction deep,
I held communion with the blest in sleep.

“ ‘ And day by day more spiritual I grew,
And night by night more ravishingly blest;
Scarcely it seem'd 'twas human breath I drew,
For angels stood before my sight confest,
And round my walks in circling glory flew,
And shadow'd with their plumes my couch of rest,
Till, by their high communion purified,
The face of man no more I could abide.

“ ‘ 'Twas now my fifteenth summer, and the sun
One morn was shining on the pearly dew,
When, blessing all, yet taking leave of none,
In silence from my palace home I flew—
Flew till my strength was spent, and day was done,
Whither, and for what purpose, scarce I knew,
Nor was it ever guess'd; though, since the last
Hour of my life, five centuries have pass'd.

“ ‘ Cherubs hung round, an Angel was my guide,
And, mantled in Elysian reverie,
She bore me up the mount, and, at her side,
I woke, o'ershaded by an olive tree;”

* *I woke o'ershaded by an olive tree.*—The authority for the olive is, I fear, only poetical, but it is high. Sir Walter Scott, in recounting the wanderings of his Palmer to the holy places of the earth, after mentioning Salem and Rome, and Ararat, and Sinai, and Montserrat, makes mention of

— that grot where olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

MARMION, c. i., st. xxiii.

John Dryden—the son of glorious John—in his voyage to Sicily, (p. 107,) as well as Brydone—for they each visited the spot—give a very different account of it. The former calls it “a frightful place, accessible by a very bad, steepy, and break-neck way.” Nor is the description by the latter more favourable. “The mountain is extremely high,” he says, “and so uncommonly steep, that the road up to it is very properly termed *la scala*, or the stair. Before the discovery of St Rosalia, it was looked upon as almost inaccessible; but they have now, at a vast expense, cut out a road over precipices that were almost perpendicular.”

There was I stationed thenceforth to abide,
 Till time from earth should set my spirit free ;
 And so, amid the rocks, by foot untrod,
 I learn'd to live with nature, and to God.

“ ‘ My home was Pelegrino's rocky cell ;
 The berries of the mountain were my food ;
 My drink was water from its bubbling well ;
 My only friends the wild birds of the wood ;
 Yet found I there a peace, which may not dwell
 With man below, except in solitude,
 When life's one purpose is to fast and pray ;
 And with my knees I wore the rock away.

“ ‘ Celestial minds, believe me, for the woes
 Of mortal life have sympathy, and I
 To hush Palermo's wailings to repose,
 Now bring thee down a message from on high ;
 Harken to what I bid thee—and the rose
 Of health again shall bloom, the plague shall fly :—
 For it is granted me, by heavenly grace,
 To be the guardian of my native place.

“ ‘ Girt with that holy faith which falters not,
 Go thou with morning, and, from out the stones,
 Which strew the floors of Pelegrino's Grot,
 Gather together my unburied bones ; *
 For, since my own, a human voice hath not
 Broken its calm with penitential moans ;
 Bear them, with anthems to the Prince of Peace,
 Thrice round the city, and the plague shall cease.

“ ‘ And then shall pass away the brooding gloom,
 Which hid the very face of heaven from view ;
 Nature once more her course shall re-assume,
 The fields their verdure, and the sky its blue ;
 And Faith shall sit upon the sealed-up tomb ;
 And Time o'er Sorrow shed her healing dew ;
 And Hope present, in better worlds restored,
 The loved—the quickly lost—and long deplored. †

* *Gather together my unburied bones*—Brydone scandalizes the memory of the good old Abbot, by alluding to the proverb, that “ those who hide are the readiest to find,” and that probably the bones of Rosalie were not her bones at all. We cannot countenance such shocking scepticism, more especially as the “ tourist and traveller” gives us no other proof of imposition than his mere *ipse dixit*. He thinks that “ the holy man *probably* could have given a very good account” of the relics found in the grot, and that *likely* they were as little entitled to honour as those of *St Viar*, which were found somewhere in Spain under a broken tombstone, when these were the only legible letters. They were discovered by some priests to have an excellent knack at working miracles, from which considerable revenues were drawn ; till, unfortunately, these made application to Pope Leo the Tenth to grant some immunities. His holiness not being entirely satisfied with the saintship, a list of the miracles was sent to him, together with the broken tombstone. The first were sustained as genuine, but the latter having been proved to be part of a monument erected over a Roman *præfectus viarum*, the name of poor *St Viar* was ordered to be struck out of the Calendar. As the best proof that this is no proof at all, *St Rosalia* still remains there. Q. E. D.

† *The loved—the quickly lost—and long deplored.*—In the Sicilian language is an epic poem, of which *St Rosalia* is the heroine. The author at once sets her above all saints save the Virgin, whom he hardly excepts. From his work it appears, that our heroine was niece to King William the Good—that she early displayed symptoms of sanctity, and, at fifteen, disclaimed all human society. Retiring to the mountains

“ With downcast earnestness my listening ear
 Drank in the sounds celestial ; as they ceased
 I raised mine eyes, in reverential fear,
 To gaze upon the heavenly guest, well-pleased ;
 But she had vanish'd, and the darkness drear
 From her abstracted lustre had increased ;
 And on my couch, within my cell of stone,
 Awe-struck I knelt, in darkness and alone ! ”

Silently, breathlessly, around him stood,
 Like men escaped from some tremendous doom
 By miracle, the innumerable multitude ;
 Midday had broken upon midnight's gloom ;
 While as Despair departed with her brood
 Accursed, came Hope each pale face to illumine ;
 And, as the abbot ceased, a long loud shout,
 Like thunder, rang Palermo's bounds throughout.

Again, and yet again, that sea of sound
 Surged up to heaven, and then the joyous crowd—
 With leap, and lock'd embrace, and sudden bound,
 Each other hail'd, in gratulation proud ;
 While some in speechless ecstasy were drown'd ;
 Others, overcome by feeling, wept aloud ;
 But onward to the mountain, as behoved,
 All in one wild delirious tumult moved.

Up Pelegrino's rocky sides they clomb,
 The old man in the midst, and there, on high,
 They found the fair Saint's dwelling-place and tomb,
 A yawning cleft that faced the eastern sky ;
 Entering, 'twas mantled all in twilight gloom ;
 Which, clearing up, 'twas rapture to descry
 Upon its floor, amid the rugged stones,
 The treasure which they sought for—mouldering bones—

The mouldering bones of sainted Rosalie,
 Which there, unnoticed and unknown, had lain,
 While spring, through centuries five, had green'd the tree,
 And autumn burden'd earth with golden grain ;
 As they were borne to light, each bent the knee,
 Then downwards follow'd to the dim-seen plain
 In reverential silence, for the time
 Was solemn, and gave birth to thoughts sublime.

Thus, from her trance of darkness, into day
 Palermo broke ; the bells from every tower
 Peal'd joyously ; and bands, with streamers gay,
 Assembling, waited anxiously the hour
 Which was to chase the pestilence away,
 And, from its dreaded and destructive power,
 Release a suffering city, and restore
 To vacant homes the household gods once more.

westward of Palermo, she was never more heard of for five hundred years. Her disappearance being in the year 1159, she was supposed to have been taken up to heaven, till her bones were discovered in 1624, during a dreadful plague that devastated the island. These were found lying in a cave near the summit of the Monte Pelegrino, by a holy man who was led to them by a heavenly vision, and told that, by carrying them thrice round the walls of Palermo, the pestilence would be stayed. So was done—and St Rosalia became the greatest saint in the calendar.

Then, as the vision bade, with chanted hymn,
 Thrice round the city march'd they on that morn,
 With censers in the daylight burning dim,
 And the loud sound of timbrel, harp, and horn;
 All eyes were on the abbot, for by him
 The relics in a silver urn were borne;*
 Behind him paced the vestals, vow'd to God,
 And freres with robes of white, and feet unshod.

Meanwhile the vapours, dense and stern, away
 From the blue concave of the sky withdrew;
 Burst forth in radiant loveliness the day,
 And stirring all the leaves the light winds blew;
 Gamboll'd the flocks; the wild birds caroll'd gay;
 Almost it seem'd that nature breathed anew,
 And had thrown off the spell, which made her seem
 As if bewitch'd by some night-mareish dream.

Again the tide of life went rolling on,
 And mingling tongues were heard, and hurrying feet;
 The clocks again gave out a cheerful tone;
 Back to the empty harbours came the fleet;
 With corn the long-deserted fields were sown;
 And traffic swept the grass from off the street;
 Joy re-illum'd ocean, and its shore;
 And man met man in brotherhood once more.

In season due, by grateful hands uprear'd,
 On Pelegrino's rugged cliffs a fane,†
 Rich in its architectural grace, appear'd,
 Over the grotto, where so long had lain
 The bones of Rosalie—her name revered,
 May find in Sicily no like again,
 For ever to shine forth the brightest star
 In her peculiar calendar by far.

And yearly on that day, when from the powers
 Of pestilence Palermo's walls were freed,
 The people give to revelry the hours,
 And kneel before her imaged form, and feed
 The path of her triumphal car with flowers.
 Such of a grateful nation is the meed,
 Paid for the blasting of Plague's upas-tree,
 And such its reverence for St Rosalie!

* *The relics in a silver-urn were borne.* This urn was deposited in the Chapel of St Rosalia, the most magnificent of the many which compose the *Madre Chiesa*, or Cathedral of Palermo. It is curiously wrought, and enriched with precious stones. These relics perform many miracles, and are looked upon as the greatest treasure appertaining to the city.

† *On Pelegrino's rugged cliffs a fane.*—"This chapel is very richly adorned; and on the spot where the Saint's body was discovered, which is just beneath the hole in the rock, which is opened on purpose, as I said, there is a very fine statue of marble, representing her in a lying posture, railed in all about with fine iron and brass work and the altar, on which they say mass, is built just over it."—*Dryden's Voyage*.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

WHOEVER has contemplated of late years the state of British literature, and compared it with the works of other countries who have preceded England in the career of arts or of arms, must have become sensible that some very powerful cause has, for a long period, been at work in producing the present ephemeral character by which it is distinguished. It is a matter of common complaint, that every thing is now sacrificed to the desires or the gratification of the moment; that philosophy, descending from its high station as the instructor of men, has degenerated into the mere handmaid of art; that literature is devoted rather to afford amusement for a passing hour, than furnish improvement to a long life; and that poetry itself has become rather the reflection of the fleeting fervour of the public mind, than the well from which noble and elevated sentiments are to be derived. We have only to take up the columns of a newspaper, to see how varied and endless are the efforts made to amuse the public, and how few the attempts to instruct or improve them; and if we examine the books which lie upon every drawing-room table, or the catalogues which show the purchases that have been made by any of the numerous book clubs or circulating libraries which have sprung up in the country, we shall feel no surprise at the fleeting nature of the literature which abounds, from the evidence there afforded of the transitory character of the public wishes which require to be gratified.

It is not to be supposed, however, from this circumstance, which is so well known as to have attracted universal observation, that the taste for standard or more solid literature has either materially declined, or is in any danger of becoming extinct. Decisive evidence to the contrary is to be found in the fact, that a greater number of reprints of standard works, both on theology, history, and philosophy, have issued from the press within the last ten years, than in any former corresponding period of British history. And what is still more remarkable, and not a little gratifying, it is evident, from the very differ-

ent character and price of the editions of the older works which have been published of late years, that the desire to possess these standard works, and this thirst for solid information, is not confined to any one class of society; but that it embraces all ranks, and promises, before a long period has elapsed, to extend through the middle and even the working classes in the State a mass of useful and valuable information to which they have hitherto, in great part at least, been strangers. Not to mention the great extent to which extracts from these more valuable works have appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, the *Penny Magazine*, and other similar publications of the day, it is sufficient to mention two facts, which show at once what a thirst for valuable information exists among the middle classes of society. Regularly every two years, there issues from the press a new edition of *Gibbon's Rome*; and *Burke's Works* are now published, one year, in sixteen handsome volumes octavo, for the peer and the legislator, and next year in two volumes royal octavo, in double columns, for the tradesman and the shopkeeper.

As little is the false and vitiated taste of our general literature the result of any want of ability which is now directed to its prosecution. We have only to examine the periodical literature, or criticism of the day, to be convinced that the talent which is now devoted to literature, is incomparably greater than it ever was in any former period of our history; and that ample genius exists in Great Britain, to render this age as distinguished in philosophy and the higher branches of knowledge, as the last was in military prowess and martial renown. If any one doubts this, let him compare the milk-and-water pages of the *Monthly Review* forty years ago, with the brilliant criticisms of Lockhart and Macaulay in the *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh Review* at this time; or the periodical literature at the close of the war, with that which is now to be seen in the standard magazines of the present day. To a person habituated to the brilliant conceptions of the periodical writers in

these times, the corresponding literature in the eighteenth century appears insupportably pedantic and tedious. Nobody now reads the *Rambler* or the *Idler*; and the colossal reputation of Johnson rests almost entirely upon his profound and caustic sayings recorded in Boswell. Even the *Spectator* itself, though universally praised, is by no means now generally read; and nothing but the exquisite beauty of some of Addison's papers, prevents the Delias and Lucindas, who figure in its pages, from sinking them in irrecoverable obscurity.

Here then is the marvel of the present time. We have a population, in which, from the rapid extent of knowledge among all classes, a more extended class of readers desiring information is daily arising; in which the great and standard works of literature in theology, philosophy, and history, are constantly issuing in every varied form from the press; in which unparalleled talent of every description is constantly devoted to the prosecution of literature; but in which the *new works* given forth from the press are, with very few exceptions, frivolous or ephemeral, and the whole serious talents of the nation are turned into the perishable channels of the daily, weekly, monthly, or the quarterly press. That such a state of things is anomalous and extraordinary, few probably will doubt; but that it is alarming and prejudicial in a national point of view, and may, if it continues unabated, produce both a degradation of the national character, and, in the end, danger or ruin to the national fortunes, though not so generally admitted, is not the less true, nor the less capable of demonstration.

In the first place, this state of things, when the whole talent of the nation is directed to periodical literature, or works of evanescent interest, has a tendency to degrade the national character, because it taints the fountains from which the national thought is derived. We possess, indeed, in the standard literature of Great Britain, a mass of thoughts and ideas which may well make the nation immortal, and which, to the end of time, will constitute the fountains from which grand and generous thoughts will be drawn by all future races of men. But the

existence of these standard works is not enough; still less is it enough in an age of rapid progress and evident transition, such as the present, when new interests are every where arising, new social and political combinations emerging, new national dangers to be guarded against, new national virtues to be required. For a nation in such a state of society to remain satisfied with its old standard literature, and not to aspire to produce any thing which is at once durable and new, is the same solecism as it would be for a man to remain content with a wardrobe of fifty years' standing, and resolutely to resist the introduction of any of the fashions or improvements of later times. A nation which aspires to retain its eminence either in arts or in arms, must keep a-breast of its neighbours; if it does not advance, it will speedily fall behind, be thrown into the shade, and decline. It is not sufficient for England to refer to the works of Milton, Shakspeare, Johnson, or Scott; she must prolong the race of these great men, or her intellectual career will speedily come to a close. Short and fleeting indeed is the period of transcendent greatness allotted to any nation in any branch of thought. The moment it stops, it begins to recede; and to every empire which has made intellectual triumphs, is prescribed the same law which was felt by Napoleon in Europe and the British in India, that conquest is essential to existence.

But if the danger to our national literature is great, if the intellect and genius of Britain does not keep pace with the high destinies to which she is called, and the unbounded mental activity with which she is surrounded, much more serious is the peril thence inevitably accruing to the national character and the public fortunes. Whence is it that the noble and generous feelings are derived, which in time past have animated the breasts of our patriots, our heroes, and our legislators? Where, but in the immortal pages of our poets, our orators, and historians? What noble sentiments has the air of "Rule Britannia" awakened; how many future Nelsons may the "Mariners of England," or Southey's inimitable "Lives of our Naval Heroes" produce? Sentiments such as these immortal works embody, "thoughts that breathe, and words

that burn," are the true national inheritance; they constitute the most powerful elements of national strength, for they form the character, without which all others are unavailing; they belong alike to the rich and to the poor, to the prince and to the peasant; they form the unseen bond which links together the high and the low, the rich and the poor; and which, penetrating and pervading every class of society, tend both to perpetuate the virtues which have brought us to our present greatness, and arrest the decline, which the influx of wealth, and the prevalence of commercial ideas, might otherwise have a tendency to produce. What would be the effect upon the fortunes of the nation, if this pure and elevated species of literature were to cease amongst us; if every thing were to be brought down to the cheapest market, and adapted to the most ordinary capacity; if cutting articles for reviews, or dashing stories for magazines, were henceforth to form our staple literature; and the race of the Miltons, the Shakspeares, the Grays, and the Campbells, was to perish under the cravings of an utilitarian age? We may safely say that the national character would decline, the national spirit become enfeebled; that generous sentiments would be dried up under the influence of transient excitement, and permanent resolve be extinguished by the necessity of present gain; and that the days of Clive and Wellesley in India, and of Nelson and Wellington in Europe, would be numbered among the things that have been.

But if such dangers await us from the gradual extinction of the higher and nobler branches of our literature, still more serious are the evils which are likely to arise from the termination of the more elevated class of works in history, philosophy, and theology, which are calculated and are fitted to guide and direct the national thought. The dangers of such a calamity, though not so apparent at first sight, are in reality still more serious. For whence is the thought derived which governs the world; the spirit which guides its movements; the rashness which mars its fortunes; the wisdom which guards against its dangers? Whence but from the great fountains of original thought, which are never unlocked in any age but to

the few master-spirits thrown at distant intervals by God among mankind. The press, usually and justly deemed so powerful; the public voice, whose thunders shake the land; the legislature, which embodies and perpetuates by legal force its cravings, are themselves but the reverberation of the thought of the great of the preceding age. The tempests sweep round and agitate the globe; but it is to the wisdom of Juno alone that Æolus opens the cavern of the winds.

This truth is unpalatable to the masses; it is distasteful to legislators; it is irksome to statesmen who conceive they enjoy, and appear to have, the direction of affairs; but it is illustrated by every page of history, and a clear perception of its truth constitutes one of the most essential requisites of wise government. In vain does the ruling power, whether monarchical, aristocratic, or republican, seek to escape from the government of thought: it is itself under the direction of the great intellects of the preceding age. When it thinks it is original, when it is most fearlessly asserting its boasted inherent power of self-government, it is itself obeying the impulse communicated to the human mind by the departed great. All the marked movements of mankind, all the evident turns or wrenches communicated to the current of general opinion, have arisen from the efforts of individual genius. The age must have been prepared for them, or their effect would have been small; but the age without them would never have discovered the light: the reflected sunbeams must have been descending on the mountains, but his earliest rays strike first on the summit.

Who turned mankind from the abuses of the Roman Catholic church, and preserved the primeval simplicity of Christianity from the pernicious indulgences of the Church of Rome, and opened a new era of religious light upon both hemispheres? Martin Luther. Who fearlessly led his trembling mariners across the seemingly interminable deserts of the Atlantic wave, and discovered at length the new world, which had haunted even his infant dreams? Christopher Columbus. Who turned mankind aside from the returning circle of syllogistic argument to the true method of philosophic investigation? Lord Bacon.

Who introduced a new code into the contests of nations, and subjected even the savage passions of war to a humane code? Grotius. The influence of Montesquieu has been felt for above a century in every country of Europe, in social philosophy. Who discovered the mechanism of the universe, and traced the same law in the fall of an apple as the giant orbit of the comets? Sir Isaac Newton. Who carried the torch of severe and sagacious enquiry into recesses of the human mind, and weaned men from the endless maze of metaphysical scepticism? Dr Reid. Who produced the fervent spirit which, veiled in philanthropy redolent of benevolence, was so soon to be extinguished in the blood of the French Revolution? Rousseau and Voltaire. Who discovered the miracle of steam, and impelled civilization, as by the force of central heat, to the desert places of the earth? James Watt. What unheeded power shook even the solid fabric of the British constitution, and all but destroyed, by seeking unduly to extend, the liberties of England? Lord Brougham, and the Edinburgh Reviewers. Whose policy has ruled the commercial system of England for twenty years, and by the false *application* of just *abstract* principles overthrew the Whig ministry? Adam Smith. Whose spirit arrested the devastation of the French Revolution, and checked the madness of the English reformers? Edmund Burke. Who is the real parent of the blind and heartless delusions of the New Poor-Law Bill? Malthus. Who have elevated men from the baseness of utilitarian worship to the grandeur of mental elevation? Coleridge and Wordsworth. All these master-spirits, for good or for evil, communicated their own impress to the generation which succeeded them; the seed sown took often many years to come to maturity, and many different hands, often a new generation, were required to reap it; but when the harvest appeared, it at once was manifest whose hand had sown the seed. "Show me what one or two great men, detached from public life, but with minds full, which must be disburdened, are thinking in their closets in this age, and I will tell you what will be the theme of the orator, the study of the philosopher, the staple of the

press, the guide of the statesman, in the next."

Observe, too—and this is a most essential point in the present argument—that all these great efforts of thought which have thus given a mighty heave to human affairs, and, in the end, have fairly turned aside into a new channel even the broad and varied stream of general thought, have been in *direct contradiction* to the spirit of the age by which they were surrounded, and which swayed alike the communities, the press, and the government, under the influence of which they were placed. Action and reaction appears to be the great law, not less of the moral than the material world; the counteracting principles, which, like the centripetal and centrifugal force in physics, maintain, amid its perpetual oscillation, the general equilibrium of the universe. But whence is to come the reaction, if the human mind is perpetually influenced by the press: if reviews, magazines, and journals, direct and form public opinion: if individual thought is nothing but the perpetual re-echo of what it hears around it? It is in the solitary thought of individual greatness that this is found. It is there that the fountains are unlocked which let in a new stream on human affairs—which communicate a fresh and a purer element to the flood charged with the selfishness and vices of the world; it is there that the counteracting force is found, which, springing from small beginnings, at length converts a world in error. Archimedes was physically wrong, but he was morally right, when he said, "Give me a fulcrum, and I will move the whole earth." Give me the fulcrum of a great mind, and I will turn aside the world.

It is always in resisting, never by yielding to public opinion, that these great master-spirits exert their power. The conqueror, indeed, who is to act by the present arms of men; the statesman who is to sway by present measures the agitated masses of society, have need of general support. Napoleon said truly that he was so long successful, because he always marched with the opinions of five millions of men. But the great intellects which are destined to give a permanent change to thought—which are destined to act generally, not upon the pre-

sent but the next generation—were almost invariably in direct opposition to general opinion. In truth, it is the resistance of a powerful mind to the flood of error by which it is surrounded, which, like the compression that elicits the power of steam, creates the moving power which alters the moral destiny of mankind.

Was it by yielding to public opinion that Bacon emancipated mankind from the fetters of the Aristotelian philosophy? Was it by yielding to the Ptolemaic cycles that Copernicus unfolded the true mechanism of the heavens? Was it by yielding to the dogmas of the church that Galileo established the earth's motions? Was it by yielding to the Romish corruptions that Luther established the Reformation? Was it by concession that Latimer and Ridley "lighted a flame which, by the grace of God, shall never be extinguished?" Was it by conceding to the long-established system of commercial restriction, that Smith unfolded the truths of the wealth of nations?—or by chiming in with the deluge of infidelity and democracy, with which he was surrounded, that Burke arrested the devastation of the French Revolution? What were the eloquence of Pitt, the arms of Nelson and Wellington, but the ministers of those principles which, in opposition to general opinion, he struck out at once, and with a giant's arm? "Genius creates by a single conception; in a single principle, opening, as it were, on a sudden to genius, a great and new system of things is discovered. The statuary conceives a statue at once, which is afterwards slowly executed by the hands of many."*

If such be the vast and unbounded influence of original thought on human affairs, national character, public policy, and national fortunes, what must be the effect of that state of things which goes to check such original conception?—to vulgarize and debase genius, and turn aside the streams of first conception into the old and polluted channels? If the reaction of originality against commonplace—of freedom against servility—of truth against falsehood—of experience against speculation—is the great steady power in human affairs, and

the only safe regulator of the oscillations of public thought, what are we to say to that direction of literary effort, and that tendency in the public mind, which evidently tend to express, and may, ere long, altogether extinguish these great and creative conceptions? Yet, that such is the evident tendency of society and public opinion around us, is obvious, and universally observed. "The time has come," says the liberal Bulwer,† "when nobody will fit out a ship for the intellectual Columbus to discover new worlds, but when every body will subscribe for his setting up a steamboat between Dover and Calais. The immense superficiality of the public, as it has now become, operates two ways in detracting from the profundity of writers—it renders it no longer necessary for an author to make himself profound before he writes; and it encourages those writers who are profound, by every inducement, not of lucre merely, but of fame, to exchange deep writing for agreeable writing. The voice which animates the man ambitious of wide fame, does not, according to the beautiful line in Rogers, whisper to him, 'Aspire, but descend.' He must 'stoop to conquer.' Thus, if we look abroad in France, where the reading public is much less numerous than in England, a more subtle and refined tone is prevalent in literature; while in America, where it is infinitely larger, the literature is incomparably more superficial. Some high-souled literary men, indeed, desirous rather of truth than of fame, are actuated unconsciously by the spirit of the times; but actuated they necessarily are, just as the wisest orator who uttered only philosophy to a thin audience of Sages, and mechanically abandons his refinements and his reasonings, and expands into a louder tone and more familiar manner as the assembly increases, and the temper of the popular mind is insensibly communicated to the mind that addresses it."—"There is in great crowds," says Cousin, "an ascendant which is almost magical, which subdues at once the strongest minds; and the same man who had been a serious and instructive professor to a hundred

* D'Israeli's *Essay on Lit. Char.*

† *England and English*, p. 446.

thoughtful students, soon becomes light and superficial where he is called to address a more extended and superficial audience."

There can be no doubt of the justice of the principles advanced by these profound writers: in truth, they are not new; they have been known and acted upon in every age of mankind.—"You are wrong to pride yourself," said the Grecian sage to an Athenian orator, who first delivered a speech amidst the thundering acclamations of his audience; "if you had spoken truly, these men would have given no signs of approbation." It is in the extension of the power of judging of literary compositions—of conferring wealth and bestowing fame on their authors—to the vast and excitable, but superficial mass of mankind, that the true cause of the ephemeral and yet entrancing and exciting character of the literature of the present age is to be found. Some superficial observers imagine that the taste for novels and romances will wear itself out, and an appreciation of a higher class of literature spread generally among the middle classes.

It is in this fact, the immense number of mankind in every age are influenced by their passions or their feelings, compared with the small portion who are under the influence of their reason, that the true cause and extraordinary multitude of a certain class of novels in the present day is to be found. Without depreciating the talent of many of these writers—without undervaluing the touching scenes of pathos, and admirable pictures of humour which they present—it may safely be affirmed, that they exhibit a melancholy proof of the tendency of our lighter literature; and that if such works were to become as general in every succeeding age as they have been in the present, a ruinous degradation both to our literary and national character would ensue. The cause which has led to their rapid rise and unprecedented success, is obvious. It is, that the middle classes have become the most numerous body of readers; and therefore, the humour, the incidents, the pathos, which is familiar to them, or excites either amusement or sympathy in their breasts, constitute the surest passports to popularity. It was the same cause which produced the boors of

Ostade, or the village wakes of Tenebris.

It is nevertheless perfectly true, as has been well remarked by Lord Brougham, that there never was such a mistake as to imagine that mob oratory consists only in low buffoonery, quick repartee, or happy personal hits. On some occasions, and certainly on the hustings, it generally does. But there are other occasions on which the middle and even the working classes are accessible to the most noble and elevated sentiments; and exhibit an aptitude both for the quick apprehension of an argument, and the due appreciation of a generous sentiment, which could not be surpassed in any assembly in the kingdom. The working classes, moreover, especially in the manufacturing districts, are so constantly in contact with each other, and are so much habituated to the periodical press, that they have acquired an extraordinary quickness of perception in matters which fall within their observation; while the numerous vicissitudes to which they are exposed by commercial distress, have, in many places, given a serious and reflecting turn to their minds, which will rarely be met with amidst the frivolities of the higher, or the selfish pursuits of the middle classes. In assemblies of the working classes, brought together by the call for some social, and not political object, as the promotion of emigration, the extension of education, or the arresting the evils of pauperism, no one can have addressed them without observing that he cannot state his argument too closely, enforce it with facts too forcibly, or attend to the graces of composition with too sedulous care.

But all this notwithstanding, it is in vain to expect that the patronage or support of the middle or working classes is ever to afford a sufficient inducement to secure works either of profound or elevated thought, or of the highest excellence in any branch either of poetry, philosophy, history, or economics. The reason is, that it is only by appealing to principles or ideas *already in some degree familiar to the great body of the people*, that you can ever succeed in making any impression upon them. Truth, if altogether new, is entirely thrown away upon them; it is of exceeding slow descent, even through the most elevat-

ed intellects of the middle classes ; upon the working it produces at first no effect whatever. The reason is, that the great majority of them have not intellects sufficiently strong to make at once the transition from error to truth, unless the evils of error have been long and forcibly brought before their senses. If that be the case, indeed, the humblest classes are the very first to see the light. Witness the Reformation in Germany, or the Revolution in France. They are so, because they are less interested than their superiors in the maintenance of error. But if the new discoveries of thought relate not to *present* but remote evils, and do not appeal to what is universally known to the senses, but only to what may with difficulty be gathered from study or reflection, nothing is more certain than that the progress even of truth is exceedingly slow—that the human mind is to the last degree reluctant to admit any great change of opinion ; and that, in general, at least one generation must descend to their graves before truths, ultimately deemed the most obvious, are gradually forced upon the reluctant consent of mankind. Mr Burke's speeches never were popular in the House of Commons, and his rising up acted like a dinner-bell in thinning the benches. *Now* his words are dwelt on by the wise, quoted by the eloquent, diffused among the many. Oratory, to be popular, must be in advance of the audience, and *but a little* in advance ; profound thought may rule mankind in future, but unless stimulated by causes obvious to all, will do little for present reputation. Hence it was that Bacon bequeathed his reputation to the generation after the next.

As little is there any reason to hope that the obvious and gratifying return to serious and standard publications, evinced by the numerous reprints of our classical writers that issue from the press, can be taken as any sufficient indication that there exists in the public mind an adequate antidote to these evils. The fact of these reprints of standard works issuing from the press, certainly proves sufficiently that there is a class, and a numerous one too, of persons who, however much they may like superficial literature as an amusement for the hour, yet look to our standard works for the volumes which are to fill their libraries. But that by

no means affords a sufficient guarantee that the public will give any encouragement to the composition or publication of standard works at the present time, and with the present temper of the public mind. There is a most material difference between the reprint of a standard work, which has already acquired a fixed reputation, and the composition of a new work of a serious and contemplative cast, especially by an unknown author, and more particularly if it is in opposition to the general current of public opinion. It may safely be predicted of such a work, that if it really contains new and important truths, it will be distasteful to the majority of readers in all classes ; and that whatever fame may in future be bestowed on its author, or however widely it may hereafter be read by the public, or command the assent of mankind, he will be in his grave before either effect takes place. Adam Smith, if we mistake not, had died before the *Wealth of Nations* had got past even a second edition. Several years had elapsed before a hundred copies of Mr Hume's *History* were sold ; and he himself has told us, that nothing but the earnest entreaties of his friends induced him, in the face of such a cold and chilling reception, to continue his historical labours. Although, therefore, there exists a steady demand for standard classical works, it is by no means equally apparent that any thing like an adequate encouragement in the general case for the composition of *new* standard works, is to be found in the present state of society. Few men have the self-denial, like Bacon, to bequeath their reputation to the generation after the next, and to labour for nothing during the whole of their own lifetime ; and the chance of finding persons who will do so, is much diminished, when society has reached that period in which, by simply lowering his mode of composition, and descending from being the instructor to be the amuser of men, the author can obtain both profit and celebrity from a numerous and flattering class of readers.

Nor is there the slightest ground for the hope, that the strong diversion of philosophical and literary talent into the periodical literature of the day, has only turned it into a new channel, and not diminished its amount or impaired its usefulness. If we con-

template, indeed, the periodical literature of the day, every one must be struck with astonishment at the prodigious amount and versatility of talent which it displays. But how much of that has realized itself in works of a permanent or durable character, calculated to instruct or delight future ages? Turn to the early criticisms of the *Edinburgh Review*, flowing, as they did, from the able and varied pens of Brougham, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith, and see how many of them will stand the test which thirty years' subsequent experience has afforded? Few persons now read the early critiques in the *Quarterly Review*, supported as they were by the talent of Gifford, Lockhart, Croker, and Dudley, which affords decisive evidence of the way in which each succeeding wave of periodical criticism buries in oblivion the last. Various attempts have been made to select from the immense mass of these periodicals, such of the pieces as appeared likely to attract permanent interest; but none of them have any remarkable success, and the epitome in four octavos seems rapidly following the fate of the original mass in sixty.

The reason why periodical literature, how able soever, never in general succeeds in acquiring a lasting reputation, is this. It is too deeply impregnated with the passions, the interests, and the errors of *the moment*. This arises from the same cause which Bulwer and Cousin have remarked as necessarily changing the character of oratory in proportion to the size of the audience to which it is addressed. Temporary literature necessarily shares in the temporary nature of the passions of which it is the mirror. Every one who is accustomed to that species of composition knows, that if he does not strike at the prevailing feeling of the moment, in the great majority of his readers he will produce no sort of impression, and he will very soon find his contributions returned upon his hand by the editor. "The great talent of Mirabeau," says Dumont, "consisted in this, that he intuitively saw to what point in the minds of his audience to apply his strength, and he sent it home there with the strength of a giant." That is precisely the talent required in periodical literature; and accordingly, every one engaged in it is aware that

he writes an article for a magazine or review in a totally different style from what he does any writing intended for durable existence. If we turn to the political articles in any periodical ten or fifteen years old, what a multitude of facts do we find distorted, of theories disproved by the result, of anticipations which have proved fallacious, of hopes which have terminated only in disappointment? This is no reproach to the writers. It is the necessary result of literary and philosophical talent keenly and energetically applied to the interests of the hour. It is in the cool shade of retirement, and by men detached from the contests of the world, that truth in social and moral affairs is really to be discovered; but how are we to look for that quality amidst the necessary cravings of an excited age, seeking after something new in fiction, or the passions of a divided community finding vent on politics in the periodical press?

The great profits which now accrue to authors who are lucky enough to hit upon a popular view with the public, is another circumstance which tends most powerfully to stamp this fleeting and impassioned character, both upon our creations of imagination and periodical effusions of political argument. The days are gone past when Johnson wrote in a garret in Fleet Street the sonorous periods which a subsequent century have admired, under the name of Chatham. The vast increase of readers, particularly in the middle and lower ranks, has opened sources of literary profit, and avenues to literary distinction, unknown in any former age. A successful article in a magazine or review brings a man into notice in the literary world, just as effectually as a triumphant *debüt* makes the fortune of an actress or singer. But how is this success to be kept up? or how is this profit to be continued? Not certainly by turning aside from periodical literature to the cool shades of meditation or retirement, but by engaging still more deeply in the stirring bustle of the times; by catering to the craving for continued excitement, or plunging into the stream of turbulent politics. If, instead of doing so, he sits "on a hill retired," and labours for the benefit of mankind, and the instruction of posterity in a future age, he will soon find the cold shoulder of the public turned to-

wards him. He may acquire immortal fame by his labours, but he will soon find that, unless he has a profession or independent fortune, he is gradually verging towards a neglected home—the garret. Whereas, if he engages in the pursuit of fiction, or plunges into the stream of politics, he will ere long be gratified by finding, if he has talents adequate to the undertaking, that fame and fortune pour in upon him, that his society is courted, and his name celebrated, and not unfrequently political patronage rewards passing talent or service with durable honours or rewards.

Nothing, indeed, is more certain than that nothing great, either in philosophy, literature, or art, was ever purchased by gold; that genius unfolds her treasures to disinterested votaries only; and that but one reason can be assigned why such clusters of great men occasionally appear in the world, that “God Almighty,” in Hallam’s words, “has chosen at those times to create them.” But admitting that neither gold nor honours can purchase genius, or unlock truth, the question is, to what extent they may *draw aside talent*, even of the highest class, from the cold and shivering pinnacles of meditation and truth, into the rich and flowery vales of politics, amusement, or imagination. The point is not what they can do, but what they can cause to be *left undone*. Doubtless there are occasionally to be found men of the very highest character of intellect and principle, who, born to direct mankind, feel their destiny, and, in defiance of all the seductions of fame or interest, pursue it with invincible perseverance to the end. But such men are rare; they seldom appear more than once in a generation. Above all, they are least likely to arise, and most likely to be diverted from their proper destiny, in an age of commercial opulence and greatness, or of strong political or social excitement. The universal thirst for gold, the general experience of its necessity to confer not merely comfort but respectability—the facility with which genius may acquire it, if it will condescend to fall in with the temper of the times—the utter barrenness of its efforts, if it indulges merely in the abstract pursuit of truth, how clearly soever destined for immortality in a future age—the distinction to be im-

mediately acquired by lending its aid to the strife of parties, or condescending to amuse an insatiable public—the long-continued neglect which is certain to ensue, if works likely to procure durable celebrity are attempted—are so many temptations which assail the literary adventurer on his path, and which, if not resisted by the heroic sense of duty of a Thalaba, will infallibly divert him from his appointed mission of piercing the Idol of Error to the heart.

These causes of danger to our standard literature become more pressing, when it is recollected that, by the fixed practice and apparently constitutional usage of this mixed aristocratic and commercial realm, no distinctions of rank are ever conferred upon literary ability, how distinguished soever. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, and Sir Edward Bulwer have been made baronets; but, in the first instance, it was on the personal friend of George IV. that this honour was conferred, not the great novelist; in the second, to the literary parliamentary supporter, not the author of *England and the English*, that the reward was given. Both indeed were entirely worthy of the honour; but the honour would never have been bestowed on the Scotch novelist, if he had been unknown in the aristocratic circles of London, and never dined at Carlton House; or on the English, if he had been a stranger to the Whig coteries of the metropolis. The proof of this is decisive. Look at what we have done for our greatest men, who had not these adventitious aids to court favour.

The influence of this circumstance is very great; and the want of any such national honours is an additional cause of the fleeting and ephemeral character of our general literature. The soldier and the sailor are certain, if they distinguish themselves, of obtaining such rewards. Look at the long lists of knights commanders of the bath, in both services, who were promoted by the last brevet. Nothing can be more just than conferring such distinctions on these gallant men; they compensate to them the inequality of their fortunes, and stimulate them to heroic and daring exploits. The successful lawyer often comes in the end to take precedence of every peer in the realm, and becomes the

founder of a family which transmits his wealth and his honours to remote generations. But to literary abilities none of these higher and elevating objects of ambition are open. The great author can neither found a family nor acquire a title; and if he does not choose to degrade himself by falling in with the passions or frivolities of the age, it is more than probable that, like the Israelites of old, his life would be spent in wandering in the desert, and he would see only in his last hour, and that from afar, the promised land. And yet what is the influence of the soldier, the lawyer, or the statesman, compared to that which a great and profound writer exercises? and what do the monarchs, the cabinets, and the generals of one age do, but carry into effect the principles enforced by the master-spirits of the preceding?

It is evident, therefore, that there are a variety of causes, some of a positive, some of a negative kind, which are operating together to depress the character of our literature; to chill the aspirations of genius, or the soarings of intellect; to enlist fancy on the side of fashion, and genius in the pursuit of fiction; to bind down lasting intellect to passing interests, and compel it to surrender to party what was meant for mankind. This is not a class interest; it is an universal concern. It involves nothing less than the dearest interests and future fate of the nation; for what sort of people will we soon become, if temporary passions, interests, or frivolities, alone engross the talent of the empire; and the great lights of genius and intellect, which might enable us to keep abreast of our fortunes, become extinct among us? What are we to say are likely to be the principles of our statesmen, our legislators, or our rulers, if the elevating and ennobling principles of former times are gradually forgotten, and no successors to the race of giants arise to direct, purify, and elevate the public mind, amidst the rapidly increasing dangers which assail it, in the later and more opulent stages of society? What are we to expect but that we are to fall into the listless cravings of the Athenians, who were constantly employed in seeing and hearing something new; or to the deplorable destiny of the Byzantine empire, which, amidst incessant lite-

rary exertion and amusement, did not produce a single work of genius for a thousand years? And if such mingled talent and frivolity should permanently lay hold of the British mind, what can we expect but that our latter end shall be like theirs, and that centuries of progressive degradation and ultimate national extinction, will terminate the melancholy era of social regeneration on which we have just entered.

It is perhaps of still more importance to observe, what, though equally true, is not so generally admitted, that these causes of degradation, so far from being likely to be alleviated or arrested by the progressive extension of the taste for reading among the middle and lower classes of society, is likely to be daily increased by that very circumstance. As it is the extension of the power of reading to the middle and working classes, that has, in great part, produced the present ephemeral character of our literature, and the incessant demand for works of excitement; so nothing appears more certain, than that it is likely to encrease with the extension of that class of readers. The middle and lower orders, indeed, who are so closely brought into contact with the real difficulties and stern realities of life, will always, in every popular community, cause a large part of the talent and intellect of the nation to be directed, not merely to works of amusement, but works of utility, and having an immediate bearing on the improvement of art, the extension of commerce, or the amelioration of the material interests of society. But these labours, however useful and important, belong to a secondary class of thought, and encourage only a second class of literary labourers. They are the instruments of genius, not genius itself; they are the generals and colonels in the great army of thought, but not the commander-in-chief. "In the infancy of a nation," says Bacon, "arms do prevail; in its manhood, arms and learning for a short season; in its decline, commerce and the mechanical arts." The application of energy, talent, and industry, to material purposes, however useful or necessary those purposes may be, savours of the *physical* necessities, not the *spiritual* dignity of man; and the general turning of

public effort in that direction, is a symptom of the decline of nations. Let us not therefore lay the flattering unction to our souls, that the craving for the excitement of fiction, or the realities of mechanical improvement, which have extended so immensely among us, with the spread of knowledge among the middle and working classes, are to prove any antidote to the decline of the highest class of literature amongst us. On the contrary, they are among the most powerful causes which produce it.

Real genius and intellect of the highest character, it can never be too often repeated, works only for the future; it rarely produces any impression, or brings in any reward whatever, at the present. Works of fiction or imagination, indeed, such as Sir Walter Scott's novels, or Lord Byron's poetical romances, may produce an immediate impression, and yet be destined for durable existence; but such a combination is extremely rare, and is in general confined entirely to works that please. Those that instruct or improve, destined to a yet longer existence, have a much slower growth, and often do not come to maturity till after the death of the author.

"The solitary man of genius," says D'Israeli, "is arranging the materials of instruction and curiosity from every country and every age; he is striking out, in the concussion of new light, a new order of ideas for his own times; he possesses secrets which men hide from their contemporaries, truths they dared not utter, facts they dared not discover. View him in the stillness of meditation, his eager spirit busied over a copious page, and his eye sparkling with gladness. He has concluded what his countrymen will hereafter cherish as the legacy of genius. You see him now changed; and the restlessness of his soul is thrown into his very gestures! Could you listen to the vaticinator! But the next age only will quote his predictions. If he be the truly great author, he will be best comprehended by posterity; for the result of ten years of solitary meditation has often required a whole century to be understood and to be adopted."

We are no enemies to the conferring the honours of the crown upon the most distinguished of our literary men. To

many, such elevation would form a most appropriate reward; to all, a legitimate object of ambition. But we are exceedingly jealous of the influence of all such court favours upon the assertors of political, social, or historical truth. We look to other countries, and we behold the withering effect of such distinctions upon the masculine independence of thought. We recollect the titled and well-paid literature of France, under the Emperor Napoleon, and we ask, what has come of all that high-sounding panegyric? We read the annals of the titled historians of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and we sicken for the breath of a freeman. We remember it was only under a Trajan that a Tacitus could pour forth the indignation of expiring virtue at surrounding baseness, and we shudder to think how few Trajans are to be found in the decline of nations.

The only legitimate and safe reward of the highest class of literary merit, next to the consciousness of discharging its mission, is to be found in *the prolongation of the period* during which its profits are to accrue to the family of the author. We at once concede that even this motive, higher and more honourable than that of present or selfish gain, will never be sufficient to induce the loftiest class of genius or intellect to produce any great work. It is an overpowering sense of public duty—an ardent inspiration after deserved immortality—the yearnings of a full mind, which must be delivered—that are the real causes of such elevated efforts. They are given only to a few, because to a few only has God assigned the power of directing mankind. But, admitting that the divine inspiration is the fountain of truth—the "pure well of genius undefiled"—the point to be considered is, how is the stream which it pours forth to be kept in its proper channel?—how is it to be prevented from becoming rapidly merged in the agitated waves of human passion, or sunk in the bottomless morasses of interest or selfishness? By giving something like perpetuity to the rights of authorship, this can be best effected; because it is by so doing that we will most effectually ally it to the purest and most elevated motives which, in sublunary matters, can influence mankind.

Look at the merchant, the lawyer,

the manufacturer, at all who amass fortunes, and leave the colossal estates which gradually elevate their possessors to the ranks of the aristocracy, and fill up in that class the chasms which fortune, extravagance, or the extinction of families, so often produce. What are the motives which animate the founders of such families to a life of exertion, and produces the astonishing effects in the accumulation of wealth which we daily see around us? It is not the desire of individual enjoyment; for, whatever his son may have, the father seldom knows any thing of wealth but of the labour by which it is created. It is not even for the distinction which he is to acquire during his own lifetime; for, if that were his object, it would be far more effectually and more pleasantly gained, by simply spending his wealth as fast as he made it. What, then, is the motive which animates him to a life of labour, and stimulates him through half a century to such incessant exertions? It is the hope of transmitting his fortune to his children—of securing the independence of those most dear to him; it is the desire of founding a family—of leaving his descendants in a very different rank of life from that in which he himself moved, or his fathers before him. They know little of the human mind who are not aware that this desire, when it once takes hold of the mind, supplies the want of all other enjoyments, and that it is the secret unobserved cause of the greatest individual and national efforts that have ever been achieved among mankind.

To the due action of this important principle, however, a certain degree of permanence in the enjoyment of the fortune acquired is indispensable. Men will never make such long-continued or sustained efforts for a temporary or passing interest. Does any man suppose that a merchant or lawyer would toil for fifty years, if he knew that he could only expect an eight-and-twenty years' lease of his fortune? "Give a man," says Arthur Young, "a seven years' lease of a garden, and he will soon convert it into a wilderness: give him a freehold in an arid desert, and he will not be long of converting it into a garden." Does any man suppose that the industry of Great Britain would continue, if the old Jewish system of making all

estates revert to the nation at the end of every fifty years were to be introduced, or Bronterre O'Brien's more summary mode of dividing every fortune at the death of the owner were put in practice? Truly, we should soon become an ephemeral and fleeting generation in wealth, as well as literature, if such maxims were acted upon; and "to-day let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," would at once become the order of the day.

If the combined force of all these circumstances be taken into consideration, it must be evident to every impartial mind, not only that it is not surprising that new standard literature has of late years so much declined amongst us, but that the only wonderful thing is, that it has not declined much more than it has. The causes which produce great and sustained efforts in every other department of human activity, are not only withheld from the highest class of literary or philosophical exertion, but they are perpetually exposed to the disturbing and detracting influence of the prospect of fame and fortune being attained by condescending to cater for the passions or wants of the moment. To the continued energy and activity of the merchant or manufacturer, we offer the possession of unbounded wealth, and the prospect of transmitting an elevated, perhaps an ennobled, race to future times. To the soldier or the sailor we hold out a vast succession of titled rewards, and, to the highest among such race of heroes, hereditary peerages—the deserved reward of their valour. To the indefatigable industry and persevering energy of the lawyer, we offer a seat on the Woolsack, precedence of every temporal peer in the realm, the highest temporal dignities and hereditary honours which the State can afford. What, then, do we offer to the philosopher, the poet, or the historian, to the leaders of thought and the rulers of nations, to counteract the attractions of immediate or temporary ambition, and lead them abreast of their brethren at the bar, in the field, or the senate, to great and glorious efforts, to durable and beneficent achievement? Why, we present them with petty traders anxiously watching the expiration of eight-and-twenty years of copyright, or hoping for the death of the author, if he has survived

it; and ready, with uplifted hands, to pounce upon the glorious inheritance of his children, and realize for his business-like skill and mercantile capital the vast profits which had been bequeathed by genius to the age which followed it.

It is a total mistake to imagine that the profits of works of imagination, unless they are of the very highest class, ever equal those which in the end accrue to the publishers of standard works of history or philosophy. The booksellers, since Gibbon's death, are said to have made £200,000 of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; and hardly a year passes, that a new edition of his immortal work, or of Hume's *History of England*, does not issue from the press. The sums realized by the bookselling trade from the different editions of the *Wealth of Nations*, would have constituted a large fortune for the heirs of Adam Smith. What a princely fortune would Milton or Shakspeare have left to their descendants, if any there be, if they could have bequeathed to them the exclusive right of publishing their own works, even for half a century after their own death. Look at the classics. What countless sums have been realized by the booksellers and publishers from the successive reprints, in every country of Europe, of the works of Livy, Cicero, and Tacitus, since the revival of letters 300 years ago? Why, the profits made by the publication of any one of these works would have made a princely fortune, and founded a ducal family. So true is it that literary or philosophical talent of the highest description, so far from being unproductive of wealth to its possessors, is in the end productive of a far greater and more lasting source of income, than the efforts either of the lawyer, the merchant, or the statesman. The only reason why great fortunes are not made in the one way as well as in the other, is because the labour employed on that, the highest species of human adventure, is almost always unproductive in the outset, and lucrative only in the end; and that the injustice of human laws confiscates the property at the very moment when the crop is beginning to come to maturity. They know little of human nature who imagine that such prospect of remote advantage would have little in-

fluence on literary exertion. Look at life insurances. How large a proportion of the most active and useful members of society, especially among the middle and higher classes, are connected with these admirable institutions. How many virtuous and industrious men deny themselves, during a long life, many luxuries, and even comforts, in order that, after their death, they may bequeath an independence to their children. Eighty thousand persons are now connected with these institutions in Great Britain, and that number is hourly on the increase. Here then is decisive evidence of the extent to which the desire of transmitting independence to our children acts upon mankind, even where it is to be won only by a life of continued toil and self-denial. Can there be the slightest doubt that the same motive, combining with the desire to benefit mankind, or acquire durable fame, would soon come to operate powerfully upon the highest class of intellectual effort, and that an adequate counteraction would thus be provided to the numerous attractions which now impel it into temporary exertion? And observe, the *motives* which lead to present self-denial in order to transmit an independence to posterity, by the effecting life assurances, are nearly allied to those which prompt great minds to magnanimous and durable efforts for the good of their species; for both rest upon the foundation of all that is noble or elevated in human affairs—a denial of self, a regard to futurity, and a love for others.

The tenacity with which any extension even of the term of copyright enjoyed by authors, or their assignees, is resisted by a certain portion of the London booksellers, and those who deal in the same line, affords the most decisive proof of the magnitude of the profits which are to be obtained by the republication, the moment the copyright has expired, of works that have acquired a standard reputation, and of the vast amount of literary property, the inheritance of the great of the past age, which is annually confiscated for the benefit of the booksellers in the present. These men look to the matter as a mere piece of mercantile speculation; their resistance is wholly founded upon the dread of a diminution of

their profits, wrung from the souls of former authors; they would never have put forward, with so much anxiety as they have done, Mr Warburton and Mr Wakley to fight their battles, if they had not had very extensive profits to defend in the contest. The vehemence of their opposition affords a measure of the magnitude of the injustice which is done to authors by the present state of the law, and of the amount of encouragement to great and glorious effort, which is annually withheld by the Legislature. The contest, in which they have hitherto proved successful, is not a contest between authors and a particular section of the booksellers; it is in reality a contest between the nation and a limited section of the bookselling trade. It is, in the most emphatic sense, a class against a national interest. For on the one side are a few London booksellers who make colossal fortunes, by realizing, shortly after their decease, the profits of departed greatness; and on the other, the whole body of the people of England, whose opinions and character are necessarily formed by the highest class of its writers, and whose national destiny and future fate is mainly dependent upon the spirited and exalted direction of their genius.

The only argument founded upon public considerations which is ever adduced against these views, is founded upon the assertion, that, under the monopoly produced by the copyright to the author, while it lasts, the price of works is seriously enhanced to the public, and they are confined to editions of a more costly description, and that thus the benefit of the spread of knowledge among the middle and humbler classes is diminished. If this argument were well founded, it may be admitted, that it would afford to a certain degree a counterbalancing consideration to those which have been mentioned, although no temporary or passing advantages could ever adequately compensate the evils consequent upon drying up the fountains of real intellectual greatness amongst us. But it is evident that these apprehensions are altogether chimerical, and that the clamour devised about the middle classes being deprived of the benefit of getting cheap editions of works that have become standard, is now altogether un-

founded. It may be conceded that in the former age, when the rich and the affluent alone were the purchasers of books, and education had not opened the treasures of knowledge to the middle classes, the price of books during the copyright were in general high, and that the prices were in general suited only to the higher class of readers. Nay, it may also be admitted, that some publishers have often, by the reprint of works of a standard nature, at a cheaper rate, the moment the copyright expired, of late years materially extended the circle of their readers, and thereby conferred an important benefit on society. But nothing can be plainer than that this circumstance has taken place solely because of the introduction of the middle classes into the reading and book-purchasing public; and experience had not yet taught authors or publishers the immense profits to be sometimes realized by adapting, during the continuance of the copyright, the varied classes of editions of popular works, to the different classes of readers who have now risen into activity. But their attention is now fully awakened to this subject. Every one now sees that the greatest profit is to be realized during the copyright, for works of durable interest, by publishing editions adapted for all, *even the very humblest classes*. The proof of this is decisive. Does not Mr Campbell publish annually a new edition of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in every possible form, from the two guinea edition for the duchess or countess, down to the shilling copy for the mechanic and the artisan? Have not Sir Walter Scott's *Novels* been brought down, during the subsistence of the copyright, to an issue of the *Waverley Novels*, at four shillings each novel, and latterly to an issue at twopence a-week, avowedly for the working-classes? Moore's, Southey's, and Wordsworth's *Poems*, have all been published by the authors or their assignees, in a duodecimo form, originally at five, but which can now be had at four, or three shillings and sixpence a volume. James's *Naval History* has already issued from the press in monthly numbers, at five shillings; and the eighth edition of Hallam's *Middle Ages* is before the public in two volumes, at a price so moderate, that it never can

be made lower to those who do not wish to put out their eyes by reading closely printed double columns by candle-light. In short, authors and booksellers now perfectly understand that, as a reading and book-buying public has sprung up in all classes, it has become not only necessary, but in the highest degree profitable, to issue different editions even simultaneously from the press, at different prices, adapted to the rates at which purchasers may be inclined to buy; just as the manager of a theatre understands that it is expedient not only to have the dress-circle for the nobility and gentry, but the pit for the people of business, and the galleries for the humbler classes. No one imagines that, because the seats in the dress-circle are seven shillings, he will close the pit, which is three and sixpence, or the gallery, which is one shilling. In this age of growing wealth and intelligence in the middle and humbler classes, there is no danger of their being forgotten, if they do not forget themselves. There is more to be got out of the pit and the galleries than the dress-circle.

Thus we have argued this great question of copyright upon its true ground—the national character, the national interests, the elevation and improvement of all classes. We dis-

dain to argue it upon the footing of the interests of authors; we despise appeals to the humanity, even to the justice of the legislature. We tell our legislators, that those who wield the powers of thought, are fully aware of the strength of the lever which they hold in their hand; they know that it governs the rulers of men; that it brought on the Revolution of France, and stopped the Revolution of England. The only class of writers to whom the extension of the present copyright would be of any value, are actuated by higher motives to their exertions than any worldly considerations of honour or profit; those who aspire to direct or bless mankind, are neither to be seduced by courts, nor to be won by gold. It is the national character which is really affected by the present downward tendency of our literature; it is the national interests which are really at stake; it is the final fate of the empire which is at issue in the character of our literature. True, an extension of the copyright will not affect the interests of a thousandth part of the writers, or a hundredth part of the readers in the present age; but what then—it is they who are to form the general opinion of mankind in the next; it is upon that thousandth and that hundredth, that the fate of the world depends.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE ETCHING CLUB.

READER, did you ever etch?—if not, you have something yet to do, whatever else you may have done; though you may say, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*," I have executed works whose fame shall survive copperplates. Be not so sure of that—then try steel. You may, however, still overrate your importance. A hundred to one, the brass that records your name, where you will never see it recorded, will outlive your deeds. In time, the very language that records you may become dead and unintelligible. But if you etch, and well, you will hand down to all ages a monument of yourself—an undying name, and in a handwriting that shall never be obscure or obliterated. Take an example, Rembrandt—as long as the world lasts, his etchings will bear his name, and be understood and felt by all peoples and all languages. Even the pride of warriors must be humbled before the unpretending yet eternal fame of tranquil, gentle, peaceable genius. New battles obliterate the old. The same faces serve for successive great men; the names on the signpost are alone altered. Time may be when all, but "the great captain," shall diminish. The very field of Waterloo may have scarcely a hero to vie with Waterloo the etcher. A remnant of the artist may be more sought than remembrances of the field.

If you are proud, if you are ambitious of eternity of fame—and perhaps genius always engenders something of this feeling—you will, whatever your work is, indulge in reflections of this nature. And who may do so with a better chance of success than the etcher? This view is yet not the motive, but the accompanying delight of the artist—he is impelled by an all-powerful love, a gift. Such thoughts cheer his labours—no, not that, for his labours are pleasures—they encourage and fan to a livelier flame the fire which, without their aid, adverse circumstances, disappointments, and griefs of life are perpetually damping, and would put out. Every branch of the arts is fascinating—nothing

more so than etching. The hand and mind go together. All mankind have the gift of handiwork; fingers are nature's instruments, and will not be idle—they will make or mar. It has been said, that some people provide bits of stick and knives for their idle guests, that the natural propensity to do may be indulged in. Boys increase in mischief the older they get, instinct signifying that their hands look out for work; give it to them, or they will find it, and more than is perhaps good. It is next to a miracle to find an idle hand. The most indolent pull to pieces what others have done, rather than not do. Set a fashion of employment—how it spreads! Busy workers are every where; add to it a little ingenuity, a little contrivance, a pattern, an intricacy, and you invent a new pleasure. Can you have a more striking instance, than the modern fashion of ladies' work, or rather works, for they are infinite? Go a little further, add thought—give the work to be done an intellectual character; let mind in its higher faculties and the hand work together, and the poet arises and grows in the operation. The worker, maker, poet is the happiest in the exercise of his own great gifts, and is richest in the means of imparting amusement, and more than amusement, to a large world, and generations to come; creating and passing on beyond himself a perpetuity of pleasure. Was there ever child born of civilized parents, that did not delight to scratch with pen or pencil, objects of familiarity or affection—that did not put forth his little delineating fingers to indicate his mimetic nature? It is observation at his finger-ends—the action of the hand contending with speech for mastery in power of expression, it being doubtful which is the least perfect? To draw, then, to delineate, is a first instinct, and, like many other noble and useful instincts, it becomes deteriorated, as the world's business demands a stronger and more continual grasp. All right enough, too; but as it is an instinct, there must even be a propensity to it, and its better power

may be recovered by those who have taste, energy, and leisure. So there is a germ of the arts in us all. It is worth while to cherish, to nourish it; for beautiful are its blossoms. We say, then, to the reader, if yet uninitiated—if you seek a new pleasure, take to the better needlework, and etch.

We have been led to preface thus, by the enjoyment received in studying a portfolio of etchings by the "Etching Club"—the subjects being from the *Deserted Village*. The choice could not be better—genius is aptly employed in illustrating that fascinating poem. Other works we admire; but if there be one that all, young and old, grave and gay, may be said to *love*, it is "The Deserted Village." We fear we love it for its untruth. It works up in our minds a delusion of a condition that existed only in the poet's imagination. It is a pastoral of a new kind, seemingly more accordant with rural feelings and manners, and therefore more natural, than the old; but it is in reality perhaps as untrue as the world of Strephons and Philises. It is philosophic, imaginative—an ideal—a rural ideal, with nicest art spun from homely materials. It never allows the melancholy of its tone to take too deep possession of the reader—the glimpses of happiness, even though it be of happiness past, are sufficient sunshine; and if there be some deep shadows, there is more of half tone—and so sweet is the feeling, that he who reads it, if he is not, wishes to be amiable and better. It is full of pictures, and therefore nothing could be more fit for illustration. This is the age for illustration—every thing is "pictorial." The art of engraving has, in many respects, reached a very wonderful perfection in finish, and extraordinary nicety. There are works, and works of the greatest importance, we would not see represented in any other than the best line engraving. It is admirably adapted for the transcription of highly perfected works, and, united as engraving is with etching, in the same plate, both power and freedom is obtained. We so admire line engraving, that, beautiful as are the lithographic works of our day, we have a jealous fear in our pleasure, lest encouragement should be removed from the more perfect art, line engraving. For the perfect transcript of the paint-

er's work, let us have line engraving; and if it be landscape, with a very considerable portion of it the work of the needle only—in that branch, indeed, the less the graver appears the better. But painters' etching is another thing. It is the free sketching of the artist, it is the very hand of his mind, if we may be allowed the expression. There are a thousand turns in the lines of original conceptions which the hand obeys, and the mind is unconscious of the operation; many are the passages from idea to idea, ere there is completion, all of which have their traces in the mind and from the mind; and if their order can be rendered less evanescent, there will arise from their delineation great beauty, and a certain satisfaction from the obedience of the hand to the nicer variations of thought. There is, therefore, a peculiar power and beauty in painters' etchings, which are thought's autographs, that distinguish them from engravings of any kind; and it has often been a subject of regret to the lovers of art, that our painters have neglected so fascinating a mode of giving the very stamp and impression of their genius. Had this been cultivated by our best artists, we are persuaded that a better taste, even in line engraving, would have arisen. Finish, which is so beautiful, and exquisite workmanship, would not have been so exclusively admired; for it must be confessed, that the art has followed this object too often with a sacrifice. Let us go back to other days, for example, and to landscape painting, when Wollett's wonderful mechanism drove, as it were, his betters from the field. There was more done, unquestionably, by him; but for this advance, how was freedom—how was expression, sacrificed? Vivares, Wood, Mason, were etchers: more is indeed left in their works to imagination—so far they might be considered less perfect; all is not so filled up as by Wollett, but all is evenly done, no part is worked up above others, and the expression, the essential nature of every object, is infinitely more perfectly given. The works of these men, as they were published by Pond, are more like painters' etchings than engravings; they most happily imitated the very handling of the originals; a style of work, that, since finish has been considered

every thing, has been but little followed, indeed, it may be said, totally neglected, and that to the injury of art. Instead of the free and air-breathing foliage, so true to the masters they copied, we have seen theatrical trees, and leafage of tinfoil, crisp and metallic, that bent to the hand, but bent not to the air. We are happy here to acknowledge the great pleasure we have received from the works of these men, and wish our humble tribute may recall attention to their merits. Having such love for etching, feeling its power, especially when distinct from engraving, we received very great pleasure from the establishment of an etching club, and look forward to the revival of this original sketching on copper. Autographs have a charm, and the painter's autograph more especially. About four years ago, a few friends formed a club, with a view to improve themselves in art, and particularly to revive a taste for painters' etchings. They limited their numbers to twelve, fixed monthly meetings at each other's residences, and agreed severally to produce an original etching at every meeting. At the meetings, the etchings produced have been subjected to critical remarks; the technical processes of etching, and the modes of obtaining certain effects, canvassed; and the experience and discoveries of each member fully explained and freely made known to the others. After the club had been a short time in existence, a selection was made of their etchings, and a few copies distributed. The interest which was taken in them, and flatteringly expressed, induced the club to turn their attention to the illustration of some favourite poem, by a series of etchings, which would be free from the mechanical prettinesses of modern illustration. Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* was selected for this attempt. The subjects, which a poem so full of pictures afforded, were selected and arranged by a committee, and their assignment to the members who would best do justice to their different merits, was determined at a full meeting. The etchings, when produced at the monthly meetings of the club, were subject to criticism and remark, and were approved to form part of the work, or rejected. The judgment of the whole club has been concentrated in the work, and

its harmonious completion may be instanced in proof of the good feeling with which men, rivals only in their profession, can combine for the production of works of art. The club, we understand, are about to proceed with the illustration of other works in the same spirit. In addition to the members who were engaged in the illustration of the *Deserted Village*, J. P. Knight, A.R.A., Frank Stone, and J. R. Herbert, A.R.A., are members of the club. The illustrators of the *Deserted Village* are, T. Creswick, John Bell, C. W. Cope, R. Redgrave, A.R.A., F. Tayler, H. J. Townsend, C. Stonehouse, J. C. Horsley, T. Webster, A.R.A. As we have taken great interest in this attempt to revive painters' etchings, and thinking it probable that such a club may become of much greater importance from the works they will produce, and the stimulus that may be thus given to art, we have made enquiry as to the formation of the little society, and its modes of proceeding; the result of which is here detailed, which we trust will be now not uninteresting, and may be, at some future time, curiously sought. The work consists of forty plates, generally with two subjects in each, accompanied by the letterpress of the poem, printed in red ink, and perhaps somewhat too faint; the intention, doubtless, being to keep uninjured the effects of the etching—and this purpose is answered. This practice is, however, often carried to an absurdity. We often see prints, the description of which in print it is impossible to make out without a powerful glass; and it is painfully provoking. In very many of the plates there is a happy attempt to reach the poetical feeling by a more fanciful subject, corresponding with that which is more matter of fact. Thus, for instance, in No. 1, there is the common everyday view of a village—"sweet Auburn." It is pretty, yet of itself it would not convey the poet's feeling and intention; but as it is *the village*,

"Where smiling spring its earliest visit
paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms
delay'd;"

the accompanying etching, a mere outline but sweetly done, of the ideal rural, the personification of spring and summer blessing rural love, connected

as it is with the village view, renders the scene more poetical, and the poetry more palpable. This double and reciprocating effect very frequently and happily occurs. We are not shocked by the change, but enter willingly into that dream of life which, by poetic spell, is charmed out of common scenes, the veil that hides brighter things from us is removed, the real and ideal are united; and how hard is it, even when the charm is not on us, to say which is delusion? Sentiment itself is from within—it is not external things, but it invests external things with its own hue, and thereby makes the picture the poetry of nature. Imagination, with all its fanciful creations, as arising in man's mind, and portraying deeper truths than are obvious and universally visible, is as much nature as what commonly passes for such; nay, more so—for it has more of nature, and the highest nature, that mind which gives its character and feeling to every object, and without which nothing external can be rightly understood. And hence come the great truths of poetry and painting.

It is difficult to notice as they deserve so many plates, when by so doing we should trespass too largely upon the pages of *Maga*. We will, therefore content ourselves with noticing a few. Plate V:

"The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove," &c.

This is a very pleasing homely scene, etched by H. J. Townsend. The lines are well characterized—the pictorial management very efficient, and the "bit" of village scene out of doors very sweet and sunny; and there we see behind the lovers, as pretty a home as love in a cottage would desire, with its sheltering trees, fenced garden, and bee-hive; and the faithful dog watches at the door, knowing well what is going on, and what is to come; and where hearts are pure, "the matron's" glance *would*, but does not, reprove, or the reproof is not felt. The little sunny scene of future happiness is nicely framed in by the doorway—the lovers have only to step to the church and back again; and then over the way, there is the perspective of drawing and the perspective of affection. "These were thy charms,"

saith the poet—the transition must be noticed by the artist—so in the same page (the same plate) we have faithfully told by T. Creswick, "and desolation saddens all thy green." And thus we are prepared for Plate VI., where the desolation is still further carried out, by a beautiful etching by F. Taylor, of the "glassy brook choked with sedges." Where is the melancholy solitary guest, the hollow-sounding bittern, or the lonely bird?—solitary and lonely he looks into the face of the departing sun, shrouding himself in mist and gloom, fit to pervade the deserted scene. And where are the human beings that once were there? C. Stonehouse tells you that, and you need not be told it more effectually, for the pathos of the line

"Far, far away, thy children leave the land"—

How sweetly touched is that etching! There is the bay and the vessel, and just that importance given to the ship that tells the story—she is at anchor, and evidently ready for the voyage; the little colonising village group are on the shore, and the boat is there to take them to the ship, and there is yet a melancholy parting to take place, and some there be that will feel themselves, like the lonely bird, desolate in feeling,—yet is there a gleam of sun, an omen of heaven's blessing upon the departure, reaching to the very boat that is to remove them from bowers, that are to be "in shapeless ruin all," and innocence and health may still reward them, as the next plate by John Bell, in a beautiful outline, shows. The poet alternates between sweet scenes of the past, and the gloom of change—so must, and so do, the artists. Oliver Goldsmith was indeed a true lover of simplicity, of rural innocence. Of "rural mirth and manners," how heartily did he enter into them in his *Vicar of Wakefield*—that immortal work, that will admit of no comparison with other works of poets' or novelists' genius; so alone does it stand, complete in knowledge of the world, yet still rural, as the work of one who had seen much of the world, and loved simplicity the more. We rejoice to see the art taking up this peculiar line of painting, so accurately illustrating Goldsmith, in a style we would call the beautiful and elegant familiar;—and here we

cannot but just step aside to thank Mr Maclise for his scene at Farmer Flamborough's. Never was there a work more deserving the best illustration than that most charming of all charming tales. The *Deserted Village* is a melancholy tale too; if not philosophically, it is poetically averse to "luxury" and "accumulated wealth," and artificial ways and manners. Simplicity is after the poet's heart.

"Simplicitas cujus vereor non dicere nomen."

If times were altering in Goldsmith's days, could he now be allowed a day's sojourn, would he not think he had himself been prophetic, when he lamented the change? Could he see monopolists of wealth systematically at war with "rural mirth and manners?" Could he see the *Trains* hourly starting, and the agriculturist threatened with every innovation and ruin? Would he not again exclaim, and quote his own prophetic lines, made ere there was an "up or down train" in motion:—

"But times are altered, *trade's unfeeling train*

Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain."

How would he have deplored to see

"Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,"

denied even that—and human affections disunited, in houses falsely called "Union houses." But we must pass on. Nor can we dwell upon the "tangling walks and ruin'd grounds." Faithful in their melancholy are the touches of Stonehouse's etching—and the returning "Traveller," by the hand of Redgrave, after his wanderings "round this world of care," with the sun setting upon his hopes, the subject above telling what he will meet with, must be allowed to pass on and hope no more. The Fireside and the Hunted Hare are excellent illustrations. In No. IX. we have first an outline, by John Bell, the "Youth of Labour," in two sturdy mowers, and opposite the "Age of Ease," an honest reposing grandfather leaning on his staff; and beneath a sheltering oak, and between this representation of age and youth, is the rural blessing, the home of comfort, and the wife and children. And what

a contrast in the subject underneath, by C. W. Cope, the

"Surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate."

We remember Mr Coxe's "Union House," exhibited last year, and acknowledge his hand here. It is a surly porter indeed, and his pampered dog, looking in contempt upon the group of want, the elder of whom in her misery shrinks shocked as she evidently hears the imperative abuse of the insolent man. We must have the odious spell taken off by the hand that laid it on. So in the next plate Mr Cope has etched, and sweetly is it composed, "the swain responsive as the milkmaid sung." Then follows Plate XII. rich with three subjects. "The Noisy Geese," by C. Stonehouse, must have been sketched from nature; the creatures have the very lazy walk, and various poke of neck. "The Playful Children just let loose from School," form an admirable group of fun and play. We hear the obstreperous mirth. T. Webster must have watched well the ways of the urchins. The abandonment to sport and idleness with which the "cock of the school" throws himself upon his companions must have been from nature, and joyous and delightful nature too—and the lonely dog beneath baying the wind is in good contrast. No. XIV. represents the "Village Preacher's modest mansion," by Creswick—and the Village Preacher himself, by Cope. The scene and the man suit well. It is indeed a benign face. What tender feeling is there in that deep-set eye! How placid and benevolent is the expression about the mouth, bespeaking one "more bent to raise the wretched than to rise!" Having thus seen the very photographic of the good parson, and knowing his every feature, look at him in his acts of kindness. Turn to Plate XV. There are two subjects, both exquisitely told—the "Relieving the Vagrant's wants," by Cope, and the "Spendthrift and Beggar Guests," by Redgrave, A.R.A.

The vagrants evidently "know" the house—

"The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,

Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd."

There indeed sits the beggar, as in the house of charity, his home, and lame and rheumatic as the old man is, in the easiest chair: he feels, too, at home, and that, if he were not by nature, by habit, by taste, an incurable wanderer, it might be his home. There he sits, venerable in his poverty and his experience, and in the consciousness that he has yet knowledge to impart, picked up in that school whose learning comes best second-hand—and opposite to him sits the spendthrift, now indeed no longer proud, and is even half ashamed in the presence of goodness of the dress that yet indicates his better condition; and he is judiciously placed opposite the aged beggar, that he may look upon his rags and infirmities, and see to what further humility he may be brought if he mend not his ways. And the kind good parson between them, "as a golden mean" plainly told—listening, and with heart full of kindness, ready to give comfort to body and to soul, and offering with pointed hand his hospitable and simple fare. How beautiful, how true is all this to the perfect feeling of the poem! Nothing can be finer conceived than the aged beggar. There are indeed infirmities about him, but no deformity. He is rich, but has a greatness about him in his utter misery. Michael Angelo would have looked back at such a beggar had he passed him, and remembered him too. We must reluctantly pass over the "Soldier guest," and the good man teaching and caressing the children—and the deathbed scene by Redgrave, with the accompanying suitable outline by Bell beneath it. But we must not hastily quit No. XVIII. Here we have the "Church"—the exterior and interior. The former by Creswick, reposing in the quiet and religious moonlight, still and solemn. Below it, how different! There is here the awakening voice—the stillness is past—the watcher is at his post—and here we at once acknowledge the hand and genius of Redgrave.

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray."

Who could so well have portrayed and shown to the life that "the foolishness of fools is folly!" The two fools entering are most happily characterised—their very gait and turn of every limb and every feature is folly—and scoffing folly too—but we see what they will come to. A little before them is one brought to consider his ways, and at the turn of the seat we see an aged woman, and she has many a day sat beneath the good man's desk, and the tones of his voice speak comfort to her; and beyond are many kneeling figures—and the nearer we come to the good parson the more we are in the precincts of religious light and love. This only requires to be enlarged and painted as Mr Redgrave can paint it, to make a most admirable picture.

You have then looked at the parson, the good parson; you will know him any where, and may you often meet with him; and when you do, reader, though he have but "Forty Pounds a-year," and he be rich with that, remember that he has better riches, and ask his blessing; though he, too, may say, "silver and gold have I none," he will still give you his blessing, and you may walk by it. But there is another village character you would see—the schoolmaster—and there he is—turn to Plate XX. Well done Webster A. R. A!—you have been to school—you know both boys and master. You have studied such a master—and under him too—you have never forgotten him, and now perpetuate his kind, stern, arithmetical face—you see the pride of penmanship in his eye; many a quill has he cut, that discerning eye measuring it along the length of his nose—the mouth, too, how practised is it to turn to jest—the grave jest, or to assume severity! You have certainly, Webster, hit the master, and just as he is going to hit the boy. Then follow, in the next plate, two groups of the Village Schoolboys in School, (how true to nature!) by Webster—the one evidently while the master is in, the other while he is out of school, or mayhap jocose—and they are the same boys—boys and master are both *masterpieces*. You must be well acquainted with the village—the Poet wishes it—so just leaving the good parson to finish his argument with his group of peasants,

all friends, true Christian friends, just step over the way, or turn over to the next plate—it is the same thing—and see the Village Ale-house. Creswick does not choose to tell the sign, and that is good, for Goldsmith does not; but he shows you it is respectable, shaded by delightful trees, and the ale needs no other bush, and there is a seat under the old tree, and a gathering too; it is tempting without and within, and so, while Mr Creswick is “licensed” on the premises outside, his friend Redgrave walks in, and you see his sketch of the famous interior, for the artist loves, not “stoops to trace,

“The parlour splendour of that festive place,

The white-wash’d wall, the nicely-sanded floor;

The varnish’d clock that click’d behind the door—

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose:

The hearth, except when winter chill’d the day,

With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay,

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,

Ranged o’er the chimney, glisten’d in a row.”

They are all there, how pleasantly familiar!—as yet the village club have not arrived, but Mr Redgrave has not forgotten to leave a jug of the “Nut-brown” for the first comer—the farmer, the barber, the woodman, and the smith, will soon arrive, for you may see them turning round the corner of the next plate; and here has Townsend taken the cup kissed by the “Coy maid.” He has taken “his wet” with a dry point, and worked a deliciously rich effect into the little etching—and under it, Horsley’s Masquerade offers a gayety that makes the “chaste moon” pale. Nor does he omit, (in the next plate,) the distrustful maiden returning from “fashion’s brightest arts,” and asking “if this be joy.”

The splendour of wealth must be shown to contrast with simple village ornament and manners. Stonehouse, therefore, is called upon to sketch the park scene and the lake; and Tayler the hunting scene—the indolent re-

pose, and the flash of pleasure, enjoyments of the luxurious. Both have performed their tasks well. We cannot pass over Plate XXVIII., but must “look on that picture and on this.” Cope is great in his contrast, his first figure was so good, none would cope with him, and he was compelled to take both in hand—and so it was best.

“As some fair female, unadorn’d and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,

Slights every borrow’d charm that dress supplies,

Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes.

But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.”

The quaint old maid with the affected gait is excellent, and the antiquity of the fashion judicious. When Stonehouse etched the Common Councillors, the geese walking in procession their parochial boundaries, he certainly must have seen the donkey and her foal, so beautifully etched in Plate XXIX.; they are quite perfect. The donkey’s history is in the very face—half patient half sulky, and with a thought of pity for the certain lot of her young one, that can as yet doze without pain in every joint; and the “Pale Artist,” by Horsley, plying his sickly trade with his family about him, turns the moral from the asinine to human patience. Then follows an admirable Plate by the same artists, Stonehouse and Horsley.

“Here, while the proud their long-drawn
pumps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.”

Nothing can be better than the stir, and confusion, and glare of the arrival at the rout. We seem to hear the very cries of the coachmen in attendance, while the richly-dressed and voluptuous visitors step from their carriages into the “Dome of Pleasure,” little heeding the ill-clothed misery that is shrinking from the show. The moral stands above it—the gloomy gibbet. “The shivering female” gives rise in the next plate to a sweet scene of village innocence, listening to a tale of distress—

"She once perhaps, in village plenty
bless'd,

Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd."

The slight sketch of the interior, with its spinning-wheel and bird, and the domestic peace and industry, heighten the pathos of the coming desolation, by its contrast with those foreign and homeless wildernesses, to which the once happy villagers are doomed; and accordingly, we see in the two following plates, very poetically expressed, the lonely wild, by Stonehouse, contrasted with a gentle home-group by Bell, the intricate and tangled forest by Creswick, and the crouching tiger, by Stonhouse, waiting its prey:—

"Where, at each step the stranger fears
to wake

The vengeful terrors of the vengeful
snake."

The very tree seems to grow from poison roots, and shoots out branches to grasp and twine around the hapless wretch that shall come within its reach. The mad tornado is not forgotten in all its horror—how different from the few trees and peaceful cattle that are beneath it—and more than all, Redgrave's beautiful "covert of the warbling grove,"

"That only shelter'd thefts of harmless
love."

Cope's parting scene is very touching; and the old man and his daughter's visit to the flower-decked grave of the wife and mother (by Redgrave,) show that the double woe of the parting is from the graves of the dead and the homes of the living; and this poetic feeling is continued till, in No. xxxvii, we have first, above, by Redgrave, the luxurious banquets, diffusing—

"Pleasures only to destroy;"

and below it, by Creswick, a ship at anchor, glooming dark against a setting sun, to convey the exiles to foreign shores. Hence all is gloomy enough, and the "finis," the barren promontory lashed by the angry waves, and defying both elements, stands an emblem and monument of "self-dependent power."

The feeling of the artist is throughout in unison with the poet. *The Deserted Village* should henceforth be read with this pictorial commentary; and we hope many an illustration in the same spirit with this will employ the talents of the Etching Club. It may be quite unnecessary to recommend one, but it is very obvious that Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, is a subject well worthy their consideration; and out of poetry, in what work can we find so much true character to portray, and surrounded with such an interest, as in the immortal Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*? We could wish Maclise were added to the Etching Club. He and Redgrave are most powerful in this new walk of the English school, the "elegant familiar," which almost seems to have originated with them, so unlike are they in their faithful manner of treating such subjects to any that have gone before them; and on which style we could almost be tempted to make some remarks, but we must forbear for the present, or we might be led into a wider field than would be suitable to the present occasion.

We would yet venture to give one hint, that if the etchings were a little larger in future illustrations, and the letter-press a little more discernible, there would be a wider field for the power of the artists, and the power of the reader's eyes might be less taxed.

TEN YEARS OF THE WHIGS.

THE political history of England, for the last hundred years, has been a series of small revolutions, which, if they had happened in any other country, would have been great ones. But, in England, there is obviously a restraining and protecting power, which says, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." The bayonet keeps down Continental revolution, but it is the only instrument, and when its terrors are removed, or even relaxed, public change is instant and formidable. The revolt of the French army in 1789, opened the gulf which swallowed up the monarchy; the mismanagement of the French army in 1830, left the monarchy naked, and the dynasty was swept into hopeless exile. In England the danger is of another kind: here force is nothing, opinion every thing; the peril of our liberties arises not from the sword, but the tongue: cannon and bayonets are left to gather dust in their arsenals, while faction overruns the field.

The condition of parties at this moment gives unanswerable proof of this restorative and restraining power. No political body, within the memory of man, had made such efforts to live, and sank with such utter evidence of inanition, as Whiggism. During a course of ten years, it had taken every shape, and tried every artifice of faction. At one time haughty, insolent, and menacing, it was at another pitiful, submissive, and supplicatory: at one time arrogant to the throne itself, at another it exhibited an unconstitutional sycophancy: at one time libelling the opposition as hostile to the people and disloyal to the sovereign, at another it clung to its knees, and begged for life: at one time flourishing the Reform Bill as a new Magna Charta, at another it flung it to be scribbled on by the rudest pen of Radicalism. Yet all could not avail. Recruiting its force from every section of popular opinion, however dangerous or however degrading, tolerating the Chartist, allied with the papist, and playing the master of the ceremonies to the Socialist in the presence of the throne, it still saw its strength perish by the hour.

Yet this was not done by any direct public vengeance. There was scarcely more than a murmur. But the eye of the country was calmly, though sternly, fixed upon its slippery evolutions; and, as we are told of the serpent under the human eye, it quailed. Until at last, like the serpent, it glided silently away, and dropping back into its original crevice, left us only to wonder whence it came, and whither it has gone.

And this gradual, yet complete disappearance of the Whigs, this noiseless evasion of the cabinet, is a feature of the time not to be forgotten among the good omens of the future. Opposition had often been charged with indolence in suffering the existence of the cabinet. Nothing can be clearer now, than that it exercised a sound discretion, in leaving the overthrow to the course of nature. If the cabinet had been crushed by some bold onslaught, it might have been said that it yielded merely to the fortunes of the field. But it fell on no field; it died in its bed; Opposition merely standing by, and watching the common effect of decrepitude. If it had perished by some outburst of natural and indignant popular retribution, it might have been alleged, that, as it had been prostrated by one popular passion, it might be raised by another. Or if, in the national wrath at some disastrous war, it had been flung on the same pile where the fame and honour of the country were consuming, its fate might at least furnish an epitaph. But it died of the mere inability to live; it mouldered away without a touch; and as it existed only to show the utter abjectness of Whig principle, its close proved only the utter emptiness and innate instability of Whig power.

The object of these pages is simply to state the successive measures of Whiggism, since its accession to place in the year 1830; not to declaim nor to decide, but to lay in the plainest manner before the reader, the nature of the Whig transactions as they occurred, and then leave him to decide for himself, how far such a government could be intrusted with the morals

and religion, the foreign interests and the constitutional integrity, of the British Empire.

On Saturday, June 26, 1830, his Majesty, George IV., breathed his last, and was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of Clarence, by the title of William IV. George IV. was a man of natural talents and of fine tastes; both partially clouded by a long minority, and still more by the unhappy associations of party. Whiggism had surrounded him with dangerous examples in morals and politics from his earliest years, and the consequences were felt in personal embarrassments and public alienation. With the most popular manners, he was long unpopular; with the most royal spirit, he was perplexed by personal difficulties; and with faculties which might have distinguished him in the senate, the palace, or the field, he seemed destined to die in obscurity. Faction, sinking in the presence of the nation, clung round the prince, and they must have ultimately gone down together. But a better fate was in reserve for him. He was called to the Regency. He boldly flung the faction off, and from that moment ascended, and the empire ascended with him. A train of the most memorable victories illustrated his government, and redeemed Europe; England became the centre of that noblest and most powerful of all influence, which exists in the general recollection of great services done, and still greater hoped for; and from his deathbed George IV. transmitted to his successor the most unstained and massive sceptre of mankind.

On the 29th of June, King William sent his first message to Parliament, stating the death of the late monarch, and his intention of calling a new Parliament, according to custom. The address of condolence was moved in the Lords by the Duke of Wellington, and seconded by Lord Grey, as the leader of opposition; his lordship expressing his complete agreement in the terms:—"That we shall ever remember with affectionate gratitude, that our late sovereign, under circumstances of unexampled difficulty, maintained the *ancient glory of this country in war*; and during a period of long duration, secured to his people the *inestimable blessings of internal concord and external peace*."

The address was moved in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel, and seconded by Mr Brougham, as leader of opposition, in language equally harmonious.

But a new reign always gives new hope. Whiggism, first cast down by the late king, and then kept down by the weight of popular contempt; crushed at every effort to raise its head, by the rushing of the people to celebrate some new victory; and unable to utter an audible complaint in the midst of the national acclamation, looked to the new monarch, as at least a new object of political tampering. But this hope was speedily dispelled; no hand was held out to them from the palace, no door was vibrating on its hinges for the entrance of any of their number in Whitehall. They made an angry and a last effort to divide the legislature, on a captious motion for the appointment of a regency, in the improbable case of a demise of the crown, in the brief period before the assembling of the new Parliament. But the pretext was too thin to cover them, they were beaten by 100 to 56 in the Lords, and in the Commons, by 185 to 139. The smallness of the numbers in the Lords, and the feebleness of the debate in the Commons, showed that the question was merely a matter of display; and the Whigs having thus gone through their fencing match, made their bow and retired, in the prospect of another exile of twenty years. Parliament dissolved on the 23d of July.

But a new contingency was to change the face of the political world. England and France are too near, and too powerful, not to act on each other, and act with force. The French legislature, from the beginning the year, had exhibited a growing distaste for the formal and feeble government of the Bourbons. The Parisians, regretting the brilliancy of Napoleon, charged the king with being a monk, without the merits of a monk, and his ministers as being bishops, without the sanctity of the mitre. The ministers, exasperated by a charge so peculiarly distressing to a Frenchman, now started from their cushions, and gave proof of their vivacity by overturning the constitution. By a single ordinance, worthy of the wildest cell of the lunatic asylum, they abolished the system of representation, subvert-

ed the chamber of deputies, and, to silence all complaint by silencing its organ, they extinguished the whole liberty of the press. History has never given a stronger instance of the maxim: that "those whom Heaven intends to ruin, it first turns into madmen." All their measures were chosen to excite hostility, none to overcome it; all was for the blow, nothing for the reaction. Before that night fell, Paris was in arms. Ministers then began to think of troops. The next morning commenced with an attack by the populace, the troops of the line shouldered their arms and marched over to them, leaving the guards to fight the battle. The third morning saw the guards retiring, the people successively masters of the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the capital; the throne vacant, the Chamber of Deputies, the Government, and Charles the X., with the last fragment of the Bourbons, the dilapidated remnant of forty kings, yielding to necessity, and quietly going into an exile from which he has since gone only into his grave.

The convulsion spread; Brussels instantly rose against the Dutch imposts. The tax-gatherers were driven out; a bolder game was next tried, and the demand rose for the independence of the Netherlands. The Dutch government, too economical for sovereignty, was taken by surprise: when at last its troops approached Brussels, they found the preparations for defence too mature for a *coup-de-main*. They cannonaded the city, but were forced to retire, and their retiring was succeeded by a decree for a national congress, for the separation of Belgium from Holland, and the election of a new king.

These pages are not meant for the history of either France or Belgium; yet at this interval of ten years, it may be asked, what profit to the people, or the country of either, has been gained from those convulsions? France complains of injured interests, insulted rights, and degraded national dignity, in louder tones than ever, and her freedom points bitterly to the fortifications of Paris. Belgium is uttering an universal cry of enfeebled manufactures and exhausted commerce. Yet never was experiment more fairly tried. Both revolutions were accomplished almost without a struggle—

both were carried without any of that desperate straining which leaves the constitutional timbers warped and open. The cargo was not flung overboard; there was scarcely more than an exchange of pilots, and yet the way of both is more difficult than ever; and no man would be surprized at the total wreck of either in the first popular gale. Yet Louis Philippe is one of the ablest kings in Europe, and Leopold one of the most humane. The true moral is, that revolutions made by popular violence, even under the fairest circumstances, are fruitless things. They demand other revolutions. They are draughts of salt-water to assuage the thirst—every draught increases the pang, until all ends in delirium.

The Whigs were instantly awake in all quarters. They saw before them the chance of office, and they unhesitatingly adopted their old contrivance, of inflaming the people. The examples of France and Belgium were played before the popular eye, in every shape and colour which could dazzle and bewilder a willing multitude. In language of the utmost dishonesty and the utmost extravagance, they were called on to rival the rapidity of continental change; correct the abuses of an order of things which had thrown England backward in the general advance of freedom, and, as the grand pledge of universal recovery, establish a comprehensive reform of the representation.

But a darker whisper said, that the attempt of the French cabinet had been only an experiment, set on foot by the English one; that Prince Polignac had concerted his desperate measures with Downing Street, and that nothing but the failure of the attempt in Paris had prevented its repetition in London. The elections under such circumstances totally changed their character. They were not the choice of representatives, but the triumph of the mob. There were threats for the timid, the bludgeon and the brickbat for the firm, craft and corruption for the traffickers in votes. Where the candidates refused to be cheated or scared away, the hustings were stormed, and the man of the mob was proclaimed in the midst of a pitched battle. England has been seldom nearer a fatal change. At the bottom of this rabble effe-

vescence, a blacker material was beginning to be visible. "The cause of the Belgians, and may *others* imitate their bright example," was a toast received with vast applause. The cloven foot was exhibiting in the general festivity. The severance of Church and State was one of the favourite themes. These were yet the mere flashes on the horizon, hitherto sportive sparklings, but sufficiently indicative that a cloud was gathered there which had only to be set in motion to cover the land. That it did not move, is owing to other causes than the moderation of party. There were spirits then in the shape of Whiggism who would have speedily adapted themselves to other forms, and rejoiced to rule, though it were in the darkness and in the flame.

To add to the national confusion, the agricultural labourers began to feel the effects of an inclement year, and distress prevailed extensively in the rural districts. With the rashness of ignorance, to avoid famine they took the extraordinary expedient of burning the harvest; and to obtain employment from the landlords, they burned their houses, maimed their cattle, and tore up their pastures. During October, November, and December, the fires formed a chain from Kent, taking a circle of the finest southern counties, up to the suburbs of the metropolis. The activity of the police was useless. Justice grasped a few of the offenders, but their punishment seemed only to stimulate revenge. And under this general fever of popular passion, ministerial anxiety, and factious exultation, the King met his first parliament on the 2d October.

On the motion for the Address in the Lords, Lord Grey made his declaration of Reform. With unconscious candour he showed its true origin, by referring to the Belgian revolt. Alluding to the Speech, he said, "We had no right to express an opinion as to the conduct of the Belgians; to praise the government which they had thrown off, or stigmatize them as revolted subjects. We ought to learn wisdom, however, *from what was passing before our eyes*, and when the *spirit of liberty* was breaking out all around, it was our first duty to insure our own institutions, by introducing into them a temperate reform." Here,

at least, we have the baptismal register, signed with his lordship's own hand, though he has probably long since wished himself well out of the fruitless sponsorship.

But we must hasten to more important things than the repentance of superannuated statesmanship. The result of those violent elections was, that the cabinet lost fifty votes. It was evident, that the French and Belgian revolutions had amply done their duty at the English hustings. Ministers still retained the confidence of the king and the nation; but they lost their majority in parliament, and with it the means of serving the country with effect or honour. More practised flexibility might have taught them, that place could be kept without either; that ministerial tenacity might have been improved into the sole study of ministerial existence; that they might have compromised themselves into the retention of salary and the loss of character; that they might have supplied their own feebleness of limb by the crutches of partizanship; or sheltered themselves behind the curtains of the throne, and suffered the responsibility to fall on the illustrious sitter there; but they wanted adroitness for the discovery, and they resigned. A motion by Sir Henry Parnell, on the civil list, was carried against them on the 15th of November, by 233 to 204, and on the next day the Duke of Wellington in the Lords, and Sir Robert Peel in the Commons, announced that they had placed their offices in the hands of his Majesty.

Within a week the new ministry was formed.

Lord Grey, first Lord of the Treasury.

Mr Brougham, Lord Chancellor.

Lord Althorpe, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Melbourne, Home Secretary.

Lord Palmerston, Foreign Secretary.

Lord Goderich, Colonial Secretary.

Sir James Graham, first Lord of the Admiralty.

Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the Council.

Lord Durham, Privy Seal.

Lord Holland, Duchy of Lancaster.

Lord John Russell, Paymaster of the Forces.

In Ireland, the Marquis of Anglesey

was Lord Lieutenant, with Mr Stanley as Chief Secretary.

On the 23d of December parliament adjourned.

On the 3d of February it met again, and on the 1st of March, Lord John Russell appeared with the Reform Bill in his hand. It is not the purpose here to enter into the details of the Bill. But as it stood in its original state, it was palpably dangerous; it proposed to introduce half a million of new voters into the constituency, of whom but 100,000 were to be given to the counties. The increase for the towns already represented was to be 110,000, for the new towns, 50,000, for London 95,000, for Scotland 60,000, and for Ireland 40,000. But the spirit of the Bill was still more strongly characterised by its proposing to reduce the number of the House from 658 to 596, the whole 62 being taken exclusively from the representation of England.

The debate continued for seven nights, ending on the 9th of March by leave for the first reading of the Bill, without a division.

Yet, we must pause for a single glance. On this occasion parliament exhibited much of that ability which distinguished it in days whose remembrance makes a proud portion of the history of statesmanship. Sir Robert Inglis opened the debate after the mover of the Bill, with one of those speeches of solid research and clear conviction, which have done honour to his public career. He proved that the declared principle of the Bill, "representation dependent on population and taxation," had never before been made a principle of the constitution; that the influence exerted by the small boroughs had been the reverse of prejudicial to the power of the people; all the great successive leaders of the popular cause, Chatham, Burke, Canning, with a long line of others, having been brought into the House by those boroughs; and that the popular power, instead of requiring stimulants, was advancing from year to year; advancing safely perhaps, while it was left to the course of things, but threatening the State the moment that its step should be precipitated by party. "In truth," said he, "the whole essence of the scheme is not reform, in

any common and sensible meaning of the word—but revolution."

Sir Charles Wetherell was contemptuously sarcastic. "He hoped that some member of the Cabinet would rise and explain the system of Reform which was to amputate no less than sixty-two members of Parliament. There had existed in Cromwell's time a purge of the House of Commons, named Colonel Pride's purge. The gentlemen on the opposite side of the House were close imitators of the Cromwellian system; not only of his system of Parliamentary Reform, but of his sanatory system. As no name had been yet attached to the new expedient, he would call it Russell's purge. Its principle was *republican*; it was destructive of all property, all right, and all privilege; and by the same arbitrary violence which expelled a majority of the members from that House, in the time of the Commonwealth, we were now, after the lapse of a century from the Revolution, during which the country had enjoyed greater happiness than was ever enjoyed by any other under heaven, to have the nauseous repetition of Pride's purge?"

Towards the close of the debate, Sir Robert Peel was loudly called for, and he made one of those logical and lofty appeals which make his speeches a study, wherever masculine oratory is the object to be attained. He tore the Bill to fragments. He upbraided Ministers with attempting to overpower the House by the assumption of the king's name. He was not to be shaken by the menace of a dissolution. He would return to his constituents with the bill in his hand, and would claim their renewed confidence on the special ground of his express hostility to that bill.

But he was told, that he must adopt the new constitution as the only alternative for popular tumult. "No," said he, "I am not to be scared from the exercise of my deliberate judgment by the apprehension of a massacre. If it was so, let those answer for it who had preferred exhibiting their ability to destroy, to proving their capacity to govern." He now lashed the Government all round, and every blow told. "I at least," he exclaimed, traversing the Treasury bench with his eye, "I at least am not one

who has industriously laboured to excite the stormy multitude, and employed all his faculties to foster discontent. I at least have never uttered the language used by a noble lord in 1827, who found the people peaceful, and complained that he could not rouse their indignation against the House of Commons; that they would not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. I at least have never encouraged any body of men to display, under the very eyes of Government, a foreign emblem of Revolution. I have never been the person to excite the people to frenzy, or to spur on their indifference to an emulous competition in revolutionary clamour."

Then, in still higher strains, he exposed the artificial necessity which had been pleaded against the constitution. "We must have nothing to do with theories," said he, "when the question is of the practical power and happiness of nations. Before we drag the constitution into Court, where are its accusers? What mischief has it done? The question of any part of it is, what mischief has it done, and what is its action as a part of the whole? Who would pretend to judge of the symmetry of the human frame, of those organs, faculties, and endowments, which fell, perhaps, so little short of the angelic nature itself, by merely examining an isolated limb?" He now pressed the argument still closer.

"In the session of 1819, the noble lord, when speaking on the disfranchisement of a corrupt borough in Cornwall, said, that he would consider a general disfranchisement of the unconvicted boroughs, a reconstruction of the House of Commons. When Lord Somers, and the other great legislators and philosophers who flourished with him, bore attestation to its merits, it was open to the same objections as at this hour. When Hampden lost his life, Rutland returned as many members as Yorkshire. He was not inclined, with the pseudo-merchant in the fairy tale, to cry 'new lamps for old.' He would not exchange the instrument which had been the creator of so much national prosperity, for a burnished and tinsel article of modern manufacture. He would not throw our political system into the wheel for the chance

of obtaining a prize in the lottery of constitutions."

On the 21st of March, the second reading was moved and carried, but only by a majority of *one*, and that one a sudden convert from the Opposition. The vote was unhappy for the individual; for whether from depression of mind or circumstances, he immediately shut himself up from society, and soon after died by his own rash hand.

But this division was a virtual defeat. The multitude received it as a triumph, and insisted on a general illumination. But Ministers felt that it was hopeless to repeat the experiment of carrying the bill in the existing parliament, and on the 11th of May it was dissolved.

On the 21st of June the king opened the session of the new parliament with a speech; whose first sentence declared, that the "dissolution of the late parliament was for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the people on the expediency of a reform in the representation."

The new House exhibited the most singular spectacle seen since the days of Cromwell. The sovereignty of the populace has the strongest resemblance to the sovereignty of the individual. Democracy and despotism are but varied names for irresponsible power. No deliberative assembly of England had ever approached nearer to the condition of delegates. On the hustings dictation had been almost universal. The members were qualified for the exercise of their functions by being first bound hands and feet, sent to exercise their judgment at the hazard of their seats, and to deliberate for the concerns of the empire, shackled by pledges to every petty local interest of the land.

We hasten to the close of the first act of this drama. In a House thus formed the question was decided. On the 24th of June the Reform Bill was brought into the Commons and read a first time, as usual, without a division. On the 6th of July, after a three days' debate, it was read a second time, on a division of 367 to 231, a majority of 136 for Ministers. And on the 21st of September, after a three days' debate, the motion "that this bill do pass," was finally carried by 345 to 236—a majority of 109.

We must alike hasten over the proceedings in the Lords, though of memorable interest, and exhibiting the especial hazard of a collision between the two Houses. But the Duke of Wellington's speech on the second reading, gives the sentiments of the consummate soldier, whose opinions as a statesman will yet be the historic key to all the great transactions of his time.

He pronounced that the predictions had been now fulfilled, which foretold that the effect of the elections must be to produce a house of *delegates*. If the bill was sent back to the Commons, it must be returned to them ten times over, because the House was erected and pledged for the purpose. But the country was not to be abandoned on that account. He altogether denied *that the difficulty was chronic*; it was only temporary, and was to be removed by the government which had raised it.

He then adverted unanswerably to the original sins of the bill itself. "It was bad, because it went to overturn the whole established system of representation. It was bad, because it destroyed, for the mere pleasure of reconstructing. It was bad, because it totally revolutionized the representation of Scotland; and more than all, because it put an end to that invaluable principle of our constitution, the principle of prescription, which sanctioned the descent, and secured the possession of all kinds of property in this country. It went to establish one uniform right of voting, which must tend to democratize the country and the parliament." Its practice too must be dangerous.

"Generally speaking, in the large towns this system would give the demagogue, and not the gentleman of property, the influence of the elections, and he again would be the mere delegate of his constituents."

The common pretext that reform would relieve the public burdens, his grace met with an eloquent denial. "Would their Reform give them a cheap government? Quite the contrary. Look to France. What had it done there? During the last two years, France had expended fifty millions sterling beyond the amount of

her expenditure under Charles X.; and this was her cheap government! And yet we were going to tread in her steps. Charles X. was able to preserve the peace of his capital with a force of from 5000 to 10,000 men. But since the Revolution of July 1830, it had required 60,000 men to preserve the tranquillity of Paris. What was the contrast between the suppression of the riots at Bristol and Lyons? The calamity at Bristol was put an end to, the moment an officer at the head of a military detachment did his duty; while it required 40,000 of the best troops of France, with the Minister of War and the first prince of the blood at their head, to quell in the same time the disturbances in Lyons. If their lordships would consider well the consequences, they would then see whether it was possible to carry on the civil government as hitherto, under a system such as they were now required to form and sustain."

At seven in the morning of the 14th of April, the second reading was carried in the Lords by 184 to 175—a majority of nine. Ultimately, after a succession of struggles, in the course of which Ministers demanded a new creation of peers, were refused by the king, and resigned, the government was offered to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, but, clogged with the condition of carrying out the principle of the bill, was refused by them. The Whig Cabinet resumed office, and the Opposition Lords almost wholly retiring from the debate, the third reading was carried on the 4th of June by 106 to 22. Finally, on the 7th of June 1832, the royal assent was given to the bill by commission, the king not appearing, though his presence was loudly demanded by its adherents, as a test of the popular victory.

A new era was now to begin. The Reform Bill was now the law of the land; and when Parliament opened on the 29th of February, (and *again* by commission,) the national eye was directed to its first movements with an anxiety unexampled since the accession of the House of Hanover. The progress of the bill through the two Houses had given time for removing a part of its venom,* but the whole form was there,

* By General Gascoyne's motion in the preceding year, the cashiering of the sixty-

"Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd with mortal sting."

It was not the extraction of a single fang, or the casual absorption of the poison, that could secure the nation against the original enmity stamped upon its creation. The country felt that the old questions and old nature of the great Parliamentary parties had passed away, and, by instinct rather than suggestion, thenceforth named them the Destructives and the Conservatives.

The legislature is the great instrument of the constitution, and some conception of the change in the produce of the machinery may be formed from the change in the machine.

By the bill, England, for 40 counties, returned 144 members; for 185 cities and boroughs, 227 members. The number of registered voters in 1832 being for the former, 344,564; and, for the latter, 274,649. Thus the cities and boroughs had 83 members more than the counties, or nearly a third more representatives, for nearly a third less voters. Total, 471 members for 619,213 voters.

Wales, for 12 counties, returned 15 members, the number of registered voters in 1832 being 25,815; for 14 districts of boroughs returned 14 members, the number of voters being 11,309. Total, 29 members, and 37,124 voters.

Scotland, for 30 counties, returned 30 members, the number of registered voters in 1832 being 33,114; for 76 cities and boroughs returned 23 members, the number of registered voters being 31,332. Total, 53 members, and 64,446 voters.

Ireland, for 32 counties, returned 64 members, the number of registered voters in 1832 being 60,607; for 34 cities and boroughs returned 41 members, the number of registered voters being 31,545. Total, 105 members, and 192,152 voters.

Thus in Great Britain, the county members are but 189, while those for the towns are 364! But even this is not all. The population of the towns is capable of being kept in a constant state of political ferment, is open to every

impulse of the hour, and is quickly thrown into a dangerous form; while the county population is tardy, but little concerned in politics, and with the labours of the field for its natural and quiet employ, has neither time nor inclination for the perpetual empiricism, that fosters and feeds on the levity or the tumult of the life of towns.

Whiggism had now obtained its triumph, and Lord Grey moved in the centre of the pageant. But it was observed even then, that never was the countenance of victory so pale. Never was there a march to the temple of the constitution so destitute of all those noble forms and proud representatives of national feeling, which once made an essential part of the triumphs of statesmanship. The peerage, the bar, the church, were not to be seen there; and, like the Roman funeral, men thought more of the absent than of all that moved before their eyes. There were not wanting wild and furious figures to fill up their place, and the shout of the rabble was loud before and behind the car; but, from the moment when the valves of the temple opened before it, the spirit of the triumph vanished, and even the multitude scattered away.

Lord Grey's ministry must be rapidly passed over. It was a year and a-half of abortions, a time of anxiety for the nation, and for no man more anxious than for the noble lord himself. Party, in bringing him forward, had acted craftily for its own purposes, but cruelly for his fame and his feelings. His political warfare was legitimately at an end, and he ought to have been left at home to contemplate his sword hung up in his halls, and fight his old Foxite battles over again at his fireside. Used as a link to connect living party with the past, he was important to their purpose; but with the completion of that purpose his fate was sealed. Unquestionably a man of talents, and those talents polished, perhaps invigorated, by long parliamentary exercise, he was the last man on earth for a popular leader. Aristocrat *par principe*, he was to feel the whole discom-

two members was prevented, much to the lamentation of the Cabinet; and, by the perseverance of the Marquis of Chandos, tenants paying L.50 rent a-year were allowed to have the same franchise which had been given to beggars paying 3s. 6d. a-week for hovels in the towns.

fort of democrat *par profession*. Born with a conformation of political spine which made every bow a pang, he was to go through an hourly course of prostration, to hold out a shrinking hand to the unwashed grasp, and to elaborate smiles for all mankind. If physiognomy, personal or political, was to be the evidence, no candidate since the days of Coriolanus, would have more contemptuously thanked the crowd for "their voices—their most sweet voices;" or more disdainfully poured out the declamation of the Roman;—

"You common cry of curs! whose breath
I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens; whose loves
I prize
As the dead corpses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air, I banish you."

But he had another grievance, he found his politics thrown into ridicule. For the fifty years of his public life, he had employed his weary skill in carving and gilding a little image of Reform; and when at length his party was driven out, and, like Virgil's hero, he was sent to look for a new Troy through the world, he bore this wreck of his fortunes, his little household deity, in his bosom.

"Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja
Penates,
— Et manibus vittas, Vestamque potentem."

But, on his at last finding a harbour, where he attempted to set up his little image, he saw it utterly scoffed at. Thereform which had amused the speculations of the past age was a totally different shape from the ill-fated and rough-hewn shape, which was to supplant his toy. Confessions transpired even through the cabinet curtains, that this was not done without many a writhe of the unfortunate premier. Murmurs constantly reached the public, with the intelligence, "that his Lordship had been induced to think, that a *stronger* reform than his *original conception* would be beneficial. And, as if for the express purpose of making the vexation more vexatious, it was added, that the hand which unseated the little Foxite ornament of his mantelpiece; and even the heel which trampled it to fragments, were those of Lord Durham. His name from that moment certainly superseded that

of his noble father-in-law, and all the honours of Reform were his own.

We have dwelt upon this narrative of Reform, because there lies the prominent and the continued evil of the State. By introducing "physical force" as an element, it has *essentially* altered the constitution. It was wholly different from the illustrious Pitt's honest proposal, of transferring the franchise from forty decaying villages to thriving towns; or from Fox's theory of rebuilding the representation solely within the limits where it had fallen in; a theory which he contemptuously threw behind him on his ascent to power, and which never figured but on the flag of a Westminster election. But the Durham Reform introduced the *populace*. There is no maxim which ought to be more deeply engraven on the mind of legislators, than that property can be the only safe trustee for property. In a free country, laws made by beggars will be only licensed larcenies. If the Reformers had been in earnest in their promises of national security, they would have raised the franchise in every instance, instead of lowering it until the vanishing point is almost capable of being already marked on the scale.

The mischief has been fortunately checked by the accession of a powerful and decided cabinet, in place of a trifling and fluctuating one. But the substantial evil lies before us still, undiminished by a single grain, and ready for the use of the first cabinet of charlatans who shall be content to live by a traffic in public poison. How long can the empire reckon on the existence of the most powerful and protecting cabinet? Since the commencement of the reign of George the Third, now eighty years, the average existence of administrations has been scarcely more than three years and a half. Reformers laugh at their own theories; they are by far too substantial for the true cravings of faction. They do not flock in from the highways and hedges to feed upon air; the imaginary banquets of a Plato or a More, a Hobbes or a Harrington, have no charms for them. Men of rank, unconscious of their own hazards, or men of speculation, involved in the fogs of their own metaphysics, may talk Reform; but the true actors, the "practical men," the

"operatives" in the work of change, would be the first to despise those moody monomaniacs, and trample them in their first outburst of national pillage. Even the Reform Bill is already deserted by the Reformers. It has been found too pedantic, too formal, too tardy for them. It is now left in the hands of the Conservatives; and there it lies, the rude register of that hurried and lawless marriage of the democrat and the dupe, which threatens so desperate a progeny; or rather there it lies, the melancholy evidence to our posterity of the rashness of their fathers; the sullen page, in which whatever accusing Spirit it is that records the fall of nations, may yet write with a pen of fire the fate of a suicidal people.

The cabinet soon found that it had entered upon no sinecure. The Reform tumults in England had acquired a regularity, which was more formidable than their casual violences. But in Ireland, these tumults had begun to combine the fury of popular outbreak with profound and general conspiracy. On the 15th of February, the Ministry were compelled, by the public danger, to bring in the memorable Coercion Bill. But we must give a few sentences from Lord Grey's very able, and very true speech, on laying his Bill on the table of the Lords:—

"Neither *past experience*," said his lordship, "nor the present aspect of affairs, furnish any well-grounded expectation, that a *mere redress of grievances* will restore peace to Ireland.

"No one has been more sanguine than myself in hoping that emancipation would have purchased tranquillity, and that Parliament would have been allowed to pursue its course of further amelioration, undisturbed by popular violence. But I have been *grievously disappointed*."

After this open confession of the futility of all his theories of regeneration, he turned, with equal truth, to give the fruits of his tardy knowledge in the description of the Irish reformers:—

"Such a pause (a pause of quiet for the operation of Parliament) did not suit the promoters of 'agitation'; the sweets of power had been tasted by the *popular leaders*; the slow work of *redress* did not answer their wishes or their *purposes*. From that moment

agitation was renewed, and the state of Ireland now was perhaps *worse* than at any other period."

Does not all this sound, as if it were spoken by some bold member of opposition, indignant at the long tissue of Whig absurdities, determined to expose ministerial ignorance; and doing the most urgent duty of a public man, by exposing the visages which were doing the work of national ruin, under the mask of patriotism? Yet this was the language of a minister, a leader of party, who had for nearly fifty years been foremost in the outcry for Reform; who for twenty-five had pronounced "Emancipation" to be the simple act, before which the discords of Ireland would be hushed as by a spell; "Redress of grievances," the motto on the banner, which had only to be displayed in Ireland, to see all tumult fling away its arms; "Privilege," the panacea which was to cure all the rankling passions of popular ambition. This was evidence wrung from Whiggism! It was testimony on the rack; yet it was true.

But we must give a head or two more of that indictment which Whiggism was now employed in drawing up against itself:—

"A system is on foot," said his lordship, "which proceeds openly under an organization, and is directed expressly to objects which must destroy the peace of the community, and threaten the unity and integrity of the empire. Combinations formed in defiance of the law; the existence of armed bodies, which violate the rights of property, inflict death for purposes of terror or vengeance, and render the law nugatory, by deterring prosecutors and witnesses, and intimidating jurors."

Are we reading a description of Tartary or of Ireland; of the tribes of the howling wilderness, or of a country professing the profoundest homage for the most ceremonious shape of Christianity, relieved from the last imaginary restrictions, and panegyriized by Whiggism as the especial model-school of its new art of "conciliating" nations into political virtue?

The remedies proposed were, martial law, the proclamation of districts, the prohibition of being out of doors from sunset to sunrise, the prohibition of meeting in large assemblages. This

was the law of the eleventh century brought back into the bosom of the nineteenth—the law of William of Normandy—the law of Ali Pasha among the mountain robbers of Albania. Yet all this was necessary—every link of this fetter was necessary—to bind down violences which no law could tame.

The minister concluded his statement, by enumerating the public offences of Irish agitation during a twelvemonth:—

“They actually amount to upwards of 9000! *There is*,” said he, “a system of demoralization, such as never before existed in a country calling itself civilized.”

What would his lordship have said to the progress of the system in after years? The return for 1838 was 24,000, and in 1839 it was made a matter of congratulation, that crime had increased but one thousand more! The Lords were so fully convinced of the necessity of the case, that, on the 22d, the bill was read the third time without having given rise to a *single division*!

On the 27th of February, it was brought into the Commons by Lord Althorpe, and, though strongly resisted at the first reading, was carried, after a six nights’ debate, by 345 to 86; the Conservatives having joined in the ministerial measure from a sense of its importance to the country.

But from this night the cabinet was on the wane. The cabinet had shown that it was not totally submissive, and the order was issued for its cashiering. Whiggism is by its nature a neutral existence. Its chief principle is place, and its chief means for place, flexibility. The more or less flexible the Whig is, the more or less he is Whig. Like the Lord Mayor’s footman, the question with him is not of the master, but of the wages—not of the change of livery, but the comforts of the servants’ hall. But submission is essentially required. The ludicrous epithet of “squeezeable” applied to the late Cabinet, has belonged to all Whiggism from the days of Fox. Like the camel, it must be not only ready to bear whatever burden its feeder may be pleased to lay upon it; but the perfection of

its training is estimated, like the camel’s, by its readiness in kneeling to receive it. The slight attempt of the cabinet to have a will of its own with respect to Ireland, was regarded as punishable only with extinction. Whiggism is a slave, and, like a slave, a murmur from its lips was rebellion! It was to be respited but for a moment; a prompt demand was made upon it for the confiscation of the Church property in Ireland. But for an act of this daring, the cabinet were not sufficiently prepared. They had not acquired the full knowledge of the revolutionary science. A church bill was introduced, relieving some of those difficulties which had grown up by the passing of years, but abstaining from the church property. It was flung at the heads of the ministers. Another and a more stringent demand was made, on the 27th of May 1834. A resolution was moved in the Commons, declaring the “justice and necessity of immediately depriving the Church of Ireland of a part of her temporalities.” In the midst of the debate, Lord Althorpe rose, and begged a postponement, in consequence of circumstances which had come to his knowledge only since he had entered the House. On this the House adjourned. The circumstances were, that Mr Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, and Sir James Graham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, had resigned. They were followed by the Duke of Richmond, Postmaster-General, and the Earl of Ripon, Privy-Seal.

The cabinet had received its death-blow. The question had been on the church temporalities. It shrank from confiscation, but a middle measure had been proposed. It shrank from the middle measure, and, after lingering for a few months, on the 9th of July Lord Althorpe rose in the House of Commons to declare that he had resigned; and on the same evening, Lord Grey, in the Lords, made a similar declaration for himself, in a long and interesting statement of his administration. On the 17th, Lord Melbourne appeared in the House as minister, and a new and still darker period began. But we must now break off for a time.

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VOL. LI.

THINGS OF THE DAY.

THE LIBEL LAW.

THE present state of the law of libel has been long felt as an anomaly in the British code, and we are convinced that the Conservative government could not signalize its accession by any act at once wiser, more gratifying to the country, and more essential to justice, than a revision of the entire system. The first principle of all criminal justice is, that a man should have the crime so distinctly defined, that he cannot fall into it without intention; and the next, that there should be a period at which accusation should have no power to follow him.

Both those principles seem to be utterly violated by the present state of the libel law, and the violation of either demands an immediate remedy. In private cases, in general, the act of libel may be sufficiently understood. We can know that it is libellous to charge an individual with fraud or forgery, or any of the heavier order of crimes against society. And, on the other hand, custom has coerced the law to the extent of making it venial to charge a minister with want of principle, or a public functionary with want of capacity. But, from this point, the distinctions are left so ill defined, that it is next to impossible, in most cases, particularly for a public journalist, to know whether what he is writing in the best intention for the public service, and without the slightest intention of in-

juring either feelings or property, may not be twisted into guilt, and be the occasion of bringing him before the judgment-seat, however unnecessarily, wrongfully, and injuriously.

In every instance of public men, the truth should justify; and the evidence of the facts should be sufficient answer to the charge of libel. Not so in private instances, where the truth itself may be malicious, and no corresponding good can be expected from its publicity. But the characters and conduct of public functionaries being of the highest importance to the general welfare, they cannot be too closely scrutinized, too carefully kept to their duty, or too amply warned of the consequences of dereliction. There truth should certainly *not* be a libel.

Another consideration of great importance is the *time*. We think it the clearest point imaginable, that no action should lie which was not taken within *six months* after the offence, if the plaintiff were in Europe, or in twelve months if any where else. The injury that can afford to sleep, or the vindication that is delayed for a twelvemonth, may well be suffered to lie dormant for ever. Besides, the mere lapse of time may breed injustice. The witnesses for the defendant may have gone their several ways, and be beyond bringing back; or they may be dead; or they may have lost their faculties by age; and thus a man may

be taken unprepared, and the innocent suffer as the guilty. The "Times," which has already distinguished itself so advantageously by its resistance in a case of this kind, has, within the last few weeks, fought a second fight of the same nature, and fought it, we are glad to say, for the honour of British justice, successfully. The action was brought by one Pisani, a Greek dragoman, or official interpreter to the British embassy at Constantinople, for the publication of two letters containing general censures on the employment of dragomans, in consequence of their connexion with foreign powers through their relatives; which censures this dragoman thought proper to take as a reflection on himself, and thereupon brought his action. The case is important, not for the trifling personage concerned, but for an illustration of the absurd system employed by our Turkish diplomacy, and for the not less striking illustration of the absurdity of our libel law. For the first point, we give a fragment of the evidence of the plaintiff's nephew.

"Count Alexander Pisani was then called and examined by Mr Serjeant Talfour.—I am the plaintiff's nephew. I am attached to the British embassy at Constantinople. I am keeper of the archives there. There is a class of persons employed by the British embassy called dragomans. There were five dragomans attached to the British embassy in 1837. It is their duty to interpret between the British embassy and the Turkish authorities. It is also their duty to convey communications from the one to the other. That is an office of responsibility and trust. There was in 1837 one interpreter who filled the office of chief dragoman. Frederick Pisani, the plaintiff, who is my uncle, was the acting chief dragoman in 1837. He had filled that character from 1834. He holds that office now."

But then came the cross-examination by Sir W. Follett, which was rather more elucidatory.

"I derive the title of Count from Italy. I derived it on the death of a relation, and it was conferred on him by the Pope. I am an Italian by descent. I was born at Constantinople, at Pera. All the Franks (that is, the Europeans) live at Pera. I think that Frederick Pisani, the plaintiff, was born there. He is of Italian descent, but he is not a Count. There is another Pisani employed by the Russian

embassy. He is a brother of the present plaintiff. There are some others of my relations in the service of Russia. There is a branch of the family in the Russian service. A great many of the name live in Russia. One of them was lately in the Russian service at Constantinople. I do not know whether he had any land bestowed on him by the Emperor of Russia for his services. His name is Nicholas Pisani. I am a nephew of the person employed as *dragoman* by the Russian embassy. I have some remote relations, second and third cousins, who are attached to the Russian embassy. I have no first cousin attached to it. In 1837 there was a person who had the direction of the commercial department of the Russian embassy. His name was Paul Pisani. He was my second cousin. I know M. Etienne Pisani. He was attached to the British embassy. He is my brother. The usual course is to transact *all official business* through dragomans. The dragomans translate the English letters from the embassy into Turkish, and also the Turkish letters received from the Porte into English."

Here was Russia all over!—and we are to remember, besides, that a Russian connexion is not like an English one. The Czar gives titles and estates to his dragomans, the brothers of his dragomans, and the cousins of his dragomans. He has all the security for their doing his work that can be had by hope and by possession. But he has the still stronger security that can be given by fear. If a Russian dragoman grows slippery, he is visited by the confiscation of his estate, the extinction of his titles, and if he can be caught within the Russian dominions, he is also visited by a pair of Cossacks, who throw him into a sledge, and drive him five thousand miles a-head towards the Arctic circle. Now, taking the average of human nature, the odds of honesty are entirely in favour of the Russian system; and though the present British dragoman may be a saint or a hermit, it would be too much to expect that all his successors will be able to shut their eyes to the difference between the bare salary of an English office, and the titles and estates of Russia. The difference of penalty is something too—the British servant, at the worst, only losing his petty place, the Russian servant going to catch wolves and drink snow-water in Siberia. Thus, without at all impeaching the

credit of the existing official, it might seem fair enough to think, that our way of doing business was not exactly the best to ensure secrecy in future ages, especially where British diplomacy may happen to be not on the best terms with Russia. On the whole view of the case, it seems perfectly astonishing, that so clumsy a contrivance as the employment of Greeks should have been tolerated for above the first half-hour, and that the whole dragoman race should not have been

summarily dispensed with, and Englishmen, instructed in the language for the purpose, have been employed in their room.

The dragoman was defeated in the present instance; it being shown that his honour was somewhat too sensitive—the Greek having complained before he was hurt. But surely an attack of this kind, which it costs so much to defend, ought to be punishable.

SYMPATHIZERS.

The existence of the United States would be of use, if it were only to make the world sick of Republicanism. There never was a more shocking evidence of the absurdity of expecting a rabble to be rational, honest, or moderate; or the government chosen by that rabble, to be any thing but their tools. But if they kept their follies to themselves, they might be suffered to call names, waste their lives in election squabbles, exhaust the public resources in worthless speculation, and swallow gin and bad politics to the end of the chapter. But the evil of republics never keeps itself within native bounds. It is always boiling over on its neighbours. A field of thistles is not more obnoxious to the honest farmer, who sees their seeds floating over his fence at every gust, and preparing vexation for his harvest hour by hour.

America is now a land of Sympathizers—tender phrase! A nest of cut-throats starts up in Canada. All is sympathy for them at the other side of the St Lawrence. A horde of ruffians starts up in Ireland, roaring for the Repeal of the Union, which every man of common sense must know to be only preliminary to the separation of the empire, and scenes of unparalleled bloodshed and misery, if not the signal for an universal war. America instantly exhibits her Sympathizers. We are at peace with her, we have offered no provocation, she is bound to us by solemn treaties;—but what are all those things to a “free and enlightened people?” All these gatherings of rabble orators pour out, in her public places, the most furious declamations against our country. But does her government

ever interfere; does she ever protest against these violences; do any of her public organs point out to these brawling incendiaries the injustice, the faithlessness, and the atrocity of their uproar? No. A republican government is always a government of tools, and the government leaves the mischief to take its way.

Now for a case in point: On the suppression of the Irish rebellion in 1798, the ministry suffered a considerable portion of the rebels to retain their lives, on condition of leaving the country. If those men had been the subjects of any other kingdom of Europe, they would have been shot within twenty-four hours. But British lenity prevailed, and they were suffered to go to America. The sequel has shown that British lenity was a fool; for those men have been the bitterest declaimers, ever since, against the country which ought to have sent them to the grave.

The time which has elapsed since the rebellion, has partially obliterated the memory of its horrors. But it cost the lives of ten thousand men, the devastation of nearly a fourth of the finest counties of Ireland, the lives of some men of high rank and merit, and a scene of the most wide-spreading bankruptcy, poverty, and wretchedness, for years. The crime of the perpetrators of this havoc was a heavy one, and ought to have received such feeble atonement as could be found in the forfeiture of their abject and mischievous lives.

If the character of the rebellion could be made darker by its objects, the palpable object was the establishment of a republic founded on the principles of the French.

The French populace had covered themselves from head to foot with the blood of, not merely the nobles, but the merchants, the manufacturers, and the landed gentry. Property was the real revolutionary crime; and the overthrow of all semblance of religion, pure or impure, formed one of the chief chapters in the new code of freedom. The priesthood were shot, drowned, and banished. It was with this model before them that the leaders of the Irish insurrection proposed to establish a republic; and, to make the resemblance more certain, proposed to establish it by French troops—then the notorious robbers of Europe. They entered into a negotiation with the government of France, and a fleet and army were sent to Ireland—the most powerful expedition which France had equipped since the beginning of the war, a fleet of fifteen sail of the line, commanded by Hoche, then the most distinguished officer of France. The hand of Providence alone saved Ireland from being a field of slaughter. A tempest scattered the fleet, rendered this great expedition abortive, and left Irish rebellion to expose its unassisted weakness, and perish alone. But the projectors of that bloody and miserable scene must not be suffered to carry away with them even the frivolous honour of a love for either the new liberty of France, or the old religion of Ireland. They were chiefly men struggling in the lower ranks of the professions, unemployed physicians and surgeons, hopeless barristers, and one or two half-pay officers—the common race of idlers who revenge their own folly by discontent with society, and, sick of the settled order of things, are willing to traffic in blood for a change. Nor have they a higher claim even to that sole redeeming quality of the ruffian, the fearless exposure of themselves to hazard. *Not one of them* ventured himself in the field: not one of them died the death of the soldier. Their weapon was the libel, they left the sword to the unfortunate peasants; they lurked in closets and caverns when their unhappy dupes were marching and fighting; and thus destitute of even the most vulgar virtue of the Irish, the few of them who died, died by the hands of the hangman. A more guilty conspiracy, hatched by a more contemptible

cabal, never disgraced even the disgraceful annals of public tumult. After the extinction of the rebellion in the field, those miscreants were hunted out, dragged from their holes and corners, and, like caged rats, exported to run loose through America.

If the chapter of their baseness could receive an additional line, it would be added by their conduct ever since they were suffered to arrive in that country. With men of any conception of honour it must have been felt, that lives thus forfeited, and thus forgiven, were pledged to avoid all further insult to England; that they had been liberated on their parole; that if they had not the honesty to be grateful for their existence, they should have the honour to abjure all hostility. But the case has been quite the contrary. There never has been an occasion on which they could embitter the American populace against England, which they have not grasped at. There never has been a paltry difference which they have not laboured to exaggerate into a national quarrel. The paragraph of a party newspaper is the sound of a trumpet to them; and the hoary rebels of '98, decrepit with the lapse of fifty years, hobble up from all quarters to the place of rabble-gathering, drivel out their senile treason, and, on the verge of that grave into which nature is dropping them, and into which they should have been flung by justice half a century ago, blow their last feeble breath to raise the popular flame against the country to which they owe their lives.

But though those men can be only objects of contempt, the conduct of the American functionaries becomes a matter of more serious animadversion. Mr M'Donnell's very intelligent pamphlet on the subject supplies us with exact documental information on the proceedings which for some time past have taken place in America for the propagation of the "Repeal" cry in Ireland. Large sums of money have been subscribed, for a purpose which would inevitably conclude, if it succeeded, in the separation of the British empire, and, if it did not succeed beyond producing a conflict of the sword, must cover Ireland with blood.

Of all political acts of atrocity or insanity, there is not one whose consequences lie more palpably before the

eye. If the Union were repealed, there must be an Irish parliament; of that parliament, the late changes of the franchise would make three-fourths Roman Catholic. We should then see Romish bishops seated in the House of Peers, and Romish agitators masters of the House of Commons. What hope could there be for Protestant religion, Protestant rights, Protestant property, or Protestant protection? If the English legislature has been forced to a desperate struggle to save them from a small faction here, what must be their ruin with a perpetual and bigoted majority, totally and furiously ranged against them? It would be impossible for Protestantism to sustain itself. It must either fly the country, or be crushed on the spot. But this result could not remain unregarded by England, and the consequence *must be* civil war. How long would Popish Europe remain neuter? How long would France look quietly on, while the chance was offered of cramping or mutilating this country? Then there must be war—certainly extensive, perhaps universal; and for what? To place a Popish faction in Irish power, to give sinecures to a few brawlers, and to restore the sullen sovereignty of the Popedom, over a country that has illustriously defied his kingdom of darkness for three centuries.

But, passing over the brawlers, what is the language of the functionaries? The following extract is from the public letter of the governor of one of the States, and is decisive of that utter obliquity of understanding which seems to belong to the whole feeling of republicanism.

"As I read the constitution of the United States, it does not require citizens to withhold their sympathies from any other people struggling to ameliorate their condition, or to regain civil liberty. Our sympathies have been heretofore fully expressed in favour of the French, Greek, South American, Polish, Texan, and Canadian patriots; and I am not aware of any reason why we should suppress similar sympathies for the people of Ireland, unless it be that they freely yielded to us not only sympathy, but generous aid, in our contest for independence. Cherishing such sentiments, I have never been of that number of Americans who believed that Ireland was justly or necessarily deprived of that which is the life of nation-

ality or of liberty—a representative legislature.

"It has been my lot to see for myself the deep misfortunes Ireland suffers from her legislative dependence upon Great Britain; and my indignation against oppression never rose higher than when I found her Parliament halls in College Green converted into a banking-house, and the places of her orators and statesmen filled with money-changers. I have never seen patriotism or genius more deserving of honour than in the character of Daniel O'Connell, who seems to have been raised up for the purpose of restoring the nationality of Ireland.

"Although, personally, I should have no objection to publish these sentiments at any time, and on any suitable occasion, I have thought it proper to delay this letter until it should be too late to reach its destination before the close of the election which is now in progress. A different course would have, perhaps, been the subject of misapprehensions *injurious to the great objects for which the associations have been formed*. I am, gentlemen, with respect and esteem, your friend and fellow citizen,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

In this letter, this flippant personage first has the absurdity to assimilate the condition of Ireland under the English government, to that of countries notoriously either the prey of parties equally illegitimate, and actually slaughtering each other, or countries living actually under the sternest despotism. Is Ireland in the condition of Greece under the Turk, of Poland under the Russian, or of Mexico under the Spaniard? But Ireland has no liberty of speech. On that point Mr O'Connell may be appealed to. She has no protection of law. Certainly not much for the Protestant clergyman, whose house is burned in place of paying him his tithes, or the landlord, whose rent is discharged by a bullet through his brains. But Ireland has no parliament. Her rabble were, to the full, as complaining when she had one. She had a rebellion when she had a parliament; and she has at this hour not merely a large representation in the General senate of the empire, but a Romish representation, which she had not when her parliament sat in Dublin. But must locality be a grievance justifying rebellion? Why does not Scotland rebel, and point to the ruin of Edinburgh since the removal of

her parliament? The American talks nonsense, and there is an end of the matter. But as to his sympathizing, to what extent did the sympathy of his people go for Greece, or Poland, or Spanish America? It never cost him more than a harangue. It never extracted from Jonathan a sixpence. Canada, indeed, was a more favourite speculation; there was a showy display of sympathy; and if the Canadian governor had exhibited to the telescopes of the people of Buffalo a range of his prisoners, hanged in the moment of capture, he would have given the sympathizers the most useful lesson for sentimentalists of their calibre. But Ireland, too, affords a pleasant speculation; and on this Jonathan is so much in earnest, that he hazards the national idol—money.

It is our enjoyment to tell Jonathan, that, with all his cunning, he is a blockhead for his pains. That he will never see the fruit of his dollars; that instead of spreading Republicanism over the bogs of Ireland, they will plunge into a pocket so profound that from it nothing has ever emerged; and that he will look for the Irish flame, and listen for the Irish outcry, until his own rabble system is dust

and ashes. If the Yankees had common sense, they would know that the Repeal cry is the broadest species of "humbug." The raiser of that cry would be the last man to wish for its realization. He knows that it would plunge the country into civil war within six months; and, whatever he may care about that, he knows that it would plunge himself into the centre of it, for which he would care a great deal. If rebellion were once in arms, he must either give up haranguing, or try his heroism; and he is resolved to do neither. No, "Repeal" is a capital invention to keep up the ball; a cockade in the cap, a peg to hang the rent on, and an ingenious screw to squeeze a little money into, and then out of, even mammon-loving Jonathan. The raiser of that cry knows that it will never be any thing more than a cry, an Irish howl—a sort of street-chorus to the after-dinner song, in which he counts up his gains, and laughs at the fools who think that Repeal, and not Rent, is his darling. He knows that to carry Repeal is utterly impossible; and, in the mean time, he bids Jonathan send over all his pocket-money to help it to a consummation.

BANKS.

The failures among the bankers, especially in the country, ought to attract the attention of authority. A week now seldom passes without the announcement of some calamitous bankruptcy. Whether the bankers are ruined or not, which may often be a question, thousands of individuals, at least as honest, and much less able to help themselves, are plundered, and, in some cases, utterly undone. The papers of this week announce the failure of three firms, and for immense sums, one for little short of L.200,000, another for something less than L.300,000:—whole districts of small shopkeepers, farmers, and workmen suddenly impoverished by their reliance on those firms, and the country covered with worthless paper. Can these things be suffered to pass without let or hindrance?

We are, of course, aware of the scrutiny established before the bankrupt can obtain his certificate; but then the evil is already done, and the suf-

ferers are no more relieved by the scrutiny, than the personages who caused the suffering ought to be exonerated from penalty for having produced it. All the comfort that they get is the evidence that the bankrupts have spent their money, have given them in return securities not worth a farthing, and that all is lost to them and theirs.

Now, must it not be asked, should there be no punishment for this, and can there be no prevention? We punish a fashionable-looking man who walks into a tradesman's shop, makes his purchase of perukes or pantaloons, and draws him a check on a banker where he has not a penny. We punish a clerk who uses his master's name to raise money on his own behoof. We punish a dashing man of taste, who takes a fine house, sets up a showy equipage, gives handsome entertainments, and then, when the day of reckoning comes, flits like a summer-bird, and leaves the world to

look for payment—from the moon. But while we inflict the law upon the knave who plunders us by fifties or hundreds, we have not a single lash for the knave who flourishes in luxury at the rate of thousands and tens of thousands. And what is the difference? The banker takes the best house in the village, or probably he disdains the village, and establishes himself in some mansion within a drive of the town, surrounded with groves, pheasantries, pineries, and all the other fine things of modern squiredom. There he gives his dinners, balls, and suppers, outshines every body, and, if ambition should spur his soul, prepares to set up for the borough at the next election. He proceeds on the road of popular renown; spends some thousands in beef, beer, and bribery. In the midst of his glories he breaks down; he has been the purchaser of half a million in a railway, which produced a shilling per cent: he has had half a steam ship, which foundered on the Scilly Islands; he is principal owner in a cargo of warming-pans for the Tropics, or ice for Greenland. Above all, he holds a “pretty considerable” quantity of American bank stock, reinforced by a loan on the mountains

of Abyssinia. While the unlucky peasant pours the produce of his milk and butter, shilling by shilling, into the till of the M.P., this gentleman is funding and refunding, renovating the decayed energies of South American republics, or enabling the credit of Spanish factions to hold up its head. But the bridge on which he treads is crazy, a single plank gives way, and the whole sinks from the eye of man.

Ought not this kind of random dealing with the property of other men to be attended with *some little* inconvenience to the dashing dealer himself? We perfectly admit that there may be cases, in which no rectitude can avert misfortune, that there are bankers of the highest personal integrity, and that nothing would be more unjust than to visit upon the whole class the stigma due to a portion of them. Still, we are quite of opinion, that some security for the public ought to be obtained, before any firm should be suffered to open its doors; that a prodigal expenditure should be regarded as a profligate one; and that the firm which wasted the funds entrusted to its charge, in desperate and *concealed* speculations, should personally be sent to Sydney or the treadmill.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Jonathan is a great orator and scribbler, his patriotism at home dilates itself in Fourth-of-July orations, appeals to the “Land of Liberty,” and nonsense about the wonders to be achieved by an unborn posterity in an unknown age. His diplomacy abroad flourishes in “notes” of an interminable length, and of an intolerable intricacy, in which the whole merit seems to be the art of covering so much paper, and quibbling through every line. It was not to be supposed that so very Yankee a personage as Mr Stevenson should leave this country without preparing for his reception at home, by some such display of the native faculties; for, after all, those absurd notes are written not for London but for New York, and not to enlighten the British Minister, but to gull the Yankee population.

Let the following specimen from his last correspondence on the Slave Trade be the example:—

“Let it be supposed,” says Mr Stevenson, “for purposes of illustration, that Great Britain had entered into treaties with other nations, by which the right of search for seamen or deserters was given to the vessels of each other, and that some of the contracting states, in order to evade their engagements, should resort to the fraudulent use of the flags of other nations. And suppose, also, that, with the view of enforcing these treaties, it should be deemed expedient to assert a right of boarding and examining, upon the high sea, the vessels of the nations who had not surrendered the right, and were not parties to the treaties.

“Does Lord Aberdeen or her Majesty’s Government believe that such a power would be tolerated by any independent nation upon the face of the earth? And yet, what difference would there be between such a case and the one under consideration, except that the one would relate to slavery, and the other to impressment?—subjects, probably, equally important in the view of her Majesty’s Government.”

Now, would not any man, who had the good fortune never to have read any of Mr Stevenson's correspondence before, imagine from this language, that England claimed the right to overhaul *every* American vessel which her cruisers found near the coast of Africa, confiscate them if they had slaves on board, or were intended for the slave trade, and act according to her will with the crew and cargo? Of course this sort of impression afforded room for Mr Stevenson's fine writing, "intolerable injuries," "independent power on the face of the earth," finishing with what this diplomatic wit doubtless regarded as a prodigiously sly sneer at the sincerity of England in the whole transaction. But we must not deprive him of this fragment of his fame. "What difference would there be," he asks, "between the cases, except that the one would relate to slavery and the other to *impressment*?—subjects, probably, *equally important* in the view of her Majesty's Government." This, however, we shall pass over as a mere piece of impertinence, wholly irrelevant to the matter in question, and serving no other purpose than to exhibit the coxcomby of the writer.

But to the main point. Will it be believed that the Yankee has wholly mistaken, or, at all events, wholly mistated, the nature of the rule? That rule being simply, that several European and Transatlantic powers having agreed to prohibit their ships from carrying on the slave-trade, and yet many of those ships being privately and fraudulently engaged in that trade, under cover of the American flag, England requires to have the power of ascertaining whether the vessels suspected by her cruisers are American or not. Her object is thus, *not* to seize American property, nor stop even an American slave-trade, if such there be; but simply to prevent villains who are acting, not merely against the laws of England, but of their own countries, from availing themselves of a flag with which they have no connexion whatever. One might conceive, that America would rejoice to see her flag rescued from this shame, this abominable abuse. But no; Jonathan insists on it, that the mere hoisting an American flag by a Brazilian, Frenchman, Spaniard, or any other trafficker, is

to make him an American to all intents and purposes, and thus secure him against all laws, whether of mankind or his own nation. If this is to be suffered, there can be no use in any treaty with foreigners for the suppression of the slave trade. The private dealer has only to say, "My government may make as many laws as it likes, for any consideration that the folly or the bounty of England may give; I have only to hoist the American flag, and carry on my trade in the teeth of the law." Of course, what one may be villain enough to do, a thousand or ten thousand may be villains enough to do, until the sea is covered with the Yankee ensign, and America, with all her farrago of freedom and philanthropy, has the *honour* of protecting and propagating the slave-trade throughout the world.

Lord Aberdeen's plain and manly answer puts the matter on its true ground. His lordship thus restricts the British claim. He says, "that all offence or caprice ought to be avoided, that so much respect and honour are due to the American flag, that no vessel bearing it ought to be visited by a British cruiser, except under the most grave suspicions and well-founded doubts of the genuineness of its character.

"The undersigned, although with pain, must add, that if such visit should lead to the proof of the American origin of the vessel, and that she was avowedly engaged in the slave-trade, exhibiting to view the manacles, fetters, and other implements of torture, or had even a number of these unfortunate beings on board, *no British officer could interfere further.*"

Yet there is another charge on which we must overhaul the Yankee "note" writer. He says, "the Haytians demanded a *similar* right which you refused; why should we give it to England more than England to Hayti?" Now, to give the Haytian rule on the subject, and it is one utterly *dissimilar* :—

"ART. 1.—The slave-trade is assimilated to piracy.

"ART. 2.—Every vessel, *no matter of what nation*, which shall be surprised engaged or having been engaged in slave-trade, or which shall be destined for it, *shall be captured, and brought into one of the ports of the republic.*

ART. 3.—If any Haytians are found

among the crews, they shall be prosecuted and punished with death.

ART. 4.—If the vessel is foreign, and bears the flag of a foreign power, and if the crew is in whole or in part composed of foreigners, the vessel and foreigners shall be detained to be placed at the disposal of the Consul of the nation, if there is one in the republic; and if there is not one, the government will take the measures which it shall judge fit for delivering them to the country to which they belong.

“ART. 5.—In *all* cases the captives shall be liberated.”

Lord Palmerston's note to the Haytian government protested against this doctrine, simply for its obvious extravagance. He declared, that whatever right the Haytian government might have to confiscate the cargoes or hang the crews of its own ships, no such right could belong to any power in peace against the ships or crews of other nations. Is it possible to conceive that the American minister could be hooby enough to find no difference between this seizing and hanging system, and the simple requiring to see by the papers of a palpably suspicious vessel, whether she were American or not; in other words, whether she was following a trade which America sanctioned, or were transgressing at once the law of their own country, and the obligations of a treaty made for the sake of human nature? If he *did* see the difference, his use of the argument implies something more than a deficiency in the logic of his excellency the Ex-Minister of the “land of Freedom.”

The plain fact is, that the American flag is the great protector of this hideous trade. And why? That secret must rest in the bosoms of those philanthropists who so regularly proclaim the equality of all mankind; the wickedness of refusing liberty of conscience, or any thing else, to any human being; and the glorious right of cashiering governors and government whenever it may please the popular inclination. But we can conceive, at least, the possibility that some of those orators themselves may not be insensible to the advantages of a traffic in which a successful venture makes cent-per-cent; or that there may not be other little benefits to the “long-shore” population in

the supply of the outward-bound. However this may or may not be, let us give a sketch of one of the last captures. The letter is from the surgeon of the *Acorn*, dated St Helena, so late as September 1841.

“I have it now in my power to apprise you of the capture of the *Anna*, on the 17th of August, with *five hundred* slaves on board.

“I was ordered on board the *Anna* to take a list of the captives, and classify them. As soon as I set my foot on deck, the tokens of the miserable condition of the poor creatures met my eye in every quarter.”

He then describes in a few words their situation, from obvious circumstances too disgusting for detail.

“I have never,” says the writer, “encountered any thing like the miasmatic and unwholesome vapours which arose from the dens where the slaves were huddled together, so closely as scarcely to leave breathing room. In the afterpart of the vessel, called the cabin, a place measuring about sixteen feet by nine, and which was allotted to the females, no fewer than 217 of those miserable beings were packed. When I looked down into the crowded mass, and saw the manner in which they were *wedged together*, it put me in mind of the celebrated Black-Hole of Calcutta.

In the forepart of the vessel, about *three hundred* males were confined. This part of the ship was about fifty feet in length, by about twenty-seven in breadth, and about *three feet and a-half* high. In this place, which was in a most impure and filthy state, the above number of human beings were huddled together without room enough to lay themselves at length, and forced to keep in a *sitting position* from the *lowness of the deck above*. The males were from *four* years of age to twenty, and the females from *three* to twenty. Their food was boiled beans mixed with a little flour, in the morning; and in the afternoon, flour and water, with two ounces of meat.”

The vessel was carried into Rio Janeiro, where the slaves were to be taken care of by the British commission.

Can any man read this—and this is but one of hundreds—without a shudder? Let an Englishman imagine himself and his family carried across the ocean in a den of horrors and disgusts like this—unable to lie down, stifling by noisome air, unable

to stand up, packed in with 300 miserable beings like himself, without resource for the common demands of fresh air, of personal comfort, of human cleanliness, or of other requisites equally obvious and undetailable; and add, that this agony is to be endured simply to enable some Brazilian, or Portuguese, or French, or Spanish ruffian, to make money by his miseries—even to say nothing of making him a wretched slave for life. And then let him give his opinion of Jonathan, with his hands in both his pockets, snugly looking on, and with all sorts of fair phrases in his mouth, actually refusing to throw the slightest obstacle in the way of this abomination; nay, refusing to suffer others to throw the slightest obstacle in its way.

We shall not be suspected of taking

any share in the lacrymose absurdities of the Wilberforce coterie. There is no junta on earth for whom we have a more unfeigned contempt. But whatever their motives are, their measures have been so utterly luckless as to extinguish them. But, whether saints or sinners, we turn from them and their harangues, to the true state of the case; the traffic, atrocious as it was thirty years ago, is more atrocious every year since. The wretchedness which was then in some degree kept down by British law, is now left at the mercy of the most merciless of mankind, the slave-dealer of the western world. And yet we are to listen to America talking of her protecting flag, her national delicacy, and her public rights, as if all this were innocence, and the slave-trade only a pastime!

LORD RODEN.

The public have good reason to thank this estimable nobleman for the pamphlet which has just appeared in answer to Lord Alvanley's on the state of Ireland. The latter lord's was the performance of a lively gentleman, terribly tired of hearing Ireland the topic of conversation at the clubs, and determined to give his helping hand to the restoration of pleasanter subjects, by extinguishing the old one at a blow. His expedient is the simplest one imaginable. "The Papists complain of poverty, and their priesthood. Poh! give them as much money as they ask for, and stop their mouths at once." Nothing more satisfactory to the man who knows nothing of either the people or the priest. The late Lovell Edgeworth, a dabbler in all sorts of machines and projects, happening not to like the colour of the slates used in Irish building, proposed that they should be coloured with cobalt. "A very good colour," was the reply of old Watt, who doubtless looked with due wonder on the projector; "but cobalt costs two guineas a pound." The evident fact, of course, being, that the ingenious Mr Edgeworth knew nothing of the matter. Lord Alvanley is evidently of the easy school; he has heard that there are Popish priests, and imagines them to

be venerable hermits, like some of the long-bearded figures in his gallery, innocent, patient, and picturesque; and he recommends that all their sorrows shall be healed accordingly, that they shall be called to the Protestant pay-table, comforted with the oil and wine of a handsome pension poured into the wounds of their conscience, and softened for life with a general sinecure. Of course, his lordship knows no more of the cost of this performance, than Edgeworth knew of the price of his cobalt. But this payment, on the lowest estimate, would amount to no less than £600,000 a-year! Exactly twice the sum that sustains the whole Established clergy of Ireland. We put out of the question the palpable crime of paying for the propagation of error, and that, too of error in the most important interests of man—of encouraging superstition, and raising, so far as we can, a perpetual barrier against the progress of religious knowledge among the Popish multitudes of Ireland. But taking the argument in its lowest point of view, the remedy would not answer the purpose. Some of the Popish priesthood might, probably, accept Protestant pay, but the great majority would undoubtedly refuse. The experiment has been proposed before, for Lord Alvanley, though humorous, is not

original. The whole hierarchy of Popish Ireland have peremptorily, and even contemptuously, refused it; and would refuse it still, if it were to be connected with the abandonment of a single fee from confessions, absolutions, extreme unctions, and the various sources of revenue, connected with what they call the essential rites of their religion.

But, even if they did abolish those fees, and take the money in their stead, would that hush the bitter scorn, or the frowning horror, which their church absolutely inculcates towards all whom it pronounces to be *heretical*? By the decrees of Rome, all Protestants are apostates, doomed to eternal suffering; the revolted subjects of holy mother church, and, therefore, to be brought back whenever his holiness the Pope shall possess the power, even by the scourge and the chain. For this the Inquisition was erected, and against this, until Rome shall revoke those decrees, which she never has done yet, Protestantism must be on its guard. Would £150 a-year to the Irish priest—which would cost £600,000 a-year to the nation—revoke those decrees, or extinguish their spirit, or make the priest regard the Protestant as less a heretic, or Rome regard England as less a revolted province? We must beg leave to doubt, and not even Lord Alvanley's simplicity on the subject will induce us to believe, that our £600,000 would produce any thing but a smile of ultra-scorn at our infatuated credulity.

Lord Roden's pamphlet is a performance of another order, well reasoned, well informed, and totally divested of all exaggeration in its statements, or violence in its language. The common clamour of the Popish haranguers is the Tithe. This, his Lordship shows, is wholly groundless.

"As a mere pecuniary burden," he says, "especially as the law at present exists, tithe cannot press at all upon the Roman Catholic farmers; it is really, as it always has been, a portion of that which would otherwise be available to the landlord. The landlords are the *bona fide* tithe-payers, and if tithe were done away in reality, as well as in name, they would alone be the gainers. The total amount of tithe payable to the clergy of the Irish church amounts in round numbers to about L.300,000; of this the landlords in fee that are Roman

Catholics pay only about L.14,000; so little ground have they for asserting that the established church is supported in whole, or even chiefly, by the Roman Catholics. Indeed, under the existing state of the law, tithe is already scarcely noticed by the majority of tenants. In a short time, if left to themselves, the name of it will be almost forgotten; and unless some strange revolution takes place, there cannot be any successful agitation in regard to it."

As to the next charge, that the Protestant church in Ireland has been only an usurper of the property of the Romish, Lord Roden settles that plea with equal clearness:—

"It is too generally believed," says the noble Earl, "that from the introduction of Christianity up to the time of the Reformation, the religion of Ireland was that of Rome; that ecclesiastical property of every kind belonged to the clergy of Rome; and that at that time it was violently wrested from them and transferred to the clergy of another church. *There cannot be greater errors than these.*"

"When the Roman Catholic missionaries first visited Ireland they found that the Christian religion in its purity had been professed and practised for centuries. The Irish Christians were under no obligation, they owed no allegiance to Rome; they extended the right hand of fellowship to the missionaries, but they neither recognized nor submitted to the authority or jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome. We find them in the seventh century, notwithstanding, in conjunction with the British bishops, the emissaries from Rome, and defending the tenets and rights they had always professed. The grounds of this opposition and the tenets they defended, both prove their religion to have been brought to them, not by means of the western, but by the eastern church. Up to the twelfth century they elected and consecrated their own bishops, and these exercised their jurisdiction in their respective dioceses, without any reference whatever being had to Rome. The same century that introduced into Ireland the Royal authority of England, established the jurisdiction of the Pope. *Before this tithes were paid to the clergy, and ecclesiastics were richly endowed with lands.*"

Another of the outcries is, the cruelty of having taken the property of the Romish ecclesiastics and given it to the Protestant clergy. But what is the fact? No such transfer was ever made. The Romish priesthood

in Ireland, almost to a man, embraced the Reformation, and of the whole body, but *two* bishops were deprived of their sees, and that not for adherence to their religion, but for infringement of the law. The people who raise this outcry, knowing the facts, are simply dealers in falsehood; but those who raise it in ignorance should learn, that the whole body of the Romish clergy in both England and Ireland, at the time of the Reformation, remained in possession of all their former benefices, with the exception of less than a hundred in England, who were deprived chiefly, if not in every case, for their refusal to acknowledge the English Sovereign as the earthly head of Church and State—a doctrine which every man of common sense knows to be rational, scriptural, and essentially necessary to the peace of the country. The historic fact is, that, stubborn as the Romish clergy now seem, excited as they are by being set forth as the heads of a political party, they were then far from dreaming of any resistance to the general change of opinion through all the enlightened countries of Europe; and that in the British dominions, as in Germany and the principal part of France and the North, they received the preaching of the Reformation with joy; they welcomed the liberty to read the Scriptures, till then a book scarcely known to them by more than name, and welcomed it as a discovery from Heaven.

The causes which threw the peasantry back again into Romanism, were to be found in the violent alienations of church property by that most rapacious of tyrants and most odious of men, Henry VIII., thus impoverishing the whole body of the Protestant Church in Ireland;—no less than fifteen hundred glebes having been

thus plundered, yet not for a transfer from one church to another, but for a transfer from the Protestant Church to the pockets of courtiers. Thus in England, the confiscation of the abbey lands of Woburn began the fortunes of the Russell family. Nothing can be clearer, than that the Protestant Church of Ireland is nothing more than a renewal of the ancient Church of Christianity, established from the earliest records down to the time of Henry II, who at his invasion brought with him Popery, till then wholly unacknowledged, and even strongly resisted by the Irish Church. The authority of the Pope, thus backed by force of arms, and assisted by the divisions of a country exhausted by civil war, and sinking into poverty and ignorance, then became paramount, and Protestantism, left to poverty, cruelly neglected by the government of England, and still more cruelly persecuted in the harsh reign of the Second James, by his war in Ireland, rapidly sank into the lowest condition of weakness. But the commencement of the last century was the dawn of better times. Education, peace, and law began to make their way through this land of perpetual struggle, and Protestantism, acquiring new activity with new protection, and new usefulness with new activity, became the strength of the land. The Established Church in Ireland is the original Church of Ireland, in all its spirit and in most of its forms. If it had no other effect than that of spreading the Scriptures through all ranks, it would be invaluable. But to this great duty of all Christians, it adds the minor though highly essential services, of being the great bond of connexion with England, the great champion of civil liberty, and the firmest advocate of rational and manly knowledge!

ROADSIDE SKETCHES.

"Now is the winter of our discontent."—SHAKESPEARE.

WE are no great 'clerks on climate,' nor seek to build *our* fame on that of watering-places and their crowds; nor shall this chapter court, in the familiar name of town or citadel, an interest not its own. We design some road-side pictures on foreign roads—appeals to the *memory* rather than the imagination of the courteous reader, whose vote and interest, thus propitiated, we ask with our excellent publishers, to enable us to stand forth, some day or other—as we think we are strong enough to do—in the full-grown stature of "*Travels in Italy*;" to which consummation our ambition has been long since tending—and wherefore not?

"Stultum est cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras *parcere perituræ chartæ*."

Verily there be pleasanter roads for the traveller than that which leads him to Calais from the French capital—*by day*, and in *summer*; but who can sufficiently describe the dreariness and penance of that road *by night*, and in *winter*; when it looks more like the miry bed of a canal under repair, than the ordinary bottom over which wheels are meant to run? We once left gay, brilliant, delightful Paris, (so we then esteemed it,) precisely at the time of the terrible hurricane at Liverpool; Chevalier's barometer had been sinking for two days, and still fell apace; the voluminous clouds were scudding, at rail-road speed over the nests of the high-perched pigeons in the Tuileries—and hard work had they to accommodate their position, or make timely escape from snapping elm-boughs: thousands of intelligent sparrows might be seen covering the roof of the Hotel de la Terrasse, where a whimsical benevolence affords them abundance in a bad season. It was by all these tokens a sad time for the road.

It was five o'clock p. m., when one of Lafitte's thundering waggons—ourselves one of its prisoners sentenced to thirty hours' detention—wended its slow way through the barrier St. Denis, and bound for the coast. We

shuddered as we passed through the heavy wet portal, unchallenged by the bureaux, and felt instinctively for buttons and button-holes to adjust them indissolubly in time. The road was deluged by a twenty-four hours' cataract of rain, and presented no moving object but our van; even the weather-beaten waggoner had put up for shelter, and the last "cantonnier" had ceased to chop stones, and had quitted his drenched shed for an asylum for the night. Through this Slough of Despond, we scarce accomplished five miles in a couple of hours. It was our first stage, and a heavy evening began to set in, shrouding little by little the barren prospect from our view; first drenching the low hills in opaque mist, and creeping over the neighbouring fields, till at last it concealed the very road-side trees from view, though they were still heard lashing their arms in the blast. Cheering in such a night, on such a road, were the rudest and most uncouth sounds of wayfaring life,—the crack of the whip and the fitful outbreaks of the postilions, as the tearing team, thus threatened or encouraged, went fearless on, jerking us with dislocating violence over large gashes, or plumping us into heavy quagmire, till an antagonist force should fetch us up again upon the solid causeway; and so on and so off went we, for many a league, till all was black around us. Just now, thought we, the opera is about to open, and the bright Boulevard to be thronged with its buzzing crowds; while we, forsooth, are doing night-thoughts in this infernal Diligence—contriving vainly how to keep the body warm and the head cool, and how to rob the tedious night of a miserable fraction of its inexorable length, till a gusty morning in Picardy shall slowly dawn upon us, and usher in another day as hopeless as the last! Who does not recollect, with recoil and dismay, (*Quis talia fando*—?) those dismal night-halls in France, viz. lone cabins, where horses are changed, and the drenched diligence, with a lake upon its imperial, stands for a

quarter of an hour buffeting the rain ; and you hear, more audibly than when in motion, the wind sadly sweeping up the long street of some straggling village, swinging a creaking sign-board, or half-extinguished *réverbère*, or sighing in melancholy cadence along some leafless Boulevard, or the shabby colonnade of a tenantless market-place. A night composed of such hours was at length past, and early morning—the wet, wet, dark winter morning of Britain, or northern France—breaks gloomily upon your unrefreshed eyeballs. Meanwhile your lethargic companions have haply snored defiance to the storm ; amidst the garlic and tobacco exhalations, (cutaneous or respiratory) in which you are suffocating, you force down—if it be still possible—in the wet groove, the rattling window, for one mouthful of such morning air as may be had—and only one ; for the storm that skirmished in the dark, at day-break has, now that it can see its way, put forth all its energies, and declares its final intentions ; and far and wide over the horizon the dark mischief brews ; auxiliaries are coming up from every quarter—the elemental battle rages—the poplars bend like young corn—the very hedges shake convulsively from the roots upwards—the thin, long grasses of a future harvest tremble in the meads, as blast courses blast over their surface. But it is morning, and man begins to stir, as stir he must. An early mill, in the hazy perspective, is already revolving furiously, though with *naked* arms ; the sailcloth of a distant waggon is seen toiling up a steep hill, which awaits you in your turn ; flocks of sea-gulls, borne into the interior by the wind off-shore, hail you with a scream as they send over.

Oh, how welcome it is after such a journey, to be waylaid, a mile or two from Boulogne, by all the commissioners of all the hotels, and after all the missiles that have pelted you by the way, to receive, at the open window, a shower of cards, promising you a fine *open* view of that confounded channel which none cross with impunity,—“ rather a *short* sea, sir ! a little ground swell, sir ! and it’s the turn of the tide, sir !—uncommon fine passages all *last month*, sir.” The first object that meets your eye as you rattle down Rue de l’Ecu, is a framed *affiche*, to tell you that the Harlequin

does not start till the delightful hour of two o’clock in the morning. Twelve blessed hours on your hands in a place of such discord as Boulogne !—An entire day, for which you have been prepared by being up all night, is now to be spent in watching, with anxious interest, the periled sea-boats that scramble up the towering surge, and come tumbling over the bar ; and scarcely reach it with rent sails and powerless oars, and crews too enfeebled ever to respond to the cheers which burst from the pier, on their welcome and almost unexpected arrival !—The museum may be visited, and it is creditable to have one in so small a town ; forced exercise may be taken on the rampart ; dinner must be meditated, ordered, prepared, served, spun out, and rested upon, but how is the *evening* to be disposed of ?—Not in the street, where you would be drenched and frozen at the same time ; not in the hotel’s public room, where one solitary greasy repast succeeds another, and the smell of dining never ends ; not in the Theatre, where there is to-night no play—unless, like your Irish friend, you insist upon going to one called a “ *Relache* ;” nor in the *Café*, with its too well-known illumined lantern—

Riz au lait.

Riz au gras.

and its transverse cues and billiard ball ! What ! after the brilliancy of Perron’s glass and gold ; the well-painted Herculean Saltatricei of his neighbours ; the sumptuous comptoirs, with pretty women on thrones of state ; the architectural elegance, and costly simplicity of the *Orleans*, the *Londres*, the *Paris*, the *Cardinals* ; and so many other realizations of the Arabian Nights—to be stunned by the noises of low fellows, wrangling over dominoes at the highest pitch of their voices, on a sanded floor, amidst fumes of acrid tobacco and the feverish breath of the metal stove, which affects at once lungs, stomach, and chest ! or turn from them with disgust to soiled newspapers of the previous day or week—the *Dunkirk Journal* or the *Calais Moniteur* ! or contemplate the slattern “ *du comptoir*,” drawing homely worsted over an inch of candle on a saveall—a poor

drudge, who never smiles, nor meets with encouragement to do so. "*Cælum non animum mutat*," says the poet, as if the former were a trifler's privilege! Why, on this very day three years ago, we left Genoa on our way to Pisa; on this very day we stood on the brow of a promontory which commanded a panoramic view of the most enchanting scenery, and under the brightest sky that ever painter attempted to realize. A Claude's warm haze lay over the Mediterranean, and stretched far to the left upon the dazzling outline of the white hills of that sunny *Carrara*, which, warmed with our coal fires, and reflecting them from the polished slab, is the familiar hearthstone of England! We should as soon think of emulating the flight of those wide-winged giant ospreys, which we then and there saw majestically sailing seaward through that limpid air, as dream of doing justice to the scene. Oppressed with the glories which surrounded us, we began to descend by a zig-zag road, at every turn of which a new diagonal view of the mighty elements of sea and land constituted an infinite variety of pictures. Olive groves that had stood for centuries, oranges ready to be gathered, grew by the road-side; churches, convents, and small villages, broke beautifully on the sides of the mountain we were descending; and all was silent as night, till we were agreeably startled by a shrill note of trumpet over-head—and again it came nearer; but by whom, and for what purpose blown, we could not yet conjecture, for thickets of aloes, pomegranate, and acácia, screened the trumpeter from view. At length the nearer tramp of men and horses directed us to one of the projecting ledges or shelves over-head; and there, through a break in the trees, we got a view of a body of soldiers, on horseback, escorting a cart drawn by four buffaloes, in which cart several ferocious-looking men were seated on transverse benches, moodily engaged in smoking, casting their eyes occasionally over the well-known country—the scene of their parentage, education, and exploits—and seowling on the soldiers like wild beasts fresh caged. The escort overtook us, and we presently entered a peaceful little town at the foot of the hill, together

with the brigands; divided with them the public curiosity for all new arrivals, and proceeding to our respective destinations, we to the hotel—they to prison!

We shall now shake the kaleidoscope, and shift the scene to our own fair island, to take a bit of moonlight on the Kent road, and commemorate the occasional charms of "outside"-fare in England.

The month of August, and the hour of starting ten at night, after a suffocating day. How delightful and how animating to be bowling out of a hot suburb, such as the Borough, along a road without a loose pebble, at the rate of full ten miles an hour, through many a road-side village, with the cottage windows already closed—its gable whitening in the moonlight—the churchyard at the extremity of such a little street ("*ville morte auprès de ville endormie*") is not more still and breathless than is that road-side village. Hark! (and a pleasant sound it is) to the hollow strokes of the horses' hoofs, as they mount or descend, at full gallop, some inconsiderable rise of the road, or spring over the one-arched bridge. And now comes an easy conversational canter, by the side of the raised foot-path, so truly English, backed by the park-fence, green or grey with lichen, or coated by the honey-suckled hedge. The road-side public-house, with its watering-trough; the turnpike, with its solitary lamp—all these are ordinary elements; but in this fair and silent night-scene, to us look beautiful! A few miles more, and the Tally-ho delves into two deep walls of chalk-pit, and then emerges upon a wide and lovely common, with its yellow broom, its picturesque infertility, its treeless expanse, and its old windmill—we hate new windmills; star-studded and breathless is the sky over us; and we are quite obliged to that dog, whose solitary fitful bark—a mile off at least—shows him to be on the alert in the distant hamlet. All this may be felt, and may be written. We trust there are few who have not felt for themselves how the free spirit rejoices on the coach-top on such a night; how the innermost soul is touched through every organ of sense by which it is accessible; how reverie succeeds to reverie, and half-uttered exclamation to exclamation; how —

— as to a gentleman's park in Kent—it is a paradise within a paradise, and can only be attempted by Mr Robins; the very boards that warn off poachers, and threaten to chop off their legs, are not unpicturesque, (and accordingly painters paint them,) though the *inscriptions* must read oddly to foreigners, who obtain very different and by no means such interesting information from the road-side notices abroad. And now we skirt the base of a low-winding range of hills—English all over—we call them Downs, just as a large star peeps over the pine-tops of the tall clumps, and crowns their summit with his ra-

diance. In this home scenery, the grey ruin and the shattered rock are absent, but not regretted, amidst reclining herds, and groves eloquently still, and the embouchures of many a lovely lane, in which, if we could *stay till morning*, we would willingly lose ourselves; but, if such be night, who would *wish* for morning; and if such the charms of a four-in-hand by British moonlight, who would pay for a passport at the foreign office?

Now, if the reader be not tired of our companionship, and is not in a hurry to cross the Channel, we have a mind to treat him, if he have not yet been there, with—

A RAMBLE ON THE DOWNS.

After which we must make our bow and take the steamer to Dieppe.

It is an August day at Brighton: Such a day as only occurs in this month, and in this month but seldom; a day when breakfast is discussed in haste, and unpressing correspondence postponed, from the fear of losing an inch of it within doors; it is but ten o'clock; but it was less warm yesterday at noon under the white cliff than now on its summit. The motionless expanse of the far-seen sea-view, with the little tuft of smoke from the Dieppe steamer, still at a good distance, would make it impossible, prior to experience, to believe in a storm. The clear green water reflects for many a mile, in faultless identity, the cliff-bound coast. In another hour the still waveless surface will quiver and sparkle in the sunbeam, which will already have made the green seats on the pier too hot to sit upon, and smartly admonished the hand which had carelessly touched the huge links of the chain. Then will the weather-beaten veteran who lets out his sinews and his boat, no longer be on the lookout for custom. Effete, and careless of half-crowns to be won, he lies at full length; or if he take a fare, half of his employment is to wipe the sweat from his brow, as he languidly impels the furrowing keel over the motionless abyss—motionless? no—but moving altogether in a mass which rises and falls in beautiful and exact oscillation—old Ocean's respiration during slumber! Let us go forth to enjoy as

we may, and imbibe as we must, some of the influence of this fair day, and this bright sky—though troubles within have we which external things cannot reach. Sad, indeed, it is to see through the mist of a sorrowful eye, while all living things around us seem joyous, and even those which have not life harmonize with the scene! But it is in vain to repine; there is nothing like activity of body for alleviating melancholy thoughts, and disturbing the train of earthly troubles: so let us to yonder high harvest field, ere the small stock of our climbing propensities be defeated by the progress of the day, and make the wide circle of the Downs, and consume the morning in its full latitude, till dinner-time, descending on Rottingdean, and profiting by the ebb-tide to return along the sand. Did you ever hear of an admirable establishment at Brighton called the German spa? Here we are, just above it—do not suppose it is obscure because you have not heard of it. That little carpet of turf in front of the colonnade was scarce two hours ago trodden by the most fastidious fashion and the genteelst gentility. Barouches were jostling at the gate, and very elegant morning toilettes were dispensing their lavender within. But oh, the access! for, go where you will and whence, the whole of the Brighton, St Giles, and up-hill St Giles too, must be passed, ere you arrive at the wished-for portal, round which so many carriages of patrician pannel, and so

many more that change masters on the shortest notice, for humble price, are drawn up without distinction. Three steps land you in a vestibule arcade which opens into the pump-room, where quarter-deck exercise is done between each glass of the *Kissengen* or *Carlsbad*, dispensed by two very rosy-cheeked Germans of the gentler sex, the Naiads of the springs. Both these damsels (we don't know which we prefer) are pre-eminently good-humoured, and undeniably favourites of Hygeia. They ever greet you with a good-humoured smile in the midst of active duties, and promptly furnish you with the hot or cold, the saline or the chalybeate, the sparkling or the still, which flow at their bidding and at yours. If there be a great run, as there often is, upon a particular tap, and it becomes slow or extinct, they have only to *tap* on the pannel, and on the signal being heard behind the scenes, the rising water rushes anew into exhausted space. Your Naiads of old had but one stream under their command,—our friends here administer the *numen aquæ* of at least a dozen, to which one has been lately superadded of a very peculiar flavour, for a people of a very peculiar taste, and is called the Congress spring of Saratoga. The word congress has had odd meanings in medical lore; but never mind that—no particular virtue, we are informed, is promised by this branch of the apparatus. The long battery of the polished orifices out of which issue half the mineral waters which nature brews in Germany, is making successful warfare against many of the complaints that have no names, and not a few that have; nor is it here our pleasure or our purpose to impugn their *rising* reputation—accordingly, if you be

“Troubled with something in your bile or blood,

And find the college does you little good,” and if you are not disposed to submit to the quacks and quackery of Leamington, come and try what carbonic and steel, or salts and sulphur, made sufficiently palatable, can do for you at Brighton. Try with faith: to a course of six weeks of Carlsbad and Marienbad, brought by the angel of health, over sea and land, like the holy house of Loretto, and deposited at the foot of Brighton Downs, the

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reader owes the interest he no doubt takes in our present pages: we really wish well to the property embarked in so spirited an undertaking, and conducted with so much steadiness and skill: we believe these waters can do much, and are destined to do more, as their effects shall be more accurately studied; but they will not do every thing, nor will English soberness ever attribute to them, as the false apostles at the *originals abroad* do, effects at variance with the law of nature, the functions of the human body, and the expectations of common sense! The scene, too, is something; a walk, *to do good*, must have an *object*, and there are people here worth looking at. A pair of citizens (we saw them this morning) was any thing but fine; *they* came up to see what aristocracy was like, on a nearer view than could be obtained across the counter which separated them in London; a morose-looking man, whose mouth seemed corrugated with sour theology, (“as Heaven’s best beams make vinegar more sour,”) was probably a disappointed parson, or a college tutor; if so, all the Kissingen he drank, and all the smiles of the ladies who drank it by his side, will avail him nothing. That good-looking, amiable man, T. P. Cooke, the melo-dramatic hero of the Coburg, told us the waters were doing *him* little good, and we wished we could have doubled their efficacy in the interest of his audience and his own. But “place for the Kilrunes!”—dare we attempt to describe a group of exclusives, *the* group of the room? Oh! that unapproachable cluster of countesses with their aristocratic spouses at their side, the immortals of Lodge’s “Pantheon” and the Red-Book. Can this offspring of the “white hen,” they whom the *Morning Post* cannot marry, or put into the ground, without *feelings corresponding to the occasion*, be appreciated by us *common pullets of dappled plumage*, who have nothing to do but to *cluck* about this world in insignificance, and perpetuate eggs like those from which we sprang? *Their* movements in town and out of town, their appetites and their sleep, their dinners and their balls, are, for the most part, announced before they happen, and celebrated afterwards; idols of an *insane and disgraceful* curiosity, which is found no where else in the wide world but in

England! One of them had a dog, which Landseer would certainly paint, or may have painted, his fine large eye used to rest on the fond face of his fair mistress, Lady C——, ready to spring to her hand on the slightest encouragement; what a pity it is that he cannot read the *Morning Post*! How gracefully she put forth that small hand of many rings for her glass of water, and how bewitchingly she received Lord H——'s morning salutation, as she approached the crystal measure to her lips! As to Lord H—— himself, the *dog* is the more aristocratic animal of the two; and we liked his bow-wow pretensions vastly better than the supercilious silence that was dispensed by, and *protected* the other: disdaining the vulgar forwardness and impertinent advances of black-nosed pugs and terriers of coarse-textured coat, *Hector* waits till he finds some silky-headed spaniel, which, like himself, has been smelling round and round the room, till the "blood of a gentleman's" dog strikes his nostril; ah, there their eyes meet, and the Newfoundland gentleman, encouraged by his mistress's permission, goes up at once, dispenses with introduction, and *barks his good morning* at him of the long ears, who forthwith springs from his recumbent position, and away they scamper together round turf and gravel, to the terror of children, and the admiration of the company.

But all this is episode and anachronism. We forget our walk, which has taken, or is to take us, to the "race course," and the race stand. Last week this spot was thronged with a gay multitude;—the rude building is *now all boarded up* for another year, and its only entrance is by a small door, where an old dame stands at a wooden dresser, dispensing bad stale cakes and flat ginger beer to poor stragglers like ourselves. On the Downs, printed announcements of *concerts* already sung, and of "*Balls*" already danced, have not yet been torn down, or washed off by the rain and a slanting south wester. Strewn about, here and there, lie race cards, (bills of fare,) more or less damaged, (like the half-burnt cartridge after a field day,) on which may still be read the classic and romantic names of horses whose race for the present has been run! here, too, we stumble on

the leg of a broken deal table; and what a scene does the leg of a broken deal table on Brighton Downs forthwith recal! Even as the geologist, when he meets with the fractured bone of some remote creation, will reconstruct the creature which he never saw, in its warm flesh and blood; so this squared piece of deal with the broken mortice, and the split foot, restores not only the very make, shape, and size, of the four-footed utensil from which it had been rent, but, *φανῶντα συντίτοις*, "it repeoples the deserted ground, it gives back the whole scene of the betting-stand," "the shows," "the booths," "the equipages," and, more minutely still, the "*Thimble-rips transacted upon its surface*!" The more noted blackguards of the turf are again before us! the old man whose whip cleared the course, the jockeys in their various colours, in action or repose, walking or trotting the noble racers to the starting post; the picturesque fortune-tellers enticing many a simple damsel half-way down the hill towards their Ishmaelitish tents; the damsels themselves, who stop, hesitate, pay, hear, and believe; and sometimes *return*, sometimes *not*; and the multitude rushing upon the ropes, on the signal from the booth; and most of all, the race itself! the fine animals clearing the hill side, now nearly distanced, now straining to recover the lead, till, neck to neck, and panting as they fly, they shoot by the agitated crowd, and "a dead heat" is the shout and decision of a thousand voices!! All these are again here. But who can do justice to that episode of the race-course—that large and desperate gang! Some dressed as country men, simple players, who seem *half ashamed of winning*, and yet *always win*; sporting gentlemen in haste to be gone, with whip and purse in hand, and flush of money! two or three uninterested unphilosophical men who wonder and wonder how it *could* be, and are at last induced to bet, and strange to say, never lose a *coup*; and the substantial-looking farmer, the idiot of a drama, which, however often repeated, still succeeds—

"Ipsa dierum

Festorum, herboso colitur in quando
theatro,

Majestas, tandemque redit ad pulpita
notum

Exodium."——

But look to the prospect—far to the left stretches the undulating line of the Seaford Cliffs, and towering promontory of Beachy Head; to the right Shoreham and its harbour, where the refracted rays shine brightly on the glazed tiles; the Downs around us display their own peculiarly characteristic features; the knolls so variously rounded off, smooth, treeless, and depressed into little hollows, over which there flits the temporary shadow of the passing cloud, the huts, the windmill, the substantial farm amidst its stacks and barns, the distant park

and its plantations, the flocks of white sheep, browsing under a clump of dark firs, yet deeper in the hollows where the harvest has begun, and the waggons with long teams, are tugging half-way up the steep side. The sea is dotted with a fleet of little boats, which lie upon the water as light as butterflies; they show their sails, but have not wind to move; while in the direction of the pier head, you may just discern the column of the departing steamer for Dieppe, rising perpendicularly above the windows of the town.

OVER THE CHANNEL.

On arriving for the first time at Calais or Boulogne, how pleasant to change water for land, to breathe foreign air on a foreign soil, amidst foreign sounds, with Bordeaux and Burgundy, that have never seen the custom-house, in secure prospect: discharged from the Douane, how cheerily the freshman in continental ways reads every unfamiliar device of sign-boards in the streets! How gay seem to him the awnings of the coffeehouses, how oddly composed the crowd, and, above all, how picturesque the freighted diligence! Then what a reception at the hotels! No sooner under the "Porte Cochière" than many expectant faces already wait his arrival! Unlike the slatterns at home, the ungainly "boots," or the mincing waiter with his three desperate alternatives for dinner, a chosen band of apparently amateur servants seem to wait for him, and for him alone. The commissioner obligingly takes his passport, and reserves exaction and impertinence for another day. Siste viator! Make the most of it—be prepared to say "*Bien des choses*" to "*madame*," who will exhibit so much civility to you. Receive her daughter's curtsy with at least an equivalent bow, and "take the good the gods provide you," on such flattering terms. Enter into negotiation for present comforts in the vestibule, and be settled. Hark to the sound of the up-stairs bell, whose dulcet tinkle is no sooner hushed than female feet are heard, and the particular mademoiselle of the establishment into whose hands you are about to be consigned, rushes down, like the young Bacchante in the

picture of the National Gallery, to take possession of you; give a *coup d'œil* to the *salle à manger* as you ascend to your room; already it is getting all its damask and white napkins ready for your dinner; so, wash and go forth; pass through the court yard, and rejoice in the handsome assortment of "*barouches*" and "*britzkas*," which do so much credit to your country, and, like you, bound for Paris and a winter in the south. Contrive not to be run over by the crack equipage turning sharp into the yard—(those cursed *crane necks* always at variance with ours)—tired of this same continent, and bound for the next steamboat, and for London. Mercy on us, what a bedroom! One glance at the bed suffices to show that you are now amidst the very "*fleurs de lys*" (lits?) Hang your tent-beds! How gracefully here disposed the voluminous folds of the high-hung drapery! and the bed itself, so elastic and so soft, so warmly and yet so lightly covered! The curtains, too, that throw such agreeable tinting on its surface! The mattresses are all newly combed and carded, and the pillowcases so seductively fair! No lover ever dwelt with more justifiable complacency on the charms of his mistress, than does the uninitiated Englishman on the warm support of that gently swelling cushion. On such a bed, with what enjoyment does the traveller stretch forth his limbs to their full length when night comes, wishing that he were twice as long, that he might multiply the points of pleasure by increasing those of contact! What a difference between a French and an English inn bed! The

last, indeed, is too often both bed and board—so hard that no impression is made by the body lying on it for nine mortal hours, or so rank a ditch of knotted feathers or matted wool, that, after the first plunge, that *diagonal* which Mr Shandy considered among the best privileges of celibacy, is utterly impossible. No, no. In the French bed you are neither swaddled in such odious down, nor crimped up into a wretched misshapen figure of five, nor doubled upon yourself like a woodlouse, (unless indeed you have a *preference* for any of those positions,) while an easily moveable covering, shifting at will, and not fastened down, or tucked in under a matress, hard as a deal plank, by the atrocious strait-waistcoating of a stiff winding-sheet, completes your comforts. Dreams, if you have any, are a positive enjoyment, the happy working of a brain agreeably excited, a body well fed, and a mind too pleased to wish for, or accept, forgetfulness. Health dreaming on a spring matress! The thing speaks for itself. Nor towards morning will all the enjoyments of these first impressions be nipt by any gruff functionary coming, “*apropos des bottes*,” to take your clothes, or by a bustling virago in petticoats, anxious to clear the room of you, and get her morning work over. In France take your full swing of slumber, stretch, yawn, as long as you list, and wake by slow degrees to consciousness, when the pretty chambermaid, she of yestreen, will come the moment you wish for her, to bring you any thing you want, with an air of interest that is almost too personal! All inns, however, are not such as the *hotel des Bains*, and if you go beyond Boulogne, you must take philosophy with you. Travelling any where in France in *public* carriages is sad work. On the slightest inequality of surface, the horses of that ferocious team instantly drop into a slow walk, so as to disconcert all computation of the time to be consumed *en voyage*. Every road in France is vastly inferior to ours, being much too broad and much too straight—a perfect simoon of dust in summer, and a very “slough of despond” in the wet season. Here and there a hut or two, with a vine bush, or that well known *martial* beer sign; stone mounds for hedges, comfortless farm-houses, villages of mud, mortar, and mouldy

thatch. These are of course, and never vary. For *figures* the French landscape is still worse off. A postilion, jingling back from the last “*relai*,” the corresponding or rival diligence which meets you, or an equipage or two “*en poste*,” but no country gentlemen riding back to dinner, or substantial farmer from market town, and so on. Once booked and penned in, many a long, long mile has slowly to recede ere the first halt for dinner shall take place. At last, after passing at a walk into the outer *enceinte* of some decrepit walls, with green mounds, a deserted rampart and a solitary sentry-box at its angle, is descried, towering high over a green fosse, quaking with the hoarse notes of the “*Rosignols de Marais*,” the only kind of “*rosignol*” known here. Your diligence tugs up all this, and rolls over fifty feet of rough pavement-stones to the drawbridge,—the drawbridge shakes its chain, and you are in the town. The “*Mairie*,” the “*Caisse Hypothecaire*,” and that little squab building, with a portico and tricolor-ed flag, yecept the “*Palais de Justice*,” are passed, and you turn into the gateway of the inn, where “*trois quarts d'heure*” is the allotted time, and long enough it is, for dinner, where there is too much that one *must*, and nothing that one ought to eat. They always choose fortified towns for these trials of the chylopoietic viscera, in order, perhaps, to convince us of the impracticability of starving out a garrison thus provisioned! After dinner come cigars—you are too polite to refuse, and too wise to smoke one yourself. A single smoker of this kind will suffice to fill the coach with rank poison for the rest of the journey; but night will come, and he will then perhaps be obliged to sleep. Night has come! but Numbers 5 and 6 now keep numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 from closing their eyes by gabbling French; or if you drop off, a *substantial* nightmare, the weight of which is aggravated by the garlic you have unconsciously swallowed, inflicts its keenness full upon your chest. Morning comes—early morning, and one might now sleep from very exhaustion, but a current of cold air is let in suddenly at the coach door, bringing intelligence that here the coach stops to breakfast! How one breakfast summons differs

from another, and how is this second French breakfast at variance with the first at Boulogne! Unshaved, (and beards grow unpleasantly quick in a diligence,) unkempt, unwashed, with some disposition to headache, and no disposition to food, one must either turn out to eat and drink at a preposterous hour, or remain for eight hours longer without sustenance of any kind! "Après vous, Monsieur; après vous!" (for none care to be first to turn out half-asleep into the cold, and a Frenchman's politeness is perhaps never seen to greater advantage than under such circumstances,) and thus the diligence disgorging us slowly, goes to see its horses baited in the yard behind! In again and off again, to resume a posture where you can neither give nor expect quarter, how welcome is the announcement from the conducteur of a long "*côte à monter*," and you spring out, and strive to get some way in advance of the coach. Now, turn for a moment and survey the "insides." What a picturesque set of mortals is winding up the hill in different detachments, while the huge, heavy, dust coloured machine creeps round its slow axles,—stops, moves, and is again motionless on the hill! With the healthy glow of exercise on one's brow, it is pleasant to look down upon the plain below, on the town and steeples under your feet—on the hill on which the sun is dipping, or where he is smiling his last smile on the noiseless and apparently motionless river; or where a band of peasants are depositing the last load of fragrant clover on the new rick, with a foreground of the cart and its sleepy

cattle in beautiful relief. But we must make haste to observe—for to admire in detail is not permitted to him who puts himself into the hands of "Lafitte and Gaillard;" and, lo! while we dwell, or would dwell, on such calming objects, the sudden apparition of the detestable diligence, rises slowly towards the brow of the hill. Soon are those capacious jaws wide open. There she is in mid-road, and seems to exercise some fascination over her "insides," who are instantly seen running like so many kangaroos, to be *pouched* once more in her vast interior. Sixteen men and women get in, and on, and about her, and then, like a gorged "boa," she again begins to trail her long body through the dust. At last—at last St Denys is passed, and all the sad reality of travel in France is for a time dispelled as the traveller nears Paris. "Messieurs, maintenant nous voilà arrivés au centre de la civilisation," exclaims a Frenchman, hitherto imperturbably silent, and now beginning to rouse himself as he takes down his hat and puts up his "*casquette*" in the net-work, but the words are scarcely out of his vain-glorious mouth, when at the very circumference of this privileged centre, the coach is made to draw up, and haply to remain an hour to have its passengers examined in detail, or its baggage probed by the long "*ramrods*" of the *Detroi*! It is then the Englishman's turn to smile, while the enraged Frenchman swears "*pestes*" and "*sacres*" at his own *canaille*, and at his own government who supports them!

PROTESTANTISM IN GENEVA.

A RETROSPECT.

THE Reformation of the sixteenth century reached its climax in Switzerland. The work which Luther began, and in all its great features effected, Zwingle carried further out, and Calvin finished. It was not so much onward progress, as completion, that fell to the task of Calvin. The doctrines which are called calvinistic, were common to all the early reformers, and were received as fundamental in Germany, France, England, Scotland, Belgium, and Holland. But Calvin first formed into a coherent system of theology the doctrines which his predecessors had taught separately and less distinctly, as detached truths—he showed the wholeness, the completeness, the mutual dependency of all its parts on the gospel scheme. In accomplishing this work, he exhibited himself to the world as the closest and most powerful reasoner, perhaps, that ever lived; and likewise—as he confined himself, in all his reasonings, strictly to the Bible—as the greatest of theologians. It was admirable to behold Christianity, hitherto seen only (by comparison at least) in a confused magnificence of details, stand up in a simple, grand unity, and entireness of plan. This is what Calvin accomplished; and as he lived and ruled in Geneva, and his influence extended over all Switzerland, the Swiss churches, especially that of Geneva, were regarded as the first among the reformed communions in doctrinal science and purity, for the period of nearly one hundred years. Geneva was the great theological city; from all parts of the world, students came to study theology under her doctors. Her high Christian theology was her great glory—efface it from her history, and her history is almost blank of interest. By it she had, and historically has, a conspicuous elevation in the eye of the whole world. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, however, her theology began visibly to decline; and in the eighteenth century, she was as remarkable among other Protestant communities, for a low, weak, and

diluted Christianity, as she had before been for her advanced position in the very van of the Reformation.

It would be extremely interesting to trace the causes and progress of this declension thoroughly; but to do so, further than by a few remarks that may lie in our way, would be to transgress the limits to which we desire to confine ourselves.

It is a common notion in Geneva, that relaxation of doctrine there, came first from the last great theologian that canton can boast—Alphonse Turretini. This divine, whose name is now almost forgotten, was certainly a great author. His works, written in Latin, which are voluminous, are deep, solid, and learned; but their orthodoxy is somewhat dubious. He flourished towards the close of the seventeenth, and during a great part of the eighteenth century. He was one of the first who, after the Reformation, deemed he was doing Christianity a good service by building her a house of philosophy for her to dwell in. One of his favourite maxims was—“*Theologi, non philosophi, religio fortuita est magis quam quasita.*” There was a whole school of divines of this temper at that time. Turretini was contemporary with Tillotson and Burnet, with whom he maintained correspondence, as he did also with Leibnitz. It was then the custom for candidates for the ministry at Geneva, to travel in foreign countries previous to their ordination. To this practice has been attributed the first importation of loose, or what are called liberal opinions, into that city. Turretini duly made the prescribed tour; and we are informed that he solicited, and obtained, the honour of being presented to Ninon de l'Enclos, who admired greatly *les graces de son esprit*. This incident shows the sort of influence to which the Genevese students of divinity were subjected in their travels; especially as Paris was considered as the very centre of enlightenment and refinement, and there it was that they sought chiefly to cultivate their minds, and to form their characters.

This was the age of reasoners, of earnest thinkers, who had this peculiar to them, that they showed a strong disposition to discard from the sphere of reason every thing that was incapable of analytic examination, or of logical demonstration. They did wonders in anatomizing the human mind as a surgeon would the human body. But their philosophy, highly valuable in itself, was still more highly injurious, inasmuch as all those subjects—that infinite experience, and wide vital play of human nature—which could not be brought within its compass, were by its doctors virtually dismissed as futile. Revelation, however, though justly subjected in its lowest groundworks to the verifying test of this philosophy, is really one of the subjects out of its reach. Once tested as to its authenticity, it opens a new world of its own. It was natural, therefore, that its highest claims should have been disallowed, whilst the philosophic school alluded to was ascendant. Without referring to infidel writers, it is certain, that those of eminence of this period who professed themselves to be believers, narrowed greatly the Christian faith, in order to make their profession good. The minds of these authors were so fully possessed of, so embraced round by their philosophy, that it was only by including religion within its domain, that it could find a lodgment in their understandings. Christianity was robbed completely of its spirit, of its energies, of all its diviner aspects, by this compression, by this confinement. It was surmounted by philosophy, and took the appearance rather of a philosophical, than of a revealed creed. In a word, the effect produced, though not intended, by the serious conscientious philosopher of the eighteenth century, was, if the expression may be allowed, to *unrevelationize* revelation. Of these Locke stands at the head, and it is not consequently surprising to find Voltaire claiming him as an anti-Christian author: for, though personally an humble believer, the tendency of his works, as the prince of infidels perceived, was to introduce a mode of thinking and reasoning, which, had it much longer prevailed, would have banished faith and religious aspiration of every kind from the earth.

As it was, Locke's influence was strongly perceptible in the religious books of the time. How thin, flat, and cold is the English theology—can it be called theology?—of this period! Tillotson and Burnet among our clergy, and Addison among our lay-writers, show it in all the unctious elegance and propriety of its philosophic good sense. Throughout Europe, here and there only an exception being noticeable, the mental level was the same. Reason, or rather reasoning and taste were cultivated—but there was no *elevation* of thought; and especially *spiritual* themes, and *spiritual* reflections, which belong peculiarly to revelation, which constitute the substratum itself, the very inward essence of the Bible, were, as by common tacit consent, consigned over to silence, or, perhaps, with contempt, regarded as the fantastic illusions of a diseased brain.

Turretini partook largely of the temper of the age he lived in. He was the great philosophizer of Christianity. Treating of the Christian religion under philosophic points of view, in the form of academic exercises, as he exclusively did, his orthodoxy was but a body of doctrines without a spiritual soul, without the warmth-of-heart affections to give it life; and, by his example, he doubtless prepared the way for others to reduce this rigid magisterial orthodoxy within more philosophical limits still.

Two facts well illustrate the character of Turretini as a theologian, and the character also of the epoch.

1st, He entered into consultation with Tillotson, Wake, and some German divines, to devise means for bringing about a doctrinal and ecclesiastical uniformity between all the Protestant churches and sects of Europe. The very idea of this shows a willingness to make great sacrifices,—sacrifices which would have been equivalent to a neutralization of the most important doctrines, from which the divisions he sought to heal have sprung—to a neutralization, indeed, as an attentive consideration of the project will show, of Christianity itself. For does the proposal, let the reader determine, of a common agreement in theological questions between widely-separated churches, denote a desire to promote Christian charity

and unity; or does it betoken the subsiding of every specific conviction into a wide generality of assent about Christianity, which, however specious it may be in superficial theory, must nullify in practice the power of the Gospel altogether? The kind of union, also, such a proposal tends to, would it not be the foundation, as it has hitherto been the only one, for a superstructure of sacerdotal dominion and tyranny? And is it really good for any thing else? The bare contemplation of the scheme of agreement by one occupying the position of Turretini, affords a strong proof that the distinctive tenets of Calvinism as opposed to the later views of Arminius, were already held but in very low estimation in Geneva.

2d, A Confession of Faith called the *Consensus*, drawn up at the Synod of Dordrecht, had been formally adopted by the Genevan Church, and by those of some other of the Swiss cantons, as expressive of the fundamental tenets of their creed. In fact, it held the same place in the Church of Geneva that the thirty-nine articles did in the Church of England. It determined all her most essential doctrines, was the base on which her teaching rested, and by defining what *was*, it excluded thereby very sufficiently what was *not* to be taught within the precincts of the national establishment. This *Consensus* was, during the time of Turretini, and chiefly by his influence, abolished. The act itself was accomplished in a clandestine illegal manner, very characteristic of the period, and of the men who performed it. The immediate object was to bring about the uniformity we have just spoken of. It appears by documents we have seen—especially some letters from Archbishop Tillotson to Turretini—that the king of England and the king of Prussia were anxious to effect this purpose, and a suppression of confession was considered as the first necessary step towards it. Such suppression would, however, have excited a good deal of popular comment and resistance, had it been openly avowed. The Genevan clergy, therefore, asserted, that they did not intend by any express law to abrogate the *Consensus*, but merely to lay it aside by a resolution come to, *inter parietes*, by their

own body, as superfluous; the Catechism, they declared, of Calvin announcing the same doctrines, and being quite sufficient to secure their preservation. But after the stronger defence was removed, the weaker one was only suffered to remain standing for a season, to mask further operations. And the consequences of this first breach made in the constitution of the national church were, as might have been expected, most baneful. A door was, by this measure, thrown open to every latitudinarian interpretation of Scripture; and in a very short time after it took place, the theology of Genevan divines had declined from the high absoluteness of Calvinism into Socinian equivocations.

There is a tradition in Geneva, to which credit is attached by many whose opinions are of great weight, that about this time a society, composed of the most eminent and learned men of that city, was secretly formed for the express purpose of reducing Christianity, in practice, to within what they called the limits of sound reason. Of course, we should pay no attention to this tradition, being unsupported by any *direct* authentic evidence, if the story had not reached us from many quarters, and been insisted on as true, by persons who are in the best position to preserve traditionary information. In a little republic, too, like Geneva, where all the families know each other from father to son, any remarkable fact may be much better traditionally handed down through two generations only, than it could be in larger communities. The society in question had at its head a very distinguished man, with whose name, nevertheless, the majority of our readers are probably unacquainted,—Abouzit, a celebrated geometrician, who, though he has produced few works, enjoyed during his life a high European renown. Sir Isaac Newton considered him a worthy umpire in a dispute between himself and Leibnitz; and it was in deference to his judgment that our great astronomer changed an opinion he had expressed touching the eclipse observed by Thales in 585 before the Christian era. Abouzit seems to have united all suffrages. Voltaire always spoke of him with the highest admiration. Among his countrymen the esteem he com-

manded amounted to veneration; and, by all accounts, he was as amiable and excellent in all the private relations of society as he was accomplished and profound. When such a man puts himself at the head of such a society, we may be sure that his motive is pure. It was through a warm, mistaken philanthropy, that he, and others no doubt worthy to be associated with him, formed the project we have mentioned. They considered the mysteries and miracles of Christianity so to disfigure and vitiate its pure morality, that they determined, without shocking the public prejudices, quietly, by the influence they could so sensibly exert in all the high places of the little republic, to purge these spots practically out of it. And that they succeeded to a great extent in their design, the facts we have in continuance to record will show.

After the death of Turretini, two names which have fallen into merited obscurity, meet us in the history of the Church of Geneva—Jacob Vernet, and Jacob Vernes. Both these persons lived and wrote in the heart of the eighteenth century, and were active and effective men of their day. From the works of the former, who was a disciple of Turretini, it is evident that he had adopted Socinian views. He was a professor and pastor. Vernes, also a pastor, and a man of wealth, whose amiable manners and cultivated mind gained him many friends, and made him very popular, was decidedly, if not avowedly, Socinian. These two men are the last doctors of the Genevan Church of whom any record or memory exists down to the last twenty-five years. Very ordinary individuals themselves, they have borrowed some lustre from the great authors with whom they lived in intimacy, or with whom they corresponded. Vernet exchanged frequent letters with Montesquieu, whose great work on the *Esprit des Loix* was published under his superintendence at Geneva. With Voltaire also, and with Rousseau, he had frequent intercourse. He had the honour of being lampooned by the philosopher of Ferney, and between him and the wretched Jean Jacques there passed many letters of hypocritical sensibility and base prevarications on both sides, on the subject of christian doctrines. Vernes was still more conspicuous for his connexion with these illustrious men. He was

the intimate friend of Voltaire, was the oft-invited guest at Ferney; and he who had taken for his motto *Ecrasez L'Infame*, used to call this ordained minister of the gospel his “*dear priest*,” his “*amiable pastor*.” With Rousseau, however, Vernes had chiefly to do. At first a friend to this most eloquent of sophists and unhappy of men, he attacked him afterwards with great virulence on the Confession of Faith of the Savoyard vicar in the *Emelius*. Hence Rousseau’s excommunication from the Protestant Church of his native city, and hence his celebrated *Lettres de La Montagne*, which throw so much light on the character of the Genevan clergy of that day.

To prove the Socinianism of Vernet and Vernes—or, if those who tread actually in their steps should like the word better, their Arianism—one has but to glance over the works of these pastors. In a volume of dissertations on doctrinal subjects, entitled *Opuscula Selecta Theologica*, Vernet endeavours to make it appear, that the dogma of original sin was not known to the ancient Hebrews. He maintains that it was not till the Jewish nation fell into the hands of ignorant teachers, who introduced various superstitions and fabulous traditions among them, that this doctrine found a place in their creed. He alleges that the *Targum*, which appeared in the time of Herod, first spread the opinion that “*it was by the malice of the Serpent that the inhabitants of the earth were subject to death*,” but that none but the vulgar believed the fable.” He then goes on with the most conceited self-sufficiency to insist, that Tertullian and St Augustine were quite mistaken on this point; and that their mistake arose from a misrepresentation of certain passages of St Paul’s Epistles. In another disquisition, *De Deitate Christi*, this same M. Vernet affirms, that the doctrine of the Trinity has no countenance in the Bible, and is to be traced to its origin in the obscure metaphysics of Plotinus, who announced it first to the world, towards the close of the third century, in a work entitled *Of the Three Primordial Substances*. Many other assertions of a like Socinian stamp might be cited from the writings of this person; but, in order to be brief, we will merely refer our readers to his catechism, and to that of his col-

league Vernes. In neither of these catechisms is the deity of Christ acknowledged. It is, on the contrary, denied, by being, in the most marked and striking manner, omitted, when the nature and birth of the Messiah are explained. There is a design, however, to hide this denial of the Godhead of Christ in both of these treacherous expositions of the Christian creed. Words with many meanings, and many shades of meaning, are used; but never, when the divinity of the Saviour is in question, the right word—the plain one in which no subterfuge can lurk. The bad faith of Ver-net especially, the seditious manner in which he strove to insinuate, unobserved, his heretical opinions into the public mind, is seen in a fact which might be esteemed insignificant, if it did not, with a multitude of other small traits of a similar kind, betray the cautious aggressiveness, with which he and his brother pastors sought to Socinianize the church of which they were the sworn ministers and ostensible guardians. In the first edition of his catechism just alluded to, there is a section entitled—*Of the Divinity of Christ*, in which, nevertheless, this divinity is denied; in the second edition, this title is changed into *The Divine Nature of Christ*; and in the third and last edition, the same section, its former title being suppressed, is headed thus: *Of the Names and Offices of Jesus Christ*.

The pastors had probably more than one motive for concealing the purpose they entertained, but their chief motive for the secrecy with which they pursued it, was this—that a large portion of the inhabitants of Geneva were then strongly attached to the orthodox doctrines. The revocation of the edict of Nantes had brought to that city numbers who had fled from persecution in France, and their descendants still clung with so much ardour to the creed for which their fathers had suffered, that it would have been highly imprudent to have roused their suspicions as to what was going on. The works of the pastors being, most of them, written in Latin, were out of their reach. This made the clandestine plan to Socinianize the church more easy. A few ordinary artifices and prevarications, thus sufficed to blind the people, till the people became, in a short time, as indifferent to

religious truth as the clergy were hostile to it.

There can be no doubt that the French philosophy of the eighteenth century, contributed much towards corrupting the doctrine of the Geneva divines. This infidel school of so-called philosophy told, for many reasons, with more effect upon Geneva, than upon any other place out of France; Geneva is close upon the French frontier—the language of her inhabitants is French. She was, as the real head of the federal cantons, neither so insignificant—so *adjective*, if the term may be used—a country, (as Belgium might then have been considered,) as to have felt but passively the ruling influences of the age; nor had she in herself those counter influences to put forth, which would have preserved her from subservience to the mental superiority of her great neighbour. She had been lately renowned—her old renown kept her up in the eye of the world—she had pretensions literary, philosophical—she was regarded as the nurse of letters, as well as of freedom—she had during the existing generation produced Bonnet and Rousseau. In a word, she was just in that position of *quasi* eminence that fitted her to receive willingly, with all the pride and conceit of an inferior imitating a superior, the fullest second-hand impression of French philosophy. She had no single great man within her walls, and, what was worse, many clerical pretenders to literary fame; and above all, her Christianity, which would have been the only effective antagonist of the infidel philosophy, had capitulated—had made with it terms of peace. One is not surprized, then, to find Geneva at this period the *pet* city of the French philosophers. As a republican city, she would have been, at any time, the proper object of their laudation, if her religion had not revolted them. But when they could call her the philosophic city as well as the republican city, she was exactly the example they sought for, to illustrate their principles.

Voltaire invented legends about China, to show how civilized, how moral, how happy, a nation might be without Christianity. We may imagine, then, with what eagerness he and his co-mates, not having to travel this time to the Celestial empire for

an example, seized upon an instance, as they deemed, close by them, which went to exhibit Christianity on the decline — abated almost to a mere name; whilst philosophy and freedom thrived only the more on that account, among a contented, flourishing, and highly instructed people. This at least was the view which the philosophers took of Geneva; it was to this view that she owed the praises they lavished upon her; and certainly the fact that they did so praise her, that they did hold her up as an illustration of the virtue of their own anti-christian principles, is a strong proof that she merited this evil distinction.

In a letter of Voltaire to D'Alembert, dated September 23, 1763, we find this expression—"I will never pardon you for not having returned by Geneva; you would have been delighted to see the accomplishment of all your predictions;" and in another letter in 1768, to the Marquis of Villevielle, he writes—"Be assured there are not twenty persons in Geneva who do not abjure Calvin as heartily as they do the Pope." D'Alembert's celebrated article in the *Encyclopædia*, however, entitled *Geneva*, the materials for which—we must bear in mind this significant circumstance—were furnished him by a Genevan pastor, named Mouchon, is much bolder, and more decisive. In this article, from which we here insert an extract, D'Alembert gives a fearful picture of a fallen church, and shows the joy of the French philosopher in contemplating it.

After having lauded Geneva as the *philosophic* city, the Encyclopedist notices an inscription on her *Hotel de Ville*, in which the Pope is designated as Antichrist, upon which he exclaims—"In our days there is no Antichrist." He then goes on thus:—

"We must not think that the Genevese entertain the prevalent opinions on those articles of religion elsewhere deemed most important. Many of them believe no longer in the divinity of Jesus Christ; and hell, one of the principal points of our creed, is discarded from that of many of their pastors. It would be, according to them, to outrage the Deity, to imagine that this Being, so full of justice and benevolence, were capable of punishing our faults by an eternity

of torments. They maintain that we should never literally interpret those parts of the sacred volume, which appear to wound humanity and reason. To say all in a word, several pastors of Geneva have no other religion than that of a perfect Socinianism. They reject all *mysteries*, and believe that the first principle of true religion is to propose nothing to belief which shocks our reason:—thus, when they are pressed on the *necessity* of revelation, a dogma so essential to Christianity, they substitute the word *utility*, which seems to them less hard and positive; in this they are not orthodox, but they are consistent with their own principles. Respect for Jesus Christ and the scriptures, is perhaps the only thing which distinguishes the Christianity of Geneva from pure Deism."

Calvin, disciple of Christ, hear this! Thy church, erewhile the glory of the Reformation, is now gloried in by infidels! Her name is struck out from the records of Christ's faithful witnesses, to be inscribed in the very Bible of unbelievers! How scarlet is the bare fact! How it startles and shocks! How damning it is in its own light! It speaks louder and more eloquently than a thousand accusers!

The venerable company—so are the society of pastors at Geneva called—published a paper, which they called a declaration, in answer to D'Alembert's article. They deny therein the truth of the account he gives of their doctrines; but in terms so vague, and susceptible of so many constructions, that their declaration really declares nothing, and leaves the charge against them in full force. This document must inspire every reader with the most painful contempt for those who drew it up; and yet with pity at the embarrassment of men of general respectability of character, who had placed themselves in such a position, that they dared not be frank and true either towards infidels, or towards orthodox Christians. M. Vernet, subsequent to this declaration, undertook to confute, in a more complete manner, the assertions of D'Alembert. He wrote two disputatious volumes with this purpose; but he really only very imperfectly contradicts a few of the least important of the Encyclopedist's allegations. The

others appear to have been substantially true, from the very reply which they provoked. The accusation against, or rather the approving description—for such it was intended to be—of the Geneva clergy, is comprised in a few lines, and in still fewer it might have been refuted. The venerable company, or the pastor Vernet, who was at their head, had but to recite, in a few brief sentences, a distinct creed; and had it been in the main orthodox, this would have been a satisfactory answer. But the equivocations and circumlocutions which were resorted to, show that there was no point-blank reply at hand to be given. Indeed, Vernet's own works were *against* him, and *for* D'Alembert, so that his defence of the company was a lame and an angry, a sore and a sorry affair, both to him and to them.

We must mention here, that this pastor thought the Christianity taught under his auspices might have the approbation even of Voltaire. He wrote to this declared enemy of the Christian faith, on his first coming to Ferney, a letter in which there is the following passage, which shows how tame religion must have become, how accommodated to the taste of incredulity, when such an appeal could be made in its favour to such a man, and from such a quarter:—

“You know,” writes Vernet, “that religion is as necessary to men as government; and you see that ours is so simple, so wise, so gentle, so EXPURGATED, (*epurée*, the word *purified* does not give its equivalent sense in English,) that a philosopher could not demand a more rational one, nor a politician one more conducive to the public good.”

Vernes' controversy with Rousseau was much of the same character as that of Vernet with D'Alembert. Rousseau, in his confession of faith of the Savoyard vicar, had denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. On this point Vernes dares not meet him. He shifts therefore his ground to the subject of *miracles*, which Rousseau had also denied. But he had too able an adversary to deal with to be allowed to confine the question to this topic. Rousseau, after insinuating that the miracle article of faith had been got up (*batie après coup*) merely for the occasion, challenges the whole con-

fraternity of pastors to stand forward and defend their orthodoxy, on all those fundamental doctrines of Christianity which they had renounced. He thus has his assailants at great advantage. Without reply, they were obliged to hear such language as this.

“The church of Geneva had appeared for a considerable time to possess more of the true spirit of Christianity than any other, and on this deceitful appearance, I honoured her pastors with praises of which they seemed to be worthy. But now these same pastors, hitherto all compliance and suppleness, have become suddenly so rigid as to carp at the orthodoxy of a layman, whilst they leave their own in most scandalous uncertainty. They are asked if Jesus Christ is God, and dare not give an answer. They are asked what mysteries they admit, and they dare not give an answer. On what points will they then reply? And what can be their fundamental articles which differ from mine, if those comprised in the above questions be not of the number?”

“A philosopher casts a rapid glance on them; he sees through them; he sees in them Arians, Socinians; he declares the fact openly, thinking to do them honour, when immediately in alarm and consternation they assemble together; all is discussion, agitation; they are at their wits' end; and after consultations, deliberations, and conferences numberless, the whole ends in a confused logomachy, in which they say neither Yes nor No. Is not the orthodox doctrine very clear, and is it not in sure hands? Oh, Geneva! your ministers are strange men! They know not either what they believe, or what they do not believe; they know not even what they would seem to believe; and their only mode of establishing their own faith is by attacking that of others.”

In truth, the Genevan clergy felt severely the falseness of their position. This is proved not merely by their evasions of the direct questions as to the Divinity of Christ, so repeatedly put to them, but also by the fact that the examination of Rousseau's heretical opinions, which was alone within the competence of the consistory, was transferred illegally to the civil power, who pronounced condemnation on them, and put their author out of the pale of the Republic. The venerable

company doubtless perceived that had this judgment emanated from them, they would have been obliged to pronounce it on strictly theological grounds, which would have forced them to be explicit as to their own doctrines whilst condemning the heresies of another.

As to Rousseau, it is by no means improbable, that his opinions pointed to a result of a practical sort he may have vaguely entertained. In his *Social Contract*, he sketches the outline plan of a *civil religion*. The New Testament, divested of its miracles and mysteries, would have furnished just the proper base for this religion, the idea of which he so fondly cherished; and he may have deemed the season and circumstances propitious for pushing his theory out into eventual, though not immediate, practice. A whole church, one firmly constituted, and that of his native city too, seemed disposed, as far as he could judge, to give admission to his views, at least not to repel them, and to let them work their own way. He made advances to this church; he expressed the most ardent desire to be received openly into her bosom. With many of her pastors he was personally and intimately acquainted, and, in their conversations, it might not have appeared that their religious sentiments differed very materially from his own. In their works, their Christianity, compared with the orthodox standard, had an almost doctrineless aspect. They had discarded the most important mysteries of the gospel—the godhead of the Messiah, original sin, the atonement, regeneration, and the doctrines of free grace and predestination. The gospel, thus stripped of all that distinguishes it from a system of ethics, looked very bare, and extremely rational; and the Christian *theology* revived at the Reformation, seemed on the very point of being converted into a Christian *philosophy*, in agreement with the spirit of the age. This would have suited Rousseau's theory exactly, and would have been quite on a level, almost synonymous, with his confession of faith in *Emelius*. And when we consider that the pastors themselves were mixed with the philosophers; that they

gloried in their philosophic liberality, and corresponded, some of them familiarly, on terms of cordial friendship, with the most determined infidels of the day, it is not surprising that the sanguine-dreaming Rousseau should have hoped, as he affirms he did, for their countenance to his religious views, and have expected to find in them very effective, if not very prominent confederates, in promoting the project we suppose him somewhat obscurely to have harboured. The following passage from his *Lettres de la Montagne*, seems to give some colour to the conjecture we have hazarded. He therein, giving a very just picture of the religious state of Europe at the time, intimates—and this intimation is full of meaning—that he had had the Genevan clergy in his mind in his portrait of the Savoyard vicar.

"As for me," he says, "I considered it the glory and happiness of my country to possess a clergy, animated by a spirit so rare, that, without attaching themselves to doctrines purely speculative, they centred all religion in morality and the duties of the man and the citizen. I thought, without taking upon me directly their defence, I should be doing the state a good service, by justifying the maxims I supposed them to hold, and by warding off the censures to which they were exposed. By showing that what they neglected was neither certain nor useful, I hoped to put a check upon those who would have imputed this neglect to them as a crime. Without naming them, without referring to them, without compromising their orthodoxy, I held them up as an example to all theologians.

"My design was a bold one, but it was not rash; and had not circumstances intervened which it was impossible to foresee, it would naturally have succeeded. Many enlightened men, illustrious magistrates, entertained, equally with myself, this conviction. Reflect upon the religious state of Europe at the moment when my book* was published, and you will see that the probability was that it would be every where well received. Religion, brought in all countries into discredit by philosophy, had lost its ascendant, even over the populace,

* *Emelius*.

Ecclesiastics, obstinately bent on proping it up on its weak side, allowed it to be mined in its foundations; and the whole edifice, bending to its fall, was ready to sink under its own weight into ruins. Controversies had ceased, because no one was any longer interested in them; and peace reigned among all parties, because no one cared about his own party. What a moment to establish a solid peace! And whom could a work offend, which—blaming none, excluding none—showed that all were essentially agreed, despite their differences? This was to set up at once philosophic liberty and religious piety; it was to reconcile the love of order with respect for particular prejudices; it was to destroy at their root all fanatical dissensions, and to realise the wish of the Abbé St Pierre—to abolish theology, that religion might flourish."

Subsequent to these controversies with D'Alembert and Rousseau, the Genevan clergy gave fresh manifestations of their Socinian principles. In 1777 a M. Jean Lecointe, a candidate for holy orders, being at the time a pupil of M. Vernier, proclaimed, with the approbation of the pastors, the following sentiments, in a probationary discourse: "that it was highly condemnable to regard Jesus Christ as equal to God the Father; that, excellent as he was, he was inferior to the Father by his nature, and subject to obedience. *Sequitur ut ostendamus personam illam ut eximum, minime tamen patri equiparandam esse, imo tum naturâ, tum voluntate et obedientiâ, inferioriorem, ac subjectam.*" He further rejected the expression *Son of God*, because it seemed to equal Jesus Christ with the Father, *nullâ adhibitâ gradûs distinctione*. He then declared that we should not render the same degree of honour to the Son as to the Father—"non eodem honoris gradu colendum esse Patrem ac Filium;" and finally, he summed up the substance of his theme in these words:—"Denique Jesus (et hic est summus opex majestatis ejus) angelis ipsis fuit superior, summumque numen propius contingens, et in tanto gradu unicus, propterea que dictus filius Dei unigenitus, ac dilectissimus."

This discourse became famous from the effect it produced in France. It was urged by the Popish clergy as an argument against allowing French protestants to be educated in Geneva.

In a remonstrance presented to Louis XVI. in 1780, on the subject, the remonstrants say:—"without appealing to public notoriety, without taking advantage of avowals which have escaped inadvertently from celebrated Calvinists, have we not seen the theological school itself of Geneva present, three years ago, the scandalous spectacle to the world of an argument publicly maintained, and remaining to this day uncensured, in which the *divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ*—the immovable barrier which separates pure Deism from Christianity—*was set up as a problem*, to be disputed on, and to be decided negatively?"

It was now that Calvin's catechism, under the mask of which the *Consensus* had been suppressed, was itself arbitrarily abolished. The venerable company came to a decision to this effect; and the only formality used in accomplishing it, was the sending of half-a-dozen men, with large baskets, through all the schools and colleges of the canton, to gather up these catechisms, and to replace them by others of a very equivocal character. In this instance, as also in the suppression of the *Consensus*, the pastors acted without law, and in violation of express and positive ecclesiastical ordinances.

But why, it may be asked, being so bent on reducing Christian doctrine to the lowest state, should these men have been so warm in defending themselves from the imputations and the applauses of the philosophers on this score? Because the philosophers attributed to their opinions a purpose which they never intended to give them. They were justified, certainly, in disclaiming this purpose, and showing that their opinions did not lead to it; but in order to have done this finally and effectually, they should have proclaimed what they were—Socinians. A Socinian has much to contend for against an infidel, and the pastors no doubt felt this. They were not men of libertine-mocking intellects—they were influenced by no free-thinking maxims; but appear to have been grave formal persons, somewhat ambitious to be thought extremely philosophical, yet recoiling with horror from the idea of making common cause with the sceptical philosophy of the day. We would hold them to have been, in the main, upright, conscientious men, who were really shocked at the construc-

tion the infidel philosophers put upon their lowered views of the gospel. But they were in the net of their own prevarications, and had not virtue enough—had no conviction strong enough—to extricate them out of it. Thus they equivocated shamefully, and exhibited to the world an example of bad faith in controversy which is perhaps unparalleled in the history of any other church.

Their conduct at the time, however, escaped censure and even notice; and nothing can prove more strikingly than this fact, the religious apathy into which all Europe had sunk during the eighteenth century. The renowned church of Geneva lapsed—unconsciously, one might almost say—as it were by a natural declension—into Socinianism, without exciting observation in any Protestant country. The highest light of the Reformation went out, and no eye missed it; and when the French philosophers exultingly announced it to be extinct, the same apathy continued. Yet the event was no common one: it was that of a whole national establishment apostatizing from all the doctrines which had formerly given it the very first rank among reformed communities, to adopt the extreme opposite tenets. The case was—we will not absolutely say *is*—quite singular. A *national Socinian establishment*!—as really and openly so as if it had been founded by Socinus, and not by Calvin. This is what the Church of Geneva—though the fact was never explicitly avowed—was; and this Christendom, if the short triumph of the Arian heresy be not regarded as an exception, had never before witnessed!

We have attempted, in some of our preceding remarks, to account for this remarkable transformation of Calvinism into Socinianism. In addition, we would venture a query:—whether the Calvinistic doctrines themselves, which we regard as the purest and highest reach of Christianity, may not have contributed to produce this effect?

These doctrines may be held spiritually, or merely intellectually, viz. really or nominally, and seem in either case little calculated to keep up permanent life in ecclesiastical establishments. They are too spiritual for these institutions, which are civil and social as well as religious, or they

are too little so. They are the most abstract tenets that can be brought practically to bear on human nature, without straining the mind and producing an ugly and vicious exaggeration of conduct. They consequently, when they work by divine influence, put man in a directer, in a more intimate communion with God, than any other doctrines which have a less abstract, a more mixed character. The *heart* is then the seat of their actions, and they have a plenitude of vital power. They are understood less than they are experienced; and it is their operation, not their theoretic completeness, that is prized—that is felt to be infinitely precious. In this sense they are too spiritual for any promiscuous body of men. On the other hand, they may present themselves to the mind, divested of all evangelical virtue, in the severe shape of the most difficult problem of religious philosophy solved. They form a whole system of theology so rigorously logical, that they may be comprehended by the understanding without moving the affections at all. In this sense, again—though, under peculiar circumstances, they may hold their ground—they are not at all adapted to the multitude.

Now, in establishments, it is always this intellectual and nominal, not the genuine and spiritual, Calvinism that is set up, and it has rarely any long endurance. Despite her articles and homilies, the Anglican Church has been almost constantly Arminian. In Scotland, however, it must be admitted, that the school of Knox, the Calvin of the North, has lasted stoutly out down to the present time. This may be accounted for by the peculiar national temper of the Scotch. They are a hard and severe race. They demand less that their affections should be stirred than that their understandings should be convinced. Besides, to their Calvinism they have added a grave, reasoning, yet gorgeous philosophy, which comports well with it, and has imparted to it somewhat of popular attraction. The Genevese are of an altogether different temperament. Strictly moral and serious, reflective, too, and fond of argument, there is yet no people less logical or less profound. The rigid and the positive is not for them. That tension of intellect and rigour of principle, which is so natural to the Scotch, is

totally incompatible with their cast of character. They are not made even to appreciate the theoretic beauty, the wholeness, the metaphysical depth and grand simplicity, of Calvin's theology. It is not surprising then that they let it go—that it vanished from among them at the period we speak of completely. As it had assumed a more austere and absolute form with them than any where else, so their renunciation of it was thorough and unequivocal beyond any example. The reaction from Calvinism brought them at once down to Socinianism; and of the great work of the great Genevan reformer, nothing but its memory—a *nominis umbra*—remained.

The *mixed doctrines* appear to be more suited, than the abstract Calvinistic ones, to establishments. These are neither too spiritual nor too systematic, but have, as it were, an ascending and descending scale of piety, recommending them to the warmest and sincerest, as well as to the formal and half-hearted Christian. From their very brokenness, from their inconsistencies, they cannot satisfy religious reasonings, or induce any one to rest, renouncing further quest, in this barren satisfaction. The affections play in them a very great part, precisely because the presumptuousness of reasoning is baffled. They are never a mere theory, an object of intellectual contemplation, a semblance, a name, with a reality working against them, as established Calvinism usually is. In their practical energy, greater or less, their very existence consists; and they are, on the whole, so conformed to the middle course which the great majority of serious men love in all things to pursue, that even without the mysterious agency of the Holy Spirit, it seems they would ever have an extensive acceptance among the generality of religiously disposed persons.

In confirmation of this remark, we may observe, that Wesley left behind him a church, which, by the power of the *mixed tenets*, has diffused itself over the whole Protestant world; while Whitfield left none, but only numerous followers. Indeed it is probable, that this latter reviver of the Gospel perceived how strongly Calvinism repudiates ecclesiastical organizations, and therefore abstained

from the attempt to found a church after the example of the Wesleyans.

As to evangelical parties, which are not established churches, they represent exactly genuine Calvinism, which is ever springing up, here and there, out of all communions, but as soon as it becomes at all widely spread, getting corrupt, and dying away of itself. Popularity is, in every case, death to its purity and spirituality. Thus, whilst it has always been found, and always prominent, in the Church of Christ, it has never, except during brief seasons previous to its temporary local extinction, been popular. And this is the great argument in its favour, this is what stamps it with the seal of truth; for the mass of men ever love the *partially* true better than the *absolutely* true; and the Gospel, pure from God, will always gather to itself the *few* of every denomination, not the *MANY* of any denomination, for its real disciples.

It may appear, perhaps, to some of our readers, that the distinctions we have just made are too nice, and, besides, that they but very remotely account for the effect we would in part attribute to Calvinism. These objectors would probably rather see only, in the fall of the Genevan Church, an illustration of the state of Christianity all over the world at that period. Be it so. Socinianism was not openly expressed, but whether it was not tacitly entertained by Christian doctors pretty universally at this time, it would be hard to determine. The very doubt one feels with respect to this question, goes far to decide it against those who are the objects of the doubt. It might have been, that any one of the reformed churches at that juncture, being placed precisely in the external position of the Church of Geneva, would have acted as she acted. When we consider that the pastors were the most compact and powerful body of the little republic to which they belonged, and that, aided by the gradually increasing indifference of the people, they *could do* in Geneva what any other clergy *could not* do in any other state, we have, it is possible, in this difference of power, the whole difference that existed between the Genevan and other Protestant communions, during the greater part of the eighteenth century.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

PART IX.

HOMELESS PEOPLE.

O, the firesides of old England!

You are requested to imagine, if you have never yourself experienced the luxury of the sensation, a continental tourist landed at Dover, leaving behind, with small regret, the land of paved roads, walled towns, dust, glare, passports, stewed cat, and white wine vinegar, comfortably seated in an easy-chair in one of those delightful sitting-rooms of the Old Ship—after a good old English dinner, a bottle of Madeira at his elbow, a dish of filberts within lazy reach, and a clear, gassy, sea-coal fire, puffing and fizzing in smiling welcome of the traveller's return to his native Albion; you are requested to imagine, I say, if you have any imagination at all, the thrice-happy man, implanting his feet on the fender, turning up the tips of his comfortable toes to the bars, welcoming the poker for old acquaintance sake, throwing himself back in his chair, and exclaiming in ecstasy—

“O, the firesides of old England”

“A good *sea-coal fire* hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the inward man, dries up there all the cold, moist, fogmatic humours that environ him: makes him cheerful, sociable, full of nimble, fiery shapes, which delivered over the *bottle*, which is the inspiration, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sea-coal is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but your sea-coal warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to *warm*; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their great captain the heart, who great, and puffed up with this *caloric*, doth any deed of courage, and this valour comes of *sea-coal*!” Thus far the puissant and most corpulent knight, Sir John Falstaff, upon this subject—

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with variations. There is, in sooth, something more than warmth, welcome, cheerfulness, serenity, and society, in a good sea-coal fire, though these are much, and more than the steaming stoves and sulphurous *charbon à bois* of the continent can afford: there is a nationality in a blazing English coal fire, identifying itself with us, and us with our country. Is not coal the source of our material, as freedom is of our moral power? is not coal the tractor and domesticator of our iron, the parent of our copper, tin, lead, and steel? is not coal the great luminary of our age, before whose sparkling light the *illuminati* of the schools, not to mention the old oil lamps, have for ever “paled their ineffectual fires?” is not coal the nursing-mother of our steam-engines by land and sea, the worthy representatives of our dominion over both? Go as deep as you please into the causes of the magnificent position this scrubby little isle of Albion holds among the nations of the earth, do you not find coal at the bottom of it? and much as we confess ourselves obliged to old King Alfred, do we not acknowledge ourselves infinitely more indebted to old King Coal?

The aristocratic reader, peeping over the verge of this page at his warmth-dispensing fire, marvelling the while that the connexion between individual comfort and national glory, suggested by its cheering blaze, never struck him before, will, mayhap, marvel what sea-coal fires have to do with homeless people—very little, in truth; but as there are reasons for roasting eggs, so may there be reasons for not roasting them, of which we take the not having eggs, nor fire whereat to roast them, of reasons the two most conclusive.

Some years ago, when we first adventured upon the great ocean of London life, we made our triumphal entry into the metropolis, the enviable possessor of a capital of sixteen sovereigns—a weight of metal, in our opinion, equal to the enterprize of

taking the town by storm; and, indeed, we had already planted, in imagination, our standard upon the loftiest ramparts of the "Row;" already we had feasted, by anticipation, with all the leading publishers in turn, and valued our yet unpublished MSS. at somewhat less than thirty years' purchase of the Waverley Novels. Strange to tell, our appearance in town excited no particular sensation: wandering through the Row with a bundle of our invaluable lucubrations in either pocket, we were surprized to find no rival publishers rushing from their establishments to contend for the honour of introducing us to a discerning public: nay more, we have a distinct recollection of offering our best bow and manuscript to all the bibliopolists of that literary locality, without so much as one invitation to dinner, or any other result than that of calling again with our best bow, to receive back our best manuscript as altogether unsuitable. Of course, we were not a little astonished at the stupidity of the great men of the "Row:" we pitied the poor devils, slapped our forehead, wishing they knew what treasures lay dormant within the *dura mater* of our skull: determined in the heat of passion to have our revenge of the whole lot of them, and to expend our capital in publishing upon our own account: without much difficulty we discovered a patron of literary men, who, charging us twelve pounds for the printing of a pamphlet which we afterwards discovered cost him one pound ten, condescended to allow his name to appear on the title-page as publisher. Satisfied that our fortune was made, we expended the poor remainder of our money in advertising: the result may be anticipated—not a copy of the pamphlet sold! Could it be possible, after all—after the certificates of our pedagogues, the prizes of our spouting club, the asseverations of our respected "governor," that Johnson was a fool to us, and that Burke could not hold a candle to our style—that we were a blockhead? *Could* it be possible, after all, that our father's son was no better than a goose?

Whether or not, the money was gone, the pamphlet remained: the former went into the pocket of our literary Mæcenas—the latter found its way to the shops of the trunk-maker and but-terman: the end of this beginning was, we were left homeless and penniless.

Knowing that towards a man in misfortune friendship assumes the airs of patronage, and that borrowing and begging are the same, we determined to rough it out, and took up our abode, until better times should come, now at the Westminster Bridge Recess, now at the Waterloo Dry Arch Hotel. Eternal blessings crown the benevolent architect who invented those little over-arched recesses upon the former structure, and those—we cannot with justice say *dry*—but those land arches beneath the latter! Here alone, in this inhospitable town, are open houses kept for the houseless wayfarer: here alone has the penniless shelter from the biting blast and the pelting rain: here, wretches abandoned by all mankind may claim a temporary refuge, and find, in the dreamy slumbers of exhausted nature, oblivion of that misery their wakeful hours deny. Yet it is not so now: the dry arch has been bricked up, lest the wretched might enjoy that shelter of the wretched: the benches have been removed from the recesses of Westminster Bridge, lest the overloaded porter might deposit for a moment his weary burden, or the houseless wanderer of the night rest her jaded limbs. Nay, if you take up your rest on a door-step, having nowhere else to go, you are sure the policeman, if you have not wherewithal to treat him to drink, will belabour you with his truncheon, drag you off to the station-house, and "make a case" of you: nor is there in or out of the decalogue a crime upon which the dullards of the metropolitan police-offices bear more hardly, than that which, God knows, would seem to call for all the force of forbearing humanity—the crime of him who has not where to lay his head!

HOMELESS GREAT PEOPLE.

In our classification of homeless people, we must take care not to vio-

late the established rules of precedence, and therefore begin by con-

doling very sincerely with the Duke of Sussex upon the late destruction by fire of KINMEL, the seat of his hospitable friend Lord Dinorben: Colonel Wildman of Newstead is abroad, and poor Gillon, the rejected of Falkirk, will hear with intense regret that his illustrious *protégé* has been compelled to take tea at his own expense on several occasions—a state of things from which poor Gillon, considering that he is no longer in a condition to appeal to Parliament in favour of his *liberal* Royal Highness, must anticipate the most dreadful consequences.

Old MEL. is sponging up and down wherever a dinner is supposed to be going forward; it is truly painful to behold him squinting down the areas as he hobbles about the West End, pausing wherever the aroma of stewed meats and the reflection of bright copper saucepans indicate that something good is getting ready down below: he sniffs in imagination the appetizing odours of Buckingham Palace, and heaves a sigh over the superior talent and good fortune of the boy (popularly called, In-I-go) Jones.

Palmerstonny has been dodging up and down in a state of high nervous irritation: to a Whig or Tory, loss of place, one time or another, is like death, a contingency to be shunned as long as possible, but, at length, inevitable: but to *him*, who was now a Tory, and again a Whig, or both together, or neither, as circumstances or the market might vary; who was ready to be a Radical, or anything or nothing, or all three, so long as he could rub his skirts against an office stool; for him to be stranded at last, who had taken such proper good care that no shore, as he thought, could ever be a lee-shore to him, was enough to make each particular curl of his wig to stand on end, “like quills upon the fretful porcupine.” He bolted over to Ireland to register his riff-raff, which he took care never to think of so long as he did not want them for his own use and benefit; while there, he tried hard for a dinner from his old master, at the Dublin Mansion-house, but Dan was not to be had. We have heard that he returned to England, but latterly it is quite uncertain what has become of him.

Our old friend MUL. we happened to encounter the other night as we strolled up Charing-Cross; we were

concerned to see him in a well-worn Mackintosh, and shocking hat: the daily dressing of his locks was evidently neglected, and his whiskers were *en deshabille*; he gazed intently upon the prize-meat exhibited in the shops of the butchers; and when his lack-lustre eye lighted upon a placard at the door of the adjoining ale-house, announcing “Splendid Cold Gin” at fourpence the quartern, we thought his late excellency would have fainted. Can this be the man, thought we, who, at Dublin Castle, in a sky-blue jacket, bedizened with silver lace, was wont to be the observed of all observers, the tuft-hunting, situation-seeking mob of that servile place-groveling at his feet? Can this be the man, who, in the *ex officio* uniform of a field-marshal, used to review the troops of Her Most Gracious Majesty? Can this be he, at whose vice-royal balls and parties, the gooseberry used to fly about, swallowed by the uninitiated as if it had been veritable *Vin de Champagne*? Can this be he, who, with unhacked rapier, and upon careful consideration, used to inflict upon decent tradesmen the horrors of knighthood? Alas! London, like the grave, levels all distinctions. Here you see ourselves and Mul.—“Ego et Prorex meus”—nearly equally hard up, and alike unnoticed. Seriously, we were sorry to see the poor fellow so badly off, and if we had happened to have any change about us, would assuredly have asked him to take share of a trotter and pot of “heavy,” for Mul. is an honest fellow in the main; and if a man were to get into the body of the jail—and whoso likely to arrive at that distinction as a literary man?—we do not know a turnkey living who would sooner let him out than Normanby. Could nothing be done for the poor fellow in the way of tribute or testimonial? Surely Mul.’s friends on the other side of the water should see to this.

The fate of Baby Macaulay, or as Tom Duncombe, with more truth than humour calls him—“Froth-on-the-pot,” is yet more melancholy: poor Baby’s mansion in Great George’s Street, with all his books and traps, have been sold to the highest and best bidder by Elsegood the auctioneer. When last seen, he was on the Staines Road, “tramping it,” as is supposed, towards Windsor, intending to put up at the Castle; that, it is to be feared,

under present circumstances, is improbable; however, if he has saved a trifle of rupees from his India job, the *tavern* of that name is still open to him, and if he has occasion to write to his Edinburgh constituents, he can yet gratify his vanity and theirs by dating from the *Castle*, Windsor, if not from Windsor Castle.

The great little Lord John has found an asylum at Endsleigh, and we should not object to occupy that romantic cottage at the rent his lordship pays for it; but

“Non cuivis contigit adire Corinthum,”

which may be freely translated, it is not every man who has a brother a duke, and a cottage for nothing. Talking of Lord John Russell, it is curious and instructive to reflect upon the influence of position in determining the value of public approbation: here is a man, for example, ambitious of excellence in all things, yet failing in all things wherein he had ambition to excel—a man, whose *Essay on the British Constitution* stares you in the face at every book-stall, ticketed one shilling, and his tragedy of *Don Carlos* at half the money: kicked up by the mob to carry a favourite measure, the power wherewith he was invested came to be considered power of his own making, not of those who made him: without one solitary quality of the orator or statesman, he came to be considered both, because pushed into that position which statesmen and orators have adorned; but, however the vulgar may identify them, greatness is not success, nor success greatness. The man who is truly great shines not in the temporary triumphs of popular successes, blazing as they blaze, waning as they wane: in times of doubt, difficulty, and danger, he shines with a fixed and steady light, a beacon to direct men in their course, and to warn them of imminent danger: neither insolent in prosperous, nor peevish under adverse circum-

stances, he is equally great, irrespective of the position of his party: prompt to concede where concession is advisable or necessary, he is firm to resist concessions for the sake of temporary popularity: whether he gives or withholds, you know his reasons, and can appreciate his motives: whether in administering power or in controlling it, whether moderating the ardour of a triumphant, or consolidating the force of a defeated party, his energy is equally conspicuous, his tact and judgment equally great: if he is deficient, his deficiency lies in his incapacity for the tricks, intrigues, and meannesses of statesmanship; and sooner than rule through the back-stairs and the bedchamber, he disdains to rule at all.

When ten years of eclipse have obscured the brightness of Lord John Russell's fame, we shall see whether there is any thing about him by which posterity may distinguish his lordship from the common herd of Russells.

What the small-fry of homeless, ejected from Downing Street, may be doing, we neither know nor care: some, we doubt not, will sweep crossings, others may take to their former trade of begging-letter writing, and we hope the Mendicity Society will keep a sharp look-out for them. It is some consolation, at all events, to have power taken out of the hands of a cabinet of pauper desperadoes, to whom the country was merely in the light of a great milch cow, milked once a quarter by swarms of stipendiary vermin, accumulated beyond all human computation, for no other purpose than to create a petty faction out of the plunder of the universal people. It is some consolation to know, that the men to whose care the interests of this great country are now entrusted, have a stake in that country; and who, if they mismanage our affairs and destroy us, must bear themselves a very handsome proportion of the general loss.

CLUB PEOPLE.

It is truly astonishing how the contagion of fashion, the ape-like imitation of our betters, swells the full tide of the homeless in London: there is not a man who, with or without pretensions to the title, calls himself a

gentleman, who would not be ashamed to confess himself, by card or word of mouth, a tenant of Lambeth, Paddington, Pimlico, or Pentonville: a gentleman must be *supposed*, at least, to live at the West End; and as every

gentleman cannot possibly live in that enviable quarter, gentlemen club together for a common presentable address—hence the wise and benevolent institution of Clubs. In the centre of the most fashionable and expensive part of the town, these societies of Communists purchase or erect a splendid palace, and establish themselves *en masse*: here they lounge in the drawing-rooms, flatten their noses against the windows, write their letters on Club paper, seal them with Club wax, impressed with the Club seal: dine, if they have the wherewithal, on the one-and-ninepenny joint of the day, sip a pint of port in solitary dignity, then, lighting their cigar, wend their way home to a three-pair-back in some part of the town never named to ears polite, where they can be accommodated for seven shillings a-week, attendance inclusive.

If you ask where they live?—at the Club: how they live?—by the *carte* of the Club: what are their opinions?—the opinions of the Club: who are the best fellows in the world?—Tom, Dick, and Roger, of the Club: where is the best wine in London to be had?—at the Club: who have the whitest cravats and the reddest plush breeches in town?—waiters at the Club: where is the best letter-paper to be had for the pocketing?—at the Club: the best society?—at the Club: what is the most probable mode of obtaining terrestrial felicity?—become a member of the Club! All this, however, is to be taken *cum grano*: the Club is a very good place—no better for members of the wine committee, the dinner committee, the library committee, and the other committees: these people, who are usually old soldiers in the economical sense of the term, make their own of the Club: the waiters understand them, the tradesmen understand them, the secretary understands them: they do whatever they please, and no ordinary member can do any thing, eat any thing, or drink any thing, but how and as they please.

To the committee the Club is a

home—to all others it is only a place where they are tolerated: the committee are masters, the members guests: the committee are the decemvirs, the rest the populace; and although there are in every club one or two brawling tribunes of the people, we never could find out that they made any thing by their grumbling agitation. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that, by being balloted for and admitted, you get into the society of a club; whatever society there may be in the sparkling lights, the cheering fire, and the waiters in red plush breeches and white cravats, your subscription gives you the undoubted privilege to enjoy; if you are friendless out of doors, you are equally friendless in a club, where, in truth, you are regarded exactly in the *ratio* of the number of your friends; there is no worse place for making up to or scraping acquaintance with your fellow clubmen; there is a pride of repulsion among gentlemen in these societies, as if they should tell you by their looks, “If you have no friends, my good fellow, I have—if you want acquaintance, I don’t—if you come here to fasten yourself upon me, your membership is no letter of recommendation.” This is disagreeable, but it may be necessary; where fifteen hundred men get together in any society, there must be many whose acquaintance is not worth having, and a few whom it may not be desirable to have any thing to do with; but we must look deeper than this for the anti-social propensities of Clubs: your Englishman is of a blunt, honest nature, who would rather not know you at all if he cannot know you intimately; he has not that plasticity of manner which scatters bows and grins, and interchanges pinches of reciprocal snuff with men he never saw before, and never cares to see again; his acquaintance is made with difficulty, because it is valuable when made: his friendships ripen slowly, and tardily decay.

PARLOUR PEOPLE.

When you have loitered long about taverns and coffee-houses, you will not fail to become familiar with the faces of another description of homeless people, who frequent these places, and become fixtures, as it were, of the

establishment, living, and it may be dying, under the protection of the Green Man, The Cheshire Cheese, or The Marquis of Granby. These venerable votaries of Bacchus have a prescriptive right to the seat next the

fireplace; a particular peg is consecrated to their hat and cloak; their cane occupies a customary partition of the umbrella stand, and woe be to the unlucky wight who sticks therein his umbrella! With these the waiter is not the waiter, but "Thomas," the barmaid not the barmaid, but "Susan." The evening paper is aired, and handed to them first, and the tap room *Intelligencer* is always disengaged when they happen to require it. No pains are spared to make them comfortable, by the host, hostess, and their subordinates; if any objection is taken to any thing they have, it is changed without a murmur: their *negus* has always nutmeg fragrant on the top, and their beer is never without a plentiful dash of ginger. Theirs is the privilege to "how d'ye do, sir" the vulgar customers of the parlour, and to scan, with scrutinizing eye, the unrecognized interloper; for these elders of the pothouse look with great suspicion upon any incomer who is not a regular customer of the place. When the venerable Nestor has imbibed and exhaled to his heart's content—and if you take his nose into the account, it blushing confesses how much has been swallowed to produce its roseate hue—he deliberately takes down his cloak, puts on his hat, assumes his cane, and, with "Gentlemen, I wish you all a very good-evening," takes his leave, the others, taking their pipes for the moment out of their mouths, bobbing their heads, and returning the salutation, with "we wish you a very good-evening, Mr Soak." Thomas rushes to the door, holding it ostentatiously open; Susan smiles, and curtsies from behind the bar, winking at the same time with the off eye upon her young man, who, lolling luxuriously by her side, divides his time between smoking and sipping brandy-and-water. The veteran toddles homewards to his customary garret; Thomas, closing the door, puts his tongue in his cheek, and, after remarking to Susan "how uncommon muggy that old file is to-night," returns to wait upon the survivors of the parlour.

Of one of the numerous family of soaks thus presented to our memory, let us indulge in the remembrance. It was at The Goose and Frying-Pan, in Brokers' Alley—a very noted house, by the way, for the stronger ales, and

not undistinguished in its gin—that we first encountered this venerable gentleman. He might be about eighty years of age—he confessed to seventy-five—and was doubled up by ossification or lumbago, so completely, that when he would sit erect he was obliged to have both heels upon the table in the plane of the horizon of his nose, an attitude less graceful than picturesque. His profile was that of a parrot, his nose gracefully drooping over his lip, as if desirous to divide with the mouth the aromatic fragrance of the old gentleman's gin: his forehead was modest and retiring, but as smooth, and much whiter, than the palm of our hand: the absence of teeth caused a preternatural recession of the mouth, but his chin stepped boldly forward, as if to restore the equilibrium of his face. He was dressed in the style of a small farmer of the last century. His tone of voice was exactly that of a cock-sparrow, and his style of conversation precisely similar to that of the same perking, chattering, self-opinioned little animal. His good humour, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, was unfailing. He knew by sight every body in the habit of frequenting the room; and whether they chose to listen or not, all's one to him, he chattered away, wetting his whistle at short intervals. Of the existence of the world since the commencement of the present century, he did not seem to entertain the most remote idea. This evening he would talk of the great frost, to-morrow of the failure of hops in 1763, the next day of the French Revolution, which he seemed to think was in full force at this day—in which, after all, the old gentleman was not much mistaken. He would enquire, with the greatest innocence, whether the King of France (meaning poor Louis XVI.) was not a well-meaning man, and would lament bitterly that "Farmer George," as he called him, should have lost his memory. If any one talked of the weather, he would bring a parallel weather case of fifty years ago. When the room rang with botheration about Russell and Peel, he would turn to me, and with a smile of inexpressible good-nature, say it was all very fine, he dared say, but he should like to hear what Pitt and Fox had to say upon the subject. Altogether, his mind was a wreck, that

might be contemplated without any other feeling than that of regret that so good a soul should have survived all who were near and dear to him, and be condemned to spend the winter of his days in the wilderness of a tavern; yet he seemed perfectly happy, and, when we discovered the particular snuff he relished, we grew very familiar, and we thought he could never make too much of us. From the parlour of The Goose and Frying-Pan he was never absent betwixt half-past four in the afternoon and eleven at night; but, although it was evident that his circumstances were easy, we never could observe that he had any friends, or was intimate with any one. On the contrary, we could readily remark with what skill and good-humour he contrived to "dodge" every particular enquiry respecting his domicile, about which some of the more forward *habitués* of the parlour used at times to press him. Indeed, he did not seem to live, or wish to live, at all for present men or times. His pleasures were in the past, his friendships and affections lay doubtless in the grave: in the past he loved to live, and we think the reason he preferred our snuff to that of others, was less on account of its flavour than that we were accustomed to humour the bent of his inclination, and to talk of Lord Chatham, Wilkes, George Washington, Alderman Beckford, "Farmer George," and the King of Prussia, as if we were to meet those distinguished persons at dinner that very evening. One Sunday afternoon we strolled, as usual, to The Goose and Frying-Pan, and, strange to relate, the bird had fled. We should as soon have expected the parlour itself to have deserted the house, as our old friend. Gone he was, however, and as there is something in association, even of an old fool that warms our beer and mellows our pipe, we felt we should not be comfortable; so we took up our hat, and strolled into the city. Passing Pope's Head Alley, we were struck with a sign sufficiently familiar to us—The Goose and Frying-Pan. Another Goose and Frying-Pan! thought we, this must be seen into. Entering the parlour, who should meet our astonished optics but our doubled-up old friend of the last century, hard by the chimney corner, his "go" of gin-and-water before him

on the table. We recognized one another on the instant. Like ourselves, he had adventured into foreign parts, and penetrated as far as the city, when the long-accustomed sign of The Goose and Frying-Pan arrested his wandering feet. The magic association of sounds was too much for him—he had found another home, as it were, in another world—a Goose within a Goose, a Frying-Pan within a Frying-Pan!

"Some natural *thirst* he felt, but *quench'd* it soon."

We talked for the thousandth time of Wilkes, Lord Chatham, and the King of Prussia, but our venerable friend was evidently ill at ease; even our humble joke, that we had heard of out of the frying-pan into the fire, but out of one frying-pan into another was a new version, failed to restore his wonted equanimity. He found fault with the attentions of the waiter, censured the shortcut, and animadverted upon the gin; nor was it until we had, at his request, called a cab, and that our friend had desired the cabman to drive to the old Goose and Frying-Pan, with especial emphasis on the *old*, that he was enabled to bid us good-by with his wonted equanimity.

We never saw him again.

Months passed over: our doubled-up friend at the old "Goose and Frying-Pan" had been long forgotten; Susan the barmaid had eloped with the gentleman of the bar, and Thomas, who it appeared had a sneaking kindness for the damsel, left the house in high dudgeon; we were all taking our customary "swig" in the often-recited parlour, when a respectable business-like gentleman, in a new hat, and highly-polished boots, walked into the midst of the apartment. Having ordered the very unusual quantity of a pint of port, the unknown called for an evening paper; finding it engaged, he became very fidgety, and amused himself scrutinizing the guests, as if he wanted some of them—a compliment which they liberally repaid in the same coin. It was evident he was unaccustomed to public parlours: in fact, he looked more like a man who had a parlour of his own, and as such we could not help regarding him with the highest veneration: it was not impossible, we thought, that he might take it in his head to invite one of us home to supper. Accordingly, when

the gentleman, in a careless tone, enquired if any of the company present could favour him with a pinch of snuff, a dozen boxes leaped from their respective waistcoat pockets, and were officiously presented to him; the unknown graciously condescended to take a pinch from each, and resumed his seat, but still seemed evidently uneasy. At length, summoning up courage, after a few preliminary hems and haws, the strange gentleman enquired whether any gentleman in that room was in the habit of using a *pewter* snuff-box. This was too familiar by half: our worshipful company began to suspect in the stranger some west-end *swell* who might have come there for the purpose of quizzing the guests of the Goose and Frying-Pan.

"What's that to you, sir?" sharply enquired Mr Daggs the undertaker, one of the oldest frequenters of the parlour.

"Are we obligated to answer all your questions, sir?" observed Mr Griggs the umbrella-maker, a man of some acerbity of manner.

"*Tits—tits*," ejaculated, between his teeth, Mr Sidney Grist, the newspaper sub-editor, whereupon the favourite bull-dog of that gentleman, who accompanied him to all public meetings, and who, besides counting *ten* upon every division, is also reckoned an effective public speaker, rushed forth from beneath his master's chair, setting up an awful howl, and evidently meditating a solution of continuity in some of the nether garments of the unlucky inquisitor.

"I am afraid, gentlemen," observed the unknown calmly, "my question seems rather impertinent, but I assure you, my reason for asking it is not so."

"If that be the case, sir," we observed in return, "our pewter snuff-box and its contents are heartily at your service; and, but that it is pewter, we should have done ourselves the honour to have offered it you before."

"I am truly obliged to you, sir, and would be happy to have a word with you in private, if your convenience suits at present," rejoined the stranger; whereupon we forthwith adjourned together to a private room, leaving the undertaker, umbrella-maker, editor and his dog, lost in admiration.

The mystery was soon solved. Ec-

centric to the last, our poor old parrot-nosed friend had taken it in his benevolent noddle to invite our remembrance of him, by the handsome legacy of five hundred pounds in the Three-and-a-half per cents; and, ignorant alike of our name and whereabouts, had tacked a codicil to his will, identifying the object of his posthumous bounty as the gentleman with the pewter snuff-box, frequenting the parlour of the *old* (thus is it described in the will) Goose and Frying-Pan.

This lucky windfall enabled us to appear with more distinction among the frequenters of our favourite parlour. Before this, when we ventured to hint that Lord John Russell was a puny-minded, fretful creature, whose grandeur was in his position not in himself, and whose true *calibre* would soon be tested by adversity, we were snubbed by the undertaker, snapped up by the umbrella-maker, and growled at by the editor and his dog. Now, it is quite t'other; the undertaker invites our opinion as to what Peel will do in the forthcoming session with the corn-laws; the umbrella-maker has been overheard to say (since we got the legacy) that he thinks "pewter-box" (such is the jocose way in which he remembers us) must have seen a great deal of high life in his time; and the editor confesses, since he studied our arguments, that he thinks small-beer of Lord John Russell, in which opinion, as that sagacious animal says nothing to the contrary, it is to be supposed the editor's dog concurs.

Such are the strange and unlooked-for results of parlour acquaintance in London; and here, if we had any talent for moralizing—which we honestly confess is not our *forte*—we might observe, not impertinently, that respect and attention to age, and sympathy for its infirmities and foibles, which is the pride of a gentleman and the duty of a Christian, may not be without its recompense even in this world; and although the unlooked-for and unusual reward of five hundred pounds in the three-and-a-half per cents must not be considered the probable recompense of such polite attentions, yet they never fail to repay him who bestows them, not only in the consciousness of the propriety of his conduct, but in the breast of the receiver,

and of all who have the gratification of looking on, when age, in itself honourable, is for its own sake honoured.

When the reader (which matrimony and the fates forbid) has been as long homeless as we have, and as long accustomed to break forth from the whisperless solitude of his own romantic attic to the warm, cheering, and well-lighted, but heartless and unsympathizing parlour of a tavern, he will discover that every parlour has a character, company, and tone of conversation peculiarly its own; and if he makes the round of London taverns as often as we have done, he will discover that not two taverns have a character, company, and tone of conversation alike. Some are of a higher, others of a lower cast; some are frequented by gentlemen, others by professional persons, others by respectable tradesmen, others again by tradesmen of a lower grade; but, in short, you have only to run over in your memory as many conditions of human existence as may occur to you, and for every one of those conditions you will find the licensing magistrates have providentially ordained a tavern. You may choose your evening's entertainment at a tavern as you would a play; at the "STAR AND GARTER," for example, they are a rare tragic set, deep in love with Macready and Charles Kean. At the "BELL AND CROWN," on the contrary, genteel comedy carries the day, and the most popular toasts are Vestris, Nisbett, and Rainforth. At the "KING'S HEAD," lovers of the melo-drama are accustomed to assemble, where you may overhear the merits of the "BLOOD-BOLTERED BANDIT, OR HOW'S YOUR MOTHER," discussed with action suited to the word, and word to the action. If you are an admirer of the fine arts, drop into a parlour any where about Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; there connoisseurs, and *cognoscenti* preponderate; there they talk of Corregios, Raphaels, and stuff; observe that the pictures at the last exhibition, and all other exhibitions, had been infinitely better painted if the painters had taken more pains; and although they do not now, as of yore, praise the works of Pietro Perugino, they are all open-mouthed in praise of the recent vagaries of Turner, affirming with all their lungs, that because a man in early life has displayed

the highest powers of fancy and intellect in his compositions, the most exquisite harmony in his colour, and the most absolute mastery over all the conventionalities of art of any British painter, he shall, therefore, be at liberty to fill the exhibitions with things that are unlike any thing earthly, watery, or skyey, and are simply *tours de force*, as it would seem, of a great colourist run mad. Although we should be sorry to see painting vulgarized to a merely imitative art, as we have often remarked to the *cognoscenti*, yet the greatest masters have not disdained to paint natural objects *naturally*; dabs of gum, blads of orange, and lumps of putty, the engraver may make something of, but the spectator cannot. We have ourselves painted sundry pictures in this style: as, for example, the "BURNING OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT," by rubbing a soft brick-bat over a blackened pannel: the vagaries of an intoxicated whitewash brush over a yard and half of canvass, we propose calling a "STORM IN THE ADRIATIC:" and by some similar process, upon a back ground of ultra-marine and yellow ochre, we intend to exhibit a "BACCHUS AND ARIADNE;" and if these works have no other merit, they are at least *as* like what they profess to represent as some late pictures from the easel of Turner. Shall a man shake the alphabet in a bag, and when the confused mass, "than chaos more chaotic still," is disposed any how upon a flat superficies, call the unintelligible stuff an epic poem? We entertain the most profound respect for Mr Turner, and confess him one of the most original masters of our age and nation. He has power to astonish, and power to delight: he has astonished us enough: he did not disdain to delight us before, and we hope he will not disdain to delight us again. At these artistic taverns, too, you will hear dark and mysterious accounts of undoubted original works of the great masters sold at extravagant prices, which, upon more minute examination, have turned out undoubted original copies by hands without pretensions to mastery, old or new. You will see pawnbrokers' duplicates handed about, the property of some poor devil of an artist who has died of hunger, and who, while he lived, used to send his works to the pawnbroker

wet from the easel: great is the speculation and traffic upon these—some *patron of the arts* (!) purchasing them, perhaps, for a tenth part of their value; while the picture dealers present, who have by them any works of the unfortunate deceased, will pathetically observe, that, “now the beggar is dead, they may venture to lay on a few guineas extra;” so that an artist of merit may die of famine to-day, and this day twelvemonth a price will be asked by the dealers, for one of his works, sufficient to have kept him and his family comfortably in the interval.

In the neighbourhood of the great hospitals you will find professional parlours, the haunts of young gentlemen, whose poor deluded parents in the country fondly imagine their young hopefuls are attending lectures, dissecting the human body, and studying the practice and theory of their profession.

The erudition of these young gentlemen upon every subject of which they should be profoundly ignorant, is only equalled by their enormous ignorance of every thing they ought to know: in the chemical composition, pharmacy, and therapeutics of gin, beer, and brandy and water, they are equally practised and profound: the anatomy and physiology of oysters, lobsters, mutton-chops, rump-steaks, and welsh-rabbits, have no difficulties for their digestion: in the theory and practice of wringing knockers, breaking bell-wires, rioting in the streets, and battling with police-officers, it is impossible to imagine that they are not perfectly competent to pass any examination.

From their conversation in the course of a few evenings, you will not fail to become as expert in their profession as themselves: they will inform one another how they “*bilked* old Professor Glisters’ lectures half the season, but by the bribe of half-a-crown to the porter, made that functionary swear they never lost a day, and so got their certificate: what a pretty girl came into the fever-ward that morning, how they winked, and she smiled, and what a pity if she should die, and whether they wont see where she lives when she goes out convalescent: how they wrote down to the country, to the ‘governor,’ telling him what a

many lectures and tickets they must take out, and how, instead of taking out lectures and tickets, they made away with the ‘governor’s’ money: how the house-surgeon blew up the dressers about the old man they bled to death in mistake, how the dressers blew up the nurses, and how the nurses blew up the patients: how the governors got wind of it, and how it was all hushed up for fear of injuring the interests of the hospital.” The conversation will then take a turn through the surgical wards: “what fine operations they had that day, and what a fine sight it was to see that great surgeon, Slashem, cut out a fellow’s upper jaw-bone, because he had a pimple under his eye: what a fine opportunity it was to perform that difficult operation: how Slashem no how would let the operation be dispensed with, not knowing when he might fall in with such another promising ‘case:’ how the fellow struggled and roared, and how Slashem’s knife slipping, half his eye was scooped out: how Slashem brought away half the patient’s face in a piece, and the pimple along with it: how the actual cautery was applied, and how the red-hot iron hissed like ten devils when clapped to the bare bone: how the fellow cried murder, and how one of the dressers crammed a plug of lint, wet with his own blood, into the man’s mouth to stop his roaring: how the pupils applauded Slashem: how Slashem, with the bloody knife between his teeth, scratched his head with his bloody fingers, and made a low bow: how the patient fell back dead upon the table: how it served him right, for being so little of a plucked ‘un:’ how one of the pupils said it would have been more kind to have cut off the patient’s head at once, and how Slashem told him he was a disgrace to the hospital, and that he would stop his certificate: how a similar operation was to be performed next week upon another fellow with a *wart* on his face, and how Slashem was to do it, and what *fun* it would be: what a trump Slashem was, and how he would cut a fellow’s head off, and put it on again, to cure an ear-ache!” with many other light and diverting episodes of the like sanguinary nature. The social particularities of the profession will next engage the attention of these gentlemen: “what awful swells the

pupils are at St George's, what *snobs* they are at Thomas's and Guy's, what select young men at their own hospital: how the St Georgites smoked nothing but penny Cubas to four pennyworths of gin: how the St Thomases and Guys never rose higher than swipes and short-cut: how *they*, for their own parts, despise any professional man who smokes any thing under a real Havannah, or calls for less than a shilling's worth of brandy and water: how Simpkins went up to the college for his examination: how the examiner asked him what was the best way of putting a patient into a splendid sweat: how Simpkins, who was at that time in that very condition himself, swore an oath, that if bringing a man *there* didn't do it, he knew not what would: how he lost his examination, and didn't care a d—n: how he is now an omnibus cad on the Paddington-road, and gives his fellow-pupils a lift for old acquaintance sake: how no gentleman should go study at Bartholomew's, the sisters are so infernally cross and ugly: how the governors there will not permit the pupils to flirt with the female patients, and what a shame it is:" with much more conversation of the same sort to the same no-purpose.

In the vicinity of the Inns of Court, you will find numberless parlours devoted to the use and benefit of the gentlemen of the law—a class of men, who, living in a monastic sort of way, are especially homeless people, from the Benchers of the Inn down to the whipper-snapper attorney's clerks. These last are a most irresistible class in their own estimation, emulous of the vivacity and coxcomby of magpies or jackdaws. How they will chatter—what a fool Denman is—how the Chancellor went wrong in the case of SWINDLER V. SIMPLE, and how the equity was altogether on Swindler's side; how in the Bail Court old Williams went wrong, though every clerk could have set him right; how Coleridge snubbed an attorney at Chambers; how old Sergeant Bullyrag made reflections on the honesty of one of their fraternity for not paying over a fee to his (Bullyrag's) clerk; what a beast Bullyrag is, and how they will put more than that out of his way; what a fine case of *crim. con.* is to come off in the Common

Pleas in the sittings after terms, and what fun there will be, to be sure;—whether any gentleman present knows any good *straw* bail, wanted by a fraudulent bankrupt, for which a handsome premium will be given; how Charles Philips, in his last murder-speech at the Old Bailey, hunted ten metaphors to death, through all the moods and tenses; whether hunting metaphors to death is, or is not, cruelty to animals, with much argument and many cases cited thereupon; whether an indictment could be found; how one of the fraternity got very drunk, and was taken to his own home by Policeman X 95; whether an action for assault and battery would lie against said policeman, for assisting a gentleman against his will—cases in point; how another of the brotherhood promised to marry a girl, and didn't, and how he kept to the windy side of the law, and how the parents of the girl turned her out of doors, and what a capital joke it was; how all these feminine matters are to be managed so as to avoid actions, and the like; concerning used-up stamps, and how money may be made of them without any risk; concerning a clerk who stole a pewter watch from another clerk, and a third clerk who made an elegant speech in his behalf before old STUPE, the police-magistrate; of the high compliment Stupe made him, saying,—what a pity it was that so promising a youth was not at the bar; much argument what bar, and whether Stupe meant it as a compliment or not."

Lo, the Grecian and Temple Coffee-houses, with others the barristers are accustomed to resort to. These learned gentlemen are, however, so silent and reserved, that it is not easy to collect specimens of their table-talk. It will be advisable, notwithstanding, to caution the unwary, that because there is nothing said there may be much to say, or to attribute that silence to dignity which should rather be ascribed to discretion.

We recollect hunting for a true and particular parlour in the vicinity of Pimlico, much frequented by fashionable young men, who might have passed at Dublin or Edinburgh for "swells" of the first water, and who would have been invited to dinner by gentlemen with families of

daughters on their own personal security—their rings, pins, black satin stocks, glazed leather boots, and other toggery, evidencing at least an income of five hundred a-year. They could not deceive our practised eye, however; yet for a long time we could not make head or tail of them;—too well-dressed were they for omnibus cads off duty, and not stylish enough for the swell mob. Accident at last let us into the secret of their occupation. Never did we hear gentlemen of a public parlour so thoroughly imbued with all the minutiae of fashionable life, and fashionable people, as these; they were living peerages and baronetages, and could tell you to a halfpenny the yearly income of the Countess of Dollalolla, and the amount of the annual allowance made to her ladyship's younger son, the Honourable Tom Thumb; they knew to half an hour when the Lady Cecilia Ricketts was to be married to young Lord King's-Evil, and all who were to be there; the cause of the late separation between Colonel and Lady Jane Skitish, they could tell, if it were not indelicate; but made no scruple of mentioning the exact sum Earl Venom gave to the Reform Club for the purpose of impoverishing his eldest son; they were perfectly informed of the reasons that induced the young Viscountess Kick-in-Gallop to desert her octogenarian spouse the day after marriage, but of the subsequent close intimacy of the young Count Diddlerowski with her ladyship, they had rather not say any thing; how a certain august personage looked—how she ate, and what exercise she took, was the daily subject of the discourse, upon which they descanted with a freedom somewhat indecorous. Had they been in the habit of dining daily at the royal table, they could not have better described old MEL., his capers and jokes, and how he always fell asleep after dinner, or how the late ladies of the bedchamber loved him, calling him “old doat,” or “old goat,” we forget which; how he used to dawdle about the kitchen, and how one of the scullery-maids was dismissed for pinning a dishelout to his tail; what a fine seat ALBERT, as they familiarly styled his Royal Highness, had in his saddle, and how particularly well he looked in full dress, just the

reverse of her Majesty, who looked to greatest advantage in simple attire, with countless chatter of the like category. For a long time they mystified even ourselves; but at last the murder was out. One of them coming into the parlour one evening later than the rest, seemed rather excited, and having lighted his cigar and sipped his wine and water, broke out with,—“Demme, if I can stand that demned Buckingham Palace any longer! Peddition seize my soul, if the hair aint too much for my nerves; that demned kitchen, too, a mile and 'alf from the Queen's side, with a couple of 'undred steps of stairs to go up and down. I say, demme, when you come to carry three or four kivers, and a dozen or so of plates between the two, may I be demmed if you won't feel as if you had that 'ere helephant at the 'Logical Garden a-riding 'top of your back;—Can any body tell me when the Court intends setting out for Vindsor?”

Lo! and behold, these fashionable people were the Queen's royal footmen! Nor is it wonderful that these worshipful knights of the trencher should take upon themselves pseudo-aristocratic airs, when we reflect that they are permitted to sport the uniform, and even epaulettes, of captains in the army, and have the pay of subalterns, without the fatigue, the danger, the expatriation, or the duty. To do them justice, however, they are very favourable specimens of the menial tribe, and we picked a great deal of fashionable life and conversation from them at second-hand, which we purpose inflicting upon the patient reader in the proper place: our series would not be worth the price of waste paper without a chapter of fashionable twaddle, culled, after the manner of the fashionable novelists of the day, from the scullery wenches, foot-boys, and helpers about great houses. This is the only way in which the poor devil public can get a blink at what is doing in the higher regions: those who are in exclusive society, and could describe it, are not hungry enough to write; those who, like ourselves, have an appetite that way, have no chance of seeing any more than the outsides of great houses

However, we will do what we can: we observe, on looking over our MS. notes, “Observations of Hannah the

Housemaid on High Life and Conversation," and as Hannah is an intelligent girl, who has lived in the first families, we do not doubt to be able to dress up, with her assistance, a dish of high life that will astonish the natives, and make the vulgar stare.

Parlours frequented by tradespeople, we delight in: nothing gives a man clearer ideas of the vast superiority of London over provincial places, than the conversation we hear from such men, in such places: we recollect a country cousin pestering us, on one occasion, to show him the lions, and we carried him off, first cab, to one of our favourite parlours.

"Observe now, friend Bumpkin," we said to him, "the people you will see here, and let us know what you think of them: there are half-a-dozen gentlemen—listen to their conversation, and make what you can of them."

Bumpkin did as he was desired, and in the middle of the second pot informed us gravely, that from the style of conversation, he should conclude they were respectable gentlemen living on their money.

Presently, one of the party pulls a boot out of a bag, and hands it to another, who, examining it, says he must just put on a heel-piece, and a patch on the side, and the price will be two shillings, and he will do it directly: another declared he wants a top-coat, and a third, the most erudite man in company, mistaken by Bumpkin for a fellow of Oxford, forthwith lugs out his tapes, and takes his friend's measure for the garment: a fourth, having finished his pipe and

pot, takes a whitewash brush from under his apron, and declares he must just go do a little job for one of his best customers. Bumpkin is in amaze, declares he would not have believed that men so well bred, well-informed, sensible and moderate, could have been humble tradesmen, had he not seen it with his own eyes.

"But, what about the lions?" continued our country cousin.

"Why, you chaw-bacon block-head," replied we, "*these* are the lions: these decent sensible men, with observation of life and general information, that would put to utter confusion a gathering of Highland lairds, or a pannel of Irish Grand Jurors, are the lions; these men, and such as these, with this pride of honest industry, their thirst of honest enterprise, represent in their social character the political grandeur and general prosperity of their nation: they are not only lions themselves, but the makers of lions, the maintainers of lions, and the keepers of lions in repair."

"You mean to say," observed our friend, "that the accumulated savings of the national industry of which these individuals are the worthy representatives, has made this country what she is, and enabled us to have monuments to show, worthy so greatly industrious a people."

"You may say that," replied we, "when you write home to your friends: and if you see St Paul's, the Tower, the Abbey, the Treasury, and the like, say, moreover, that you have also seen the men who raised them, and paid for them."

THE DINNERLESS HOMELESS PEOPLE.

THE DINNERLESS HOMELESS PEOPLE will next engage our attention. Their name is legion, and they have as many shades and varieties of character as any other class of men about town.

The great majority of persons engaged in business are of this class, the distance from their sleeping places, and the pressure of their avocations, requiring them to remain near their work the entire day: many professional men are in the same category, all comers and goers, and all that numerous class of loose fish hanging on

at the outskirts of society. For these, there exists every variety of eating-houses suited to their means and inclinations: there is, first, the respectable, well-established tavern, situated in some retired court or alley, as if it rather shunned than invited the promiscuous passers-by: houses such as these, depending upon old connexions, are generally of a superior class, both in the quality of the articles furnished to their customers, and the persons who frequent them: the landlords are respectable, the waiters are respectable, the dishes and wines are re-

spectable; their charges also are *very* respectable. There are few things in life more comfortable, on meeting with an old esteemed friend, than an appointment to dinner at one of these quiet taverns: there is something home-ike in their arrangements: the great over-arching fireplace, with its low-set grate, and its bench at either side, the fashion of Shakspeare's and Ben Jonson's days, has something hospitable in it: the smoke-begrimed wainscot, the antique mirrors, and the jolly dark faces of former hosts and well-remembered waiters long gone to their last account, are the antiquities of the place: a goodly array of punch-bowls, long disused, sets off the windows of the bar; and the only modern article in the place is the respectable young lady, the daughter of the host, who sits enshrined therein, at once the Hebe and Venus of the bar. Your table is polished as the mirror on the wall: the old wainscot scrubbed till it emulates the polish of ebony: a well-worn Turkey carpet is soft under your feet, and the old oaken chairs whereon you sit, have snug cushions and backs of leather.

In this very room, for we are supposing one of our oldest taverns, Shakspeare and rare Ben Jonson may have ladled their punch out of that cracked china punch-bowl; Beaumont and Fletcher may have concocted some of their plots over a magnum of sack and sugar; old Jack Falstaff and Prince Hal may have swaggered in the course of an evening; Justice Shallow may have sat soaking in this very chair, until warned home by the chimes at midnight; Buckingham may have retired here to sup after the play, and over his wine meditated the fun of the *Rehearsal*; Addison may have sat where you sit now, while Steele wrote a *Spectator* in this chair; Swift and Bolingbroke may, in that corner, have settled the affairs of the nation; this very trencher may have contained a dish covered for the mighty maw of Samuel Johnson, by his obsequious shadow Boszy; poor Savage may have gloried here in an unwonted good dinner, the first fruits of the pension allowed him by Tyrconnell; Goldy, doubtless, has dined here many and many a day; the luxurious Thomson has lolled in that corner, waiting the setting out of the stage that is to convey him to his

classic retirement at Richmond. The associations of the place are in truth oppressive, but we have no further time for reflection—dinner is on the table. Dinner over, you are sure of your wine—there is no mistake about it; mine host would as soon lose his license as put down an indifferent bottle; your pipes and tobacco are of the best, or, if you affect the modern cigar, they are the undoubted Havannah; in short, if you cannot make yourself comfortable here, with your bottle and your friend, the fault must lie in yourself or your company.

Next to these hospitable taverns of the olden time, come multifarious tribes of chop-houses: of these many have earned an honourable fame, and are as good as real estates to generations of possessors: they lie city-ways, like the former, and in them is good substantial old English eating well understood: need we say that their meat is the very best that can be procured for money: that in the cutting, not only the thickness that long experience has dictated as the best, is studied, but the very grain and dip of the individual fibre: that your steak or chop is done to half a turn before your eyes, manipulated with silver tongs, or that your accessories, especially your pickles, mustard, bread, and so forth, are of the best description?

Who does not know these things: who is not aware, that although the chop-houses claim no particular excellence for wine, their pre-eminence in beer is acknowledged by all parties? The defects of these places are the crowd, the constant succession of guests, and bustle of the waiters: they have not that repose, that homely character, which sets the good old tavern on the old plan above all other houses of occasional entertainment.

There is a particular kind of chop-house, peculiar probably to London—that, namely, where each individual, as at the feast of Scarron, brings his own dish, and where, though the feast is not united, every man has that which he has brought done to a nicety under his own eye, and transferred to a pewter trencher, with accompanying potatoes, hissing hot, under his own nose. As we do not choose to make our observations the vehicles of puffing, or of individualizing particular houses of entertainment, we have abstained from alluding to the signs of

those which we consider favourable specimens of each class: we cannot refrain, however, from stating that the description of chop-house we are now engaged in considering is a *lion*, and ought to be visited by the curious stranger. There is, in Threadneedle Street, the sign of the "SUN AND FLEECE," perhaps the best conducted, and most respectably attended house of this kind in London: next door is a shop of the Queen's purveyor, where the customer may be supplied even with a single chop, or any quantity of cutlet or steak, with paper to wrap it in: if he does not disdain to carry it himself into the tavern, he will have an opportunity of beholding a curious scene. Placing his ration, whatever it may be—a spatch-cock, pheasant, or partridge, for example, or any thing else within the compass of an expansive gridiron—upon a bench near the ample fireplace he takes his seat, if a seat remain, and although there may be twenty or thirty parcels like his own close at hand, and as many more upon the fire, he will receive in due course from the attendant his own portion, "which the neat-handed Betsy dresses," without any mistake, and will enjoy a rude but excellent dinner, served up scrupulously clean, though humbly, the charge in his bill for cooking, being *one penny sterling*! If he be of a mechanical turn, he will not fail to observe the construction of the gridiron, by which the fat is saved from falling into the fire, which more than repays the entire cost of fuel and cookery. The ales and liquors are excellent: the culinary operations commence at one P.M., terminating at four, the remainder of the evening being devoted to serious drinking. The West-end reader is not to suppose, that in the visit to the East, he will encounter any thing low: we have seen at this chop-house, Directors of the Bank of the East India Company, and some of the most eminent merchants upon 'Change, who, having their mid-day meal in this humble way, swallow a glass of sherry at the bar, return to their business, and in the evening drive in their own carriages to their villas at Hampstead or Camberwell.

The *Tables d'hôte* of London bear no comparison with those of Paris in point of number, though they have vastly the advantage of the latter in

their cookery; you know what you eat, and may be quite certain that there is no chance of dining off a *ragout de chat garnie aux cornichons*, or a *filet de cheval à la jardinière*, dishes which the researches of the police have discovered to be in great request among the Parisian tavern-hunters. The few *tables d'hôte* in London are chiefly adapted to particular sets and classes: military and naval men, on half-pay, have established one or two at the West End, and sundry exist citywards for the convenience of mercantile people. We cannot conscientiously advise the un-introduced to attend them, although the viands and liquors are good, and the charges fifty per cent below those of the solitary dinner taverns. The reason is this, the men who attend these tables form a set, a family party, having their recognized topics of discourse, their established jokes, and their particular politics: a stranger taking his place at table is a damper upon the business of the evening: the recognized topics are shelved, the established jokes unuttered, and the particular politics forgotten, in the united exertion to prize you out of company: there is a constrained politeness about the guests, a frigid attention on the part of the waiter, more disagreeable than positive incivility: Deputy-Commissary-General WEEVIL, by courtesy called "the General," who is the great gun of the place, talks to his next neighbour, Brevet-Major TOUGH, in hieroglyphics: Lieutenant MUFF, of the Newfoundland Veteran Battalion, with the local rank, in the tavern, of captain, observes to his opposite neighbour, while helping you, after the third request, to a slice of fish, that a great number of suspicious characters are about, and that it is next to impossible to discover by appearances, now-a-days, whether a gentleman is a gentleman or a pickpocket. If you ask a question about the news of the day, not one of the company has happened to look at a newspaper: if you hazard the observation, that to-morrow may be wet or dry, or both, you are answered that "it may be so," or "that it is difficult to say," or "probably:" whatever you may chance to utter, is replied to by an "echo of the speech," as the parliamentary people have it. However complimentary this line of

conduct may be among parliamentary folks, it is extremely disagreeable to the casual frequenter of a tavern, being, in fact, tantamount to an expression of the company, of the sincere pleasure they will feel in never seeing you there again, in which the host, barmaid, and waiter, fully participate.

It is extraordinary, nor do we know how to account for it, that Englishmen, with all their education and opportunities, should have acquired an European reputation for dogged incivility towards men who are strangers to them, never by any chance condescending to exhibit that sort of cheap politeness which, manifested in a look, a word, a smile, or even a gesture, makes men self-satisfied, and contributes materially to enhance the sum of human comfort and good feeling, with which the sensation of comfort has so much in common. Our statute law supposes a man innocent until he is proved to be guilty; our social law, on the contrary, pre-supposes every man guilty until he is proved to be innocent. This John Bullish stolidity is very high, and mighty, and great, we readily admit: John has plenty of money, and much better things than money, to be proud of; but no man should be proud of sour looks, short answers, or uncourteous behaviour, because he happens not to have been introduced to another man. No man should be proud of keeping a newspaper an hour after it is bespoke, turning it upside down, or reading it backwards, simply because the gentleman who has engaged it is a stranger, and in a hurry. This is the affectation of vulgar minds and vulgar men, and the reason they affect this line of conduct is, because they may have heard some footman of their acquaintance say that fashionable people are proud, and that proud people are sulky. Now, so far from the truth is this, that truly fashionable people, when they happen to be sulky or uncourteous by nature, go to school to get rid of this defect, as they go to a dancing-master to teach them a graceful carriage. Politeness is a part of their system, and one of the many graces cultivated assiduously by them to maintain their order in due respect, as we shall fully illustrate when we come to treat of this class in particular. In the mean time, let no man,

even if his pockets be full of money, his head of pomatum, or his hands of rings and trumpery, imagine that he is a gentleman because he stares impertinently at strangers, wears his hat upon the end of his nose, or abuses the waiters. The ignorant may tremble, and the servile be overawed, but gentlemen pity and despise him. Let no man say he is a plain honest John Bull, who can't stand any nonsense. We cannot afford to have the last social, because we have the first *political* place in Europe. Plain honest John Bullism is no excuse for ill manners, but the contrary; inasmuch as it is not the power to be polite that is wanting amongst us, but the will—civility is the small change of society, and we must have it as well as sixpences and shillings. Sterne understood this, and we should have his words ever in our memories. "*All hail, you small sweet courtesies of life, for pleasant do you make the way of it. Like grace and beauty, that attract us at first sight, 'tis you that open the door and let the stranger in!*"

Multitudes of the homeless have their principal meal at the eating-houses, or "DEAD MEAT SHOPS," as they are commonly called, in allusion to the peculiarly sodden flavour of their viands, which taste as if subjected to the culinary processes of the Tartars, stewed, that is, between the saddle and skin of their horses, which is neither more nor less than a rude plan of steaming or sweating the victuals until they taste as much like any thing as nothing, and may pass for beef, mutton, veal, lamb, horse, or cat, or any other viand, as the market changes, and appetites vary. Notwithstanding this objection, the eating-houses absorb by far the greater proportion of the homeless dinnerless. There is an appearance of economy about them; a plate of meat (by which they mean two ounces of their steamy cag-mag, spread over a plate, dabbled with dirty warm water, tasting on both sides of the knife, and with a lump of congealed tallow, miscalled fat) costs only some eight or nine pence—every other article, such as bread, vegetables, tarts, cheese, is to be had at a penny a bite, so that by the time your reckoning mounts up to seventeen or eighteen pence, if you have been able to eat at all, you will find yourself beginning to be rather peckish, in

which unsatisfactory condition all those poor devils must leave the house who cannot afford to eat their dinner four times over. At these places they cook their meat at noon, and it is not to be denied that, if you are an old soldier, and bribe the waiting maid to tell you when the joints come up, you may get a plate of meat having the flavour of some graminivorous animal; but at other times it is quite unnecessary to specify the sort of victuals you prefer, as all alike smell of the steam, taste of the knife, and are dabbled with the same dirty water. So invariably true is this, that we never hear the old soldiers order any particular description of meat, or the way in which they wish it done; all they say is, "Come, old girl, tumble up a ration of the '*steamiest*' grub you have got," which is done accordingly. Every thing at these places is bad; and, notwithstanding the apparent economy, it were cheaper for a man who has a stomach large enough to hold a fig's end to pay his half-crown at a tavern, and satisfy the cravings of nature like a gentleman. Nevertheless, some of these "dead meat shops" have apartments calculated for the half-starvation of one hundred, or one hundred and twenty poor devils. We suppose that each lot consumes half an hour in bolting their tenpenny ration, and is replaced by another regiment of hungarians, and so on until eight o'clock in the evening, when the operations are complete; the scrapings of the pots and plates being then sold off to the poor, who gather in crowds about the doors—an exhibition that has often rebuked our national vanity, and led us to reflect whether at bottom we were altogether so happy a nation as we sometimes imagine ourselves to be. Without entering into figures and calculations, there is no doubt that many of those "dead meat shops" whet the appetites under pretence of dining upwards of a thousand counter-jumpers, barbers' clerks, foreigners, ensigns on half-pay, and the like, *per diem*; granting that each individual indulges in seventeen bites, which can hardly be called extravagant feeding, at the rate above-stated, he will have eightpence to pay the waiters, who are compelled by the dead meat men to *pay* for their situations, expecting, naturally enough, the extra penny.

Thus we have a daily return of a thousand shillings and a thousand sixpences, or seventy-five pounds, which, multiplied by three hundred and sixty-five, gives us a grand annual total of twenty-seven thousand three hundred and seventy-five pounds; the fair profit in such a greasy business cannot surely be taken under a fourth, or twenty-five per cent, so that you see in one of those skin-a-flea establishments, a real estate, as it were, of six thousand eight hundred and forty-three pounds, fifteen shillings per annum; so that it is by no means wonderful if some of the proprietors have their country seats, their town-houses, their liveried servants, and their equipages. Their success is altogether owing to the gentility-mongering which of late has crept down among all the young men about town, who were formerly called "prentices and shopmen," but who are now metamorphosed into "assistants" and "young gentlemen." These worthies must dine genteelly or not at all, and, although not born with silver spoons in their mouths, think themselves no gentlemen if they do not have one in their jaws at least once a-day. Since the *Penny Knowledge* people have got the upper hand, every youth is a gentleman, and nothing goes down but that which is genteel; now, the dead meat shops always sport German silver forks, which, although they would look better if the dirt were picked out from between the prongs, gratify the gentility-mongers, while the poor unfortunate belly pays for all.

We often dine after the fashion of the homeless artizan, and a *right* good fashion it is: this, however, we are obliged to do in masquerade, as it is a rule in London to afford no accommodation to a person dressed like a gentleman, unless he submits to be properly plundered as such; and although public-houses were originally instituted as much for the convenience of persons disposed to eating as drinking, and indeed the hosts are still called licensed victuallers for that very reason, yet they have contrived to do away with the victualling department, and confine their accommodation to potables, as far as they can. The artizans, however, still insist on having their dinners dressed for a penny; they bring steaks or chops from the nearest butcher, and

either cook for themselves, or have their victuals cooked according to the custom of the house, which usually supplies them with potatoes and bread. In this horrely way, with a fustian jacket we don for the occasion, and a two-foot rule sticking out of our side pocket, we are accustomed to dine superbly for about half the sum the silver-fork school pay for their imitation of a dinner, which the ghost in *Hamlet*, or a pauper in a workhouse, would regard with profound contempt.

The number of peripatetic diners,

or those who eat as they go, is beyond all calculation. We have not stood at the corners to count them, as is the custom with some great authors, but we can easily infer, from the number of baked 'tater apparatus, sandwich men, sheeps' trotter women, and the like, that vast numbers of our fellow creatures seldom or never indulge in the luxury of a fixed or sedentary meal, but are forced by their necessities to live literally from hand to mouth.

UTTERLY HOMELESS PEOPLE.

The *utterly* homeless or desolate people in London are always very numerous, the place being resorted to as a general refuge by the unemployed from all quarters; and the amount of human misery congregated here from year's end to year's end would harrow the very soul in the recital, if it were possible for any pen to portray all its bitterness.

Some of the workhouses, that of ST MARYLEBONE, for example, will contain, at times, two thousand of these poor creatures, besides affording casual and out-door relief to twice as many more; and, when you consider the number of workhouses in and about the metropolis, some idea may be formed of the aggregate of unfortunates compelled to seek shelter within their dreary walls, or to accept at the hands of overseers temporary escapes from starvation.

A tour through the wards of a workhouse is a truly melancholy sight. You behold the wreck of toil-worn men, who, having struggled through laborious lives, augmenting the stock of general and individual wealth, are left, in the evening of their days, to the homeless desolation of the workhouse. Many, no doubt, are those who have earned, by dissipation and improvidence in their youth, this poor asylum of their age; but many more there are who could not, by any human exertion of forethought or self-denial, escape their lot. When the precarious and uncertain tenure of labour is considered—when we reflect on the tremendous competition for employment among all classes, especially the humbler, the extravagant prices poverty compels

them to pay for every necessary of life, and the never-ceasing requirements of their families, it is easy for the educated rich to say, be economical, be prudent. Economy is very easy for those who, without self-sacrifice, can afford to lay by, and prudence may be preached to those who have enough for their present wants, and something to spare for the future. Nobody who has not lived among the poor has any idea of the extortions and frauds practised upon them by all classes of little dealers. The poor man can afford but a single room, and for this he pays two hundred per cent more than he who can pay the rent of a house. He gets in his coals in pounds' weight, and for these, the worst of their kind, he pays a higher price than the Duke of Devonshire. It is the same with his groceries, his meat—every thing. The poor man pays more than the price charged to the rich, simply because he is poor. How melancholy is it to reflect, that it was reserved for enlightened penny-knowledge times, and for men calling themselves *liberal*, to wage an unequal warfare with the destitute children of labour—to bring into fashion a "coarser food," for those whose best days were spent in the service of the rich—to enact penal laws, imprisoning the heart-broken wife in one side of a prison, and the worn-out husband in the other; while honourables and baronets, with eight hundreds a-year salary, and we know not how many guineas a-day travelling charges, itinerate from bastille to bastille, gauging water-gruel, testing dog's-body, and gathering up rags and empty bottles!

How admirably the spectacle of Mr Commissioner Nicholas, with his two thousand five hundred pounds a-year, and his swarm of deputy-commissioners on salaries equally extravagant, contrasts with the damning fact, that in many of the bastiles under the control of these persons, upwards of sixty per cent *per annum* of the children admitted have perished miserably, and the rate-payers have been called upon not only by the commissioners for the wherewith to build these bastiles, in the form of a compulsory tax, but for subscriptions to take their inmates out of them, to save their lives. Is not this most horrible! These be your Christian fathers! If we must have abuses in the administration of the Poor-Law, let us have those abuses that fill the bellies of the poor, not swell the already bloated pockets of the rich. If we must have extravagance, let it not be monopolized by commissioners. If we must have "coarser food," we do not see how the honourable and knightly paupers who administer the law should not have their share of it. A stipendiary aristocracy of pauperism is most revolting to decency, humanity, and prudence. The country calls loudly, let us hope no longer in vain, for the disbanding this stipendiary partizan army, inflicted upon us by a profligate ministry, the source of their strength and of our weakness.

It was a cold, cheerless, and desolate night—the partial thaw had left the pavement damp and sloppy, while a thin sleety snow fell thick and fast, giving a consistence to the slippery mass beneath your feet; at every doorway and recess stood thinly-shod females, shivering in their places of shelter, yet afraid to pursue their way: it was a night when one feels painfully for his fellow-creatures who may not have where to lay their heads; when the sense of one's own domestic comfort increases the feeling of our own unworthiness, and of our deep responsibility to that God who has graciously allowed our lines to fall in pleasant places; when we suffer pain from contrasting our own condition with that of thousands more deserving than ourselves, or when we feel that bitterness of heart which comes over us, when reflecting, that thousands at that moment want what we have not the power

to bestow—the poor benefits of a morsel of bread, and a shelter from the storm. Upon such a night we took our way, with the purpose of visiting an institution lately established for the nightly shelter of the houseless poor. In a poor neighbourhood, near Whitecross Street, this truly benevolent society has recently opened an asylum, where, at the time of our visit, upwards of three hundred and fifty miserable creatures had found a refuge within the hospitable walls. The relief afforded is of the most limited kind—abundance of good, dry, warm, clean straw, disposed in compartments upon the floor, each compartment forming a separate sleeping place, numbered for the convenience of classification. In the centre of each ward blazes an ample fire, diffusing a comfortable temperature; order is preserved by inspectors appointed for the purpose, and as the punishment for misbehaviour is summary ejection, it is needless to say that there is seldom occasion to resort to this alternative. On arriving at the asylum each poor person receives a pound of bread, and on leaving in the morning the like quantity; a detailed statement of the causes of his or her destitution, is transcribed for the information of the investigators of the society, who are appointed to make enquiry into the truth or falsehood of the statement of each claimant, to accompany them to their parish, or generally to aid and assist in replacing them in some way of honest industry. It is hardly necessary to mention, that the separation of the sexes is attended to, or that provision is made for the celebration of divine worship twice on the Sabbath day, at which the inmates belonging to the Established Church are expected to attend; those who do not, are at liberty to go to their respective places of worship, but no canters, jumpers, howlers, growlers, Pharisees, or fanatics, are permitted to infest the premises. There is no distinction, in this truly Samaritan society, of colour, creed, or clime; to be houseless and destitute is enough for those who "claim kindred there, and have their claim allowed;" the list of individuals relieved comprises Americans, East and West Indians, Irish, Scots, Germans, and natives of almost every country on the face of the globe.

Of occupations the number is equally

various—labourers forming the great majority, as might be expected from the precarious nature of their employment; hawkers and pedlars, or, as they are popularly called, “tramps,” stand second in point of numbers; servants, a class peculiarly liable to casual distress, and by no means well calculated to contend against it, come next; charwomen occupy the fourth place; seamen the fifth; literary men and governesses, we believe, come next; and after them, but in vastly diminished numbers, artisans of various denominations. The unhappy creatures who are compelled to seek refuge here, seem perfectly sensible of the kindness extended to them, and of its value; it is not merely the shelter and the morsel of bread that constitutes the good, it is that they feel there is yet some fellow-feeling with the poor in the breasts of men; there is advice, interference for their ultimate good, kindness generated towards the deserving by the recital of their misfortunes; the benevolent have a record before them of those to whom they can, without fear of imposition, extend their charity or countenance. When we consider what an awful calamity homelessness is, how the sense of utter desolation sinks, like iron, into the soul; how it generates hatred towards the fortunate, contempt of life, and despair; arms the suicide against his own life, and disgraces, by the memory of inhumanity and selfishness, all those who live and look on at their fellow-man, when,

“Homeless, beside a thousand homes he stood,

And, near a thousand tables, pined and wanted food,”

it is folly to say more in the praise of such an institution; let those who have done honour to human nature by establishing such, enjoy the consciousness of having earned Heaven, and let those in whose streets, while they lie warm in their beds, the destitute

perish for the want of such, dread the just vengeance of God upon their cold-blooded inhumanity. We sometimes read of such things, and for the inhabitants of towns where such things occur, we feel a contempt amounting almost to hatred. It is a sin and a shame to talk of free-born Englishmen, Glorious Constitution, Bill of Rights, and Magna Charta, while people are allowed to perish in our streets. Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, and, we hope, many other towns, have redeemed themselves from the charge of this damning disgrace; we don't care a rush for your public buildings, galleries of pictures, scientific institutions, penny knowledge-boxes, or whatever else you may choose to be proud of: we tell you plainly, *Messieurs* mayors, councillors, and magistrates, of whatever *quorum* you may be, a refuge for the houseless poor you owe to God, who has given you so much and others so little; to your country, of which, while such things occur, you can no longer be justly proud; to humanity, of which you form, in your own estimation, no inconsiderable part; to yourselves, as liable in common with all men to vicissitudes of fortune no human foresight can predict, and no human providence avert.

No more trivial observations to-day; we mingle as we may the instructive, amusing, and jocose; but if, from our feeble pen we thought could fall a word by which the fellowship of the rich man and the poor might be cemented—by which the unfortunate might be relieved—by which one tear the less might flow into the cup of human misery—to others, then, be the task to instruct, amuse, or please; to others fortune, or a name; to *us*, sufficient the secret luxury of being the nameless instrument of good!

THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

No. I.

IN the month of May, last year, my respected employers, Messrs Haldane and Smart, retired from business in favour of the present firm; and as I could not come to terms with their successors, I found myself without employment. I waited some time in expectation of an offer, but so many applications are always made for any office, however small, that it is very difficult to procure a situation so comfortable and well paid as my former one had been. I have often thought that the gentlemen of our profession labour under many disadvantages to which others are not exposed. If an army officer's services are no longer required, he retires on the gentlemanly independence of his half-pay, and lives quite at his ease on his seven or eight shillings a-day. A navy commander in the same way is amply provided for by a liberal country, which allows him, while enjoying complete relaxation, a very handsome income; for I have known officers who have not been more than thirty years afloat in the enjoyment of nearly ninety pounds a-year. But, in our profession, there is no such comfortable provision for our idle time; and in addition to that, we have many expenses to which neither the navy nor army is liable. There is constantly a great loss in selling our gigs; and generally—unless you are fortunate enough to meet with a gentleman of no practical experience of the road—a still greater in disposing of our horses. For it would be very bad policy to keep either the one or the other, at a great expense, while out of employment, and therefore you feel obliged to accept the first offer. I was on the very point of disposing of my iron-grey, having advertised him as a well-known hunter, up to any hounds, when I heard that there was an opening in the extensive establishment of Messrs Millar and Hogginbuck, general merchants in the Mile-end road, London. The chance of a metropolitan engagement, which had for many years been the object of my ambition, excited me to the greatest efforts. I procured the highest testi-

monials from my late employers in payment of a portion of my salary still unsettled; and after a correspondence, in which all minor points were settled, I was invited to wait on the principals in person; I was fortunate enough to please the respected Mr Hogginbuck, who concluded an engagement with me for three years on very liberal terms, and I here beg to express my gratitude for his kindness. He is a gent of the greatest urbanity, and an honour to his profession. The gentleman who had filled my situation was Mr Hogginbuck's only son, and I felt it a great responsibility to undertake the duties that had formerly devolved on so near a connexion of one of the principal partners. I got my iron-grey into condition very soon, and after some additional plates had been put to the springs of my gig, I proceeded along the Birmingham road—for I belonged fortunately to the Northern Circuit—to complete the journey which had been commenced by my predecessor. He had broken off from his employment at the town of Daventry, and I had a great deal to do to make up for his unexpected departure. At last, by dint of some additional labour, I got all the customers satisfied, and proceeded further north with my order-book remarkably well filled, considering the circumstances of the case. On arriving in Birmingham, I was kindly introduced by one of the most esteemed correspondents of our firm, to the representatives of many other first-rate London houses in the travellers' room of the Hen and Chickens. The manner in which my professional brethren received me shall ever remain indelibly engraved on the tablets of my heart, as I told them in a speech I made when I was drunk—my health I mean—the very first day after dinner. Their kindness nothing could exceed; and after the first awkwardness of an introduction to so many strangers was past, I will boldly say that “I felt that I was surrounded”—as I mentioned to them in the same speech—“not by new acquaintance; not by people I had never met with before;

not by persons with whom I was previously unacquainted; not by gents to whom till that happy moment I was unknown, but by friends of many years' standing, by brothers for whom I should always entertain an affectionate regard." I will make bold to flatter myself that my first appearance, especially as I discharged all the expenses by way of paying my footing, was far from unfavourable. I may be allowed to particularize the kindness of Mr Mullins, the senior member of the circuit, who grasped me warmly by the hand, and offered me, as a mark of his esteem, to swap horses with me on the spur of the moment. It was very old, and slightly lame in one leg, but the friendliness of his feelings was made equally manifest by the offer as if I had accepted it, which, however, I declined doing, as I was unwilling to deprive him of the services of so long tried a favourite. Mr Mullins is a native of Yorkshire, and retains a considerable share of the accent of that beautiful county. Many speeches were made in the course of the evening, and many songs sung, and I congratulated myself on "being one of a circle"—as I took an opportunity of remarking, in replying for the fourth time to the toast of "our new acquaintance"—"where eloquence strove for the mastery with music, and both displayed their powers to such advantage, that the room we sat in, seemed more like the temple of Apollo, than No. 22 of the Hen and Chickens." I confess, next day, I suffered severely from headache; but I got through my business to the best of my ability, and enjoyed another evening of much less noisy, but not less sincere gratification than at first. Birmingham and the many populous places in the neighbourhood, generally produce a pause in the northern journey of ten days or a fortnight; and as this occurs twice a-year, and there is a similar break at Manchester or Liverpool, besides stations for shorter periods at Shrewsbury and towns of that class, it will be seen that the gents of one circuit are so constantly thrown together, that it is indispensable to be on the best terms with all the members. A quarrelsome person has it always in his power to make a whole circuit disagreeable, and I must do Mr Mullins the justice to say, that

from all I can hear of him, he is the best president we could possibly have. He checks the first outbreak of ill-temper, by calling on the company to kick the offender out of the room without the smallest delay, a proceeding which I have known to be of incalculable use to several conceited individuals, who showed symptoms of becoming disputations on politics and religion. Mr Mullins, on such occasions, is a decided non-intrusionist, as he never permits the offender to re-enter the room, till he has made an ample apology, and stood two glasses of cold-without all round.

Whether the speeches which I had had the honour to make on my first introduction induced my worthy friends to consider me of a literary turn of mind, I do not know; but that something in my conduct or conversation had led them to that belief, is sufficiently proved by the very high compliment that was paid to me two nights before I had arranged to start for Congleton. After a pause in the conversation, I ventured to ask Mr Mullins for the particulars of an anecdote he had related twice every evening since I had had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and he was on the point of complying with my desire, when Mr Lindley Murray Browne suggested, that my request proceeded from some secret motive, of which I was bound to give an explanation.

"Gentlemen," I said, "upon my sacred honour, 'tis for nothing but the gratification of curiosity."

Mr Browne, in one pithy expression, which is generally applied to unsuccessful tragedies, conveyed a very disparaging opinion of curiosity in the abstract, and concluded by saying that he perceived that most of my enquiries were made as to the fortunes and characters of our predecessors on that road.

"And nothing, surely," I cried, "can be more natural. What young soldier is there who is not inquisitive about the early days of Wellington or Graham? What young sailor —?"

"Gammon!" ejaculated Mr Browne. "I'm considerably mistaken, and no mistake, if you ain't employed by some of them twopenny booksellers, to write the lives of the commercial travellers."

I repudiated the debasing idea in a way that made Mr Browne, who is a

very little man, draw in his horns ; but Mr Mullins, in his usual good-natured and gentlemanly style, settled the dispute in a most satisfactory manner at once.

"Browne," he said, "glasses all round ; and if you insult any gentleman in that 'ere way again, I bets three to one in grogs, you're kicked out o' this here room in less than no time ; for what does it signify to us whether Smith writes books for twopence or not ? I think, for my part, it would be rare good fun ; and if he would just trim them up a bit, and not publish 'em except among ourselves, the adventures of our predecessors would make very good entertainment."

A universal clapping of hands followed this proposition, and Mr Williams, who is representative of a great crockery house in the East, insisted that the proposal should be regularly made and seconded. Whereupon we immediately formed ourselves into a meeting. Mr Mullins was voted into the chair, I was appointed secretary, and the business was commenced in due form.

At a large and influential meeting, held this ninth day of June 1841, within the commercial travellers' room, at the Hen and Chickens, in Birmingham, Mr Mullins in the chair, Mr Williams rose and said :—

"'Pon my soul, gents, now that I'm on my legs, I'm blowed if I know what I've got to say. As long as I was quiet at anchor in this here chair, I could have sported as much jaw as a crocodile ; so I suspect there's a great sympathy between eloquence and the latitude a man is placed in. However, not to detain you much longer, I think it is a matter of such importance to keep up the memory of all the rigs and adventures of the gentlemen of our profession in past years, that it would be far better not to leave their histories to the chance of being either forgotten in the course of time, or altered by coming through so many hands, but to have them fairly written down as long as they are fresh in our own recollection. I, therefore, have much pleasure in proposing the first resolution,—namely, That it is highly expedient that the memoirs of the travellers in this circuit should be written."

Mr Piper begged to second that pro-

position. "It would be a most everlasting shame, gentlemen, if ours was the only society that allowed the memory of its members to perish from off the face of the earth, without ever a monument of any kind whatever. Hasn't the lives of the physicians been written ? and the lives of the admirals ? and the lives of the great commanders ? and hasn't even the statesmen had their lives written by Lord Brougham ? or, to come nearer to ourselves, hasn't the lives of the highwaymen — ?"

Here Mr Piper was interrupted by loud cries of 'order,' which were still-ed by the president, who rang the bell and said, "glasses all round to Mr Piper"—and added—"keep a civil tongue in your head, Piper, or blowed if you won't be kicked."

Mr Piper bowed to the chair, and proceeded—"I was going to say, gentlemen, that almost all classes of men have found their biographers and historians,—I instanced the highwaymen, and was about to go still lower in my illustrations, for I was on the point of alluding to the attorneys—even they, gentlemen, have their deeds written and their actions recorded—(hear, hear, and great laughter,)—and shall we allow the great doings of our honourable fraternity to sink into oblivion ? No. I therefore feel proud in giving the resolution all the support in my power."

Mr Pidsey then rose. "Gentlemen, I beg to relate an anicdut. There was once on a time a gal as was always twitted by her mother that she wasn't married, but stood a very good chance of being a hold maid. 'Ho ! said the gal, I'm very agreeable, and the parson's agreeable, and ve're all agreeable together, only there's never a man I can get to ask me ; do all as ever I can.' Now, gents, that anicdut came very pat into my head, when I was asked to propose the second resolution, for, thinks I, ve're all mighty agreeable to have the biographies written, there's a plenty of biographies to write—and luckily ve're more fortunate than the gal, for we have also a man that, I dare say, will be very agreeable to write them. I mean our new acquaintance, Mr Smith ; a gentleman, I must say, whose astonishing tal—

and therefore I propose that Mr

Smith be appointed historiographer of the northern circuit."

This proposal was seconded in a very eloquent speech by Mr Pawky, a Scottish gentleman, representing a great tea-house in Cheapside, but whose oratory was of a very peculiar kind, which I confess myself incompetent to the task of reporting. I may mention, that the principal advantage he saw in the arrangement was, that the duties were to be performed without a salary—adding, at the same time, that if at any future period any pay were attached to the office, he would make a point, out of pure love of literature and respect for his professional brethren, of becoming a candidate for it himself.

Mr Smith rose amid great demonstrations of applause. "If I was not aware, gentlemen, of your exceeding good nature, and the truly elevated and honourable feelings which actuate all your actions, I should at once refuse the high offer you have made me, as one much above my abilities, (no, no!) and which might make me liable to misconstruction in quarters where it is my duty and my inclination to establish as good a character for myself as I can. But emboldened by my knowledge of your high sentiments, and relying on your cordial co-operation in the task you have assigned me, I at once accept the duties you impose, and beg you to believe that my heart is thrilled with the deepest feelings of gratitude for your kindness. Yes! gents, I am devoted to literature and the fine arts; and many times in my gig have weaved fantastic tales which I have never hitherto had time or encouragement to reduce to writing. In passing along where gibbets still wave their scraggy arms above the blasted heath, I have peopled the scene with the brave, but guilty; the young, the beautiful and hanging from the dismal drop, I have fancied to myself a hero such as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon. Or, in passing through a country town, and observing the brass-plate on the door, and other demonstrations of high life, on the principal attorney's dwelling, I have conjured to myself a scene of elegant aristo-

cracy, within its yellow-curtained drawing-room, with the blooming daughters panting for the honours of Almack's, and the mother sighing for the society of congenial countesses in Grosvenor Square. But if such the dreams of fancy, think how enchanted I am with my new situation, which gives me access to the best authenticated anecdotes of actual living men; gentlemen from position and education—(hear, hear!)—with introductions to the first families in the country, and with talents to avail themselves of whatever may offer, either in the way of interest or amusement. On your kind assistance I rely in furnishing me with all the incidents you can remember; and as method tends to make every effort easier, I propose, if it be agreeable to this meeting, that each member should furnish me with materials for the history of his predecessor, so that we shall carry on the chain unbroken to our descendants. My fancy pictures to me the enquiring student of future days poring over the lines of the commercial travellers on the northern circuit, as he now looks on the uninterrupted succession of the Cæsars, in the pages of Gibbon. Here he will see by what train of events Williams succeeded Tomkins, and was himself succeeded by Higgins; and even modesty itself will not prevent me from indulging in the elevating dream, that future ages will know the minutest particulars of the substitution of the dynasty of Smith for that of Hogginbuck, and also—when years have had their usual effect on me—the causes which have led to the elevation of some other gentleman to the proud situation which I now unworthily hold. At our next meeting, gents, I shall be prepared with a memoir of my worthy predecessor, Mr Samuel Hogginbuck, and rely on your assistance to enable me to complete the series; applying, in the next instance, to Mr Mullins for the particulars of his predecessor's fate."

Thanks were unanimously voted to Mr Mullins for his conduct in the chair, and also to the secretary for his zeal and ability.

JOHN MULLINS, *Chairman.*
H. SMITH, *Hon. Sec.*

SAMUEL HOGGINBUCK.

CHAPTER I.

SAMUEL HOGGINBUCK, at eight-and-twenty, was the pride and ornament of the northern road. He had a spanking mare and a green gig, and sat with a cigar in his mouth, and his grey hat stuck knowingly on one side of his head, the whip skilfully poised across his mare's flank, and his feet stretched out till they touched the inside of the splash-board. It was impossible for any person to look more completely genteel. He himself constantly expressed his internal conviction that he was a kiddy-swell, and repeated this opinion so often, and backed it with so many oaths, that, by universal consent, it was the name he was known by. It was a beautiful sight to see the kiddy-swell trotting along the road on a bright day of June. He seemed to have a secret consciousness that he had a character to support, and in the loneliest places was as erect and as punctilious in the set of his hat, and arrangement of his legs, as in the midst of Fleet Street. The mile-stones must have been astonished at seeing so well-dressed a man apparently as anxious for their approbation as if they had each been a young lady with a fortune of five thousand pounds; only mile-stones are exceedingly unlike young ladies, whether with five thousand pounds or not, for they are very unimpressible, and, accordingly, they cared not a sixpence for all the airs and graces, the fine clothes and graceful attitudes, of the kiddy-swell. He was, indeed, a very handsome fellow. A large nose, which had at one time, apparently, determined to be an aquiline, but had altered its mind, and rolled itself round and round till it was difficult to discover to what order of figures it belonged, was, as in duty bound, the principal feature of his face. When you met him full in front, the nose assumed no particular appearance, but was lost in the umbrageous forests that extended their depth of shade upon either cheek. It was only when you got a glimpse of his profile, that you were aware of the peculiar rotundity of the feature. And the kiddy-swell took an amazing

pride in displaying it to the best advantage. This desire was perhaps the cause of a peculiar habit he had of turning only one side of his face towards any one he conversed with; the reason he assigned for it was, that he was a little deaf of one ear; but it was unanimously agreed by all his friends, that the excuse about the hearing was a regular sham, for that Mr Samuel Hogginbuck heard as well as his neighbours, except when he was not in the humour to hear. His whiskers, after extending to the root of the nose, and projecting a vast expanse of hair under his chin, were continued in a modified form across his upper lip by a belt of mustache. A smaller clump also showed to great advantage in the hollow above his chin; so that it was evident to the most cursory observer that he had deeply studied the art of ornamental planting. His neck belonged to that order of masculine beauty called the bull; it was very thick, and rose from prodigious shoulders, and a chest to whose naturally enormous dimensions he thought it necessary to add, by stuffing his double-breasted coat with two or three handkerchiefs, leaving only a small portion of one of them, generally a red Bandana—such as used to sell for half-a-guinea, but now costs not more, wholesale, than four-and-sixpence—projecting below the third button. A frame of Herculean size, with legs more indicative, perhaps, of strength than elegance, completed the outward man of the kiddy-swell—and a very awkward man to quarrel with, you may depend upon it, the kiddy-swell would have been. But fortunately his good nature was equal to his other perfections, and his temper was kept in a perpetual glow of universal philanthropy by the sunshine of self admiration.

There are no highways so pleasant to travel on in England, as the fine, smooth levels in the neighbourhood of Towcester; and few scenes are so interesting and varied as those you meet with in driving through the crowd of villages that lie on both sides of the road. Great handsome halls in stately parks, are perhaps more numerous

in other quarters ; but that vicinity has more than its share of jolly little snuggeries in their neat private grounds ; and whole villages composed of comfortable mansions, fit for an Alderman to retire to when his active labours have gained their fitting reward—a plum and a tendency to gout. Now, few people have travelled through a country without forming guesses as to the qualities of a house from its outside appearance ; but the kiddy-swell prided himself beyond all men on his knowledge of stone-and-mortar physiognomy. He was a perfect Lavater in mason work. When he saw a fancy cottage in its small domain, with diminutive fish-pond, sloping roofs, innumerable gable ends, and ivy-covered porch, he turned up his nose at it with a sneer of disdain, spurring out something between his teeth about pride and rheumatism, small bedrooms and home-made wine ; for he had an infallible knack of predicating from the shape of the walls, and general appearance of a house, what style the inhabitants lived in. A good stout square house, with low roof and substantial pillars at the door, was his peculiar delight. “ That’s what I call reg’lar gentlemolly, that is ; ” he would say—“ no small beer there ; best of brown stout and old port wine.” To claret and champagne houses he was not partial ; their bow windows and trelliced walks, and flights of hall steps, repelled him ; “ French dishes and hock—rot them ! ” he would say—“ plated silver dish-covers and powdered footmen ; I’ll be bound that ’ere house never asks a neighbour to step in to his mutton chop on the spur of the moment. No—dass say, now, it sends out its cards a month before—all stiffness, cold plates, and civility—I hates it.”

So saying, he would gracefully drop the whip on the side of his spanking mare, and trot past the object of his aversion as hard as she could go. But there were some residences that nearly tempted him to pull up altogether, to enjoy a longer look at their captivating features. At one part of his journey, there was one that always particularly struck him. It was a good-sized straw-roofed house, with close-fitting verandah, a good useful garden, revealing a high fruit-tree, brick wall behind, and a neat commodious stable at one side. Its walls

were coloured yellow ; its walks trim and graveled, seen through a honeysuckle hedge that divided it from the shady lane, led hospitably up to the front door, at which busy fancy always painted to the kiddy-swell a rotund gentleman, with a jocund countenance, squeezing his hand, and telling him dinner was that minute on the table. But Fancy pursued her labours without ever calling reality to her assistance, and the uninvited guest had always to pursue his journey, leaving imaginary old gentlemen to announce unsubstantial dinners to any person who might be contented with such unsatisfying food. This cottage he had christened Sirloin Hall, feeling convinced, in his own mind, if by any fortunate event the above-mentioned old gentleman ever fulfilled the expectation he had so often raised, that that noblest of dishes would be the staple of the feast. But the kiddy-swell had cast a wistful eye on Sirloin Hall four times every year for four years, and nothing came of it ; he began to consider the fat old gentleman a deliberate humbug, and had even gone so far as to tell his spanking mare—touching her on the flank at the same time with his whip—that he considered the old miscreant’s conduct ungentlemolly in the extreme.

Such were the feelings of Mr Samuel Hogginbuck, when, on the morning of the 7th of April 1841, he left the village of Oosley, and reflected, that in four or five miles, after crossing the Grand Junction, he should for the seventeenth time have a vision of Sirloin Hall. With a waywardness peculiar to great geniuses, he made greater exertions than ever to astonish the natives, as he called it, though he knew perfectly that there was no more chance of his getting admission to the house than of flying up to the moon. His hat was set with a more knowing cock than ever over his left ear ; his whip balanced with greater grace ; his body kept more upright, and his feet more extended. You would have said he was determined to make the house as envious of him as he was of it. All his books and patterns were carefully stowed away in the well of his gig, which he had ingeniously contrived to resemble a dog-cart, by sinking a square portion of the body below the axle bar ; and having a grating fixed in it, as if for the admission of

air. The deception was still further kept up by the kiddy-swell's powers of mimicry, which were very remarkable in all respects; but in giving the tones of a dog in all possible varieties of pleasure or pain, very nearly miraculous. There were many real dogs that it would have improved very much if they had taken a lesson from his bark. Occasionally, just before passing through a village, he uttered such a variety of canine sounds, that the most experienced sportsman might have been deceived, and been persuaded that two first-rate pointers were growling at each other below the seat. The wished-for spot was drawing near; at a turn of the road he knew he should be within sight of the neat iron gate, that he should see the gravel walk, the honeysuckle hedge, the front door, the hospitable phantom; but no! he was determined to give way no longer to such absurd hallucinations, and lighted a fresh cigar with the equanimity of a Turk. The turn of the road was gained—the gate was seen—was passed—the front door remained closed, and several oaths gathered round the lower part of the kiddy-swell's throat, and produced a fit of coughing, from the impossibility of giving utterance to them all. When he had passed about a quarter of a mile, and was about to lose sight for ever of the mansion to which he had become so romantically attached, he turned right round in his gig to have a better view—touched his mare somewhat angrily with the lash, and was on the point of giving vent to a powerfully conceived malediction, when a sudden crash recalled him to himself; a loud scream broke upon his ear, and on looking round he saw a pony and little carriage completely turned upside down, and a bundle of silk cloaks and green bonnets squalling most dreadfully in the ditch. To jump down from his gig, and lift the living inhabitants of the said cloaks and bonnets from the somewhat unpicturesque attitudes into which the concussion had thrown them; to restore them to a position on that portion of the body which habit has accustomed us to walk upon, rather than keep elevated in the air, to the discomposure of gowns and petticoats; to swear at his mare's awkwardness, and promise, by way of satisfaction to the

ladies' injured feelings, to cut its hide into ribbons: all this was the work of a moment. But it was the work of far more than a moment to bring the terrified ladies out of the belief, with which they had apparently become imbued in the ditch, that they were dead women, and no longer inhabitants of this lower sphere. Gradually they returned to a knowledge of their position, passing through all the various stages of every limb being crushed to atoms—then both legs being broken—then, at least, a couple of ribs; and they both seemed somewhat disappointed when they perceived that they had received no damage whatever; and that even the carriage had been tilted so neatly over, that it had not received a scratch; and that the pony lay as happily on its back, kicking up its heels in the air on the high-road, as if it had been going through the laborious process of turning over in its own soft paddock at home. Gratitude is a powerful feeling in the female breast, especially towards a young gentleman six feet high, and endowed with the captivating qualifications of the kiddy-swell. The ladies, accordingly, far from blaming him as the author of all the mischief, considered him only in the light of their preserver. They saw him only in his graceful character of their rescuer from an untimely grave in a dry ditch, and never cast a thought on the furious Jehu that had nearly trampled them in the mud.

"Oh sir, don't mention it! Your kindness is too great. I don't know what we would have done if you had not fortunately been by," said one.

"Oh, we must have lain in the ditch and perished!" chimed the other: "but you have saved our lives, sir, at the risk of your own. Can we ever be grateful enough, Jane?"

"No, Elizabeth. It is such an escape!—that wicked pony! Oh, how I wish we were safe at home!"

"Is it far off, ladies? for if it ain't any long way about, I can take you both into my gig, and drive you home with pleasure."

"Oh no!" said both the sisters, "we wouldn't risk ourselves in a carriage again. Our house is only a few yards off. The first round the corner."

"What!" said the kiddy-swell; "the yellow house with the gravel walks, honeysuckle hedge, iron gate?"

—say no more, I'll escort you there in a minute. Here's a go!" he added, while he lifted up the pony and carriage—"blessed if the old boy won't shake me by the hand, after all!"

He fixed his own mare to a gate at the side of the road, took the bridle of the pony in his hand, and offering each of the ladies an arm, walked with great grace and politeness towards Sirloin Hall. The two sisters clung close to his side, as if they were afraid somebody else was going to drive them into the ditch; and their short ejaculations to each other showed that they scarcely knew whether to wonder most at the misfortune they had experienced, or the very agreeable acquaintance they had made.

"We were just hurrying home to dinner," said Miss Elizabeth.

"Just hurrying home," repeated Miss Jane.

"We hope—don't we, Jane?"

"Yes, we do—we hope you will—" replied Miss Jane.

"You will stay and join—" continued Miss Elizabeth.

"And join our party to-day," concluded the younger lady.

"With all my soul!" replied the kiddy-swell, bowing alternately to the left and right, but presenting his profile as much as possible to each. "I shall be too happy—and perhaps we can get some yokel to bring along my mare. She's worth seventy guineas if she's worth a shilling, and has done me many a score of miles, and will again, please the pigs; but here's the gate. Your father, I dare say, will hurry to meet us at the door."

"We have no father," said Miss Elizabeth; "we live here quite alone."

"Quite alone!" thought the gentleman—"a mighty nice place to hang up one's hat!" and with this reflection he looked more particularly at his companions than he had yet done. Miss Elizabeth was tall and thin, with a high nose and lively grey eyes. She seemed about five-and-thirty; her sister a year or two younger; rather more starched in her manner, and with a peculiar turn in the lip, which in elderly young ladies who have begun to think there are no young men worthy of them, indicates a consciousness of superior goodness; but perhaps in Miss Jane's case it arose from a constant habit of saying

sharp and witty things; for that young lady prided herself on her powers of repartee.

"'Pon my soul, ladies," said the kiddy-swell, on reaching the front door, "I must send for my carpet-bag, for I'm in no fit toggery to present myself to the fair sex." This he accompanied with a bow, that showed at once he was quite intimate at court.

"Oh, never mind your dress, sir; we are delighted to welcome our deliverer in any apparel he chooses;—but would you excuse me if I ask who it is we are indebted to for our preservation?"

"Ladies," said the kiddy-swell, smiling his sweetest, "you see before you a general merchant, who—"

"General Merchant! oh dear—I'm sure we're highly honoured"—half screamed Miss Jane, in the extremity of her surprise—"I thought from your appearance you were in the army—but a general—oh la!"

Elizabeth looked on with extreme awe. She had never seen a general before, except a print of Sir Thomas Picton; and a general with such prodigious whiskers, and such insinuating manners, she had never ventured to imagine; and, above all, to be upset into a ditch, and escorted home, and sit at the same table with an actual commander of the forces! She began to fancy all manner of foolish things about riding in open carriages all covered over with nodding plumes, reviewing regiments, and presenting colours, with bustling clergymen making warlike prayers, to the great admiration of the bystanders, and drums beating, and great salvos of artillery.

"We have only two friends, general, coming to dine with us to-day," said Miss Jane; "they will be very proud, I'm sure."

"Oh, trot 'em out—I'm delighted to see them," said the general, in a condescending tone. "Who are they?"

"Mr Gargle, our surgeon," said Miss Jane, with a sneer—"a good-natured little culler of simples—though I think he himself is one of the greatest in his collection—and little Captain Spong, a lieutenant in the militia—he was a mercer before he retired to our village."

"Most happy to shake them by the hand—I daresay they're a couple of

very gentlemanly fellows—and we shall get on very well. I wish your old cripple, the gardener you've sent for my mare, would come back with my traps. I'm rather anxious about my orders."

"Your orders! oh dear!" exclaimed Miss Jane; "Have you really got your orders with you? I shall be so delighted to see the ribbons. What colour are they, general?"

"All sorts—and all prices, too. I shall show you a few of them, p'r'aps, after dinner—for I've a devil of a stock on hand."

"Indeed! won't you wear them at dinner across your breast?"

"What! all the ribbons?—no—by George; do you think I carry more than a small slip of them just to show their quality, eh?"

"Have you a red eagle among your other orders?" enquired Miss Elizabeth; "or"—

"A blue lion? I suppose you'll ask—Who the deuce ever heard of a red eagle? Were you never at the Surrey Zoo, eh?"

"I believe, sister," interposed Miss Jane, "the general is quite right; it is a black eagle you meant to ask for—a Russian order, I believe. Isn't the black eagle very high in Russia, general?"

"'Pon my soul, ladies, I don't exactly know how poultry is there at present; but I can tell you tallows is uncommon high by the last advices; a devilish bad look-out for the kitchen candles;—and so is hemp—hanging will be a luxury above the reach of a poor man soon. But here comes my box and driving seat."

While the kiddy-swell retired to a bed-room to gild refined gold, and paint a lily, by which figurative mode of expression I mean, that he withdrew to add fresh lustre to his charms, by putting on a dress coat a little too tight, and polished French leather boots, the ladies gazed at each other in a rapture of gratification.

"He's a wit!" exclaimed Miss Jane; "I knew it from the first. Did you hear his admirable repartee about the eagle?—but you are no judge of humour, sister Elizabeth."

"I heard him say something I couldn't understand about kitchen candles; but great people, I suppose, have odd ways of expressing themselves."

"He expresses himself nobly—very differently from Captain Spong."

"Stop till Captain Spong rises to be a general too," said Miss Elizabeth.

"He a general!—sister, I'm ashamed of you—but I will go and give instructions to Sarah Hewley how to behave. I hope she'll not expose herself as other people have done." And with an amiable fling of the head to give additional point to her insinuation, she went in search of her niece, and gave her some very strong advice on the art of being presented to great men.

"Well, blow'd if them isn't the rummest old cats, with their jabber about red eagles and ribbons," said the perplexed visiter, as he thrust his legs into tight-fitting Stulzes. "They take me for a general, that's very clear; and, if they like it, I don't see any reason, either in law or gospel, that they shouldn't take me for a field-marshal. It will be rare fun playing the great commander—'pon my soul, I wish the old tabbies were a little more favourable samples of their sex; a fellow could do much worse than marry one of them, and hocus the other. A snug billet this beautiful house, and I dissay they can post enough of the coal to keep it warm. I must see how they look after I've had a bottle of port. I've known three pints have an extraordinary effect in improving ugly women. Well, then, here goes!"—and a finished dandy emerged from the room, with white gloves on his hands, and the cuffs of his coat turned up to display the richly sewn wristband of his shirt. —[N.B. He had a sample of them in his gig, made to fit any arm, at eighteenpence a-pair.] On entering the drawing-room, he found the company already assembled, and drawn up in parade order to receive him. Captain Spong, a dapper little man in constant danger of apoplexy from a stiff military stock drawn tightly round that part of his person which was immediately below his chin, and which, from the mere accident of position, he accordingly called his neck—with his blue coat with bright brass buttons close fitted to his chest—and altogether the air of what I should imagine to be a Dutch civic guard, was standing on the rug, occasionally bending down and whispering in the ear of

Miss Jane, who sat on a sofa next the fire place. The exact counterpart to Miss Jane and the gallant captain, was presented by Mr Gargle and Miss Elizabeth. She sat on the left-hand sofa, on the other side of the fire, and was supported by the politest individual, perhaps, that ever pounded in a mortar. On a chair, in one of the window-recesses, was a stout young lady, dressed in blue, with very bare shoulders, and very bushy head, with such a quantity of corkscrew curls running all over her cheeks and down her neck, that you would have thought her the sign of the Butlers' Arms. She broke out into a prodigious glow when the kiddy-swell bowed his way up the room, dispensing his politeness on both sides, and drawing one foot behind the other, and salaaming at regular intervals, while all the rest of the party stood up, and bowed, and curtsied, in return to every salutation.

"General," said Miss Elizabeth, "allow me to present our two friends, Captain Spong and Dr Gargle."

"Mighty glad to see you both, I assure you, gents," said the polite Hogginbuck, with a new profusion of bows. "'Pon my soul, it's a rare good day's work picking two beautiful young ladies out of a ditch."

"Not to mention putting them in," rejoined the doctor, in a timid sort of tone, which, as it showed a very modest appreciation of his attempt at jocularly, led the company to pass it by in silence. The great man took no notice of it, and all the others, of course, despised it with all their hearts.

"You didn't tell me, ladies, you had a sister," continued the kiddy-swell, pointing to the full-blown, blue belle in the window.

"She's our niece," said Miss Jane, a little sharply; "she doesn't always dine with us, and I hope you'll excuse her coming down to-day, general. You see she's very young."

The general looked at the niece to discover the signs of extreme juvenility alluded to by Miss Jane; but failed to perceive any thing that led him to guess her a day less than two-and-twenty.

"Young?" he said, "angels always is. It needed only to top up with her, to make out the number of the Graces."

"Oh, general, you military men are always so full of compliments; aren't you, Captain Spong?"

"Yes, Miss Jane, the first duty of a soldier is to defend his country; his next to pay honour to beauty." Captain Spong contributed to the *Towcester* monthly obituary, and always spoke like an inscription on a monument.

"Well said!" cried the general; "tip us your daddle, old boy," and grasped the hand of the astonished captain; "that's what I call laying it on thick. I haven't heard a better thing than that this hundred years."

The captain bowed to the compliment, and decidedly felt flattered by it, though a little surprised at the manner in which it was conveyed. There are a great many people in this world like the man that felt proud of being kicked by the King of France.

"It is difficult to say what a compliment is, Miss Elizabeth," said Dr Gargle, in the same gentle voice as before. "I feel there is too much truth in Spong's words to consider them a compliment at all." This was accompanied with a look to the lady, which, in other circumstances, would have been very favourably received; but on the present occasion it fell dead. The kiddy-swell darted amazing glances of admiration, first towards one, then towards the other—he threw himself into attitudes, and passed his fingers, which were all covered with rings, through his whiskers and mustaches—and directed such a battery of powerful smiles and captivating bows against the two bewildered sisters, that they felt they had never met with so very delightful a man before. Even Miss Jane forgot to be witty in learning to be pleased; and what with his exclamations of rapture with the house, the neighbourhood, and, above all, with themselves; and their titters in reply, and modest deprecations of such politeness, the unfortunate Captain Spong and Dr Gargle were thrown at once into the background, and looked on in speechless wonder. In spite of their awe of the general's rank, they began to hate him very heartily. But the kiddy-swell didn't care a farthing whether they hated him or not. He knew that the only way to please a spinster of thirty-six, was to make love to her; and he determined to please

his hostesses to the best of his ability. When dinner was announced, he carried off Miss Elizabeth under his arm with as much warmth as if they were going to Gretna Green instead of down stairs to the dining-room; and left the rest of the party to follow as best they could—casting, at the same time, a look back at Miss Jane, which satisfied her that he only offered his arm to her sister in right of her senior-

ity, and that if he had any strong feeling in the world, it was envy of Captain Spong. That discomfited her, she walked rather sulkily by her side, and Dr Gargle, while accompanying the stout young lady in blue, was manifestly dwelling on the delight he would experience in administering to the general an overdose of Prussic acid.

CHAPTER II.

The kiddy-swell looked all round the table, when they were fairly seated. There was no jolly-faced old gentleman at the foot—no sirloin of beef; there were only the somewhat sharp visage of Miss Jane, and a couple of rabbits. It was with feelings of considerable disgust he felt he was a false prophet, and the house was an impostor. The soup had been made on strictly homœopathic principles with regard to the mutton supposed to be used in its composition; the rabbits were tough, and an immense leg of mutton, which succeeded the soup, was very much underdone. The kiddy-swell almost repented having lifted the ladies out of the ditch; but comforted himself with the anticipation of the fine old port, in which he felt sure he could not be mistaken; and with that he was resolved to make up for all other deficiencies. On the strength of this anticipation, he exerted his powers of fascination more unreservedly than ever. He looked, and bowed, and drank wine with all and sundry; some stray glances even got so far down as to illumine the darkness in which the blue niece sat, next to her aunt Jane, equally neglected by that enraptured spinster on the one side, and by Dr Gargle, who sat on the other. There was something in the smirk with which she received the sun rays of his glances, that showed she was an attentive observer of all that was going on; and on every succeeding glance he wondered more and more at the absurd infatuation that led her aunts to suppose she was so desperately young. It wouldn't have astonished him half so much if he had known that she, in return for the compliment, thought them desperately old.

By the way of giving a more military turn to his stories, he related anecdotes of several members of his circuit under other names. Quartermaster Browne's adventure with the lamplighter at Birmingham passed off very well; but when he came to describe the incident of the respected Mr Mullins's acquaintance with the drunken Irishwoman, accompanying it with admirable mimicry of both—when, I say, he described that adventure, and called the hero of it "Commodore Mullins of our regiment," the professional prejudices of Captain Spong were somewhat injured.

"I beg your pardon, general," he said, "I believe that's not a rank known in the army."

"Isn't it?" replied the kiddy-swell, with a look of compassion—"not in the millicuous, perhaps, but quite the thing in the reg'ars."

"You should be more cautious, Captain Spong," said Miss Jane; "of course the general knows better than you."

"Why, Miss Jane, I appeal to Dr Gargle, a man who, by his admirable knowledge, and the active discharge of all the duties of life, has qualified himself to answer any question of the sort. What is a commodore?"

"A commodore, my dear sir?—Why then I must say, with all respect for the general, that a commodore strikes me to be something on board of a ship—a major of marines, I believe."

"To be sure," said the kiddy-swell; "and when serving on land he's a major in the army, isn't he? I'll trouble you, sir," he added, looking very fierce at Captain Spong, "to be mighty careful before you contradict me again before ladies that I respect and honour."

Captain Spong made no answer, and meditated sending a challenge; but the victorious general, now entirely master of the field, was more brilliant than before. By the time the ladies left the room, he had persuaded them all that he was the pleasantest person they had ever seen, the least puffed up with his rank; and that Captain Spong and the worthy apothecary were the incarnations of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

"Now, then," said the general, "now that these old tabbies are fairly off, let us have in another bottle of wine, and enjoy ourselves."

"Sir!" said the apothecary,

"Ring the bell, Blister, my boy—that's what I say—and let us have in a bottle of port."

"Sir!" said Captain Spong, emboldened by the manner of his friend.

"Out with it, my Captain of the British Grenadiers. You're no relation, by-the-by, of the Captain Bold of Halifax, are ye?" said the general.

"Sir, you presume on your rank to insult two quiet country gentlemen, and you have also called our amiable hostesses tabbies."

"I did nothing of the kind, sir—it was Dr Gargle."

"Me, sir?—I declare to Heaven, sir"——

"What's the use of declaring any thing about it?" said the kiddy-swell. "You asked me to ring the bell for port, and either you or Captain Spong, I forget which, called the ladies tabbies. Do you think I'm deaf, gents?"

While making this speech, he rang the bell himself, and told the maid to give Captain Spong's compliments to the ladies, and tell them he wished another bottle of port.

Captain Spong started up; but before the immense indignation in his bosom had time to disengage itself, and assume the form of speech, the maid had disappeared, and the mischief was in all probability done. He sat down, and looked across the table to the Doctor, who was also silent from excess of wrath and amazement.

"'Pon my soul, you make pretty free, Captain Spong," said the general, pushing the new bottle towards that sulky soldier. "You seem to order fresh bottles of wine just as you like; but perhaps you're doing the

civil to one of the old cats. Why don't you marry her at once?"

"Sir, the extraordinary nature of your conduct, equalled only by the surprising style of your expressions, makes me conclude that we have been deceived in you."

"And you won't answer a plain question? Come, Blister, tell us all about it. Little Spong is certainly going to cut you out, if you don't look sharp. Which is it—Elizabeth or Jane?"

The gentlemen again looked at each other, while the general helped himself to another bumper with the utmost unconcern.

"May I ask what service you are a general in?" said Captain Spong.

"In his imperial majesty's the Emperor of all the Turkies—Asiatic and European. But you do not answer *my* question. Come now, boys, let us have a little pleasing conversation. Who is the fat beauty in blue?"

"The Miss Huskers's niece," answered Dr Gargle, willing to keep the boisterous general quiet.

"Any dust?"

"Dust, sir?"

"Mopuses—shiners—tin?"

"Money you mean? Oh yes, when she comes of age."

"Of age? 'Pon my soul she would run at any race, and carry additional weight. Why, she has nearly lost mark already. How much?"

"Can't say, sir—never enquired."

"Oh, then you're on the look-out for the ancients—Here's their healths."

"The fact is, sir, or general, or whatever you are," said Captain Spong, "that we both feel so deep an interest in the ladies of this house, that we feel called on to caution you about the manner you have ventured to speak of them."

"I speak of them? Why, didn't you both begin by calling them old tabbies? Pretty fellows you are to talk of cautioning *me*!"

"Sir, I did not," said Captain Spong in an angry tone.

"You contradict me? 'Pon my soul, if I weren't very good-natured, I would break every bone in your fat little body—but I won't—don't be frightened. Why don't you drink?"

"I wouldn't drink with such an ungentlemanly, disagreeable——"

"General and commander-in-chief—well, never mind! I'll drink for you

—but the bottle is out. Ring the bell, Spong."

"Certainly not, sir."

"Then I'll do it myself, and send Gargle's compliments."

"You shall do nothing of the sort, sir," said Gargle.

"No, sir, you shall not," said Spong.

"Well I won't, then; but the ladies shall most certainly be informed of your behaviour."

"And of yours, sir," said the two gentlemen, following the General up stairs. The ladies were sitting up in great state, the silver tea-set all laid out on the table. The General entered the room, and bowed and smiled, and pulled down his wristbands, and settled his whiskers—"I think, gents," he said to his two followers, "this is a sufficient answer to your request for more wine. Gargle, ladies, grew so friendly, that he wished to celebrate my arrival with another bottle; but I wouldn't allow it. How can some people be so blind," he continued, as he sat down on the sofa very close to Miss Jane, "as to prefer wine to beauty?"

"Really, ladies," began Captain Spong, looking very red and embarrassed, "I don't know how to say what I think you ought to be told—but——"

"Then don't try it, my good fellow; never try to do any thing you can't do."

"This person, calling himself General Merchant, has used language to-night——"

"I have, ladies; and who wouldn't? when I hear two people I never saw before, call two ladies, who have shown me such kindness, cats and tabbies."

Here a scream from the two injured damsels interrupted his eloquence.

"Yes, cats and tabbies. Can you wonder at my losing my temper, and threatening to horsewhip them on the spot?"

"Insolent!" sobbed Miss Elizabeth, with a look at Dr Gargle.

"Ungrateful!" sobbed Miss Jane, with a basilisk at Captain Spong.

"Insulting!—but my sister and I know how to behave. Dr Gargle, we desire not to see you any more; and you, Captain Spong, don't say a word—leave the house this minute."

"This moment, gents," added the

General—"by heavens! if any man had used such language in my regiment, I would have had him roasted, and added to the soldiers' mess." And partly with hustling, partly with threatening, he managed to hinder the indignant gentlemen from saying any thing in their defence. They rushed from the room, vowing vengeance against their traducer, and left the kiddy-swell revelling in the enjoyment of his victory.

"Oh, General Merchant," exclaimed Miss Elizabeth, "we are so much indebted to you for defending us against these dreadful men!"

"I never suspected they could be such dissemblers," said Miss Jane.

"To call us old cats!" said the senior, putting her handkerchief to her face.

"Tabbies!" said the other, turning up her eyes to the ceiling.

"And worse than that," hinted the General, with a mysterious nod——

"Worse? Impossible!"

"They said you were both straining every nerve to catch them, but it wouldn't do. They liked some one else better."

"Did Captain Spong say he liked some one else better?" enquired Miss Jane.

"Did Dr Gargle? Oh the ungrateful wretch!" echoed Miss Elizabeth.

"And that other person," continued the General, in a whisper not to be heard by the stout young lady in blue, "was——" Here he gracefully bent back his thumb over his right shoulder, and winked in a very decided manner.

"Our niece?" said the ladies in a breath. "Impossible! She's but a child."

"Lord love ye," said the General, "do you think cropped heads and long trousers keep a girl a child for ever? They told me they knew her age to a day."

The ladies looked aghast. "Jane," said Miss Elizabeth, "this must be looked to."

"It must."

"What must be looked to, ladies?" asked the General with a sympathetic smile. "Can I be of any use? Command me. I shall be at your service to-morrow evening. By that time I hope to have shot your two insulters. They will challenge me, of course."

"A duel! Oh gracious! we are ruined, quite ruined!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth; "and to have exposed you, our friend, our deliverer, to danger, perhaps to death—Oh—"

"Poh, never mind me. How will you keep the two wretches, if I miss them, from running off with little Miss Bluebeard?"

"Oh, we will send her back to school, the impudent minx—but its *your* danger we are most concerned for, dear General," said Miss Jane. "Captain Spong has often told me he can snuff candles with pistol balls."

"The devil he can!" said the General.

"And Dr Gargle once shot an Irish ensign," said Miss Elizabeth.

"You don't say so?"—

"Not dead—but he had to amputate his right leg."

The General held out his dexter supporter, and gazed on it, as if he was considering how it would feel with a bullet in the knee.

"I'll tell you what, ladies, I wish the scoundrels hadn't called you names, or told such lies. They said, for instance, that the Bluebell was as rich as a Jew—all in her own possession the moment she came of age."

"Did they say any thing about the house?"

"Oh lord yes," answered the General "let me see: they said the house and land—what was it they said?"

"Did they say the house was hers, and that we must give up possession when she marries?"

"'Pon my soul, I think they did," said the General carelessly; "but who cares what such lying fellows say?—They can't speak truth if they tried. Can they, ladies?"

"We have found them full of falsehood," answered the elder, with a melancholy sigh, "but, thanks to you, we have discovered their perfidy, and despise them. Sarah, go to bed—you're sitting up a great deal too late for a child of your age," she added, looking daggers and doses of poison at her unfortunate niece. That rubicund young lady took the hint, though rather unwillingly, and lighted a bedroom candle. The General sprang up, and handed her to the door, squeezing her hand as he wished her good night, and bestowing a glance on her, into which he condensed the whole powers of his admiration. The

girl held down her head, and thought what an immense sensation such fine manners would have made in the school at Daventry.

"Poor little creature," said the General, going back to the ladies, "she doesn't seem more than twelve, and very backward of her age—blowed if I wouldn't put her into long clothes again!"

"But the duel," exclaimed Miss Elizabeth—"that cruel, horrid Dr Gargle! what can be done?"

"It is Captain Spong," said Miss Jane, "I am more afraid of. He has often told me he was a very brave man."

The General looked a little disconcerted, as if he felt he had got on dangerous ground.

"But, perhaps," he said, as a gleam of hope broke in on them, "perhaps, after all, they won't say any more about it."

At that moment, as if to convict him of being a false prophet, an angry knock thundered at the front door. The voice of Captain Spong was heard, and the maid, breathless and terrified, rushed into the room, with a letter in her hand—

"This here is from Captain Spong; he says he'll feast on blood to-morrow morning! He frightened me so!"

The kiddy-swell took the letter; and the two ladies gazed on in speechless fear.

"Sir, your insulting behaviour to-night, and gross prevarications, leave me no other alternative than to demand satisfaction. I shall expect you with pistols in the Parson's orchard to-morrow at eleven o'clock, my second, Dr Gargle, being engaged in the Dispensary till that time.—Your servant, JOHN SPONG."

At this dreadful realization of their worst fears, the disconsolate ladies drew round their deliverer; and vied with each other in declarations of their grief. That gentleman turned first to one, then to the other, and displayed sundry symptoms of perturbation, not quite in accordance with his high military rank. At last, however, Miss Jane, as if inspired with the heroism of Joan of Arc, called for pen and ink, and said, "General, just condescend to write to Captain Spong, that you'll meet him to-morrow morning."

"And be shot?"—

"Oh, Jane, how can you ask our deliverer to expose his valuable life?"

"He shall not expose his life, sister—I—value—it—too—but oh, gracious, what have I said?"

"Pon my soul, ladies, you're excessive polite—and if you could let me have the smallest sneaker of cold without, I think I could answer the challenge."

"Cold without?" enquired the ladies.

"Ay, and warm within," replied the General. "I mean a small go of brandy and water."

When his request had been complied with, he wrote a note to the beligerent captain—

"Sir,—I will not fail to meet you as per invite, in the orchard, and will

teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head, and not insult the most amiable ladies I ever knew. Your servant, THE GENERAL."

When this important missive was discharged, a new difficulty arose. The ladies had intended to ask a bed for the General in the house of Dr Gargle; but as that was now impossible, they were forced, with many fears they were acting with impropriety, and many apologies and fine speeches, to get a couch ready for their handsome guest in their own house. There were sundry jokes and much blushing on the occasion between the parties; but at last all were settled in their respective rooms, and waited, with great anticipations, the events of the following day.

CHAPTER III.

"If that skinny old Jewess, Miss Jane"—such were the musings of the kiddy-swell, as he adorned himself next morning with more than usual care—"thinks I'm a-going to stand up to be shot at by that bloodthirsty little scoundrel Captain Spong, she's very much mistaken, that's all. She seemed mighty anxious for me to accept his challenge, but it's no go, old gal; we don't stand such folly on the Northern Circuit, and if I can come to close quarters with the fat girl in blue, by George! I could live very snug here, and be the envy of all our fellows as they pass the road. I won't ask one of them in, though—no-no." And by the time he had finished these praiseworthy and hospitable resolutions, he had concluded his toilet; and as breakfast was not yet ready in the parlour, he continued his progress till he came to the stable-yard. After ascertaining that his spanking mare was in good condition, and seeing her fed with his own eyes, though the old gardener, who seemed the factotum of the whole establishment, assured him he had fed her not an hour before, he thought it would be as well to get all the information out of the old man he could.

"I say, cripple 'un," he began, "you've a tightish birth of it here; plenty to do, eh?"

"Oh ees, sir."

"Rather scrimpy concerns, the ladies in-doors; they never amuse

themselves, I suppose, by throwing their half-crowns over the hedge?"

"No, sir, nor nobody else as I knows on. Does this here book belong to you, sir?"

"Yes, to be sure it does. Petty larceny, my boy. You stole it."

"I stole it, sir?" cried the old man. "I scorn your words, and you're no gentleman, sir. I know ye."

"Oh, you do, do you? Then I advise you, old boy, not to go picking the locks of my gig."

"It's a book of patterns, sir, and I found it lying under the floor-cloth. I guess you be a tailor, sir."

"You're an impudent old rascal, you are, and I have a great mind to measure your shoulders for a dusted jacket."

"Oh, two can play at that," cried the irate factotum, laying hold of a pitch-fork, and bringing it rapidly to the charge.

"Hallo!—stop, my boy," said the kiddy-swell; "I was only in fun. Why, it's very odd, none of you people down here can take a joke. That's my book, my good fellow, and I'll owe you sixpence some fine day for finding it. It's some army clothing I'm taking down to my regiment."

"And your name be Hoggum—Hogging—Hog-something—I see it on the first leaf."

"It's the bookseller's. But I'll tell

you what old boy, I want to ask you a question or two about the ladies. Does the young one ever walk in the garden?"

"Sometimes Miss Jane and Captain Spong walks whole days."

"Oh, but I don't mean her. The young one, the girl in blue, Miss Sarah—does she ever walk out alone?"

"She's been walked out pretty quick this morning, sir; she's been off to Daventry ever since five o'clock."

"Whew! they're in a confounded fright that the two heroes run off with her. Will she stay there long?"

"Can't say, sir. I thought she had been long enough at school already; but missuses know best."

"Poh! she's quite an infant."

"Infant, sir? She was born on Waterloo day the year afore the battle, for I minds very well she was just a year old when the news came."

"And she's gone back to school, has she? She must be rather a slow coach—eh, Abraham?"

"Simon is my name, sir."

"Well, Simon, I never would think of sending any daughter of mine to Mrs Walker's Seminary. Mention that when you write to the Queen."

"That ain't the name. Smith's the name, sir."

"Is it? Well, never mind—You're not a bad old fellow, Simon, and perhaps I'll owe you half-a-crown sometime or other. Don't spend it on fine clothes, Simon—nor claret and champagne; they'll give you headache, Simon. Have my gig ready at ten o'clock, and then I advise you to go out in your private carriage, Simon, and suck pine-apples till you're tired."

Simon made an observation, in reply to these disinterested pieces of advice, which the kiddy-swell would, perhaps, not have thought altogether polite; and that most elegant individual returned to the parlour, where he found the ladies evidently profoundly agitated, and Miss Jane glowing with some high resolve, that made her look exactly like Minerva with a silver tea-pot in her hand.

"Oh! General," they exclaimed in chorus—the aforesaid Minerva laying down the tea-pot to apply her handkerchief more gracefully to her eyes, and Miss Elizabeth looking down in the extremity of despair.

"But no," said Minerva; "you have seen the last of my weakness. Other people may make a fine show of their feelings"—she added, looking at her sister.

"I do nothing of the kind, sister Jane," answered the downcast lady, who evidently felt the force of the *inuendo*.

"But I will show my gratitude to our deliverer in a more sensible manner," continued Miss Jane, disregarding the interruption. "I will rescue him from his present danger."

"'Pon my soul, I shall feel uncommon obliged," replied the general; "for if the Governor were to hear of my wasting my time"—

"The governor," enquired Miss Jane, "who is he?"

"Why, my father."

"Your father is a governor, is he?"

"That he is," replied the general, "and an amazing tight hand, I can assure ye."

"But he shall never know," said Miss Jane with a meaning look, "that you have *wasted* your time. What I wish to do is to save your life; and to do that, what would I not sacrifice—ah!"

"Will you sacrifice old Spong?" enquired the kiddy—"that's the main point."

"Do *you* wish me?"

"Certainly—as if he were the fattest calf."

"It shall be done. Oh, Elizabeth, I'm a happy woman—a general—a governor—oh dear!"

While the enraptured Miss Jane was pouring forth her self-congratulations on some fortunate event not at all perceived by the object of her rejoicings, the General stood in amazement, no little horror, at the same time, overspreading his umbrageous countenance.

"By George, this is too bad! Here's a thin old maid as proud about sticking a knife into a spuddy little captain as if it was waltzing with Prince Albert. I'll punish her for the murder; though the ungentlemanly little rascal deserves it, for wishing to burke an unoffending stranger; but I can't wait here all day; that horrid malicious captain—I always hated the malicious—will come here and crack off his pistol in this very room. I say, ladies, I think I had better be off."

"To the parsons' orchard?" said

Miss Elizabeth, performing a shudder, as if she felt the first approaches of the ague. "Oh, General!"

"Dunce a bit; I've other fish to fry, I can assure ye."

"Haven't I said that I will silence his foe for ever?" said Miss Jane, assuming a tragic air. "Go forth, my General, and leave me to settle this business. It is too much condescension for a man of your rank to meet a person like Captain Spong."

"Well, I'm off. I've ordered the old cripple to have my gig ready."

"And we shall see you again?" enquired Miss Elizabeth.

"To be sure you will."

"And soon?—let it be soon"—added Miss Jane.

"In a week at farthest. But with regard to that little Spong, if I were you, I would only scratch his eye out, or leave a mark on his nose, or some friendly token of that sort. I wouldn't altogether do for him—and remember, if any thing unpleasant comes of it, I gave you useful advice; and don't go to be bringing me in for any aiding and abetting. That's all. And now, charming girls, farewell. I can't imagine what them fellers meant by calling you old tabbies—farewell!" And with many displays of his prodigious breeding, and squeezing of hands, and starings out of countenance, the kidney-swell at last took leave.

"And now, Elizabeth, I will tell you my resolution. I will meet the insolent Spong myself. Do not argue with me. I tell you I resolved on doing so from the first. I will let him, and that good-for-nothing sycophant, Dr Gargle, see that they are not to insult us with impunity."

"I think you're quite right," said the sister, "I'll go too. What a charming man the General is!"

"La! Elizabeth. I thought you had given up thinking of such things years ago."

"What things, Jane?"

"Why, handsome young men to be sure. You should recollect your age, Elizabeth. When I come to your time of life——"

"Well, I'm only two years older than you."

"Oh! two years is a long time; and some people wear better than others—Captain Spong has often told me I might pass for two-and-twenty."

"Captain Spong changes his tune

when he calls you an old cat—perhaps you would have excused him since you make yourself out so young if he had called you a kitten."

"He's a false, double-faced, deceitful man—and so is Dr Gargle."

"To admire our niece, too! Shocking!" added Miss Elizabeth.

"Turning the girl's head at her time of life!—but it was our own fault in bringing her back from school. I was always against it."

"Why, you know we turned her back from eighteen to fourteen and a-half, four years ago. We can't possibly keep her much longer below sixteen," replied the elder sister.

"Quite a baby. The General called her an infant."

"What a charming man! so free so easy: I always know a man of high birth in a moment by the beauty of his manner."

"And the handsomeness of his face. I never saw such whiskers!"

"Sister Jane, you're in love"—said the senior spinster, looking severe.

"Sister Elizabeth, I know it," replied the junior, giving vent to the ennobling confession, with a glance of amazing pride, and then burying the thin point of her nose in her seventh cup of tea.

"Well, all that I can say is, that people ought to be ashamed of themselves," said Miss Elizabeth, as she flung out of the room, considerably shaken already in her estimate of the General, when she saw what a rivalry she was doomed to if she persevered in her admiration.

At the appointed hour of eleven o'clock, two figures climbed over the little gate that led into the Parson's orchard, casting such stealthy looks around, that if it had been in September instead of April, they might have been suspected of a design upon the apples. One was a dumpy little man, close buttoned up to the throat—the other lank and thin—and to any one who had ever seen the resolute Captain Spong and the scientific Dr Gargle, there was no mistaking them on the present occasion. A small carpet bag might have at first created a suspicion that they were intent on a journey, but a different tale was told when the Doctor took from it a pair of pistols, and laid a variety of boxes and bandages, and surgical instruments, carefully on the ground.

"I half regret this business," said the principal belligerent, with the smallest possible tremor in his voice. "The fellow may, perhaps, come after all."

"And if he does"—said the man of skill—"you'll shoot him of course. You had plenty of practice, you recollect, when you were called out at the time of the riots."

"Not with ball, my dear fellow—not with ball: and, besides, it strikes me that I have perhaps taken too prominent a share in this business, for you must be aware that the insult was as much to you as to me."

"'Twas to the ladies first."

"Well, are we to fight in their quarrel after their behaviour last night?"

"I think," replied the Doctor, "they'll repent of it, when they hear who their friend the General is: and, remember, they have three thousand pounds a-piece."

"Oh! perfect ladies—I hardly think he's coming, Gargle—look your watch."

"Five minutes past. Wait just five minutes more; but, hark! I heard voices."

"I say, Gargle, couldn't we come anyhow to a compromise? Couldn't he explain and I explain, as they do in public meetings—eh?"

"Impossible: how can you explain tabby? but come, Spong, let us be off—here come the ladies."

"The ladies!" cried the captain, "give me the pistol, Gargle; measure out the ground—now then, I'm ready—place your man—amen!"

The captain drew himself up to his full height—nearly five feet four—and held out the pistol firmly and steadily, as if practising for an aim. It was certainly an heroic sight—and the ladies were evidently struck by it.

"Inhuman man!" exclaimed Miss Jane, "I come to upbraid you for your conduct."

"Madam, permit me to observe that I have some business to settle here: yes, madam, business of importance—you understand me?"

"Yes—I understand you. But you will be disappointed; the General has thought better of the subject."

"Of the safety of the subject, you mean, madam: he is a coward, a swindler, and an impostor. I have

proofs he is no more a general than I am a bishop."

"How—proofs?" enquired the lady, somewhat staggered—"What is he then?"

"In all human probability, a tailor," replied the captain. "Your gardener Simon discovered a book of patterns in his gig, and read his name on the fly-leaf."

"And what is his name?—but no!—I will not believe it, sir: your accusations are brought against him now, to revenge yourselves for his having so nobly defended my sister and myself against your insulting designations. Oh, Captain Spong, there was once a time I couldn't have believed it!"

"I never called you any name but your own. It was that infamous impostor who said you were cats and tabbies. Gargle and I called him to order: he insulted us—he ran up stairs, he told you infamous inventions of his own. You trusted him, and repelled us that you had known so long, and who once, Miss Jane,—but that is over. He is a tailor, madam!"

A conversation somewhat of the same kind had been carried on in a lower tone of voice by the Doctor and Miss Elizabeth; and that young lady broke in on her sister's musings at that moment.

"Gracious me, Jane! think what a cheat that man is! I warned you against being deluded by his fine speeches, but you wouldn't listen."

"I deluded!" exclaimed Miss Jane, "what do you mean? It was *you* that pressed him to come home and dine—I never could endure the man's impudent looks."

"Oh yes, you could, Jane: you didn't think his looks impudent last night."

But before Miss Jane could summon breath enough to give the accusation a more vigorous denial, the gentlemen interfered. Spong threw down the pistol with great force on the grass, and vowed that it would be the happiest hour of his life if he had been the means of exposing the arts of a swindler; and after sundry explanations on all points in dispute, it was resolved to proceed immediately to the house, and count over all the spoons. For when people find their admiration in the smallest degree misplaced, they

are very apt to run into the opposite extreme, and if they don't find a man to be altogether a Howard, set him down at once as a Thurtell.

In the midst of their enquiries, a vast number of soft speeches were made upon all sides; the sisters' thoughts flowed more strongly than ever in their old channels, from having been for a short time diverted; and by the time the search was finished and nothing found missing, it had been resolved to send for two licenses, and have a double wedding on the very first opportunity. The old cook, who had been employed to place the precocious niece at school, returned with satisfactory tidings of that young lady being in safe keeping, and all went happy as a marriage bell.

Five days slipt on in the most Elysian manner possible—plans were laid for the future, and the education of the niece was resolved in full conclave to be so vigorously attended to, that she must pursue her studies for many years at school. The gallant captain and Miss Jane were to inhabit the house, as he was only in bachelor's lodgings in the village, and, in the mean time, both gentlemen determined to keep a constant guard on the premises, in case of the threatened return of the graceful individual whom they most ignorantly called a cheat and a swindler. It was unanimously resolved that he should be at once refused admittance, and if he persisted in forcing his way, that he should be handed over to the constable for insertion in the stocks. Filled with these satisfactory resolutions, and all the ardours of a pure and disinterested love, the two pairs of lovers walked hour after hour in the garden, or made a sentimental pilgrimage to the parson's orchard, which had been the scene of the eclairsissement, and, in short, enjoyed themselves as much as the agitating delay of the license and other matrimonial forms would allow them. They were returning in high spirits from the parson's orchard—Miss Jane leaning affectionately down (for she was a few inches taller) on the captain's arm, and listening to an epitaph which he had prepared for insertion in next month's obituary; Miss Elizabeth and Dr Gargle engaged in some equally interesting conversation; they had just crossed by the little garden path, and were going in

front of the French windows on the ground-floor, when a well-known voice saluted their ears.

"'Pon my soul, ladies, you take it rather cool, gallivanting with your men just in front of the house. I wonder you ain't ashamed of it, at your time of life."

A scream from each of the ladies, so united as to have only the sound of one, proved the effect of the general's eloquence. They looked to the window; and there, standing in a free-and-easy attitude, the breast of his coat thrown wide open, so as to expose the full expanse of his yellow waistcoat, his hat set jauntily on one side of his head, and his whole appearance justifying his name of the kiddy-swell, stood our good-natured friend, apparently as much at home as if he had never lived anywhere else in his life.

"You infernal impostor," puffed out the rather plethoric captain, "what right have you, sir, to go into that house?"

"Oho! you're the same old boy that called the respectable angels at your side, old cats. 'Pon my honour, I've a great mind to write to the Emperor of Russia about it. He'll be disgusted with your behaviour."

"We shall find means, sir, to punish you for this intrusion," pursued the captain.

"Don't mention it to the duke, if you happen to be writing to him. And, in the mean time, don't you see a notice in the garden, that trespassers will be prosecuted? Blowed if I stand a set of fellers coming here philandering with a set of old maids, kissing and hugging in that disgusting manner. I'll write to the Society for the Propagation of Vice, I will."

Another scream, and their two faces hid, as if suffused with blushes, proved the effect of these false accusations on the delicate-minded ladies.

"I advise you, sir," said the captain, disregarding the attack, "to retire peaceably from that house, or the constable shall be sent for."

"Send for him by all means, I'll give you in charge as a couple of rogues and vagabonds—but good-bye. I can't stand here all day, having my modesty shocked by your indecent behaviour."

So saying, he retired from the win-

dow, leaving the party in blank amazement at his audacity.

The captain and the doctor, equally irate, proceeded to the stable, and armed themselves with hay-forks and other agricultural weapons, and with the additional aid of old Simon, who offered himself, nothing loth, as a volunteer in executing vengeance on the offender, they tried to open the front door, but in vain. They tried the windows, but they were all carefully fastened, and finding all other entrances barred, they returned to the front knocker and made a prodigious noise, in hopes of being admitted by the servants. In the midst of their noisy attack, the kiddy-swell opened the upper window, and putting his head out, affected great surprise.

"What! Are you not gone yet?—And you, dearest Miss Jane, have you quite forsaken your general? Cruel girl! And you, Miss Elizabeth, have you no regard for a governor's son?—false perfidious creatures! I'll expose you to the Queen of Prussia, and all your friends—see if I don't."

"Will you let us in, sir—yes or no?"

"No—I won't let you in, sir. Who the devil are you, sir? You call yourself a captain; but perhaps you're a housebreaker, sir; and that other highwayman calls himself an apothecary. How do I know what he is, sir? He's ugly enough for anything. 'Pon my soul it's very hard that a gentleman can't rest in his own house without all this disturbance—after a journey, too; but I'll prosecute you for an attempt to enter a dwelling-house, and, if I can possibly make interest with the Chancellor—to hang you; depend upon it, I will."

"You are a brazen-faced rascal, sir, and I'll send for the civil power, and break into the house at once."

"What! and alarm my wife, sir? poor little thing, and she just newly come from school! for shame, captain; Lord Melbourne will be ashamed of you."

"His wife! has he brought a woman with him?" enquired Miss Jane in a whisper, which, however, reached the ears of the kiddy-swell.

"Haven't I? that's all; a pretty little dear, with crop hair and long trousers; short blue frock and high

pinafore; oh, she's such an infant—ain't you, Sarah? Come and show yourself, and ask your old aunties' blessing; and tell 'em all about our journey to Gretna Green; and thank them for taking care of your house so long, and the good education they've given you."

Saying this, the kiddy-swell brought forward to the window a stout young lady, in a blue frock and a very red face—but whether from the fatigues of her journey, or the trying situation she was in, I cannot say—and presented her to the astonished group below. The shield that turned people into stone could not have had a more instantaneous effect—the pitch-forks dropt from the belligerent hands of the petrified pair of wooers, and Simon limped off into the stable without beat of drum. All were silent. At last the kiddy-swell, with his accustomed eloquence, renewed the conversation.

"How unnatural in you not to welcome us more kindly when we come home! 'Pon my soul, I feel as if I was an orphan. And you too—don't you, Sarah? Such coldness to near relations! no party in the State will believe it. Sir Robert will wonder; Lord John be horror-struck; and I shouldn't be surprised if O'Connell scratched you out of his will; but I think I hear wheels on the road; and if so, I'll trouble you to be a little more polite, for I expect my governor every minute."

The anticipations of the kiddy-swell were realized. The respected Mr Hogginbuck, senior, came into the walk, and was introduced to the party below by his dutiful son, who still kept his station at the up-stairs window. By the extreme urbanity of that gentleman, who had been informed by letter of the whole transaction, and his great knowledge of the world, an arrangement was come to, which apparently satisfied all parties, especially the kiddy-swell, who saw himself at the summit of his ambition, in possession of the house which had so long excited his envy. And with the denouement I, above all others, have every reason to be pleased, as to that I am indebted for the high station I now hold as member and historiographer of the Northern Circuit.

LEWIS ON THE GOVERNMENT OF DEPENDENCIES.

WE have read this work with much interest and attention. The author has not, indeed, in our opinion, accomplished the rather ambitious enterprise which his title-page announces to us that it was his intention to fulfil. If the reader open this volume with a view to find in it an entire system, moulded to a perfect shape, and adapted to practical utility—if he look for any striking and original views, any remarks indicating much acquaintance with men and manners, with the policy of states, and still more with the history of legislation, he will, we think, be disappointed. If he looks for the graces—we mean, of course, the legitimate graces of style and language—for the concise energy of Hobbes, the rapid eloquence of Bolingbroke, the profound and lucid dissertations of Hume, he will discover in the very first pages sufficient reason to convince him of his mistake. But, if various erudition, sometimes, perhaps, rather ostentatiously displayed, yet for the most part under the direction of good sense, and brought to bear upon a very interesting topic—if the proofs which it abundantly contains of calm judgment, much reflection, and patient industry, will satisfy his expectation, then we can recommend this volume, as one which will repay the labour of his perusal.

Mr Lewis sets out in his preface with telling us that—

“The subjects comprised within the science of politics may be conveniently distributed under the three following main divisions:—

“1. The nature and form of a sovereign government, and its relations with the persons directly subject to it.

“2. The relations between the sovereign governments of independent communities; viz. international law or morality.

“3. The nature of a dominant and a dependent community; or, in other words, the relation of supremacy and dependence.”

We cannot help thinking this division erroneous; first, because the third part of the division must substantially resolve itself into the first; secondly, because it does not exhaust the subject. Surely the relations of the governed to each other must occupy a prominent place in all political specu-

lations. Take, for instance, the relations of the priesthood and nobles to the people under the old regime in France—the privileges enjoyed by the one, the disadvantages laboured under by the other; take the actual relation of the Russian nobleman to the boor, who is born on his estate, toils for his profit, and may be exiled at his pleasure; what would be thought of any political account of these countries from which such relations were excluded? Yet, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the French landlord did not, and the Russian nobleman does not, possess any greater share than falls to the lot of the meanest hind in the administration of their respective governments; and, therefore, according to the division of Mr Lewis, the relations in which they stood to each other ought not to find a place in any political enquiry. The preface concludes—

“It might likewise contribute to the same end, by exhibiting the nature and extent of the political evils which are inherent in the condition of a dependency. If the inhabitants of dependencies were conscious that many of the inconveniences of their lot are not imputable to the neglect, or ignorance, or selfishness, of their rulers, but are the necessary consequences of the form of their government, they would be inclined to submit patiently to inevitable ills, which a vain resistance to the authority of the dominant country cannot fail to aggravate.”

The proper inference appears to us exactly the reverse; for, if dependent states could be persuaded that the evils of which they complain were not owing to transitory or accidental causes—such as the corruption or ignorance of a governor, who might be changed—but were a part of their very being, and, so long as they continued dependencies, incurable, self-preservation—the strongest of all motives in the political system—would impel them to shake off a dominion so vicious and defective, which, be the persons to whom its administration was entrusted ever so virtuous and skilful, must be in itself a grievance, and, by a never-changing law of nature, the cause of perpetual calamity and incalculable distress.

Mr Lewis, in his preliminary enquiry, enters immediately upon a discussion as to the nature of the powers of a dependent government, in which he considers the extent and character of these powers, and the manner in which they may be exercised. He subdivides—we believe the arrangement is peculiar to himself—the powers of a government into executive, legislative, inquisitorial! and arbitrary! and ends by examining the manner and degree in which these powers may be delegated. The chapter concludes with a dissertation on these powers, as exercised under the control of what Mr Lewis thinks proper to call “a dominant community.” This chapter, as any other work to which Mr Lewis has devoted much of his time and labour must necessarily do, bears marks of extensive research, and contains some appropriate illustrations; but here we must set limits to our panegyric. We look upon Mr Lewis’s division of the powers of government as essentially defective, and as resting upon puerile and merely verbal cavils; moreover, the confusion of the judicial with the legislative power is so flagrant an absurdity, and so utterly at variance with the simplest rudiments of political science, that nothing but a most dogmatical spirit could have betrayed, we will not say Mr Lewis, but the most ordinary sciolist, into a paradox at once so nugatory and ridiculous.

“It is an error (says Mr Lewis) to suppose that a sovereign government is subject to any other than moral restraints, and that it does not possess an absolute and despotic power. All attempts to limit legally the power of a sovereign government by positive laws, promises, compacts, and constitutional checks or balances, are nugatory.”

If this be an error, it is one that may boast of very illustrious proslaves. Mr Bentham, a writer whom Mr Lewis has evidently studied with much care, says, in his *Fragment on Government*, page 122, “Those bounds the supreme power has marked out to its authority, &c. &c. Beyond them the disposition to obedience is stopped from extending; *beyond them the subject is no more prepared to obey the governing body of his own state than that of any other.*” The historians from whom we gain our knowledge of the Achæan league in former times, and of the

German empire and Swiss countries in a later era, have fallen into it. Nay, De Wit, from his speech to Temple before the signature of the Triple League, appears to have been infected by it in a matter relating to his own functions, and the fundamental laws of his own country. After this, we cannot be surprised that M. de Tocqueville, and even Chancellor Kent, in their accounts of the American constitution, both containing very clear and elaborate statements of these “nugatory checks,” which Mr Kent is so far misled as to term the corner-stone of the constitution on which he writes, and of the effect which they suppose them, erroneously no doubt, to have produced, should have fallen victims to the same illusion, from which Mr Lewis, greatly to his own apparent satisfaction, is exempt. We suspect, however, both from this passage and the quotation from Hobbes appended to it, that Mr Lewis has fallen into the error of confounding the absolute power which must of course exist somewhere in every government, but which, in free governments, is distributed among several branches of the community, with the power engrossed by a single individual in despotic monarchies. The passage which Mr Lewis quotes in support of a theory referring to the former, is one which evidently applies to the latter, and on which Hobbes has reared (a fact Mr Lewis seems to have forgotten) a system not more hostile to freedom than morality.

Now, the doctrine of passive obedience, properly understood, amounts to no more than this—that laws enacted by the supreme power of a state, are binding on every individual it contains. But this doctrine, which, with the latitude incident to all human propositions, may be received as universally true, was artfully exchanged for one which maintained the illegality of resistance to one member of the supreme power, *e. g.* the king in a limited monarchy, whatever might be the usurpations of that member upon rights held by the same tenure, and guaranteed by the same restrictions as its own. Mr Lewis proceeds—

“It is likewise absurd to deny to a sovereign government the power, or, as it is commonly called, the right of doing certain acts, such as inflicting death or bodily pain, of taking property, &c. When the right of a sovereign government to do

any act is denied, nothing more is meant than that the government ought not, in the speaker's or writer's opinion, to do the act. This expression is, therefore, merely a concise formula for assuming the question at issue."

Now he must forgive us if we remind him, that no doctrine has been repudiated with more contempt and indignation, as destructive of all human society, and as tending to the most revolting consequences, by the greatest writers in ancient and modern times, than this which he propounds as an axiom not requiring any proof or even explanation. On most political questions, authorities must be weighed before the enquirer can arrive at any safe conclusion. He will find one opinion supported by Plato, another laid down by Grotius, a third maintained by some authority less entitled to respect and consideration. But, on this point, let him choose what guide he will, except Mr Hobbes, and he will be conducted to the same conclusion—a conclusion directly the reverse of that which Mr Lewis, misled by a great but paradoxical writer, on whom the maintenance of this very doctrine has fixed a slur, which his extraordinary merits in other respects have not been able to obliterate, has selected with singular perverseness as the groundwork of his argument. We subjoin two passages in which the greatest masters of moral and political science in ancient and modern times have exhausted their unequalled eloquence in the reprobation of this pernicious and chimerical speculation.

"But if we could suppose, that such a ratification was made not virtually, but actually, by the people, not representatively, but even collectively, still it would be null and void. They have no right to make a law prejudicial to the whole community, even though the delinquents, in making such an act, should be themselves the chief sufferers by it; because it would be made against the principle of a superior law, which it is not in the power of any community, or of the whole race of man, to alter—I mean the will of Him who gave us our nature, and, in giving, impressed an invariable law upon it. It would be hard to point out any error more truly subversive of all the order and beauty, all the peace and happiness, of human society, than the position, that any body of men have a right to make what laws they please; or that laws can derive any authority from their institution merely, and independent of the quality of the sub-

ject matter. No arguments of policy, reason of state, or preservation of the constitution, can be pleaded in favour of such a practice. They may, indeed, impeach the frame of that constitution; but can never touch this immovable principle."—BURKE. *Tract on Popery Laws.*

"Jam vero illud stultissimum, existimare omnia justa esse, quæ scita sint in populorum institutis, aut legibus.—Etiamne, si quæ leges sint tyrannorum? si triginta illi Athenis leges imponere voluissent? aut, si omnes Athenienses delectarentur tyrannicis legibus, num idcirco hæc leges, justæ haberentur? Nihilò, credo, magis illa, quam interrex noster tulit, ut dictator quem vellet civium, indicta causa, impune posset occidere; est enim unum jus quo devincta est hominum societas, et quod lex constituit una. CICERO, *De Legibus*. Lib. i., 15.

"Neque enim esse mens divina sine ratione potest, nec ratio divina non hanc vim in rectis pravisque sciendis habere: nec, quia nusquam erat scriptum, ut contra omnes hostium copias in ponte unus assisteret, a tergoque pontem interscindi juberet, idcirco minus, Coclitem illum rem gessisse tantam, fortitudinis lege, atque imperio, putabimus: nec, si regnante Tarquinio nulla erat Romæ scripta lex de stupris, idcirco non contra illam legem sempiternam Sextus Tarquinius vim Lucretiæ, Tricipitini filiae, attulit."—CICERO, *De Legibus*. Lib. ii. 4.

We cannot refrain from adding to these passages, some of the most splendid lines which the Greek drama has bequeathed to us.

οὐδὲ σθένειν τοσούτου φόβῳ τὰ σά,
κηρύγμαθ' ὅσ' ἀγραπτα καὶ φιλῇ θεῶν
νόμιμα δύνασθαι θνητῶν ὄνθ' ὑπερδραμεῖν.
οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε καὶ χθές, ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ποτε
ἤ ταῦτα, κοῦδεῖς οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου φάνη.

Antigone, 453.

Mr Lewis proceeds—

"A similar confusion appears to prevail respecting the distinction between an absolute and a limited monarchy. It seems to be sometimes thought that the distinction between an absolute and a limited monarchy consists in this: that an absolute monarch governs arbitrarily, whereas a limited monarch governs according to laws. It is true, that an absolute monarch (or a monarch properly so called) may, and indeed often does, govern arbitrarily; and it is true, that in a limited monarchy. (or a republic of which a king is head,) the king having only a share of the sovereign power, cannot in general alter or depart from the laws without the consent of the remainder of the sovereign body. But an absolute or proper mo-

narchy might be governed according to the existing laws, as much as a so-called limited monarchy."

Now, for ordinary purposes, such a description would be quite sufficient—it is perfectly clear and perfectly intelligible. The difference between an absolute and a limited monarchy, as any farmer from the plough would tell Mr Lewis, is, that in the one the sovereign is restrained by law, and in the other he is not. The great inconvenience of an absolute government is, that it does depend on the administration, which may, and as human nature is constituted, must vary. The great benefit of a free government is, that, by its own constitution, it causes bad men (of which Lord Shaftesbury, in the reign of Charles II., presents, in his successful attempts to carry the Habeas Corpus act, a very strong example) to find their interest in promoting the general welfare. To say that an absolute government *may* be governed according to law, is to tell us that any thing not physically impossible may take place. What light such a statement flings upon any political question we are at a loss to discover.

We now come to the enquiry concerning judicial and legislative powers, as Mr Lewis, with a candour second only to that of Millbourne—whom Pope pronounced the fairest of critics, because he annexed his own version of *The Georgics* to his criticism on Dryden's translation of the same work—has transcribed not only a contrary opinion to his own from Mr Locke, but Paley's emphatical declaration, that the separation of the legislative and judicial functions is the first maxim of a free state. We will not quote any of that great writer's arguments in support of a doctrine which no one, we believe, but Mr Lewis has been hardy enough to question. We will, however, refer to the testimony of some excellent writers on the same subject—

"Though it is only," says Robertson in his *History of America*, "in the most despotic governments that the sovereign exercises in person the formidable prerogative of administering justice to the subjects, and, in absolving or condemning, consults no law but what is deposited in his own breast; though in all the monarchies of Europe, judicial authority is committed to magistrates, whose decisions

are regulated by known laws and established forms; the Spanish viceroys have often attempted to intrude themselves into the seat of justice, and with an ambition which their distance from the control of a superior rendered bold, have aspired at a power which their master does not venture to assume. In order to check an usurpation which the Spanish colonies, by subjecting the lives and property of all to the will of a single man, the viceroys have been prohibited, in the most explicit terms, by repeated laws, from interfering in the judicial proceedings of the courts of audience, or from delivering an opinion, or giving a voice with respect to any point litigated before them."

Monsieur de Tocqueville, in his admirable chapter "*Du Jugement Politique aux Etats Unis*, Vol. i. c. 7.," after stating the reasons why a legislative body may, as in England and France, be invested, on special occasions, with the temporary exercise of judicial power, and pointing out the strict conditions by which this anomaly must be restrained, to prevent the tremendous abuses to which it must otherwise lead, adds this pregnant commentary on the general character of such a proceeding.

"On ne saurait nier que le jugement politique tel que l'entend en Europe ne viole le principe conservateur de la division des pouvoirs, et qu'il ne menace sans cesse la liberté et la vie des hommes."

The senate in America can only deprive an impeached person of political station and authority. Any other punishment must be inflicted on him as on an ordinary criminal, after a trial by jury. The observations of M. De Tocqueville on this rule, which seem at first sight a specious show of moderation, are striking and profound.

"En empêchant les tribunaux politiques de prononcer des peines judiciaires, les Américains me semblent, donc, avoir prévenu les conséquences les plus possibles de la tyrannie législative, plutôt que la tyrannie elle-même; et je ne sais si, à tout prendre, le jugement politique tel qu'on l'entend aux Etats Unis n'est point l'arme la plus formidable qu'on ait jamais remise aux mains la majorité. Lorsque les Républiques Americaines commenceront à dégénérer, je crois qu'on pourra aisément le reconnaître. Il suffira de voir si le nombre des jugements politiques augmente."

M. Destul de Tracy, the author of

a most luminous and celebrated commentary on Montesquieu, thus declares his opinion on the same subject.

“A regard de la forme des jugemens, il me paraît que, dans tout gouvernement, il faut que le souverain — soit peuple, soit monarque — soit sénat ne décide jamais des intérêts des particuliers, ni par lui-même, ni par ses ministres, ni par des commissions spéciales; mais toujours par des juges établis d'avance à cet effet, et qu'il est désirable que ces juges toujours suivant le texte précis de la loi.” — *Livre vi.*

And after adding that criminal laws should be as clear, and receive as literal an interpretation as possible, he says, “Ces deux points ne peuvent pas faire matière à discussion.” — *Ib.*

We will only subjoin the testimony of Blackstone, important as that of an English lawyer, to these general authorities. Book i. chap. 7. “In this distinct and separate existence of the judicial power in a peculiar body of men, nominated indeed, but not removeable at pleasure by the crown, consists one main preservative of the public liberty, which cannot subsist long in any state, unless the administration of common justice be in some degree separated both from the legislative, and also from the executive power. Were it joined with the legislative, the life, liberty, and property of the subject would be in the hands of arbitrary judges, whose decisions would be then regulated only by their own opinions, and not by any fundamental principles of law; which, though legislators may depart from, yet judges are bound to observe.”

The position for which Mr Lewis must contend, if he mean to deny the expediency of keeping separate the legislative and judicial powers, is rather a critical one. He must affirm that the integrity of the judicial character is most likely to be maintained, when the judge is aware of the individual upon whom his decision will operate, and feels a deep interest in his fate—when he has private designs to serve and party purposes to gratify—when his resolutions are suggested by the consideration of *particular* effects and tendencies—when he has the power of setting precedents at defiance, and may dispense with repeated violations of the most acknowledged principles of justice—above all, when he is totally set free, in his person and cha-

acter, from all responsibility for the enormities in the perpetration of which he may concur. Possibly Philocleon, in the *Wasps* of Aristophanes, may have suggested to our author the idea of a perfect judge. It is to some such fortunate combination of judicial qualities in the tribunals by which their causes were investigated—that the acquittal of Clodius in ancient, and the impeachment of Marlborough, Somers, and Godolphin, in modern times must be attributed. That Mr Lewis should have fallen into this error is the more remarkable, as the later history of the Roman Republic, and the passages he has himself quoted from the *Verrine Orations*, offer the strongest possible illustration of its magnitude. The union of the judicial with the other powers of the senate, brought that mighty empire more than once to the verge of ruin. No senator, however manifest and enormous his crimes in the administration of a province, was in danger of condemnation, where a body consisting of senators, sharers in the same functions, full of sympathy for crimes which many among them only waited for an opportunity to imitate, were to pronounce upon his guilt or innocence. Instead of censors, the criminal found accomplices. The acquittal of one ensured impunity to all. Such was the state of things when Gracchus, by a law to which Cicero repeatedly alludes, transferred the judicial power from the senate to the knights; this law was repealed by Sylla, and the effect of its repeal was visible in ruined provinces, plundered cities, and the desolation of the fairest regions of the earth.

This leads us to a dissertation on the word “arbitrary,” in which Mr Lewis endeavours to show, that the word “arbitrary,” as it is employed by our best writers, is used in an improper signification; that no positive law can afford any security against arbitrary power; and that as “arbitrium” implies no more than judgment, and “actio arbitraria” of the Roman law was an action depending on the “arbitrium” of the judge, we are not justified in assigning to it the sense which the greatest masters of our language have universally stamped upon it. This appears to us mere idle pedantry. The usage of the best writers in a language forms a tribunal

as to the meaning of its words from which there is no appeal. Nor can any fallacy be more trite and obvious, than that which arises from confounding the actual meaning of a word with its etymological signification. Take, for instance, the word "heresy;"—what would Mr Lewis say to any one who should argue, that, as heresy only méant choice, the term heresy was often used improperly by ecclesiastical writers to denote those who held erroneous opinions on religious principles, and that all attempts to prevail against the growth of heresy in any religious society must therefore be in vain? Would not the common sense of any grown creature be shocked at such an assertion, and would not the study of a long diatribe on the subject be too much for human patience to endure? Would not the attempt to build a conclusion of practical importance, coming home to the "business and bosoms of men," on such contemptible quibbling, be preposterous? The meaning of the word "arbitrary" in English, to which that of the word "*arbitraire*" in French almost entirely corresponds, is as well fixed and ascertained as that of any word in our language. Sometimes it is used in a stricter sense, denoting that which is the mere effect of positive institution, and which varies in different states, without the transgression of any natural law—such are the laws which fix the number of years after the lapse of which prescription shall be complete, or the individual attain majority: in this particular meaning, the word is often employed by writers on jurisprudence. But the far more frequent use of the word is that which Mr Lewis imagines that it is in his power—superseding the authority of Burke, Swift, Hume, and Paley, of our greatest writers, and most profound philosophers—to proscribe; that in which, as heresy denotes not a choice but a wrong choice, it denotes not an exercise only, but a harsh, capricious, unjust, and despotic exercise of authority. "None of us," says Mr Burke, "would not risk his life, rather than fall under a government purely arbitrary." Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, (it is, in truth, the only purpose for which such a concession could be made,) the verbal subtlety which Mr Lewis propounds as an important dis-

covery to be correct, we are at a loss to perceive the advantage which he can derive from it. Does Mr Lewis, when he affirms that no laws can afford a security against the exercise of arbitrary power, mean to insinuate, that the arbitrary power of a balanced government is the same with that of a Turkish sultan? If he does, such an assertion stands opposed to every dictate of reason and to all the lessons of experience;—if he does not, and if he admit that arbitrary power, in a good sense, may, by means of wise institutions, be substituted for arbitrary power in a bad sense, and that the two things he means by the words "arbitrary power," are as different as light and darkness, as freedom and servitude, as the English and Persian government; for what purpose is this unmeaning and tedious disquisition introduced, and what conceivable end can it answer, except to perplex and confound a subject in itself neither ambiguous nor equivocal.

Mr Lewis is, we think, no less unfortunate in classing the consuetudinary law among the instances of subordinate legislation. Custom is not the origin but the test of law—it is the proof that a particular law has existed, but not the cause of its institution; to say otherwise would be to make custom the origin of itself. The manners of the people are the mirror from which the principles by which they have been governed are reflected, and on which the hideous shapes of ancient prejudice and superstition linger, even after the reality has passed away: the origin of law, like that of language, is lost in remote antiquity; but this at least is certain, that, as language preceded grammar, consuetudinary must have preceded written law. Till society has reached a certain point, all law must be entirely traditional. He must be a bold, and not a very wise man—certainly ill read in English history—who shall assert, that the greater part of Magna Charta, the petition of right assented to by Charles I. in the beginning, and the bill of rights delivered by the Houses of Parliament to the Prince and Princesses of Orange in 1688, which concludes in these words—"and they do claim amount, and insist upon all and singular the premises, as their undoubted right and liberties;" and the judicial decisions contained in our books of

reports, were monuments and evidences of subordinate legislation, as they are undoubtedly of consuetudinary law. To this list, however, might be added the laws which control the descent of lands by inheritance, the rules of construction applicable to wills and acts of Parliaments, and an infinite number of particulars concerning the authorities, privileges, and number of courts, and other incidents to the ordinary administration of justice, which depend solely upon immemorial usage for their support and regulation. That branch of law, therefore, so far from being, as Mr Lewis asserts, subordinate and indirect, is, in fact, paramount and primeval*—it is this copious spring of legislation which Lord Bacon has described with such magnificence:—"For there are in nature certain fountains of justice whence all civil laws are derived, but as streams; and like as waters do take tinctures and tastes from the soils through which they run, so the civil laws vary according to the regions and governments where they are planted, though they proceed from the same fountains."

The same observations may apply to the Roman law, to which Mr Lewis has alluded. Mr Lewis is altogether mistaken in the peculiar and fantastical meaning he would affix to "*sine lege*," in his quotation from Ovid:—"Consuetudinis autem jus," says Cicero *De Inven.* 2, § 22, "*esse putatur id quod voluntate omnium sine lege vetustas comprobabit.*" Words could not be found more totally at variance with a theory which describes consuetudinary law as a branch of subordinate legislation—in the same spirit, custom is termed by the civilians "*vetustissima juris observantia.*" Again, Mr Lewis does not seem to remember, that the edict of the Prætor is itself declaratory, for the most part, of customary or unwritten law. One material part, indeed, of the Prætor's duty was to instigate the rigour, to supply the defects of the civil law, and often to enforce the performance of engagements, and to compel the discharge of conscientious duties. Still Hugo properly observes, that the Prætor appeals to the practice of his predecessors, and that his language is not

that of a legislator, but of a judge; and Cicero enumerates the Prætor's edicts among the branches of the unwritten law.

In the next division of his work Mr Lewis enters into a detailed examination of the nature of a dependency and of a subordinate government. After giving a definition of subordinate government, and pointing out the manner in which it may be entrusted with the powers that it is judged expedient for it to possess, he alleges different examples of dependent governments, selecting them, in the first part of this chapter, from the governments of antiquity, (and this, on which some of the best German authorities are adduced, is decidedly the best part of his work;) and, in the second, from those governed in modern times by European communities. The manner in which dependencies may be acquired, the proper method of governing them, the advantages and disadvantages resulting to the metropolitan and subordinate government, are next considered; and with a chapter of fifteen pages, as to the manner in which a dependency may cease to exist—a matter which really might have been disposed of in fewer words—the work is terminated. Having thus laid before our readers an outline of the work, we will now proceed, as concisely as possible, to make some remarks upon the general subject, as well as upon some passages in it that appear to require particular observation.

We do not think Mr Lewis very fortunate in his definitions; he sets out with one perplexed and obscure, and he afterwards so explains it as to involve a contradiction.

His arguments show considerable research, but the inferences drawn from them, as must always be the case when the induction is incomplete, are precarious and unsatisfactory. We are far from meaning to undervalue the importance of an exact regard to the rules of logic. But their literal use is no security against their practical violation; as an argument may be strictly logical without being set out in mood and figure—so a pedantic adherence to technical formality is quite consistent with conclusions the most fallacious and precipitate. Now, if

* Savigny, Geschichte des Hentigen Romischen Recles., Vol. I. p. 150.

Mr Lewis, instead of the scholastic and repulsive form in which he affects to clothe the most obvious truths, had exhibited more care in the selection of his premises, and more reluctance to wander from his main subject into the minute details of verbal criticism, would the exchange have rendered his work less agreeable or instructive?

The further our researches are carried back into the history of mankind, the more evident does it appear that unity of worship was the first natural and necessary tie by which distinct members of the same national family were held together. Driven by the struggle of domestic factions, or the pressure of distress, from his native land, the Dorian or Tyrian colonist, in the symbols of his faith, the rites of his religion, the worship of his guardian deity, preserved the recollection of the soil he had quitted, and the race from which he asserted his descent. Thus it was that the temple of the Tyrian Hercules, and of the Latin Jove, became the centre of the Phœnician and Latin confederation; and that amid the splendour of the Olympic games, the inhabitants of Greece, while honouring one common *Zeus*, remembered, amid their fiercest contests, only the common origin by which they were identified, as the first, the most illustrious, and most civilized of mankind. These are sentiments which operate upon man in the early period of society, before they are broken down by refinement and corrupted by civilization, with an effect that is constant and irresistible: so, too, if we carry our views further into modern times, when the tempest of barbarous invasion first began to subside, and the elements of European order emerged out of the chaos in which they had been long confounded; the Frank, the Saxon, and the Norman, as Christians, turned their faces towards one common Father, whom they revered as the representative and guardian of their faith. The Roman dependencies before the Julian law, were divided into *municipia cum sine suffragio*, confederated cities, colonies, provinces, and prefectures; of these the *municipia*, entrusted with the execution of their own laws, were the most favoured community; the two last were stripped of every shadow of public force or constitutional privilege. The confederated cities also enjoyed their

distinct and peculiar privileges; and Polybius tells us that, in his time, any Roman, by withdrawing from among them, might find a shelter from domestic persecution. It was the dexterous policy of the Romans, by making the condition of their subjects different, to deprive them of any common principle on which they could unite. Colonies in the ancient world were of two kinds; either they were migrations in consequence of internal disorders, or to relieve a state from its superfluous population, or they were military detachments stationed as garrisons in a conquered province. The Greek colonies belonged to the former; the Roman, for the most part, to the latter class.

Had it not been for the system of commercial monopoly which disfigured the English government of its North American dependencies, the analogy between them and the Grecian colonies, striking as it now is, would appear still more remarkable. In both instances the same causes led to the same results. For a considerable period they seem to have considered themselves as separate communities, scarcely connected together by any common interest, and little concerned in each others affairs and operations. Created by chance, and long left to chance, it is to individual industry and enterprise, to the operation of the common laws of nature and society, that the rapid and brilliant prosperity of both must be attributed. In both cases the settlers brought with them the arts and energies of civilization, which soon began to strike their roots wide and deep into the virgin soil which they were destined to embellish. The height and verdure of the plant bore witness to the generosity of the stock from which it sprang; between the parent state and its offspring there long existed ties of reciprocal tenderness and fondly cherished veneration,—a common descent, common institutions, kindred blood, similar manners, the endeavour to combine the future and the present with the past—a disposition as much the characteristic of civilized man as a regard for the present minute only is of the savage—these were sentiments and obligations which nothing but positive oppression, great and almost unnatural violence, could remove. Thus it was that the puritan, about to turn a savage wilderness into a mighty

empire, carried with him across the globe the sounds which he had first heard, but which he was never to hear again from the lips most dear to him, and studded the surface of another hemisphere with the "familiar names" which were bound up with the recollections of his youth. Thus, too, has Virgil, with exquisite beauty, described the names of the well-known stream, and walls, and gates of Troy, as preserved in the colony founded by her fugitive inhabitants:—

"Procedo, et parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis
Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum
Agnosco, Scææque amplector limina Por-
tæ."

"Ionians, you do wrong in taking arms against your fathers," is the singular expostulation recorded by Herodotus, as addressed to the Greek colonies who were enrolled among the Persian army. "Undoubtedly," say the conquerors, "nothing but the sense of flagrant wrong and injury could have induced us to take up arms against our parent city." Let these expressions be compared with the unsuspicious confidence in the mother country, quoted in the famous speech of Mr Burke, and the true principles which bind the parent state and its colonies will require no further exemplification. During the palmy state of Athenian prosperity, most of her original allies were reduced to a condition little short of actual servitude. Three only had preserved a nominal and precarious independence. The decision* of the most important causes that arose among these dependencies were reserved for Athenian tribunals, and this litigation must have added considerably to the power and revenue of the poorer class of Athenian citizens. "What† is the honour you derive from the plunder of Greece?" is the strong expression of the young man to his father, the judge, or, more accurately speaking, the juror, in Aristophanes. Melancholy, indeed, was the state of these dependencies.— Gifted beyond every other race, gene-

rous, indulgent, capable of the keenest sympathies, with moral and intellectual excellence, when provoked by disappointment, or lashed to fury by the demagogue, whose political importance depended upon outrunning their madness and anticipating their follies, there was no degree of absurdity, violence, or cruelty, to which the people of Athens might not be transported. From all her dependencies a large sum was extracted, under pretence of guarding against the Persian invasion, which in a short time became a regular tribute; but her narrow policy prevented her from incorporating her most important tributaries with herself, and giving them a common interest in her prosperity and renown. How different from the policy of the Romans! Tribe after tribe, nation after nation, were silently assimilated with the mighty mass, till from the foot of the Alps to the Straits of Messina, Italy had coalesced into one great nation, itself the centre of an obedient and increasing empire. While yet struggling for existence, as she bestowed her own arts and privileges on each successive race that she incorporated with herself, so did she embrace whatever was valuable or useful in the civil and military institutions of the vanquished.

The more determined had been the resistance she encountered, the more important was the ultimate addition to her strength. The mystic lore of the Etruscans, the unshaken valour of the Samnites, the military science of Pyrrhus, the practical philosophy of Greece—whatever could exalt or discipline our nature, contributed to embellish, to invigorate, to vivify the people that conquered, but conquered only to civilize mankind, and made their victories in war the means of "peaceful victories"—victories still more glorious and astonishing;—nor was this generous policy without its reward. From the tribes so united with herself in one inseparable interest, from municipalities that the supercilious Athenian would have repelled with scorn had they advanced any claim to participate in his rights, arose the sages and chiefs destined to be her guides and guardians

* See Antiphon's Speeches on the death of Herodes, and Σφήκες, § 515. *Athenæus*, 9, § 407. Καθ' ὃν χρόνον θαλασσοκρατοῦντες Ἀθηναῖοι ἀνῆγον εἰς ἄστυ τὰς νησιωτικὰς δίκας.

† ἥ τις ἢ τιμὴ ὅτι σοι καρπομένη τὴν Ἑλλάδα. Σφήκες, § 256.

in peace and in war; and to transmit, as long as genius shall be valued among men, her name, her laws, her policy, her language, to all future generations; and when the spirit was withdrawn that long had presided over her government—when protection was no longer the price of allegiance—when Roman citizens* sought refuge among barbarians from exactions that were intolerable—when the qualities for which they once were famous had long ceased to distinguish her corrupt and effeminate inhabitants—when her noble language was broken down into the jargon of illiterate slaves, and the very name of Roman was a byword and a reproach—her laws still shot a ray of light into the gloom by which they were surrounded, and as they had held the ancient world together, formed the basis of modern civilization. The policy of Carthage, on the other hand, resembled that of Athens, but it was more steady and consistent, and for that very reason more oppressive and tyrannical. Accordingly, on every turn of fortune, she found her most dangerous enemies at home; in her government, as in that of Genoa and Holland—we fear we must include that of England during the foundation of her Indian empire—rapacity, violence, and extortion, were carried to an enormous and almost incredible extent. That the government of a commercial country has rarely been administered for the welfare of its subject provinces, is a truth which may be considered incontrovertible. No doubt, in all ages, and under all governments, remote dependencies have been plundered, and their rights transgressed; still a Cicero might succeed a Verres—an oppressive pasha may be followed by one milder and less rapacious.

“ — Sed quis custodiet ipsos Custodes ? ”

The oppression which forms part of the public policy of a free nation, which is pursued steadily without scruple, and without remorse, is, and must ever be, systematic and inflexible. In the words of Tacitus, which compress the whole arguments, and

which we are surprised should have escaped the notice of Mr Lewis:—
“ Habent subjectos tanquam suos, viles ut alienos.”

It would indeed be an instructive and delightful task to pursue this enquiry, to examine the different systems of policy adopted by various nations towards their colonies and dependencies, from the independence of the Grecian colony, to the pupilage of the Spanish province, and the actual subordination of India, from the Burmapootra to the Indus, to British arms and British legislation. The different causes which have led to such establishments, the different character of the colonists, the desperate and rapacious adventurers of Spain, the austere and pious occupants of North America, the soldier, the missionary, the merchant—all the separate elements that have strengthened the general current of emigration, in different stages of society, to various regions of the earth, would then pass under due review in a procession where almost every region of the globe would find its representative. But such an enquiry would be quite inconsistent with the limits to which we are confined, and with a very few general remarks on the subject which Mr Lewis has chosen, we must close our notice of the work and its author.

To will, to execute, to judge—these are the functions to which all the powers of government may be reduced. To distribute those powers in such a manner as may most contribute to the happiness of the governed, is the problem of government—from the manner in which each nation has resolved this problem, its constitution has arisen.

Where the will of one community is subordinate to that of another, where the execution of that will is vested (as in dependent governments must be the case) with a delegate, responsible not to those over whom he rules, but to those by whom he is sent, it is clear, that in proportion to the extent and magnitude of this delegated dominion, the principle upon which all representative government is founded, must be suppressed and overcome.

* Itaque passim vel ad Gothos vel ad Bagaudas vel ad alios ubique dominantes barbaros migrant, et commigrasse non poenitet. . . . Itaque nomen Romanorum civium nunc ultro fugitur; non vile tantum sed etiam abominabile pene habetur.—
SALVIAN. *De Gub. Dei Lib.* 5.

That it may be, in some cases, the interest of the governed to submit to such a state of things, we would not be supposed to deny. Many are the instances in which the renunciation of such power would be a far greater evil to the subject state, than its acquisition. Where, from the debased and degenerate state of the public mind, the timidity and corruption of the inhabitants, the last, the capital, and by far the most indispensable element of government is perverted and abused—peace, safety, the dearest rights and interests of mankind, the chief objects which society is instituted to maintain, can be but ill provided for. Such a people is unfit for political freedom. In this state of things, submission to a foreign power, by which the pure and upright administration of justice is ensured, must be a relief from still greater and more lasting evils. The lover of mankind may, in these cases, console himself by observing the strict connexions that must always exist between the real interests of those who govern, and the actual prosperity of those who must obey. He will see, that where the province is impoverished, the metropolis cannot be enriched; that the increase of the ruler's commerce and revenue, must be the reward of his just and liberal dominion. But where these exceptions do not operate, a period must arrive, after which empire over flourishing and distant provinces can no longer be main-

tained; with the gradual diffusion of light and knowledge among the governed, deference to the institutions by which they are held in vassalage will inevitably cease. The crisis may be postponed by the lenity and moderation of the ruler. Dexterity may conceal, events may modify, concession may once and again avert it, but sooner or later it must take place; and the struggle must end in the complete emancipation of the province, or the established despotism of the metropolis. All this must follow where inequality exists, discontent in some shape or other must prevail. The elements of hostility may be soothed into temporary repose, they never can be moulded into perfect union. How, before this destined period arrives, protected freedom may be reconciled with supreme authority, how constitutional assemblies in different countries may be blended into one harmonious whole, or how, without the intervention of such a body, the jealousy of trade may be restrained, and the authority of a single delegate, irresponsible unless to the parent state, be circumscribed within proper limits, by what laws, what institutions, what tribunals, the rights of distant subjects may be guarded, their welfare enhanced, their sufferings relieved, their allegiance corroborated, these are questions which Mr Lewis has ventured to approach, and which Burke or Hume would have been competent to answer.

CALEB STUKELY.

PART I.

HOME.

WHEN I inform the courteous reader that, if it shall please Providence to spare my unworthy existence until the seventh day of July next ensuing, I shall have reached the sixty-fourth year of my age; and that, of that number, as many as forty have been spent in the exercise of my duties at the attorney's office, from which I now write—will he not be tempted to exclaim, “can any good thing come out of Nazareth?” and decline at once the perusal of what is written solely for his edification and improvement in life? But herein would he do me injustice, and his own understanding dishonour. I have moved amongst men long enough to know, that there is as little propriety in estimating the individual according to his *caste*, as there would be in forming an idea of a class from the observation of an individual. But that it might seem presumptuous, and savour, indeed, of vanity on my part, how easy were it for me to show that the loveliest flowers, the sweetest gems of earth, are often found in quiet and scarce-trodden lanes, and here and there adorning hard and uneven roads, too rugged for the delicate foot to travel! What can be more noxious and forbidding than the clayey and damp bowels of the earth, to which we consign with a shudder all that we love best? and yet dig deep enough, and behold the bright silver and still brighter gold! In the muddied oyster lurks the shining pearl, and golden threads come from the creeping worm. Truly, it is not in this situation of life, or in that, that every virtuous or superior spirit is collected; but the good seed is strewn abroad, and it waxes and strengthens on every side—not less at times when cared for only by the sun, than when the cunning hand of art is busy in the rearing. Nature has not her choicest treasures in golden caskets, nor is the honest heart always beneath the softest skin. Far be it from me to arrogate to myself the conclusion that I would draw from such propositions—poorest of mortals that I am! I trust

I know myself. I am about to leave the world; and, of man, I ask nothing but tenderness towards his fellow man, and a love of something larger than the speck of which his self consists. There are more reasons than one why, at this moment, when the period appointed by the Psalmist for our sojourn here is for me fast expiring, and when, as I may say, I have but the last stage of existence to travel, that I deem it proper to place upon paper the following few occurrences and remembrances of my time. Until I am cold in the grave, they will not see the light; and then, I flatter myself, they will bring comfort to a few quiet and happy spirits—such as knew me in my early days, and judged it not becoming to desert me, because poor and humble, in middle life and in declining age. There is a holy seriousness in the thoughts which we bestow upon the tombs of those we love; and haply, when I am no more, the perusal of some familiar passage may strike a tender chord in the bosom of the venerable pilgrim, whose hand I shall have long before clasped for the last time. His aged eye may be filled with a faithful tear, and his heart yearn with humanity and love. The young, to whom I come as a stranger, will learn from my failings, no less than from my experience, the difficult and thorny path of life; the sanguine and overflowing temper be taught patience and self-denial, and the unobtrusive and desponding find animation and encouragement; and, above all, I trust every soul that reads will acknowledge, from what I have suffered and have seen, the wisdom of God's dispensations, his everlasting justice, truth, and mercy.

Whilst such are the principal motives that incline me to my task, there is still another which has a due proportion of influence with me. Let not the charitable reader reproach the old man's infirmity, when he avows a natural affection for this earth, a willingness to cling to it, when he him-

self shall be no longer a dweller thereon.

Although I have found friends, I have lived as it were alone amongst men. Mine has not been the consolation of the tender and beloved companion, to share the joys and alleviate the sorrows of my condition. No soft and delicate hand has ministered at my dreary couch of sickness; and as a wayfarer, I have found no warm and feminine bosom to offer a refuge from the storms and killing frosts of the world. No partner will live to mourn me, no child to prosper under a father's blessing. I shall die a solitary one, and my name will be blotted out from the page of life. The longing that we have to leave behind us something of ourselves is human, and rather to be deemed worthy than condemned; and the common lot being denied me, I have a secret and abiding joy in reflecting that, after me, these few pages will still live on for many a long year, and if even read but by a few, for scarcely read, and hastily put away, they will still live tranquilly on, assuming "a local habitation and a name," whilst I am passing into the original elements of my nature—vanishing—becoming nothing. This may be weakness—to an extent I feel it is—but such as may assuredly be ranked amongst the privileges rather than the vices of old age.

As I have already notified, I was born on the 7th day of July and in the year 1777. My father carried on a respectable business in the city of London, and was reputed, by all who knew him, a worthy tradesman and well to do in life. He had married young, and of seven children that had blessed their union, when he had reached the age of sixty, and my mother that of fifty-eight, I only remained to cheer and enliven the sunset of their days. My parents were both seriously disposed, and they lived in perfect simplicity and peace. There was an air of stillness and repose about them and their proceedings, and a calm atmosphere flowed throughout their habitation, forming, in truth, a strong and happy contrast to the scene of business, activity and tumult, beyond it. The recollections of this house, situated as it was in the very heart of the great city, with its regular, precise, but by no means unsocial or cold-hearted inhabitants, are

at this moment vivid and fresh. It seems scarcely a year; although, alas! too many have elapsed since the day that I quitted the happy roof beneath which I drew my first breath, and heard for the last time the accents of a fond mother bidding me adieu. They murmur still in my ear, like the melancholy and hollow gushings of the sea-shell, bringing to my view the shadows of times and feelings that are entombed in the irrevocable past. I left my home on this occasion to take up my abode in Cambridge, at which University I had entered a few months previously. From my earliest boyhood, I had expressed a desire to be educated for the church; and my father, by every means in his power, encouraged, because he contemplated with delight, the growing inclination of his last remaining hope. I was between seventeen and eighteen years of age. Five years had passed under the eye of a clergyman, who, having himself gone out "high in honours," spent his time in preparing a select number of young gentlemen for the same distinction. I now "went up," as it is called, with a fair prospect of realizing, in a measure, the sanguine expectations that the indulgent parent so naturally, but as the result every day proves, too eagerly, entertains of his offspring, when he leaves his home, and enters for the first time upon the pursuits of men—whether it be in the academy or in the arena of busier life. Long is the list of fathers who have experienced the bitter pangs of disappointment and of shame; and how many a youth, fortified with the strongest resolutions, and protected by the warmest sensibilities, has been doomed to behold both, by a process and a transition almost imperceptible in their workings, dwindling away and utterly disappearing, before the contaminating influence of evil example! On the evening prior to my departure, my father quitted his counting-house at an earlier hour than usual; and I, whilst still busy in arrangements for my removal, was summoned to his presence. My mother and he were seated in their cool and quiet parlour; and the former, although she appeared, to the exclusion of every thing else, wholly ingrossed in the duties of the tea-table, bore upon her mild and benignant countenance the marks of recent sorrow and of present trouble. We

all three sat down, and in silence partook of that meal which is sanctified by an association with our best affections.

Ah! could the humble man but see and appreciate the many advantages of his situation, not amongst the least would he account the enjoyment so peculiarly his own, of that unstimulating repast, over which the soft Vesper sheds her hallowed influence. Nor wealth, nor power, can purchase the luxuries that are collected at the poor man's banquet of contentment. What an accumulation of sweet thoughts and grateful sensations hover round the lowly tea-board! Here did the man of business unbind his strong and active mind, and with his young ones become himself once more a child. Here sat for many a year the ever-watching and regretful mother, mistress of the happy feast; and here day by day met brother and sister, growing in love together, full of youthful life, melancholy only when sickness interfered, and one or the other was doomed to hear, without its little partner, the pleasant hissing of the familiar kettle. Who is there living, of the privileged class to which I refer, that looking back to the remote and innocent beginnings of his life, when his world was his home, his home a sanctuary, can call to mind, without a thrilling emotion, the daily recurrence of this family meal, at which he and those he loved best were assembled, and there was no fear of separation or thought of sorrow, and every heart was united, and the spirit of *true* socialism reigned triumphant amongst them!

For the first time in my life, my meal was a troubled one—there was a weight about my heart, and I could not eat. Oh, how I loved my home, that happy evening, and how the thought of leaving it oppressed and sickened me!

Contrary to my expectation, my father spoke little to me: he had evidently intended to say much; but the uneasiness of my mother prevented him, and his own heart was full. I saw this in his every movement—his hand shook, and his eye filled more than once with involuntary tears. I felt a momentary relief when at length he pressed my hand, and wished me good-night. I did not answer him—I could not for worlds. A

sickening pain at my throat overpowered me. My heart was bursting when I reached my room, and threw myself on my bed, my own dear bed—in which I had slept from infancy, and on which perhaps I might never sleep again. Exquisitely delicious were the tears that came to my relief—I cried, until repose came, and a glow of comfort such as passionate tears will bring at last. I look back—I but revoke the past. I do not exaggerate.

Reader, I speak of one, young in years and in the world's ways, whose imagination and fond heart had grown wild in the sweet gardens beyond whose precincts he had never cared to stray, whose nature it was to love and to be loved, and whose soul was still pure—pure as it might be *here*.

The prayers that I offered up that night to the throne of goodness and of grace were fervent, and, it may be, extravagantly expressed—but I deemed, and felt them, to be honest. I was at that time innocent of the lesson that was taught to me with some pains at a later period of my life; when the Serpent, amongst other secrets, whispered into my ear the miserable intelligence, that *passion* is not always truth, and that the signs and symbols of sensibility may be nothing loftier than false and hypocritically contrived inventions. With what intensity did I implore blessings for my dear father and mother! What vows of obedience, duty, and abiding love, did I not then make! Again and again did I invoke my Maker to protect and support the beloved authors of my existence, through all the trials and dangers of this life—to spare them yet for a short period, until I might return to them a hundred fold the many acts of kindness, the thousand evidences of the tenderest affection, that I had received at their hands. With resolutions firm, I believed, and immovable as the eternal hills, I at length closed my eyes. I had been asleep about an hour, when I awoke so placid that it was as if I had been restored to life from the arms of an angel. The storm had died away, and my bosom was unruffled even by a sigh. But a sigh, and a deep one, flowed through the room. I raised myself on the bed. At the foot, gazing intently upon me, sat my mother. "You sleep quietly, my dear

Caleb," she said, "and it is not kind of me to disturb you, but it is the last night, perhaps it is the last time."

"Oh, do not say so, dear mother!" I replied,

"Ah, my child, you are young and full of health. Hope is proper for the young, and so is resignation for the aged. I am advanced in years, and death is my natural expectation. The old should always be ready. I am grateful for past good, nor do I murmur on my own account at the impending evil. Yes, this may be the last time; and if it be—it is on your account, dear boy, that I am anxious and disturbed. When I am gone, I trust that Heaven will be your shield against the danger that overhangs you."

"Dearest mother," I exclaimed, somewhat alarmed, "what has happened, and what evil do you mean?"

"Are you not about to leave us?—am I not to lose you?"

"I trust not, dear mother. You magnify my dangers. I am not the first who has changed his home for college rooms, and returned a better and a happier man."

"Yours is *not* a common case, Caleb," answered my mother, gazing at me steadfastly, and in a tone that reminded me at once of a strong peculiarity in her character, and convinced me that she was on the present occasion labouring under its influence.

I have already hinted that my parents had deep and settled notions of religion; both their principles and their habits were those of sincerely pious people. But there was this difference to be observed in them. My father was a man of vigorous common sense. His understanding masculine and clear. He acknowledged, unreservedly, every article of the Bible, because, in the first instance, he believed implicitly that the Bible was a revelation from his Creator and God. Nothing, however extraordinary, could be too extraordinary for its Author, who was himself beyond human grasp and comprehension. But he advanced no further. He denied to inferior powers what belongs essentially and only to the Highest. By this distinction, healthy religion was in his mind opposed to superstition and fanaticism. He deemed that the confines of all three almost trenched upon one another; and, that, to be secure, it was necessary that the faith of the believer should

stand upon its ground firm and unyielding.

My mother was more supple.—In the depths of her woman's heart had grown up a superstructure of belief that interfered with, although it could not be averred that it disfigured, the purer creed beneath. Whilst the former cast a shadow, the latter shone in bright relief. Without any exertion of her own, there had sprung up within her an involuntary but fixed faith in the agencies of external nature—a belief in the miraculous properties of omens, foretokens, signs, and particular events; all of which she conceived to be the instruments by which invisible powers make known the will and purposes of the Creator.

"Yours is not a common case, Caleb," she repeated with earnestness. "Of seven children you are my last. Six had I, blooming as the rose, full of promise, and of strength; but the Lord said, '*I will bring down their strength to the earth*'—and they perished one by one, lovely and innocent as they were. When all were gone, and I was left sorrowful and comfortless, mourning my young ones, like Rachel of old, you were sent, '*that I might refrain my voice from weeping, and mine eyes from tears.*' You came to me in the midst of desolation and distress: upon the eve of your birth, my mother died; and the shock I suffered from that event, brought you to life a weakly infant."

I had never seen my poor mother so excited, and I could not help listening to her with apprehension and alarm.

"In the hour of your birth" she proceeded, "I had already delivered you to the fate which seemed attached to my offspring. Six had departed from me, by nature strong and hardy. Could I hope to spare the delicate and untimely little one that now nestled in my bosom? I did not believe it. I did not ask it as a boon from Heaven; I prayed only for resignation, and grace to support me through the new temptation. To my delight and astonishment, you thrived. By a miracle, the last and weakest shoot took root and prospered. Oh, Caleb! I hardly knew a mother's love till thou wert given to me a second time. Never, since the birth of my first born, had I been so truly happy. But it was a dream, and I awoke from it to greater

sorrow and to deeper trouble. My nurse, she who had charge of you and me, when both of us were helpless, had attended me with all my children. She was an uncommon woman—one to whom Providence had given, in compensation for worldly losses and calamity, a mind of masculine strength and energy. It was a lesson to behold her, with sorrow heavy enough to crush her, standing erect upon the earth, fearless and unscathed in spirit—nothing could bend her. Her unfortunate condition had originally attracted me towards her. She had known better days; and I sympathized with her, whilst, I confess, I was often chilled and terrified by what appeared to me the unwomanly icyness of her disposition. She had no good words for mankind, nor, to speak truth, any that were evil; she spake but little at any time. A recital of misery would move her to no compassion, and tales of goodness and charity would bring but smiles and sneers upon her countenance. I cannot tell why it was that, in spite of her harsh and rigid character, I could not bring myself to part with her; perhaps it was because I was her only friend, and knew she was attached to me, and to no one in the world besides. She was a clever and well-informed woman, and occupied herself much with reading. She had a knowledge of the Latin language, and possessed mysterious books, in the perusal of which she took the deepest interest. By this strange woman, Caleb, the slender beam of joy that shone upon your cradle, was excluded and destroyed."

"By her? How?"

"It was on the morning of her departure that she came into my room, with a countenance even more austere than usual. You were asleep on the cot; she took the covering from your face, and looked upon you for some time.

"'The child breathes hard,' she said at length.

"'Ah, Deborah,' I replied 'I do implore you to have mercy, and be silent. Let this child sleep in peace.'

"'What!' she exclaimed, 'have I prophesied so ill before, that you should hesitate to trust me now? Have I not spoken and has it not come to pass?—of which of your children have I said '*so shall it be,*' and it has proved otherwise? I have read

the fate of this one too, and you must know it before I leave you.'

"I was overwhelmed with grief by the announcement. It was true that she had previously foretold the death of my children, and at a time when their cheeks were of the colour of the peach, and their little limbs glowed with health. I smiled at her prophecies—but they came to pass. Oh, how my blood chilled as she gazed upon you, and I sat weeping before her.

"'Be a woman!' she exclaimed, 'and wet your cheeks no more. If you love this tender thing, listen to me. Whence and how my knowledge is acquired, it cannot concern you to hear, but this you must know. Over this child's head hang difficulties, and dangers, and sorrows—sorrows even unto death—if the hours be not watched, and the fatal influences averted?'

"'What is to be done?' I asked.

"'Watchfulness and care at the appointed seasons.'

"I implored her to speak more fully, and she uttered these words—

"'He is a seven months' child, your seventh born, brought to light on the seventh day of the seventh month, and in a year of sevens. These things happen not by chance. The future destiny of such a one is fixed. His journey is through thorny passages. Mark me well—if this boy escapes with life his seventh, fourteenth, and twenty-first years, he will live to a good old age, and be a joy to all who hold relation with him. But the chances are against him as a thousand to one. If he survive, he will have surmounted obstacles over which only celestial aid can carry him. At the eventful periods do not you fail to be with him, that he may be protected by your motherly solicitude, and have the advantage of your unceasing prayers to heaven on his behalf.'

"She said no more, but left me within an hour, plunged in the deepest affliction. I have never seen her since; I heard that she quitted London shortly afterwards, but had gone no one could tell me whither.

"Ah, Caleb, how carefully did I nurse and bring you up! Your seventh year came, and you did not quit my sight. It was a bitter year for you. You fell sick, and we despaired of you; but I prayed for the

intervention of your Maker, and you were spared. Seven years elapsed, and again we were threatened with the loss of you. You grew fast, and your frame was weak. In your fourteenth year I saw you languishing; the doctors looked at you, and said, it was a pity so fair a boy should be so soon a sufferer. Their language gave but little hope, and their sad looks none—still I had hope. You had been before preserved, and I redoubled my care and my exertions. For one whole year I was your anxious nurse, and constant companion—do you remember it, dear child?—at the end, God answered my incessant supplications, and gave you back to me—a vigorous youth. But the danger is not yet overcome. In three years it will arise again, and oh, whither will you flee if I am in the grave? I could not rest this night until I had told you all; and now, Caleb, I do beg of you to be religious and good, and to love your mother, who loves you better—oh, how much better!—than herself. If you attend to what I say, I shall be sure you love me. Should I be no more—Heaven grant it may be otherwise!—let your twenty-first year be passed under this roof, and with your father; if that too may not be—for who shall read the hidden book of fate?—promise me to submit to the directions of him, to whom this letter is addressed.” With these words my mother placed a small packet in my hands.

“Rest assured, dear mother,” I replied, “your wish shall be complied with; but let us look with confidence to that good Providence which has supported us to this very hour.”

“I do, I do indeed, dear boy—I have told you all, and I rely upon your word. Let no circumstance prevent the fulfilment of it. Now, I leave you; compose yourself to sleep, and, in the morning, I shall see you again.”

My mother left me, and dwelling upon the curious history she had communicated, I once moresought repose. I knew her weakness, and the recital had caused me no alarm. I felt that I had done right to leave her own impressions undisturbed. My scepticism would but have set her heart bleeding afresh. God bless her!—it was a mother's to the very core.

The morning came—a lovely one.

The city itself looks fresh and happy when the sun smiles upon it, and lights up its narrow streets. The spirits of the passengers are buoyant, too, in spite of the heavy burden of care which they doom themselves to carry. I have often remarked, on a May morning, when light and warmth are on the ground, and fresh breezes purify the air, the springy step, and the erect gait, of men who have forgotten for an hour that they are bondmen, whilst their eyes glance to the stripe of blue heaven above them, and they tread the ground with the almost-forgotten elasticity of youth. The effect of this spirit-stirring morning reached also me. I forgot my sadness; I longed to be on the spot to which I was hastening, and to commence those operations which were delightful to me; chiefly in respect of the joy they would bring to the aged hearts of my dear parents. True, a tear started now and then into my eye, but it was one of pleasure and of glowing affection, and it sanctified the many and virtuous resolves which, one after another, were silently registered in my bosom.

It was past eight o'clock—at nine, the *Cambridge Intelligence* left the Inn, which was distant about a mile from our dwelling. My father called me to him. “Caleb,” he said, “your time with us is nearly expired—here is a letter for you, which you may read at your leisure. Take care of yourself, and may God send you back in health and safety! You will write to us often.”

As he spoke, my mother entered the counting-house in which we were, and she looked as if she had slept but little. My father changed his tone, and called briskly to his clerk, with whom, for some time, he held a conversation on matters connected with his business. In the presence of my mother, he would scarcely make any reference to me or my proceedings. The clock struck half-past eight—“Now lad,” he exclaimed, hastening from the room, “kiss your mother, and let us be gone.” I turned to take leave of her whom I had never left before—my mother whom I loved so well. But ah! I could not—I kissed her, and I sobbed on her bosom, and she pressed me to hers, and cried bitterly.

“Good-bye, good-bye,” she said

through her tears—"Heaven protect you, my dear and only child!"

I dragged myself from her.

"Stay, Caleb," she cried out, "I had almost forgotten. Take this," and she gave me a pocket-book, "and remember your promise. Good-bye, now. May God bless you for ever, my boy!"

My father, and a man carrying my trunk, had already departed. I followed and overtook them. Instinctively I turned my head and looked back upon our dwelling. My mother was at the door, she observed my movement, and beckoned me a last farewell.

I turned the street, and lost sight of her for ever.

Alas! why does the memory of the past start up like ghosts, to alarm and terrify us!

The inn from which I was to set out was full of life and bustle.—The heavy coach already stood before the inn yard. The driver was receiving his last directions in the house, and men were busy in the disposal and securing of the passengers' luggage. My spirits again failed me. The activity there, the sunshine, and the happy looks of men, contrasted with the low and oppressive feeling that came over me, but could not remove it. My father remained at my side, silent and moody. My hand was held in his, which trembled exceedingly.

"Is there any thing you wish to say, father?" I enquired. "We shall soon start now."

"Yes," he replied, "come hither." He took me through the yard, at the end of which an obscure passage led to a set of stables. He stopped in the middle of it, and looking about, as if to be assured of privacy, he pressed his manly lips to my cheeks, and kissed me in all the passionate expression of his unselfish fatherly affection. "May God Almighty bless you, my dear Caleb, and keep you pure! He knows how much I love you." As he spoke, he wept like a child. We returned silently down the yard. The ostler ran to us.

"Are you the other inside, sir? Coach is waiting." I nodded yes. The man called to the coachman, who had already taken his seat. I entered the lumbering vehicle, and as we quitted the inn, with as brisk a flourish as the driver could command, I ob-

served my honoured parent turning, with a slow and mournful gait, once more his steps towards home.

It was some time before I could rouse myself from the extreme despondency into which the circumstances of the morning had subdued me. My head hung languidly down, and my eye wandered over the straw that was strewed at the bottom of the coach, and which served as a carpet for the travellers' feet, until it became familiar with every wisp. My mind occupied itself with the bed-side scene of the preceding night, the happiness of my early days, and the prospect that was opening before me. I dreamt of many things; whilst, in and above every thing, sprung up visions of home, and of the beloved couple who presided over its placid doings. In every dazzling plan that imagination reared of the future, the two objects of my entire and ineffable love held the chiefest place, and were the brightest parts.

The country on every side, at the period I speak of, was nearer to London by some miles than it is now. When I roused myself from my reverie, we had reached the green fields and thick hedges, the budding trees, and the blessed open sky; and nature, in her unspeakable loveliness and simplicity, shed, as is her wont, an unseen healing power over my troubled spirits. The weight became lighter on my heart, and my thoughts gradually assumed a more cheerful tone. I took the letter from my pocket, which my father, when he quitted the house, had placed in my hand. I now opened it, and read as follows:—

"My dearest boy,

"If I have said little to you on the subject of your present removal from us, it is not that I have thought lightly of it, or that I have not felt as your father concerning you. With my parting blessing, receive these my parting words. You have a tender mother, Caleb. Rebecca loved not her Jacob better than she does you—her youngest born. You do not know, indeed, how much you owe her. She has nursed and cared for you with an untiring spirit. Before you could understand the obligations and duties of a child, she had accomplished for you more than a life of love and obedience can repay. You were a delicate and sickly infant; and but for

the ceaseless watchings which seemed never too long for the motherly heart, you would not be alive this day to hear how much you are her debtor. In boyhood, your violent and passionate temperament, which threatened not only your own happiness, but that of all who loved you, was checked and corrected, and, I confidently trust, eventually expelled, by her enduring patience and self-denial. As you have grown, who but she has been about you, like a guardian angel, rendering joyous, and almost sanctifying, the hours of your life. You should be moved by such affection, as I am sure you will be: yet remember, Caleb, you are still young, and emotion is natural; and because it is natural, there is danger lest it may pass away with the occasion, and be forgotten. But I look for better things from you. I have described your mother, and the claim she has upon you. You have now left her, and be sure if you bring sorrow upon her aged head, there will be a deep and lasting retribution.

I confide in you, my child, to the uttermost; still, whilst I concede to you a more extensive knowledge of books than your unlettered parent, I have the experience of years and the knowledge of men, which you must yet obtain. The world into which you are entering is full of temptation, and abounds with danger. Be firm, and you travel on unhurt. Yield to the first, although the smallest and scarce-audible, whisperings of human passion, and you are in the hands of the Wicked One. A university is a commonwealth, where many vicious as well as many honourable spirits are collected. It is the nature of the fallen to seek out greedily the yet pure, and to endeavour, by every means, to drag them down from the bright eminence which they themselves have lost for ever. Their lips are honied, and their words sweet poison. They are most insidious in their temptings; but, if you love life and would enjoy it, avoid them, though they come with all the power and the fascination of the serpent. All that is left me now is, to recommend you to the care of Him who has provided for us hitherto, and to the guidance of the good principle he has implanted in your bosom. You may rely, without fear of disappointment, upon the judgment of your own good conscience, and, so long as you live,

upon the affectionate regard of your loving parent."

I had read this epistle for the fifth or sixth time, when I was disturbed by what sounded to me like a suppressed laugh, and a voice exclaiming, just sufficiently loud for me to hear it, the single monosyllable—"Fresh."

I raised my eyes from the letter, and became conscious of the presence of other individuals. Imagining for an instant, that every emotion I experienced, and every thought that ran through my brain, had been manifest to strangers, I blushed deeply; but I recovered myself quickly, and began to observe more particularly the countenances of my companions. Which of them it was that spoke and laughed, I could not decide; for the eyes of all were at the instant turned from me, and there was neither smile, nor expression of any other kind, in the faces of any that might lead to detection.

Our coach contained six inside passengers. The seat opposite my own was occupied by two young men, and a man somewhat advanced in years. The former possessed a gentlemanly air, and were apparently well bred. I determined at once that they were bound for the same place and employment as myself. They were both dressed with remarkable neatness, and had altogether that comfortable and easy manner, which indicates, in most instances, the enjoyment of good circumstances, if not of actual independence. Their looks were exceedingly grave; but the solemnity of one, at least, seemed false, and to exist rather in spite of his nature, than as the proper exponent of it. There was a frowning eyebrow, but, at the same time, a small and laughing eye, sparkling with joyousness that no effort could conceal; and although a demure and pury turn was forced upon the lip, it had to struggle for the mastery with a sly upward curl, by which it was not difficult to perceive, it must eventually be repulsed and overcome. These observations apply to the younger of the two travellers, between whom there subsisted a marked resemblance. He might have been about nineteen years of age, and a year or two the junior of his companion. As I continued my observation, I could not but suspect that to him were to be traced the previous laugh and exclamation; and I suffered a pang of boyish

uneasiness, as I concluded that I had been the cause and subject of them. He was handsome, and his face beamed with confidence and delight. In spite of his assumed seriousness, one might have pronounced at a glance, that good-nature and he were by no means strangers to one another.

The elderly gentleman, who sat next to them in the corner, was a very different order of being. He looked about fifty years of age, but he might have been some years older or younger. He had that peculiar mien which makes it a puzzle to fix the precise age of an individual. There was a glaring discrepancy between the glossy and black curly hair which ornamented his head, and the deep furrows and expressive lines that time or trouble had ploughed along his cheek. Again, the vivacity and fire of an eye which moved with the quickness and sharpness of youth, seemed hardly to belong to the dull and heavy-lipped mouth, that, hanging down, discovered almost toothless gums, and denoted either supreme stolidity, or the giving way of years.

If it were a task to discover this good man's age, it was not a whit easier to give him a position in society. He did not belong evidently to that which is popularly called the *lower* order, and he was scarcely respectable or clean enough to be ranked in the *middle* class. Had there been a mean between the two, he would have settled there; but, in the absence of this, he represented the extremes of both. You might note in him, as it were, the last degree of the one class, and the first of the other. His whole person was characterized by dirtiness. His face, hands, (he wore no gloves,) clothes, and boots—all were dirty. His clothes were made, perhaps, from the best wool, and had the neatest workmanship, and, if brushed, and fitted to a body to which cleanliness was an article not of the least consideration in life, might have challenged comparison with the choicest. The hand, too, relieved of its filthy covering, would not have disgraced a lady—for it was small and well-shapen. The complexion of this curious person was a dark brown, and looked the browner by reason of his universal fault. To conclude this short sketch of him, I must add that his hair, to which I have already referred, was heightened in

its beauty by an exuberant plenty of strongly-scented oil, his dirty shirt was decorated with a massive brooch, his nose was large and Roman, and all his features were strongly stamped with that peculiar expression, which is recognised all over the world under the name of—Jewish. By way of post-script (for I discovered this afterwards) let me say, that his height was five feet six or thereabouts, and he was of a slender make.

The remaining two travellers, they who shared my seat, were a mother and daughter travelling to Lynn, in Norfolk. I need not refer to them further. We said little as we journeyed, and parted company at Cambridge. I have never seen them since. The old lady must have long since mouldered in the grave; and the blooming lass, who looked so bashful and so coy, who could not choose but blush and bend her head beneath the over-zealous gaze of that tall handsome youth—is she yet living? Has she grown grey—the blossom brushed from off her cheek? age will not spare it; and the smooth soft skin, so very smooth was hers, is it pinched up and withered? Does her eye lack lustre now, and is it turned as mine is—back upon the past? Pray God the retrospect is fair, and yields a balm to soothe the swift descent—a joy that is at once a promise and an earnest of the future.

The Israelitish gentleman soon became an active agent in the dismissal of certain large pieces of dry bread, which he brought from his pocket, one after another, and ate with amazing rapidity. He remained silent the while; but as he munched, and dropped the crumbs upon his neighbour's knee, he drew his breath deeply through his nose, which again discharged it in a disagreeable sound; something between sniffing and snoring. The younger of the two young men at length interfered.

"You are a queer brick, Levy," he said, in a tone that predicated acquaintance; "but I advise you to have your breakfast next time at home, and what you can't eat give to the birds. I'm not hungry."

"Mishter Temples," answered the person addressed, gulping down a mouthful, "you are sich a funny gentlemansh; you always makes your vits vit poor Levy. I tink if Levy was dead you wouldn't know vot to do vit

yourself. They talk of you at Trinity College from morning till night ; and the cook tould me the other day, that it vas as good as goold to him ven you were up, for the cushtom and the profits rolled in like so much vater."

This was spoken with so curious a twang, and with so deferential an air, that I could not help smiling, which observing, the young gentleman turned to me, and, with a polite movement, thus accosted me:—"You are, I presume, going to college, and should by all means know Mr Solomon Levy." The latter gentleman assumed a gesture of extreme modesty. "He is as necessary to you as your cap and gown, and in every respect as useful. The mellowest grape of Portugal, and the mildest tobacco leaf of America, are found with him ; and tin, when times are hard, and governors have bled their last, as plentiful as in the sea-bound *Cassiterides*."

The elderly gentleman did not seem to understand altogether the point and meaning of this speech, nor in truth did I, but unwilling to acknowledge my ignorance, I allowed the young student to proceed.

"I will not say that my friend Levy, like the Prince of Denmark, is 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form.' No, that were flattery. But he hath daughters, passing fair maids of Judah, whose bright eyes put out all lesser orbs of light. I've seen them at the county-ball, as Chaucer says,—'the silver drops all hanging on the Lev—ès. But they were paste, as I've often said before."

"Rale shtones," interrupted Mr Levy, eagerly. "Rale shtones, as I hope to be shaved !"

"Well, no matter, this gentleman may indeed consider it a lucky day that brings him into this society. Sir, you must allow me to have the honour of the introduction. Mr Levy, Mr —?"

"Stukely."

"Mr Levy, Mr Stukely."

I bowed to the dirty gentleman, and he in return smiled rather grimly upon me, and winked his eye in token of admitted friendship.

"Ah," pursued the collegian, "these introductions are the bane of good fellowship, and the very ruin of Cambridge. You might have spent a life in the place, and yet for want of a common friend have been ignorant

of each other's existence. Had you made advances, indeed, Levy must have repelled you ; for where custom becomes inveterate, it robs men of their own will, and reduces them to the level of slaves."

"And yet, James," said his brother, who now made himself heard for the first time, "how necessary to a well constituted society is this social arrangement ! What a protection does it afford to the retiring and meek from the intrusion of the officious. How else should the innocent and unwary be sheltered from the worldling and the sharper?"

"True, oh king," replied the common friend, "and therefore, lest Mr Stukely may form a hasty and incorrect judgment of your character, let me at once introduce to his notice my worthy elder brother, Mr William Temple. Mr Stukely, Mr William Temple."

Mr William Temple grasped my hand, and assured me, that having legally acquired the pleasure of my acquaintance, he should have no objection in becoming exceedingly intimate.

"Do you go," enquired Mr James, "to a large college?"

"I have entered at Trinity," was my reply.

"Ah, low—shockingly low ! Trinity is going down very fast. The market is overstocked, as they say in the city. They have sent out a good man or two, who, I should guess, have bitten all the *paters* in existence ; for they have been mad about Trinity ever since. No, that won't do at all. You must migrate to Sidney, that's the college. Nobody goes there. Select and gentlemanly. Nothing snobbish. Men and friends and brothers—quite a little family."

"Surely, James," interposed Mr William again, "Mr Stukely's friends have well considered the propriety of their step, and have weighed all things in the balance. There are both advantages and disadvantages, and reasons both positive and negative."

"Now don't—there's a good fellow," said his brother in a tone of supplication. "You must know, Mr Stukely, that they call my brother at home old *plus* and *minus*. To be sure, he is no end of a mathematician. He was three months dragging over the *pons asinorum*, since which feat he has become so close a reasoner, that

there is nothing which was previously right, that he cannot prove now to be decidedly wrong. By the way, are you for classics or mathematics?"

"My own wishes," I replied, "would lead me to classics; but my father—"

"Your what?" asked Mr James.

"My father, sir."

"What's that?"

"Why, my father, sir," I repeated, somewhat puzzled.

"Ah! I see now, I had forgotten. You mean the *governor*. You speak the London dialect. We get more Doric as we proceed. The word father is less understood now every stage we travel. When we arrive at Trumpington, the word's obsolete. Curious fact that?"

"Remarkable indeed," I added. "I was not aware that so near to the metropolis, so emphatic a change obtained in our language."

"I dare say not," rejoined my new acquaintance. "What do you think of the name for a man in a long blue cloak and brass buttons being bulldog, and no-end-of-a-brick being a correct translation of a hard reading man?"

"Strange! and upon what theory or law of language is it supposed that such changes depend?" I enquired, and, as I have since thought, somewhat conceitedly.

"Ah, there you stagger me," replied Mr James. "If you want the theory, apply next door. Now, William, I am sure you must know. What's the theory?"

"Why," said the gentleman thus appealed to, rising in his seat as if he were afraid of shaking the vast amount of thought that he carried in his brain, "it is said—but I think I can show that the whole of the argument is not susceptible of proof—that although there are remains of the ancient Saxon language to be found in London, as elsewhere in England, yet the pure first-hand and only superfine Saxon is to be found to perfection in Cambridge. So far I agree with the proposition. But to account for this it is argued, that after the battle of Hastings, Harold, the son of Godwin, and the opponent of the Conqueror, escaped with his life, and sought refuge at the university, where he delivered lectures on the native language and literature, became proctor, and even-

tually vice-chancellor, and that the genuine vernacular has descended to us, in consequence of his own particular dying request, that no alteration or admixture should ever be allowed by the public orator, or any other officer of the university for the time being. You see this statement involves two problems, 1st, The existence of lectures at the time of the Conquest, and, secondly, The existence of Harold as professor at the university. Now it is a self-evident truth—or, more properly speaking, an axiom—that the university did not exist until some centuries after the death of Harold; therefore there was no university at the time of the battle of Hastings. Much less were there any professorships established, and a lectureship on the native language and literature is equal to a professorship; therefore there were no lectures at the time of the Conquest. Again, Harold, it is said, was professor at the university, but it has been proved that there was no university, and, *à fortiori*, no professorships. But Harold *was* professor, which is absurd. Therefore, Harold was not a professor at the university—*Quod Erat Demonstrandum*."

At the conclusion of this speech, the mathematician looked at me earnestly for a moment, and then, by slow degrees, resumed his original state of reservedness—his arms folded, and his head falling languidly on his chest. Mr Levy looked obliquely at him, then triumphantly at me, and treading on my toe at the same time, seemed to enquire what might be my opinion of Mr William Temple—*now*.

My respect and admiration were certainly increased for a man who could thus bring to bear upon the most familiar topics, the formula of science, and who evidently did not hesitate to reject the simplest truth, until it had undergone the severe scrutiny of his very exact mind. The allusion which his brother had made to the fifth proposition of Euclid, I regarded as a mere figure of speech, such as I knew to be often employed in the best possible humour against great minds. The airy disposition of Mr James imperceptibly won upon me. I looked upon him as one to whom knowledge came unsought, and of its own free will, whose head had become a storehouse of intellectual acquirements without labour or exer-

tion—a genius, in fact: that species of humanity which I had often heard of, but had never met face to face until now. Thus was there also a portion of reverence mingled with the familiar delight with which I listened to the frank and friendly communication of Mr James. Even Mr Levy, looked up to as he was by the young scholar, acquired a rapidly growing importance, for which I must acknowledge his language, his vulgar looks, and his dirty appearance, could not offer any legitimate or corresponding title. Amused and interested by all my companions, the journey was any thing but tedious or wearisome; and before we reached that point in our journey at which we halted for refreshments, my animal spirits, which had congealed during the first hours of the morning, relaxed and grew warm beneath the sunny influences which had so unexpectedly sprung up.

Forty years ago, the traveller, had he thought fit, could have dispatched steadily the four diurnal meals in less space than that accorded to the migratory one. To-day, he shall pay the price of four, and not have half a one. Man was then a ruminating animal. The locomotive inoculation had not yet been introduced. The employment and the necessity of carrier pigeons were not superseded, and the speed of the winds and the velocity of the earth had not ceased to be subjects of astonishment and awe. In those days, to travel was in truth, as the etymology indicates, to labour and to toil. Let us blot out the word from the vocabulary. Men do not travel now. They burst through the air with the swiftness of the bird, without a gleam of its enjoyment. Poor age of hurry-skurry! The elements of happiness are not found in thee. No, not one: and the constant desire of man's heart, since his first fall, must be postponed to a calmer and a holier day.

The five inside passengers entered the inn at which we stopped—Mr Temple, junior, promising himself to have no mercy on the various dishes which were awaiting the honour of his arrival. Naturally backward and timid, I was, on this particular occasion, not very desirous to join the party. I could feel perfectly at home with them so long as we were confined to the coach; but the very in-

stant we were loosed into the world again, my constitutional bashfulness at once restored our previous relation. The inn had a picturesque situation. On one side of it flowed a transparent stream, and to the other was attached a spacious orchard, on whose smooth sward there stood the finest trees I had ever beheld. To this spot I directed my steps. Born and bred in London, without having passed two weeks together beyond its dusty precincts—albeit it was not the huge world of smoke it has since grown to be—I was, at this period, unacquainted with the simplest flowers of the field. I knew of nature nothing but her loveliness, and the glimpses I had caught had made me sensible of her dominion. Separated from the orchard by a sunken fence, a slowly-rising meadow spread itself for a considerable distance; and, beyond it, as far as the eye could reach, were rich surfaces of cultivation—the yellow corn standing prominently forward, like patches of “stationary sunshine.” In the full possession of health, vigorous and young, I warmed with ecstasy as I gazed upon this scene—common and everyday as it was—and thanked God who had supplied me with a capacity of enjoyment, without a single sorrow to embitter or detract from it. I seated myself beneath the foliage of a chestnut tree, whose thick blossoms drooped like ringlets from the noble leaves. I had not yet opened the pocket-book which my mother had placed in my hands. I did so now. A few lines had been hastily written on the first page. She bade me remember the conversation of the past night, and to think seriously of her parting words. There was mention made also of a bank-note for fifty pounds which she had placed in one of the pockets for my private use, “in addition to the sum which my father would allow me for my general expenses.”

I would fain ask the gentle reader, if he is conscious of no one short hour in his life which has established for itself an individuality and character standing from the rest of time apart; and if, connected with this point of his existence, there does not present itself to his mind a scene of nature, divided from all other scenes—one bright vision of time and place, wherein the mind and body have been elate and joyous, tuned to the harmonies of

earth—where human happiness, unlike herself, has lingered till her shade has covered the fair dream, and preserved it from the common wreck. The orchard, and the big chestnut tree, and every circumstance and little object connected with the breath of time snatched from that day so many years ago, become illuminated, as I write, with the feelings they inspired; whilst every pleasure since looks sad and sickly, or else, ephemeral, as too many were, has long since passed into oblivion.

Not for any length of time had I enjoyed the sweet communion of my thoughts, when I was started from my situation by a voice calling my name. I could not mistake the accent. I raised myself from the ground, and beheld Mr Levy approaching the tree with rapid strides. When he found I observed him, he walked more slowly.

"Mishter Shtukely," he began, "they are all eating away there as if they were shtarved. If you are fond of cold fowl, upon my vord, you hav'n't a minute to shpare. That young Mishter Temples hasn't said a syllable to nobody since he began, and is biting away as hard as ever. He has a most uncommon appetite!"

"Thank you, Mr Levy. I am not disposed to eat; but I am grateful, nevertheless, for your friendly hint."

"Oh, don't say a vord about that," he replied; "vy shouldn't I be civil? It doesn't cost me nothing. In going through the vorld, Mr Shtukely, you may always tell the good man from the bad man by that 'ere. The good man is ready to do any thing for another, ven it costs him nothing; but the bad man is always for hisself, and wouldn't so much as go over the way for his own father."

I once more thanked Mr Levy for his civility, and begged that he would not on my account keep from his friends or his unfinished dinner.

"You are very good sir," said the gentleman, "but my religions don't allow me to eat that sort of victuals, and I am very particular. You see ve're a clean people, and are forbid to eat of the unclean animals, and the nasty mixtures that the Christians—though I don't vish to be rude—make vith their fat and their butter and their meat, and all them kind of nonsense. Now you vont be angry vith me, if I tell you something—vill you?

Vell then, do you know, the very moment I saw you, you vun my heart—you look so good and innoshent. But you must take care of yourself, my dear boy—excuse my being free—you must indeed. This is such a vicked vurld, and it ain't every body that will give you the benefit of his experience; 'cause you see, experience is something like shtock in trade or capital, and after thirty or forty years perhaps, that's all a man has left him to do business with. I dare say you've got a father and a mother—eh?" I am not sure that Mr Levy perceived any particular change in my countenance as he put this question to me; but without permitting me to answer, he continued. "Vell, never mind, don't tell me, don't harrow up. I know vot it is, my dear boy, to have a good father and mother; yes, and to leave them too, and to be turned into the vurld among strangers, as I vas at a tender age, with nobody to take care of my morals or teach me vat was right, except the nature that was born vith me. I dare say, my dear, you've got plenty of money to shpend—eh?—"

"My father, sir, is kind and liberal, and—"

"Vell now, don't tell me, I von't hear a word. It's no business of mine. Only take care of it, my dear child, and don't shpend it like a *narr*.* You must excuse my freedom, but I tould you before, I'm quite taken vith you, and I feel like your father ven I speak to you. Ven you get to Cambridge, you must put your money into the hands of some shsteady honest person that knows vot the vurld is, and vill put you in the vay of laying it out to the best advantage. Vas you reading a book my dear, ven I came up? ah, vot a thing it is to be fond of reading! Sometimes, ven I sits at home, and thinks how vicked the vurld is, I think I should go vild if it wasn't for reading the newspapers, vith the lisht of bankrupts and all the polishe' news."

Mr Levy had touched a tender chord, and I answered him, "Yes, Mr Levy, I was perusing a most affectionate letter from the fondest and best of mothers. Look here, sir," I exclaimed warmly, drawing the book from my pocket, and moved even to tears, "this is her latest gift. Although she knew I had no need of it, and was

amply supplied, with her own hand, and without my knowledge, she enclosed this note. You can understand and appreciate my tears."

"I wish I may die if I can't, and that's the long and the short of it," said Mr Levy passionately. "Now, you look here, Mr Shtukely, vat I shall do. There's three pounds of smuggled cigars that I had put by expressly for Mishter Temples. I charge em twenty shillings a pound, and they're vorth forty if they're worth a stiver. I'll break my vord vith him for vonce, if I never do another shtroke of business vith him, and that would be as good as ruination to me. You shall have them every vone at the price. I never see sich a model of a good boy since I was born, and it sha'n't go without its reward, or else Sol Levy vill know the reason vy."

Before I could remonstrate against so great a sacrifice of principle and property, we were both summoned from the orchard by a shrill cry proceeding from the volatile lungs of Mr Temple, junior.

"Take care of yourself, Mr Stukely," said that worthy when we joined him; "take care of yourself. If you creep into holes and corners with Mr Levy, it will soon go hard with your orthodoxy. He's a seductive character, and, before you are aware of it, he will turn you into one of the faithful."

"Mishter Temples," said the Israelite very seriously, "vith other people's religions I never bother my head. I've business enough upon my mind without troubling myself vith vat doesn't consarn me. Besides, it's very necessary that some should be this, and some the other. For my part, I shall be very sorry to see that day when every body vill be Jews; for I think business vithout the Christians will be very flat and inshipid."

"Ah! Levy, you're a new light, and citizen of the world! But why have you deserted us, Mr Stukely? Your appetite will quarrel with your breach of good manners before we reach Cambridge. Was our company so disagreeable that you should refuse to break bread with us?"

"I felt no inclination for food, and the lovely day tempted me to feast in the open air."

"Upon nothing! Ab, you cannot feed capons so! My dear fellow, you are a freshman, and freshmen be-

long to the family of *Green*. They are known by their small appetites and extensive large feelings, by their love of home and bread and milk, and by their dislike of mixed society. Well, I suppose it must beso. Should we be fellow-travellers this time twelvemonth, your poetry will be sensibly diminished, and your appetite restored to you. I am wide awake to the whole proceeding, for, *autem ego*—what is that Latin proverb about Cataline? I have been so long at Cambridge that I've forgotten the little Latin I took up with me."

["Another figure of speech," thought I.]

"I shall be sorry," I replied, "to use the words of our friend here, to see that day, Mr Temple, that will find me less under the direction of those feelings which at this moment attract and attach me to all that is lovely and consolatory in life."

"A very sensible idea, and very well put together," remarked Mr Levy.

"Levy, be quiet," said Mr Temple softly. "Stukely, you are young, very young, not in years but in facts. I have gone through all this, and so has many a better fellow. It's a stale game, though new to you. There are certain things which we must all undergo. We leave off sucking. Our mothers take pride in combing our hairs straight. We are discharged from home, with many kisses and very many parting words. It's all beautiful, no doubt, and, as you observe, very consolatory—but it's only part of the system. Now, I never wager, except upon the odd trick at whist, and then only half-crowns; but I should like to bet heavy odds at this moment that I could read what's passing in your mind."

"Mr Shtukely," exclaimed Mr Levy, "don't you do any sich thing. That would be a very nice way of getting rid of your money."

"How many times within this hour," continued Mr Temple, "have you persuaded yourself that your home, wherever it may be, is the choicest place in life, and how many new attractions which have escaped your observation so many years, have you all at once discovered there? Why do you blush? I know your home never looked so fair as it does this moment, reflected to you at this short distance

through the medium of your passions. Don't deceive yourself; and, above all, beware of taking credit for something very peculiar, which is as common to all men as their meat and drink. Pshaw! I have known fellows who have been so bullied and thrashed by their governors, that they have never risen from their daily prayers without putting up a special one for their release, actually stand crying and snivelling when the hour of deliverance came, swearing that they had never been half thrashed enough, or sufficiently grateful for what they had received. Things do look so different when we are about to lose or leave them, and men are such arrant humbugs to themselves."

When I entered the Cambridge *Intelligence* for the second time, I could not understand why I felt so awkward, vexed, and uncomfortable, in the presence of young Mr Temple. But the said gentleman had not yet done with me.

"Apropos, Mr Stukely, to the subject we have just discussed." I changed colour as he spoke; for I dreaded an exposure, although I could not exactly define what the speaker had to reveal concerning me. "You must hear a capital story that I can tell you of one who for a season was a fellow of your own kidney. Poor Jack Husband! Do you remember him, Levy?"

Levy sighed deeply.

"Some kind relations, having of course his best interests at heart, introduced him to a large house in India, which soon introduced him to the yellow fever, and six feet of earth. He came, in the first instance, from Jamaica. His father was a large planter, and Jack was sent over to learn manners, and the art of preaching to the niggers. For the first six months, things went on remarkably well. He was all his mother could wish him. He wore clodhopper shoes, worsted stockings, a white choker, and thick cotton gloves. He rose regularly to chapel, and went to bed every night, punctually at nine o'clock, upon milk and water. He barricaded his rooms; and because he had been told that the university was a hotbed of vice, he shut himself up like a seed in a cucumber frame. If a man by chance spoke to him, he buttoned his breeches pockets, in order to prevent the fellow's walking into them; and he watch-

ed the movements of his bedmaker and gyp, as though to assassinate him had been the aim and business of their lives. It was a great pity that his mamma ever trusted so sweet a youth in so wicked a place—but it was a moral struggle, and you shall hear the result of it. Jack's remittances came at stipulated times from his father's correspondent in London, and at one period it happened that they hung fire most fearfully. He wrote at first very politely on the subject, but, receiving no reply, expressed his opinion in a peremptory and business-like manner. The second application proving just as effectual as the first, Mr Husband became very ill. He spoke to his tutor, (who got as alarmed as himself,) procured an *ægrotat* and *exeat*, and walked into London with the bowels of a man determined on mischief. The correspondent, *correspondens à non correspondendo*, hung out in Broad Street, City, and thither Mr Husband first went. The house was closed, and every window but one blocked up by a shutter. Jack thought of the ocean, the distance from home, and grew very wretched indeed. 'Is Mr Wilson at home?' faltered Jack. 'Which?' said the maid who answered the knock. Jack, all alive to suspicion, looked hard at the girl, fancied collusion, and walked into the passage without further delay.

"'Now, young woman,' said he, shutting the door, 'take care of what you are about. I have come from quite as bad a place as London is, and I know the whole thing. You just tell Mr Wilson, that Mr John Husband has called to see him, and isn't inclined to depart without having that pleasure.' The servant ran away, and Jack walked into the parlour, and a very curious object indeed there met his eye. A young gentleman, about eighteen years of age, with a painted face, and long curly wig, bedizened in a glaring red court dress, was lying at full length on the ground, a sword at his side, and apparently in the last agonies of death. 'Perdition catch thy arm,' he bawled out as Jack opened the door—'the chance is thine.' Before Husband could recover from his surprise, the young fellow was on his legs, blushing scarlet through his crimson, and apologizing for the queeriness of the situation. To make short of the story,

this was no other than Mr Wilson, junior, whose father being from home, and travelling in Scotland, (which facts, by the way, accounted for the suspension of the supplies,) he, the son, was perfecting himself in the rehearsal of a crack part which he was to act on the following night at an amateur club, of which he was the secretary, treasurer, and principal performer. What immediately passed between the two, I do not know. Jack did tell me that, after a bit, the young one ordered up rump steaks, pickles, and bottled porter, and about seven o'clock proposed a visit to Drury-Lane Theatre, where Siddons and Kemble that night acted in Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth—that at the conclusion of the performance, they adjourned to the Johnson's Head—and that after that, about ten o'clock the next morning, he found himself in bed in a strange place, without the remotest idea of the means which had been taken to deposit him there. A day or two afterwards, the tutor received a letter which informed him that Mr Husband had been indefatigable in the pursuit of Mr Wilson—but in vain, nor did he hope to discover him for some weeks to come—that Mr Husband bitterly regretted any circumstance that separated him from his studies, but that he looked forward to returning to them with redoubled ardour, when his object in London was fully accomplished. In about a month Jack returned to Cambridge, in a very seedy condition. He looked pale and sewed up. Mr Wilson, junior, accompanied him. He came to spend a week or two with his friend, and to recruit. Jack waited on the tutor, spun a long yarn about wandering barefooted over the Highlands of Scotland—paid the arrears, and was dismissed with tears, and an invitation to supper.—

“London had certainly rubbed off a good deal of Husband's rust. He ceased to dress like a snob, and began to think like a gentleman. He sported his oak no longer, and he looked upon his fellow mortals with a kindlier and more forgiving spirit; subscribing implicitly to the opinion, that man is by nature a sociable and communicative animal. I was at a wine party that he gave about two months after his return, and there I heard him deliver a very eloquent

speech about prejudice, and antique notions, the scales having fallen from his eyes, and so forth. It is a curious fact, however, that after this eventful break in Husband's career, his remittances came very irregularly, and the necessity for his personal attendance in London, exceedingly frequent. One morning he received a very important communication from his friend, Wilson—It explained to him that he might very shortly expect a visit from his governor; for he (Wilson) had extracted by stealth a letter from his own governor's pocket a day or two before, whilst he was dozing after dinner, and had therein read that Mr Husband, senior, having occasion to make a voyage to England, had proposed to himself the delight of taking his son by surprise, and to behold him absorbed in the prosecution of his studies and mental improvement. There was a postscript which I recollect well. It ran thus:—‘New Tragedy on Friday. Glorious John and Siddons, first-rate parts—pitch the remittances to Old Nosey. Come up.’ Jack wishing, no doubt, to make some enquiries respecting his parent's visit, went to town immediately. The two friends greatly applauded the tragedy, and, as usual, when the curtain fell, adjourned to the Johnson's Head.

“Jack used to say, that without being able to account for it, he never in his life had felt so thoroughly complete as on this evening. A feeling of universal benevolence gradually crept over him, and he vowed emphatically to Wilson, ‘that man is the very incarnation of all that is lovely and good.’ Milk punch floors the human heart—and that's a fact.

“Young Wilson belonged to a debating society, and it was a point of honour with him to meet all general statements with particular contradiction.

“‘We'll argue that, Jack,’ says he; and scarcely had he so said, when a voice was heard in the passage. It spoke for a minute or two, and stopped.

“Jack started. Wilson looked about the room for a thunderbolt. When he turned again, Husband was under the table, pulling hard at his legs, and imploring him in a whisper to blow out the candles.

“‘What's the matter?’ cried Wilson.

" 'Wilson, I am dishd. I'm blessed if that isn't the governor.'—

" 'What, Jamaica?' asked Wilson.

" 'Idem!' cried Jack.—

"The candles were extinguished immediately. In a couple of hours, Husband was flying to Cambridge as fast as four horses could carry him.

"About ten o'clock next evening, a respectable old gent, at Trinity Gate, desired to be directed to the rooms of Mr John Husband. That gentleman's gyp was by accident in the court at the time, and he begged the elderly gentleman to follow him.

" 'I'm afraid, sir,' said the animal, 'unless you're a *very* particular friend, I can't let you see Mr Husband till four o'clock.'

" 'What, to-morrow afternoon?' enquired the venerable stranger.

" 'No, sir, four o'clock to-morrow morning.'

" 'What do you mean? does Mr Husband receive visitors so early in the morning?'

"Future Senior Wrangler, Sir. Senior Wranglers never fag in the daytime, sir.—Daytime doesn't do for mathematics—too light and lively. Hope Mr Husband won't break down. Afraid he will. Many men, sir, in my time, would have been senior wranglers, if they hadn't broke down. Mathematics very unwholesome, sir. Very weakening, and bad for the health. Senate-house large and cold. Men go in quite well—sit in a draught—feel very ill—seized with a shivering pain in the stomach—forget what they are about—walk out—nervous fevers—go home.'

" 'Poor John!'

" 'Do you know Mr Husband, sir?'

" 'A little,' said the old man, with a great deal of feeling.

" 'Only a little, sir?' Ah! what a happy man his father must be! I'd give a trifle to have such a son. Too good—that's his only fault. Do you know his father, sir? A very respectable and intelligent old gentleman, I've heard.'

" 'Yes, my good man,' replied he of the white hair, 'I do know him a little. Here's a crown for you. Who could have told you that I was—that his father, I mean to say—was respectable and intelligent?'

" 'The world will talk, sir,'—said the vulture.

" 'Ah, I forgot, so it will! Now you

step into Mr Husband, and say that a gentleman wishes to see him directly.'

" 'Upon my word, sir, it's more than my place is worth—What's the time, sir?'

The old gentleman struck his repeater.

" 'About half-past ten.'

" 'Half-past ten. Really I don't know—he's just beginning the *Comic Sections*.' The old gentleman slipped another crown into the claws of the carnivora. 'Well, sir, I suppose I must risk it. What name shall I say?'

" 'Oh!—say a friend from the west.'

"The visiter was admitted, but so intent upon his studies was Jack, that it was some time before he was aware of his presence. Upon the table before him were two globes, the terrestrial and the celestial, various mathematical instruments—many books piled up, principally folios and quartos, and several sheets of scribbling and scribbled paper. The student himself was dressed in an old morning gown, and over his head to his shoulders hung a wet towel, that most unaccountable yet effectual of all mathematical charms.

"As the books say, 'I cannot describe the meeting of Jack with his governor'—for it was the old nigger-driver, and no one else—Jack set the old man crying about his health, and before he departed, blarneyed him out of a hundred pound-note. When the old man left the room, the gyp, who had listened all the time at the door, jumped into it; and Jack, overjoyed at his sudden accession of property, without saying a word by way of introduction, seized all the folios and quartos, and one after the other, aimed them deliberately at the head of his attendant. He, being on the most friendly footing with his master, returned the compliment; and then both burst into a loud fit of laughter, and wondered how old Ginger could be such a fool, and counted up how many more hundreds they would relieve him of before they would let him go; and passed many other jokes, all very becoming and proper, when you consider the relative state and condition of the parties concerned.

"As ill luck would have it, however, old Sugarcane had left his stick be-

hind him, and returning immediately for it, he was stopped at the door by a loud talking within, but naturally concluding that it was only Jack doing his mathematics aloud, for the sake of the treat, he applied his parental ear to the keyhole, from which, I believe, it would never have dragged itself, if the two worthies, their remarks being over, and conversation closed, had not emerged from the room, and brought themselves at once beneath the gaze of the astounded eavesdropper."

"Poor, poor old man!" I cried, involuntarily interrupting the narrator.

"Well, he was almost broken-hearted. But he was more to blame than Jack. What could they expect from a fellow whom they had taken such pains to bring up a hypocrite?"

"What became of him?"

"Within a week of the blaze, Jack's debts were paid, and his name taken off the boards. Three months afterwards he was on his way to India, and in less than a twelvemonth the dust was shovelled over him. Now, what's your opinion of the gentleman?"

"Can you ask me? Oh, could—"

"Ah—Well, I see, you needn't be violent. I don't agree with you."

The shadows of twilight came on. Before Mr Temple had finished his narrative, sleep had taken possession of the travellers. The jaggy motion and the continuous rumbling of the vehicle, in a short quarter of an hour had produced its customary effect upon those who had partaken of a hearty meal; and Mr Levy, who had been once more at his dry bread, the crumbs of which now hung lazily about his lips, also overcome, snored, oblivious and happy, in the snug corner which he had first appropriated to himself—suddenly he gaped. Mr James Temple caught the infection. He stretched his limbs, and sunk gradually to slumber. Greyer and greyer became the light of day, and more definite and plain grew the sounds of external life. The horses' hoofs sounded distinct and hollow as they tramped the dry ground, and not less clear the smacking whip and friendly voice of their conductor, cheering them on to the close of a long

and heavy stage. All else was silence. It was night when the rattling of stones announced our arrival at the town. I gently opened the coach window, and looked out—and, oh! that glorious sight of buildings rearing themselves one after another like giants in the transparent night. How stately did they look! How venerable in their quiet and religious age! It was a dream of poetry to gaze upon the noble bulk of living stone, laden with the memories of years, standing so pensive and so calm beneath the bright and watching stars of Heaven. Here and there I could perceive, now walking through some noiseless street, now issuing from an antique court or gateway, a solitary student—and then a small cluster, these laughing aloud and boisterous, but the former wrapt in meditation, or busy, it might be, with thoughts of kindred and of home. Proud was I, as I looked around, that it was mine to say, "I also have a share in this;" and when I connected with the sacred spot the mighty master spirits that were gone, but whose names still rung and were revered throughout the world, how did my youthful bosom burn with ambition, and a desire for fame!

The coach stopped at Trinity gate. When I alighted my companions were still asleep. I did not care to wake them. I requested that my luggage might be sent from the inn, and without a look I hurried past the lodge.

My rooms were pointed out to me. The bedmaker had been informed of my coming, and a comfortable fire awaited me.

Reader! the extremes of things opposed, *they* differ—the parts adjacent blend. Would it were otherwise! We cannot trace the first faint lines of crime till we have left them far behind; and when "returning were as tedious as go o'er," we glide through good to ill. Were it at once to leap into the *depths* of guilt, how many might be scared and saved! Beware, lest you listen, with equanimity and delight, to the lambent tongue of vice—most dangerous when most playful!

DE CRESCI.

THE old church clock in Barniston Tower
 Hath long time sounded the midnight hour,
 Light after light from the hamlet hath gone,
 The windows are dark save only one—
 A pale dim light through the casement seen
 Of the vicarage, close to the churchyard green.
 Midnight, and silence, and darkness, keep
 Their watch above the hamlet's sleep.

As the church clock its lesson said,
 De Cresci lifted up his head,
 A high white brow and solemn eyes,
 In which mysterious sorrow lies;
 And pallid lips that never smiled,
 Yet had a look so passing mild,
 That you soon loved their sadness more
 Than if a livelier guise they wore.
 Such was the face for a moment raised,
 He sat like some old statue, raised
 To a cold life, and round he gazed;
 His little fire burn'd cheerily,
 His books all ranged in due degree,
 Folio and quarto, vellum-bound,
 Fenced all his little chamber round—
 It was a goodly sight to see!
 His head sinks to his page once more,
 And he is deep in Oriental lore.

De Cresci was our curate good,
 A stranger, but we loved him well;
 None knew his story; he pursued
 His course in silence, and his mood
 Was not his boyhood's tale to tell;
 Nor could his heart enjoyment find,
 Like self-pleased praters, to unwind
 The trivial threads of love or strife,
 That weave this winding-sheet, called life.

At first we thought him stern and cold—
 We little knew that gentle mind.
 Stately he seem'd; but never roll'd
 A love more catholic and kind
 Thro' any breast of mortal man,
 Than that which thro' De Cresci's ran.
 Heard he the whisper of distress,
 Oh! he was there its pang to share,
 To lift the mourner's hope, and bless
 The bruised heart with those soft words of pray'r—
 Balm from God's mountain gather'd, and instill'd
 Till the lost soul with placid trust was fill'd.'

Ten years had pass'd since first he came,
 And now we bless'd his very name;
 For there were none that had not known
 Some instance of his friendly zeal:
 And say not that the poor disown
 Our care, nor add in querulous tone
 They will not or they cannot feel.
 Perish the bigot heart and narrow mind
 To gratitude and suffering meekness blind,
 Because their ostentatious gifts are thrown
 On barren ground, or with rank weeds o'ergrown!

De Cresci had a different creed ;
 Unceasing in his task of good,
 Though sometimes his most Christian deed
 Was through distorted medium view'd,
 Or fell like the neglected seed,
 Spurn'd by the dissolute and rude—
 Firm on his onward course he went
 Of love, of meekness, and content.

I said at first we thought him cold ;
 For he was of a stately mien,
 Cast in severest beauty's mould—
 Such man we ne'er had seen ;
 And such a gloom of sorrow hung
 Over those features, sunk though young,
 We felt there was a mystery,
 But dared not in its depths to pry.

I had a little girl—ah me !
 She was a joyous thing,
 Not four years old, and full of glee—
 The sunshine of my house was she,
 A sweet bird caroling
 Where all were silenced ; there was none
 But she—my last, my only one !
 Methought a gloom fell suddenly
 Upon my little darling's glee ;
 Little she sang, and never play'd
 With toys or books ; she used to sit
 Whole hours in silence 'neath the shade
 Of my thatch'd porch, or noiseless flit
 Through the still house. It broke my heart,
 So listlessly she play'd her part.
 My Lucy died. Death's shadows, sent
 Before, had with her gladness blent,
 And she, not knowing wherefore, lay
 Weaker and weaker day by day,
 Talking of summer flow'rs and birds,
 And babbling in half spoken words
 All childish thoughts ; till at the last,
 My darling from her prison pass'd.
 'Twas long before I left my home,
 Now doubly sad and desolate ;
 But my first effort was to roam
 To the churchyard, and near the gate
 Where they had laid my Lucy, lo !
 There were sweet flowers, a pretty show—
 Daisy and violet, and the breath
 Of heart's-ease on that couch of death.
 Some tender hand had train'd them well,
 And watch'd them, as around they threw
 Their placid looks, that seem'd to tell
 Of hope and comfort. And I knew
 Whose hand it was that train'd the flower,
 And loved De Cresci from that hour.

Through the dim shadows of the night,
 A step moves noiselessly and light ;
 Up the trim gravel walk it goes,
 And stops beside the wicket gate.
 A long low knock its echo throws
 Over the churchyard desolate.
 Again !—It hath a grating sound,
 With silence and the dead all round.

De Cresci lifts his head to hear,
 And in the silence, to his ear
 Come breathings quick, as from a breast
 With fear and expectation prest.
 He springs astonish'd to his feet,
 And lifts the lamp, while strangely beat
 His pulses in that midnight hour,
 As if he felt the future's power.
 'Twas not the starting of surprise,
 That paled his cheek and dimm'd his eyes;
 It was a dark mysterious fear,
 As theirs who feel a spectre near!

The door is oped, the lamp is raised, }
 Bloodshot, wild, upon him gazed }
 Two dark eyes with terror glazed— }
 It was a woman pale and worn,
 By some mastering passion torn.
 "Man of God! be piteous,
 "For Christ's sake who died for us!
 "She'll be dead before we go. }
 "Dead! with such a weight of wo, }
 "Dead! O God, and is it so! }
 "She has some dread thing to say,
 "It torments her night and day,
 "And it presses down her soul
 "To the Evil One's control.
 "Stay not. Life is ebbing fast—
 "In the way-side inn she lies,
 "And this hour will be her last."
 "Who?" De Cresci then replies,
 "Who is she that claims my aid,
 Thus upon her deathbed laid?"
 "One—oh, she was kind and good—
 I have loved her many a year,
 But by some dark fate pursued,
 Never has her heart been clear:
 She's been sad, and drear, and lone,
 And she's wept such bitter tears,
 That her very eyes are gone—
 But e'en now her face appears
 Beauteous—yet with such a look
 As no heart of man can brook;
 Man of God, your aid I claim,
 Tho' I never heard your name,
 Tho' you're all unknown to me—
 Mercy on our misery!"

"Let us go." De Cresci said,
 And their dark'ning way he led
 Down the narrow lane, where grow
 Great broad elms, a stately row,
 Clothed with such deep leaf in June,
 That 'tis twilight there at noon.
 Now the trees are cold and bare,
 Rustling in the midnight air.
 Past the mill they now are gone,
 And its little bridge they've won,
 And the old sign-board they hear }
 Creaking in that moment drear, }
 And the way-side inn they near. }
 Up the narrow stair they go;
 Now they're in a chamber low;

And one candle's light is shed
 Dimly on a pallet bed.
 There is no motion in the room,
 There is no sound amid the gloom,
 Save that sheeted form upheaving,
 And a moan of deepest grieving.
 Gentle was De Cresci's tread
 As he near'd that pallet bed ;
 But that dying lady sprang
 Upright, and her hands she wrang—
 " Mercy to my soul, oh, God !
 Who was he that hither trode ? "
 And her sightless eyes she strain'd,
 And her features fix'd remain'd,
 With hand outstretch'd ; and greedy ear
 The echo of that step to hear.
 " 'Twas a dream ; " at last she said,
 " A dreadful dream ! "—and sank her head.
 " Lady, I have brought you here,
 God's appointed minister.
 He will bid your anguish cease ;
 He's the messenger of Peace."
 Silent, cold, as carved in stone,
 De Cresci, all the time, look'd on ;
 But then came the damp of death
 O'er his brow, and check'd his breath,
 As that troubled scene he saw
 With a bosom thrill'd with awe.

" Listen to me, holy man,"
 Thus the dying one began :
 " Tell me, is there hope on high, }
 For an outcast, lost as I ? }
 Oh, what horror 'tis to die !
 There is an old ancestral hall,
 Circled all round with elm-trees tall ;
 A stately place, with saddest air,
 And countless turrets rising bare,
 With moat and bridge, and solemn rooms,
 Where a majestic silence glooms ;
 The dwelling of a stately line,
 Whose flaunting banner cross'd the brine
 With William and his Normans bold,
 And ever in the van has roll'd.

" Twelve years ago, in beauty's pride,
 They led me to that Hall a bride ;
 And near me at the altar stood
 One who was kind, and wise, and good—
 The master of that antique place—
 The last of his heroic race.
 But since my lips are paled with shame,
 They've never dared to name his name.
 He was a man of solemn thought,
 Whose very childhood had been taught
 To wear a gloom, as if some shade
 Of ill was on his spirit laid.
 Rarely he smiled ; yet *now* I know
 What a warm heart there beat below
 That outward semblance ; *then*, ah me !
 That inward soul I could not see.

And I had left a happy home,
 Where all glad things were used to come.
 The rooms were fill'd with sunshine, song,
 And birds and books, and a gay throng
 Of joyous faces—we were nine—
 Oh what a happy home was mine!
 My heart grew heavy, and I pined
 For something that I could not find.
 There was a blank I could not fill—
 An aching void, a sense of ill.
 I yearn'd to love; and sore I tried
 To pour the full unfathom'd tide
 Of pent-up feelings, long repress'd,
 Uncheck'd upon my husband's breast.
 Alas! his loftier nature knew
 No sympathy with mine, and drew
 A circle round, to guard him in,
 Like wizards in their work of sin,
 To keep them from the fiend they rear,
 And mock its efforts to get near.
 Oh! man of God, my heart grows cold
 My tale of misery to unfold.

“ I had a friend in earliest youth,
 A soul of honour and of truth;
 He was a child, and children we,
 And like a brother loved he me.

* * * * *

He came to that old hall, and when
 I look'd upon his face again,
 Thoughts came to me of vanish'd days,
 And every accent served to raise
 Old recollections, and to cast
 A richer colouring on the past.
 And ever would his image come
 In all my memories of home!
 We knew, ere yet a word was said,
 Our thoughts; and we were chill'd with dread.
 My husband from his loftier sphere
 Look'd down well pleased; for not a fear
 Or doubt could e'er a pang impart
 To such a pure and trustful heart.
 Oh feeble heart! oh soul of sin,
 On me what agony breaks in,
 When I recall my misery
 Beneath the kindness of his eye,
 His look, his gentle voice, his smile—
 All wasted on a thing so vile.
 I fled—and I was not alone.
 Oh! if my guilt can force a moan
 From one who is unknown to me,
 Think what my own remorse must be!

“ My mother, ere a year, was dead.
 My father never raised his head,
 But wasted slowly 'neath the weight
 Of shame; and home was desolate.
 My sisters—but I name them not—
 I trust my very name's forgot.

“ The partner of my guilt grew weak
 Through sorrows that he dared not speak,

And wealth was fled ; and there would rise
 Looks of changed meaning to our eyes,
 The looks where confidence is gone,
 Where love is fled ; respect is none.
 And he was dying—oh that I
 Like him had had the pow'r to die !
 He died—Was it for this I fled,
 To bend in poverty my head
 From hard-brow'd men the boon to crave,
 That he might fill a pauper's grave ?
 'Twas just that I should suffer so.
 I feel that I deserved the blow !
 But soon some unseen hand—I knew
 One hand alone the deed to do—
 Supplied my wants—His alms I took,
 The bitterest pang my soul could brook ;
 It bow'd me to the very dust ;
 But e'en this stroke I own'd was just.
 Oh man of God ! ere, now, I die,

I pray you by his holy name
 Who died for us on Calvary,
 And bore the sorrow and the shame,
 That you will write, when I am dead,
 And tell him there's a spirit fled
 From this dark world of misery,
 Who would have thought it bliss to die,
 If she could but have heard again
 His voice in pardon."

" Madelaine !"

De Cresci said. And with a scream,
 As one who wakes from horrid dream,
 That erring woman turn'd her head
 Where his deep voice its music shed.
 She breath'd not, moved not—as he spoke
 A smile of sweetest meaning woke ;
 And with clasp'd hands across her breast,
 Meekly and low she sank to rest,
 Like a pleased infant lull'd to sleep,
 By mother's blessing hush'd and deep.
 " Oh erring, sinful Madelaine,
 " Your guilt that crush'd me, heart and brain,
 " And made me feel that on my head
 " The heaviest wrath of God was laid,
 " Hath taught me, 'mid the grief and tears,
 " And the sad thoughts of lonely years,
 " That there is grace for all who sin !
 " And he who died our souls to win
 " Hath taught me mercy—Madelaine !
 " God pardon every earthly stain—
 " I do forgive you !"

From his hold
 Down fell that lifeless hand and cold,
 And solemnly he bow'd his head,
 And pray'd in anguish o'er the dead.
 De Cresci ne'er was seen again ;
 But we have heard he cross'd the main,
 And journey'd to the glorious land,
 Where Calvary and Bethlehem stand—
 God send he may come back again,
 We look to see his like in vain !

FATHER TUDKIN'S MALEDICTION.

"Up to the skies with that wild halloo!"—LORD BYRON.

IN a dark midnight in the spring of the year 1810, the inhabitants of a considerable cluster of neat cottages forming the village of Innisbofey, in the south-west of Ireland, were roused from sleep by an angry noise of clamour and contention outside their dwellings. The shouts and oaths of many voices as if in assault, and the desperate but fast-failing cry of some party assailed, could be distinctly heard. The listeners, however, were either too well accustomed to such nocturnal disturbance, or too few in numbers to deem it proper or prudent to interfere. They continued to enjoy the comforts of repose; the contending parties gradually retired, and in a short time the street was again silent. When morning came, it was found that several brothers named Kennedy—who occupied in a little colony the depths of a picturesque valley a few miles from Innisbofey—had, on their way from a neighbouring market, beaten a man well known to them and all the people of that county. His name was Tudkin Hartnett; but having been in orders, he was more usually styled Father Tudkin, though he had for some time forfeited any claim to a title exclusively bestowed on the Roman Catholic priesthood by their flocks. For some irregularities of life, rather than for any positively vicious habits, he had incurred the censure of his ecclesiastical superiors, had been removed from his charge, and silenced; or, as it means in the Protestant church, stripped of his gown. However beneficial this might have been to the community, who were in danger of suffering by their pastor's laxity of discipline, it worked the ruin instead of the reformation of poor Hartnett. He was at once reduced from competence to pauperism, compelled to depend for mere existence upon the charity of that body from which he had been expelled, wandering from one parish priest's house to another, or more frequently taking refuge with the parishioners, who, if they had ceased to respect, found it impossible not to pity him. The habits once occasional became now in-

veterate; the bottle, to which he had before recourse for enjoyment, he now fled to for forgetfulness, and from being merely a sot, the quondam priest became a confirmed drunkard. He was, however, a harmless one. If there was any thing objectionable in his conduct whilst in such a condition, it was a proneness he betrayed to inveigh, very solemnly and vehemently, against the folly and wickedness of intemperance; and as his warnings and denunciations rose in exact proportion to his own degree of inebriety, it is not wonderful that Father Tudkin's homilies produced little effect upon his hearers. There is every probability that it was under the influence of this pious indignation that the poor man encountered the Kennedies on the night above mentioned. Wild, wealthy, godless, dissolute fellows, mad with health and successful bargains at market, and most likely themselves the worse (as they would term it) for liquor, what did they care for the poor disgraced and drunken priest? They insulted him—he threatened them with laws, human and divine,—they could scoff at the former—at the mention of the latter they knocked him down, beat him, four to one, inhumanly, and left him weltering in his blood.

So he was found on the morrow. Helpless, wandering in mind and maimed in limb, he was conveyed to the nearest dwelling, where he lay confined for several weeks, and, though at length restored to health sufficient to enable him to move about, he never, ultimately, recovered from the effects of that savage rencontre. While ill, he was often seriously recommended to prosecute the brothers; but he paid no attention to the suggestion. No—he said—he had never obtained justice from man, he would cite the Kennedies to a higher tribunal. Of this project he spoke repeatedly; but as his head had been injured by several desperate blows, such threats were attributed to an unsettled state of mind. After some time he was able to go out, and when he had gained strength to walk to a distance—fully bent upon some purpose that appeared

to occupy all his thoughts, the miserable man set out one morning before cock-crow for Glenmore, the valley in which the Kennedies resided. He reached it as the grey dawn of a dismal stormy day was breaking, and before any eye could witness what he was about, "except," as he was long afterwards heard to say, "the big moon that was just setting, red and angry, behind Saggartbeg," and there, tearing into pieces his threadbare garment, once black, and now darker with his own blood, he deposited a portion at each Kennedy's threshold, repeating at the same time, in the language of the Vulgate, that dreadful appeal to Heaven which we read translated in the hundred and ninth Psalm.

When he had thus done he returned by the way he came, and then, for the first time, explained to those he lived amongst the manner in which he thought it had become him to redress the wrongs inflicted upon him, an outcast servant of the Church. In a community peculiarly superstitious, and disposed to look with reverence on the humblest person associated with their religious prejudices, this piece of intelligence produced for a time a deep sensation. But when Father Tudkin had removed to some remoter quarter, in the lapse of time the matter faded into forgetfulness. The Kennedies laughed, or affected to laugh, at the impotence of his wrath, the sole effect of which seemed to have but made them prouder and more prosperous than ever.

Several years after this occurrence, on the afternoon of a warm autumnal day, a gay good-looking young man rode saunteringly up the main street of Innisbofey, and stopped before the post-office—a smart white house with a pretty flower-enwoven porch, and separated from the street by a low rustic paling. His enquiry for letters was immediately telegraphed by the appearance, at the little dull dark wicket in the office window, of one of the roundest and rosiest faces imaginable, with a mass of nut-brown curls to correspond, and a very silvery reply, in a tone that faithfully kept the promise such a face afforded. The answer was in the negative; but it might as well have been one of the tenderest invitations, for it drew the

gallant in a bound from his horse, which, having fastened to the palings, he entered the house.

Anty Conroy was all alone, busily engaged in arranging the letters—for she was official assistant to her father, to whom the important charge of the Innisbofey post-office was deputed; and when Mark Foley (the cavalier just mentioned) entered, she appeared to be busier than ever. After the usual gentle salutations went to be exchanged between two so fair and young had taken place, and the conversation had dropped into the discussion of local and atmospherical phenomena, and touched, in fact, any other earthly topic but that which was trembling on the lips of each, (for it had been long settled by village gossip that Mark Foley and Anty Conroy were sweethearts, and "likely to make a match of it,") the young lady broke ground by suddenly quitting her occupation, locking up the square box within whose limits the Innisbofey post-office was comprised, and preparing to leave the apartment, "as she had some work in hands that she could not for a moment delay."

Mark Foley observed that it must be very pressing work indeed, when it did not allow her five minutes to spare to an acquaintance who had not beheld her—let him see! no—not since last Wednesday was a fortnight.

"And whose fault was that?" enquired the Beauty.

Her admirer was happy to say that the fault could not with justice be imputed to any body, unless indeed to those generally reprehensible persons the Fates, as Mark himself had been compelled to go on urgent business for his uncle to Tralee, where he had been absent for twelve of the longest and dullest days of his life, and had only returned the preceding day.

"At all events, some other time—I will see you perhaps to-morrow; but I must have my dress finished by Thursday, you know."

If Mark *did* know he looked as if he didn't; and what was more tormenting still, he exhibited no impatience to be enlightened on the subject, but having quietly resumed his hat, which he had relinquished for a few moments, stood twirling it between his hands, signifying thereby his readiness to depart, as well as his

disposition to linger, until Anty herself retired.

"Of all things," continued to observe the lady—greatly interested in searching at the bottom of small work-boxes, and by removing chairs, and by looking into little blue china pots on the mantelpiece, and re-opening the lid of the post-office, for a bunch of keys which by a singular coincidence she had just mislaid, "of all things I hate making-up white muslin!"

Mark Foley believed it *was* a very troublesome affair, and wouldn't detain her any longer; but—

"*Could* he assist her in looking for the keys?"

"No, indeed, he couldn't—she had just exactly then discovered them—but if he were riding into Kanturk to-morrow, he would very much oblige her by buying her some broad white ribbon."

Mark said, yes, certainly—he should be very happy; he feared he wouldn't be able to deliver it to her personally, but would take care to send it by a punctual messenger—he would now wish her good-morning.—By the by, what quantity was he to purchase?

While asking the question, Miss Conroy had changed her mind: Mark was requested not to mind the commission. She thought she could manage with what she had; and so—

"Good-morning."

Mark said once more he was very sorry, or very glad, or very willing, or very intrusive, or something of the kind, and now withdrew in earnest.

He had not, however, disengaged his bridle from the palings, where he had fastened his horse, when he heard himself called by Anty, who, with a cloudy frown, through which a blush was just faintly breaking, stood within the porch, and, as he stepped back, said, in a tone half peevish half pettish—

"I think you might have told one whether you are to be at the wedding on Thursday night?"

"Pierce Kennedy's?—no—I am not. I have been asked, of course, like all the country; but even the temptation of a dance with you could not overcome my reluctance to accept the invitation."

"With *me*?—oh, dear, don't mention it!" said the disappointed Anty; "what attraction could a dance with *me* have for you?" and she pouted

her pretty lip, crossed her round arms, and looked with vast interest up the street, though there was only one passenger in it, and that a Cork pig-driver on leave of absence. Mark Foley smiled, for such a mood as Anty's argued well for his cause; but again assuming a serious air, he said,

"I saw you were full of the pleasure you anticipate from the coming party, Anty, and as I could not share in it, I avoided mentioning the matter at all."

"And pray, if it isn't that you feel yourself unable to bear the sight of your old flame, Phe Kennedy's marriage to her third cousin, Pierce, what's to prevent you from coming to the wedding?—as she jilted me, I certainly would show her I cared nothing about wearing the willow."

"Well, granted—you severe, cruel girl!—granted that she jilted me, and did worse to others, broke a promise or two, is not that a fair reason why her discarded beaux should shun Glenmore on Thursday evening next? No, Anty," he said, "I never liked these Kennedies, men nor women; Phe is, no doubt, a fine, dark, dashing, masculine girl, but that I ever sincerely admired her, I hope the fact of my thinking Anty Conroy the best and prettiest of her sex that I have yet met with is good security against that. And then the brothers and cousins, let them be ever so wealthy and well-looking, they are not liked in the country. They keep open houses, and have as open hands and stout heads; but they are—in short, there is much about them that few people like; and if they had never done any thing to make themselves unpopular before, their conduct, some years ago, in that affair of"—

"I suppose you mean Father Tudkin's business?"

"Just so—you know many persons will not be persuaded but that the curse of that helpless man, now a crazy wanderer, hangs over their heads."

"I declare," observed Anty, not half pleased with this sermonizing, (and what country or courtly belle ever yet bore with human patience to have the house of cards she had been raising of conquests and coquetties expected from a coming ball filliped down by her own lover?) "I declare you are growing superstitious!"

"I hope not," replied Foley laughing; "but in any case," he added, as if anxious to drop the subject, "the Kennedies and I were never very good friends. I have had to oppose their overbearing conduct several times upon road-presentments and other parish matters, and as I cannot go a frank-hearted guest to their board, I will even stay away altogether—Do you know, Anty, if I had my will—that is, if I had any influence over you, I would keep you also from going."

"Thank you for your agreeable intentions, Mr Foley; but as I have a father and mother quite capable of directing me, I shall not trouble you by consulting your wishes on the subject."

"No, of course; and yet," he said, "I cannot think it will be a pleasant affair, this same wedding; there will be such a crowd—there can be no comfort; and then, perhaps, there may be a disturbance—when did ten Kennedies meet and part without a quarrel? Anty, I would give that chestnut colt at the gate (and he's worth a hundred guineas) that you'd promise me you'll not go to Glenmore on Thursday next."

"There's John Power, and Hugh Kennedy, and Sam Kennedy of the Cliff, and Patsy Powell," said Anty, calculating, "why I'm engaged for every set that can be danced till daylight. I'm sure, let who will break their words, *I'll keep mine*." This sentence, intended as a closing one, Anty pronounced in a triumphant tone, for she saw the battle was now upon her side.

"Be it as you please, then, dearest," said the lover in a dejected tone, "farewell!" and without venturing to touch her hand, he regained his saddle, and rode rapidly away.

Glenmore, the scene of the approaching festivity, and the place where the principal branches of the very numerous family of the Kennedies were settled, was a deep and rather narrow, but very long, valley of fertile land, stretching at each side of a considerable stream that had its source in the adjacent mountains. It was war time, and the Kennedies, like most other agriculturists, profited largely by low rents and high prices. Though not absolutely belonging to the class of what is termed gentlemen-farmers, they were an intelligent com-

munity, kept good houses and better horses, had thrifty wives and dressey daughters, and altogether cut a very striking and superior figure amongst the surrounding peasantry, who, if they were seldom dazzled into awe by the prosperity of this powerful family, were very often drubbed into it by their *faction*, which the head of the clan, on important occasions, could muster to the amount of fifty or sixty men of his own name from various parts of the country. The present chief was Pierce Kennedy—Big Pierce, as he was called, to distinguish him from several others of that Christian name. The House of Glenmore, (as it was *par excellence* termed,) where this potentate resided, and at which—for his daughter was to be the bride—the wedding was to take place, was seated on a green and gentle ascent at the head of the valley immediately over the river. The abode had little but its size to distinguish it from the dwellings of several of the family that might be seen along the glen. It was considerably larger, and had perhaps an appearance of somewhat greater dignity conferred on it by a slated roof. It stood in the midst of various thatched out-offices, crowded round it as time, or convenience, or the necessities of extensive husbandry required. Of those buildings, one of the most conspicuous was a prodigious barn, that, from its great extent, was selected as the place in which to hold the wedding banquet, as it was quite out of the question that the dwelling-house, if even quadruple in size, could accommodate the number of relatives, retainers, and friends, who were expected to attend the festival.

When the auspicious Thursday evening arrived, it was a pleasant sight to stand outside the garden wall of Glenmore, and looking down the valley, behold the gay and motley multitude crowding from all quarters to the wedding. Many came from the same side of the country as that in which the spectator stood; but the greater number might be seen flocking from the Innisbofey side down to the opposite bank of the river, far away where the outlet of the valley touched on the horizon, and crossing by the only ford (for it was autumn, and the stream, swollen by torrents, was impassable except in a few places) that gave them access to the Glenmore

road. Mark Foley judged rightly that the Kennedies were not a popular sept, for though the crowd comprised the usual varied assortment of classes and character, those of condition belonged principally to that family; but the horde of mimes, mendicants, and musicians, ballad-singers, boccoghs, and brogue-makers, that like eagles snuffed the quarry from afar, and uninvited, though not unwelcome, followed in their train, were from regions as distant and dissimilar as their professions.

Big Pierce Kennedy received many apologies from expected guests, some pleading the badness of the roads and the disturbed state of the country,—others the urgent necessity of attending a funeral, unless they wished to have their own, when it took place, neglected. The village doctor had an interesting patient, from whom he couldn't stir a whistle's distance for the next eight-and-forty hours. Even the parish priest, who was to have dined and said grace for them, was suddenly called off—(as he was setting out)—to anoint Sir Phelim Macgillacuddy, who sent him his compliments, "he wasn't expected to live till night, and that he wouldn't take the sacrament from any thing under a dean or a parish priest; and if Father Laffan himself didn't come, Sir Phelim would go off without it." That reverend gentleman was compelled, therefore, to send a messenger with an assurance to Glenmore, that he would arrive early in the evening to tie the happy knot. There was one person, however, from whom Big Pierce received no excuse.

From three o'clock in the afternoon, a little barelegged cow-boy, with one hand in the pocket of his sheep-skin knee-breeches, merely to keep it out of mischief's way, was leading with the other Martin Conroy's black mare Cricket, fully accounted for travel, up and down before the post-office door. The postman who brought the letter-bags across the mountains to Innisbofey was, of all days in the year, two hours late that blessed Thursday. And Martin could not stir until his Majesty's mail had safely arrived and was locked up in his custody; for there would be no delivery of letters that day, as whenever the post was late, by reason of the carrier's getting *hearty*, (that is, so drunk as not to be able to see his way,) or his mule be-

coming stubborn, and stopping for an hour to cool itself in Rooska bog, thereby threatening the postmaster's hours of relaxation with untimely interruption, it was a striking fact, and worthy of philosophic investigation, that no letters were ever received on that day, the bags all came empty, and thus the harmonious revolution of Martin Conroy's hours went on unimpeded. That dignitary, now fully dressed in a blue coat, calico waistcoat, and white neckerchief, ample enough to make a caftan for the Cadi of Bagdad, his legs elaborately cased in drab gaiters, that would have gone on buttoning up to his nose if he had let them, and with a mighty black bang-up surtout hanging loosely over all, was nursing the impatience with which he awaited the arrival of Ter Dorney and his mule, by walking up and down the house-passage from the back door to the front one. As time wore on, he extended his march, so that when four o'clock of the October day struck, the whole of the back-yard, and half the street, were included in the promenade. At length, just as he was examining Cricket's shoes, and tightening the saddle-girths for the twentieth time, a horn was sounded in the distance, and in a minute more, a bundle of grey frieze in jack-boots and a glazed hat clattered on a mule up the street, and, as the animal stopped suddenly at the stable gate, was saved the trouble of alighting the regular way, by being projected over its head, and sent trundling forward to Martin Conroy's feet. There was little time for explanation: the mail was delivered, and the post-boy dismissed with a smack of the bags on the head. Mr Conroy entered his abode, and in a few minutes re-appeared leading forth his daughter, dressed in her best smiles and a muslin slip, and wearing such a love of a bonnet! Who that beheld her would not have trembled for the fate of John Power, and Hugh Kennedy, and Sam Kennedy of the Cliff, and Patsy Powell, and the many other rash adventurers who were to be exposed to such destructive attractions that evening! She was followed by the maid servant, bearing a large blue mantle, and a wooden chair, while Mrs Conroy herself stood in the doorway to superintend the departure. And first Martin, having ga-

thered up the reins with a mighty pothor, and numberless "Pthrews!" and "Steady-nows!" inveigled himself into the saddle, and, after a little skirmishing, managed to get Cricket in juxtaposition with the wooden chair upon which Anty had been standing, muffled in the mantle, since she reached the street; and having beguiled that crafty animal into a conviction of being half-a-mile, at least, away from any thing like a mounting-block, by affecting to turn from it with disgust, Miss Conroy, with a stealthy foot, and a jump less characteristic of grace than agility, attained the pillion behind her father, not without a few hearty hoises and kicks from the over-reached Cricket. These soon subsided, and, with a slight touch of the spurs, and much waving of hands to Mrs Conroy, and a vast running after them of the maid-servant with a little basket, and something like a pair of shoes rolled up in brown paper, which Anty had forgotten, Mr and Miss Conroy rode down the street to the wedding of Glenmore.

Big Pierce Kennedy stood at the front of his mansion to receive and welcome his principal guests as they arrived. He was finely dressed, and stood stoutly and straightly up, with his hands behind his back, looking just as bold and almost as youthful as when he and his three brothers beat the poor discarded priest in the streets of Innisbofey. Though he affected a smile of open-hearted jollity and good-humour, as well became him, on this evening, there was a dark twinkle in his eye, and a quiver in his under lip, that showed his temper was not entirely unruffled. In fact, the numerous excuses he had received from persons whom he would gladly have had honour his daughter's nuptials with their presence had greatly chagrined him, and he was, besides, at all times of a hasty and ireful mood. As group after group thronged in, he transferred them, after a word of welcome and some hearty joke, to the care and attention of his sons or brothers, whilst he awaited fresh arrivals, gave instructions to the domestics as they hurried to and fro in all directions, or kept the coveys of idle boys

and vagabonds hovering about the premises in check, by a quiet glance of his eye, which they dreaded above all things.

"The curse o' Cromwell on that dog!" he muttered to himself. "Joe Hickey," he cried aloud to a man who was bearing a huge basket of black turf from the turf-stack across the yard, "what's the matther with that dog?"

"Is it Twister you mean?" said the man, laying down his load, as usual, to answer, and looking in a direction where, on an angle of the garden wall, a large half-bred mastiff lay shivering, and uttering those loud doleful howls which the Irish peasantry invariably consider predictive of some coming death or other calamity. "Is it Twister you mean?—Dickons—a-one o' me knows what ails the brute—shure we didn't sleep a wink o' the night these two nights with his yowlins—psoo! psoo!" and the man by a well, but gently, directed sod of turf dislodged the animal from its position, who, leaping down, came cowering to its master's feet, and crouching there, renewed its mournful ululations. Irritated at such an ill-timed and ominous disturbance, Kennedy kicked the dog wrathfully away, pursuing it until it had vanished from his presence altogether. It was now five o'clock, the hour for dinner—the greater part of the guests were assembled, and the signal to "dish!" was only delayed until the priest's arrival, now momentarily expected. Big Pierce had just pulled out his watch in a fury of impatience, when the messenger—his horse covered with foam—galloped up and announced that Sir Phelim's immediate and pressing claim had compelled his reverence to defer the pleasure of visiting Glenmore until after dinner. Nothing more was wanting to complete the ill-humour of the irascible host. Consigning Sir Phelim's soul to its destination a full hour at least before its time, he was turning in with the oath upon his lips, when again the mournful cry of the house-dog met his ear. Looking savagely round for some instrument of punishment, he snatched up a spancel* that hung at the dairy window, and hastening down to a

* A short, thick, noosed rope, made (properly) of hair, with which the hind-legs of dairy cows are secured while milking.

thicket, beneath which Twister was now shaking and moaning more dismally than ever, he passed the halter round the hapless mastiff's neck, who, deeming itself the object of some unwonted caresses, turned a sickly look upon its master and licked his hand. The next minute Big Pierce Kennedy had hanged his dog out of the great blackthorn-tree, and had retired to dinner.

While the crowd of vagrant boys who beheld this proceeding still stood watching in awe from afar the disastrous exit of their old acquaintance—some with fingers in their mouths, at a loss to know whether to take the catastrophe as an excellent jest or a wholesome admonition; others arguing that it was “a burnin’ shame, so it was, to hang the poor crethur!” (for in Ireland, Lord help us! even the hanging of a dog is a source of popular sympathy,) a sound was heard at a distance greatly resembling the noise of eight or ten cracked triangles, all making music together; and ere the shout with which the sorrowing ragamuffins hailed its approach had died away, an additional group of vagrants was descried approaching rapidly, by short cuts, across the fields, as if apprehensive that they were late for the great object of the evening.

Considerably in front, and heading this detachment, marched an individual (or, more properly speaking, *limped*, for he was lame of the right foot) of singular appearance, and evidently of no small importance amongst those who, loudly applauding, followed him. He was a slight, tall, young man, bareheaded, with fair hair and heavy eyelids, which, drooping very low, added an appearance as if he were purblind to his pale vacant face. He wore a tight-fitting dress of the light grey frieze of the country; and held beneath his left arm an enormous pair of tongs, which, by ingeniously inserting his thumb between its claws, so as to keep them slightly asunder as with a spring, and then beating on them in a curious manner with the right hand, he managed to convert into a *musical* instrument, on which he played almost every popular tune of his native land with extraordinary

accuracy. This gifted young gentleman, second only to Jack Rue, the Club Huntsman, in local celebrity, was no less a personage than Tom Mannix, the parish fool, an indispensable attendant at all wakes, weddings, fairs, and fights, within ten miles round him, and who now, with a soul attuned to melody, and a sad crazy head intent upon mirth, was making his way in full career for Pierce Kennedy's marriage feast.

The group round the blackthorn did not fail to arrest his attention, though it was some time before he comprehended the extent of the disaster. “Did ye cruist* the hangman, boys?—did ye cruist the hangman?” asked the fool—“That I mightn’t! if he hasn’t hung Twister without han’cuffs, the way the red-coats hung Dick Hoy at Gowlah Bridge!”

“Haith, Mannix, you’re goin’ to dine with the hangman for all that,” was the cry, “shure, man-an-ouns, ’twas Big Pierce hung the baste!”

“Ha, ha, ha!—Big Pierce!” he exclaimed with great gusto, but dropping his voice, “O, if that’s all, shure no one had a better right!” he said very rationally; and, retouching his tongs, he poured forth a planxty, it was doubtful whether to the memory of the human or the canine malefactor.

Great pains had been taken to improve and decorate the mighty barn where the Kennedies held their feast. The rafters and heavy thatch over head were concealed by a temporary ceiling of thin deals white-washed; the narrow and open loopholes or crennels, common to such buildings, though left unfilled to allow a thorough circulation of air, were concealed within by boughs of green holly, and the graceful red-berried branches of the mountain ash. The walls were thickly studded with rows of sconces, in which four mould-candles were burning like so many stars, and at each end of the apartment a huge fire of black turf blazed abundantly away, and sent its slight smoke through an aperture opened for the purpose in the roof. Along the room were ranged the tables in an unbroken line, shining with their snowy coverlids, sparkling with glass and china, and turreted at intervals with decanters of poteen and

* Cruist, *i. e.* pelt.

port, and bastioned with mighty jugs of cold punch. A tierce of porter stood on draft at one extremity of this gay banquet-hall, and a cask of whisky at another, while two men were stationed at each, whose care it was to keep the revellers in constant supply. The entrance doors were in the centre, a back and front one, of thick oak, which, as they were narrow, hung most hospitably open, and when the infinite dinner was introduced from the cooking department, emitted a savoury and delicious odour, that, if a second repast had not been equally and amply provided outside for the hungry interlopers that crowded and crammed the avenues, might have proved too potent for their forbearance, and have induced them to pull the house to pieces.

The mighty board was crowded. Big Pierce Kennedy sat at the head of the table, and eyed with pride and pompous exultation, the goodly line of his relatives—buxom, blooming women, and tall, bold-hearted men—mingled with friends and retainers that stretched down the bright apartment. Thronging thickly at their backs stood all the humbler claimants on his hospitality who were allowed the *entrée*, and who eagerly availed themselves of it, to gratify, as well their pride as curiosity, by being thus distinguished from the herd without. On the right of Kennedy sat the bride, his dark-eyed daughter who had broken so many hearts, and jilted so many gallant wooers. Her betrothed sat opposite upon the left of his chief, behind whom, seated at each side of the spacious hearth, were placed six bagpipers—three at a side—who relieved each other at intervals, and filled the gaily-lighted, laughter-shaken, and densely-crowded building with their stormy but enlivening music. In short, the banquet was at its height, and nothing seemed wanting to complete the enjoyment but the presence of their favourite fool; when that important personage was heard rapidly approaching, the clink of his very peculiar musical instrument ringing clearly in the distance.

He soon made his appearance at the entrance; his eyes almost closed by the blaze of light that burst on them, his head bent and ear completely absorbed by the delicious clangour he was making. "Ah, Tom!"—"Holl,

Mannix!"—"Welcome, welcome!"—"Well done, Tom-the-tongs!"—"Here, this way." "Mannix, do your manners, sir!" resounded from a hundred mouths. Tom cast a hurried glance around, grinned with delight and anticipated gluttony, and made his way towards the head of the table.

"Why, burn the idiot's bones!" swore Pierce Kennedy, "does he forget we're at a feast, not a funeral, that he's playing that *Strowncaun*?—Here, Mannix, take a pull at the jug, and drop your infernal jingling!"

"*Slauntha-uth*, Pierce!—you're the boy, afther all—'tisn't every day Tom has the luck to come in for a glimpse of a bride an' a berrin' together."

"Why, where's the berrin', Tom?"

"Haiks—just Twister's ablow under the blackthorn-tree," said the fool with huge satisfaction. "I left Jem Donahoo an' the two Cartys diggin' a grave for him as I kem up—ha, ha! he'll tear no jackets next Christmas-day, at any rate."

"Go, an' hould your crazy jaw," said Kennedy, his eyes flashing; "go sit with the pipers there, and hammer away."

He of the tongs laughed loudly, and limping towards the spot where the musicians were seated, was about to take his place among them, when he stopped short in amaze, as if smitten with the palsy, and, gliding backwards, his eye riveted on the chimney-corner, he cried out fearfully—"Why, they said there was only six pipers, but there's *seven*! Pierce Kennedy, a-roo! Where did the black piper come from? Lord save us!"—and the fool struggled back through the crowd.

"Why, what *can* be the matter with that gauk?" exclaimed the host. "Hollo—you, sir—come back here when I bid you, or I'll get you ducked in the horse-pond!"

"There's a piper too many, Kennedy," cried Tom, still retreating through the throng—"an' what's more, he's all in black like a hearse, pipes an' all," and he crossed himself.

Some few looked uneasily in the direction he kept his eyes on, some laughed at the creature's folly; others again attempted to detain him, but his alarm and distress were too powerful to be jested with; it was evident some recent excitement had affected his ima-

gination. He continued to struggle violently until he had gained the door, through which he darted eagerly, and mingled with the crowd outside.

This incident did not long disturb the bridal. The merriment flowed on in a fuller tide than ever. The ladies began to look lovelier, and the men to ply the bottle more rapidly than before. The domestics were fairly outworn from serving and supplying exhausted bowls, and had latterly sent round the liquor in capacious cans, or forwarded it to the court-yard in pails. The doors and loopholes no longer afforded sufficient air; complaints of the excessive heat were becoming general. Pierce Kennedy himself found his position no longer tolerable, and called with an oath and a loud voice for some one to slake the fires. The man whose office it was to attend to them, perhaps flurried by his master's anger, or more probably confused by drinking, snatched up a bucket of water, as he thought, and flung its contents upon the fire. There was a moment's hiss—the next instant the place was enveloped as with the flames of hell—the servant had mistaken whisky for water, and the building was floating in fire from end to end.* What ear that heard it will ever forget the cry that burst from that doomed assemblage! A few—five or six, or perhaps eight or ten, of the humbler individuals who happened to be close to the entrance, escaped instantly; but the frightful rush that was made towards the doors closed them at once, and shut in the hapless revellers more effectually than could bars of oak and iron. Those nearest them were wedged together, then borne down, trampled upon, and crushed to death, depriving those behind of all chance of beating down the pannels. Indeed, if that were practicable, it was now impossible to attempt it. The cask of ardent spirits had been staved in the first mad tumult of fear and frenzy, and all from that threshold was one roaring storm of delirium and fire, from which shouts for air and water—the groans of the trampled and dying—

the shrieks of women—the grappling and raving and oaths of men resounded in one deafening and distracting yell. The dismay and terror outside were little inferior to that within. Those who were still sober, or sufficiently collected to make an effort for the rescue of their friends, hurried about—now for water, which, when procured, could not be conveyed to the roof—now attempting to tear away or enlarge the crennels, through which the fire came surging before they had removed a stone. To add to the horror, the idiot Mannix had contrived to clamber halfway up the gable of the burning building, and look in through a crevice (left open to receive a rafter) before the flames had reached it, and continued calling to those within, and addressing the terrified crowd without, as his curiosity, anxiety, or consternation predominated.

"Wait till the smoke clears—I can see nothin' yet!—Mille murders!" he shouted, "every thing's broke to smash; there's not a stick o' the beautiful tables together—an' all the quality are climbin' an' crawlin' over one another where the doors are—an' I can see Big Pierce—ah, there's young Pierce Bue† has caught Phe Kennedy—an' she's houldin' him tight, roarin' an' crying—an' he's kissin' her, though she's not his before the priest yet—an' there's Kennedy Bocol,‡ that killed the gauger in the Gapo' Dunloe!—an' Kennedy Faugh|| that coaxed away the proctor's wife!—an'—ha! ha!—if Big Pierce and his brother Phil aren't throttl'in' each other to see who'll get at the windy! Look, look, Pierce is down as dead as he struck Father Tudkin the fair-night o' Kanturk. No, by gonnies! he's up again, ravin' mad—Pierce, a-roo! Kennedy! dhar dhien! if he takes one more spring he'll leap on his own daughter. She's just dhropped down by the side o' Bue!—an' the pipers are all floored—ha! but I see Jem Rice an' Tede Kelly with their pipes ablaze—an' now there's four, and Canavan, the piper from Leap, five—an' Llieum Hays, six—ooh!" he said,

* A disaster precisely similar to this, and attended with the same melancholy results, actually occurred some years ago, from the same mistake, at a country wedding in the south of Ireland. Indeed, the opening and conclusion of the narrative are but a recital of facts.

† Yellow.

‡ The same.

|| Fie! (an epithet of contempt.)

with a shudder, "there's the—SEVENTH!" and he dropped from the spot, muttering, as he limped terrified off—"playing away as if it was at a bonfire he was!"

The news of this calamity flew in an hour through the country, and far and wide, persons hastening to the spot beheld, as they paused on the brow of the hills that sloped to the valley, the whole extent of the Kennedies' beautiful track of land flickering in the crimson light that blazed and quivered from the green summit of Glenmore, the river winding along it glistening darkly red like a streak of blood. Amongst those who flew earliest and swiftest to the place, wild with anxiety and grief, was Mark Foley. He found that though Anty and her father had set out late for the bridal, they must have reached it long before the catastrophe occurred, and had most likely perished in the conflagration. When he reached Glenmore no one could give him any information respecting them, those of the survivors who could know any thing of the matter being absorbed in misery and horror, and unable to account for any thing. Shriek, and sob, and sound, had long died away within that place of dreadful revelry. The blazing roof had fallen in, carrying with it the upper portion of the walls, split and loosened as they had been by the action of the devouring element. Mark Foley, sick and dizzy, turned away from the terrible spectacle, and galloped homewards, hopeless and heartless. In returning he took a different route from that by which he came, and crossed the ford at the quarter where a shorter, but an indifferent, by-road led to Innisbofey. On he went for a couple of miles, his horse stumbling and jibbing at every step, until he was at length obliged to dismount and lead it. Just as he had passed a miserable cottage on the roadside, he heard his name faintly pronounced, and turning round, beheld Anty Conroy at the door, her face nearly as white as her gay muslin dress, but not quite as dirty, for that much cherished and elaborately-adorned garment was soiled and dragged with mountain mud from the frill down to the fourteenth flounce in which it terminated. Mark sprang forward, and Anty, with a

blush, submitted to the delighted embrace in which he folded her, and wept loudly and heartily on his bosom. Her story was soon told:—in order to bring up lost time, and arrive punctually at Glenmore, her father had chosen the short cut through the mountains; and in urging Cricket forward, that untoward animal stumbled, (thank Heaven!) and fell heavily, rolling Martin over, and partially tumbling on him, thereby bruising him so severely, that though (Anty hoped) no limb was broken, he was quite unable to proceed; and having contrived to reach the hut where he was now lying, he had dispatched its only inmate, an old man, upon Cricket, to Innisbofey for assistance. Anty added, that she had already heard the dreadful tidings from Glenmore, and concluded by introducing Mark to where her father lay smarting under his bruises, alternately groaning and giving thanks for the accident that had saved himself and his beloved child from a frightful death. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and Mark Foley proved the truth of this immortal axiom that night before Martin Conroy and his daughter reached Innisbofey; for Anty had promised never again to disregard his advice on the propriety of going to weddings or staying from them. And, as he was shaking hands with her father, the postmaster's parting words were something to the effect, that "he'd talk to his wife about it, an' if she was satisfied, why he wouldn't say nay against Mark's request;—let it be that day month, with *his* blessin', that is, if they all lived and did well."

Few witnessed the breaking of the ghastly day over Glenmore the morning that followed the destruction of its people. That fiery tomb-house held its own sound sleepers, and sorrow, or despair, or fatigue, or debauchery, had overcome the rest. But far away on the ledge of a high bleak rock from which the smouldering house was just visible, an aged man, with hoary locks and feeble limbs, and clad in tattered garments, watched the dawn, and as he was turning to depart from the spot, he more than once looked back towards the valley of the Kennedies, repeating with a stern voice:—"Fiant nati ejus in interitum, in generatione una deleatur nomen ejus, et dispereat de terra memoria eorum!"

TEN YEARS OF THE WHIGS.

CONCLUSION.

FACTION is fraudulent in its principle, its means, and its ends. Its pretext is the public good, its means are popular delusion, and its end alternately power for the sake of pelf, and pelf for the sake of power. Its means are the assertion of imaginary rights, and the promise of impossible privileges; thus it first bewilders the people, and then cheats them. Generally poor, and always craving, its end among the higher orders is place and pension; among the lower, rapine.

Faction always proclaims itself as called for by some supreme necessity of the time. It first excites popular disturbance, and then points to it as the involuntary impulse of the nation. After having by every art excited the movement of the populace, it fraudulently pronounces the populace the people, appeals to its own work as irresistible, and asks who can oppose a law of nature? Faction uniformly holds a language to the populace which it knows to be the direct reverse of the truth. It pronounces them equal to the highest concerns of the state; it constantly refers to them as competent to all the questions of legislation, religion, and government; and compliments them on the superiority of their political virtue, their intelligence, and their capacity for public rule—thus panegyricizing, to make puppets of them, dressing them out in gilt trappings only to harness them to its chariot. Faction goes on its way to place, with the rabble shouting in its train.

Whiggism is faction in full dress. Faction is Whiggism *sans culotte*. The one is for the court, the other for the city, the conventicle, or the club. The bag, sword, and embroidered coat, in the one case; the red cap, the knife, and the rags, in the other, make all the difference; the visage, the "thews and sinews," the heart, are the same.

In the former portion of this paper, we had arrived at the point of time when Lords Grey and Althorp resigned, and the Cabinet, deprived of all its most efficient names before, seemed on the verge of extinction. But, when its last members were hurrying to the door, Lord Brougham,

unused to defeat, drove them back *en masse*, revived all the patriotism of possession among them, and fastened them to their seats, at least to sit until the King's messenger knocked on the outside. Talent and boldness give law, by nature, to the dunce and the slave, and the Cabinet obeyed accordingly. But a Premier was still to be looked for. The Chancellor would have been the natural leader of the Administration which he had thus kept in existence; but his robe forbade him: it was not wide enough to cover the woosack and the treasury bench at once. He was the soul of the council, but they must find somewhere else the flesh to embody this fiery particle to the popular eye. The Home Secretary was fixed on for this earthly receptacle. He was a *mezzo termine*: a politician without politics—a partizan, without dreaming to which party he belonged—a minister, known only to the menials of his office—a sitter in the Peers, distinguished only for his indefatigable smile—Lord Melbourne was the happiest chance that could have befallen the Ministry. Easy in his life, and easy in his principles, easy in every thing, his lordship was exactly the hospital-bed that fitted the patient in every disease; the well-cushioned couch on which a fractured Cabinet might be laid for the resetting of its limbs.

The constitution makes a bold people, throws open the widest field in the world to practical ability, and concentrates the whole force of national talent in the legislature. Why, then, has it exhibited so many Cabinets humiliating to the national integrity, destitute of the national talent, and degrading to the national name? Why, in passing along the galleries where the noblest forms of mankind are still seen in the great statesmen of England, do we find so many pedestals occupied by dwarfs? Why do we find such names as the Harleys, Butes, Graftons, and Holland, among the records of national government? The cause is discoverable in the public freedom. The balance of parties invites the dubious faith of those

who, having no other faculty than intrigue, must intrigue or sink. The liberty of the constitution, by throwing down all barriers to personal effort, leaves open a vast commonage to political pauperism. Salary is the substitute for an ambition which they have no heart to feel ; but a substitute without the fastidiousness, the precipitancy, or the hazards of ambition. It is steady and systematic, callous and base, selfish and servile ; it appeals to its kindred qualities among mankind : the night march will often surprise the camp which would have scared attack by day, and intrigue remains master of the field.

Lord Melbourne was now at the head of the ministry ; and here Whiggism found the first advantage of its choice. Probably no other minister on earth would have ventured to meet parliament with such a compilation. But the easy temperament which in Falstaff supplied the place of courage, carried him onward at the head of his troop. The only distinction between the leaders was, that Falstaff was ashamed to march through Coventry with his ragamuffins, while his Lordship marched on with all the complacency of a successful recruiting officer. Still a Chancellor of the Exchequer was wanting ; but he was easily found. Lord Althorp had played chief mourner at the political funeral of Lord Grey, and followed the remains until he saw that rigid remnant of Whiggism, not merely laid in the common receptacle of extinguished statesmanship, but firmly fastened down ; and then, with a lightened heart and rapid step, he returned

“ To the warm precincts of the cheerful day.”

A little coquetting ensued—the suit was pressed ; his Lordship’s aversion to public life was not a struggle of long continuance ; and, like Hamlet’s mother—“ ere those shoes were old ” in which he had followed the departed premier to the political churchyard, he was seen throwing off his weepers, and figuring in fond alliance with the new possessor of the supremacy.

The Premier’s first announcement to the House was characteristic. It was, that he had “ withdrawn the Coercion Bill.” From this beginning,

every act of his administration might have been foreseen. There was a power behind him stronger than he ; a *modified* bill was introduced on the 18th of July, limiting the enactments to the Lord-Lieutenant’s power of proclaiming districts. It passed into a law on the 29th, though under a strong protest from the Dukes of Cumberland, Wellington, and twenty-nine other peers.

But this feeble Cabinet was dropping to pieces. All their concessions could not conciliate ; all their humiliation could not save them from insult. A series of furious letters from Ireland, showed them the hollowness of the alliance which they had purchased by the utter loss of English popularity. The political pillory was revived for their use, and they stood helpless under an universal and unremitting discharge. A missive of the Irish agitator, addressed to Lord Duncannon, thus began :—“ My Lord,—I write more in sorrow than in anger. It is true that you have deceived me, bitterly and cruelly deceived Ireland. But we should have known you better. You belong to the Whigs ; and after four years of the most emaciating experience, we ought indeed to have known that Ireland had nothing to expect from the Whigs but insolent contempt, and malignant, treacherous hostility.”

These letters, which in other times would have been flung aside as the effusions of a solitary scribe, were now formidable as manifestoes of a powerful faction. They palpably cut off the retreat of the Cabinet on Irish party. Looking round England it could find no refuge. There every pass was blocked up. Ministers, unable to fight, now attempted to negotiate. But nothing would be accepted but a surrender at discretion. The king had prorogued the parliament on the 15th August. But though they were thus relieved from the pitiless pelting storm of debate, they were only exposed to more merciless antagonists—the whole press of the empire bore down upon them ; and, after an ineffectual attempt to fall with dignity, the Cabinet gave up the ghost in the midst of national rejoicing.

On the 14th November, Lord Melbourne had gone to Brighton, to state that the death of Lord Spencer, four days before, had rendered it necessary

to find another Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. The king declared the ministry at an end; and Lord Melbourne himself was actually made the bearer of a letter to the Duke of Wellington, commissioning his grace to construct a ministry. On the following day the duke waited on his majesty, and proposed Sir Robert Peel, then in Italy, as the head of the Cabinet.

By the end of December the ministerial arrangements were completed. Sir R. Peel, first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor.
The Duke of Wellington, Foreign Secretary.

Mr Goulburn, Home Secretary.

Lord Aberdeen, Colonial Secretary.

Earl de Grey, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Lord Ellenborough, President of the Board of Control.

Sir George Murray, Master-General of the Ordnance.

Mr Baring, President of the Board of Trade.

Mr Herries, Secretary at War.

Ireland.

The Earl of Haddington, Lord-Lieutenant.

Sir Edward Sugden, Chancellor; and Sir Henry Hardinge, Secretary.

Immediately after this arrangement, the bold step was taken of dissolving the Parliament, and on the 30th of December the first Reform Parliament was no more.

The experiment of Reform had now been tried, and no more abortive results ever followed from a public measure. It had been barren in every promise of public benefits, and been productive only in the evils which it so loudly proposed to extinguish for ever. Instead of a Ministry on a new construction, pure from all intrigue, combining the abilities of the Legislature, and incapable of doubt, disunion, or decay, it exhibited the feeblest Ministry ever known in England—tottering through a succession of measures, temporary and trifling—relying on assistance which it dared not acknowledge, and acting on principles which it dared not profess, until it found itself abandoned by the few men of political manliness within its circle, and was forced to make up

its deficiencies from the first wanderers of party whom it could allure into the service. To prevent the vessel from rotting in port, they had been obliged to put to sea without chart or compass, and supply the place of the British sailor with Lascars.

Of the House of Commons it had been predicted, that the Reform Bill would pour into it a new stream of public talent; that the genius of the people, so long pressed down by the weight of local patronage and hereditary influence, would suddenly recover its spring, and start up with equal purity and power. Unquestionably, there was a change in the House, but it was a change from its old intelligence, decorum, and dignity, into habits equally hostile to them all. Yet, still the leaders of debate continued to come from the class of former times; no genius from the rabble started up—no glittering fragment of native ability was discoverable in the mass of rude and malleable material thrown on the floor of the house. After the first irruption, debate recurred to its old course—knowledge, scholarship, and experience, asserted their original rank; and the demagogues, powerful in tavern meetings, the political gladiators of the streets, like the barbarian gladiators of old, showed themselves awkward, undisciplined, and fugitive, when they marched into a more honourable field.

The boast of Reform had been equally falsified in its promise of national tranquillity. In England the tumults had subsided with the elections for which they were raised. But in Ireland they had spread only with more rapid and deadly violence. What had been clamour was now conspiracy; what had been irritation was now all but revolt.

But we must hear their principles from their own lips. "I am," said the Papist leader, "still for the *Repeal*. Sink or swim, I am for the *Repeal*. I am for *shortening* the duration of parliaments. I have heard a great deal about the King's dissolving the Parliament next year; why, if my principles were carried into effect, it would die a natural death next year. Three years, however, was the period fixed at the Revolution; and as I like to build upon the old foundations wherever I can, I would not go further than the principle of

Triennial Parliaments established at the Revolution."

"I am likewise for the *extension of the Suffrage*. * * * * Every man who contributes to the taxes has a right to vote, the moment he attains the legal age.

"I am also decidedly for the *vote by Ballot*. Whoever votes by Ballot votes as he pleases, and no one needs know how he votes."

This was the theoretical declaration for England, the practical was for Ireland. In the election for Kerry, it was proclaimed—"whoever votes for the Knight of Kerry, shall have a death's head and cross bones painted on his door." The Knight of Kerry, who had represented the county for thirty years, was defeated. The system of terror was spread with all the vigour of Rome. The candidate for New Ross was obnoxious to the cabal; he was instantly put under ban. The decree was issued—"whoever shall support him, his shop shall be deserted; no man shall pass his threshold; put up his name as a traitor to Ireland; let no man deal with him—let no woman speak to him—let the children laugh him to scorn." The candidate for Clonmel was obnoxious, and he was thus held up to the people by one of the leading authorities of the party. "If any Catholic shall vote for him, I will supplicate to the throne of the Almighty, that he may be shown mercy in the next world, but *I ask no mercy for him in this*." What must be the effect of such denunciations against individuals, coming with the force of commands, flung among the inflammable passions of a peasantry, at once the most headlong and the most bigoted in Europe, with impunity for every crime in their combination, and with absolution for every crime awaiting them at the confessional. Yet it was with this cabal that Whiggism entered into a "compact alliance," for the possession of power.

One ally more was to be gained, and there, too, the "compact alliance" was formed. Radicalism had risen in the period of the French Revolution, and been crushed by Pitt. That greatest of statesmen disdained the public feeling and compromise, as much as he abhorred the employment of conspiracy; he grasped Radicalism at once, dragged it before the indignant justice of the country, and sending some of its leaders to wither in

exile, and others to give their last moral on the scaffold, cleared the land. But with his death it revived, stole from its retreats, and in the frequent changes and declining character of public power, and feeble cabinets, ventured to appear among men—as the plunderer and the incendiary ventures abroad in the decline of day. The avowed doctrines of the Radical were the Ballot, an unlimited extension of the Suffrage, and a reduction of the duration of Parliaments to three years, or, "as short a time as need be." It required no oracle to tell the world what these demands implied, or into what gulf they must rapidly have drawn the constitution. Thus came Whiggism prepared for the field. Its centre composed of the remnant of the party whose expulsion from power had been always the signal of public prosperity, and whose return had been synonymous with public misfortune; its wings were Popery and Radicalism, and its instruments Irish agitation and English reform. Yet, Radicalism, though daring, was not new, and though scorning a master, was not above a model. "I intended," said this model, "to have abolished the monarchy, and established a republic. I should have separated Ireland from England, the former of which I should have made an independent republic. I should have then left them to themselves, after having sown the seeds of republicanism in their *morale*." And how was this overthrow of the monarchy, this establishment of the rule of the multitude, and this separation of the empire, to have been effected? "I should," says the same original authority, "have suffered the House of Commons to remain; but I should have introduced a *great Reform*. I should have published a proclamation, declaring that I came as a friend to the English, and to *free the nation from a corrupt and flagitious aristocracy, and restore a popular government*." We ask, was this the language of a rambling enthusiast, the fancy of a melancholy speculator, dreaming of life in his chamber, and weighing the fates of empire in a scale of cobwebs? No, it was the language of the keenest-sighted sovereign of his age, one of the most profound thinkers that ever sat upon a throne, and one, too, who hated the name of England at once as a rebuker of his tyranny and a bar to his ambition. This was the language

of Napoleon in his dungeon at St Helena, where solitude gave him leisure to revive the memories of his day of power, and the consciousness that he had no more to hope or fear taught him candour. In the unrestricted bitterness of those prison hours, he indulged himself with the contemplation of the ruin which he had devised for his great rival, and bequeathed the legacy to the surer hand of faction to come.

We return to the progress of this most important session. The election for the speaker was carried against ministers; in a house of 526 members, 318 voted for Mr Abercrombie and 308 for Sir Charles Sutton. The power of Opposition was now complete, and the fate of the session and the cabinet was palpable from the beginning. Every part of the ministerial policy was instantly assailed. The first charge was against the Duke of Wellington, grounded on his having held the seals of three secretaryships of state during Sir Robert Peel's absence abroad. This possession was undoubtedly rare in constitutional history; but was not without precedent, nor even without important use; for, at the demise of Queen Anne, it had saved the country from the intrigues of Bolingbroke and the return of the Stewarts. On that occasion, for the express purpose of securing the Protestant succession by the overthrow of the most dangerous and powerful agent of the pretender, the three high offices of the Lord Treasurer and Lord Chamberlain of England, with the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, had been conferred at once on the Duke of Shrewsbury. Thus Jacobinism was flung from the steps of the throne, which it was already ascending, and the nation was saved from the renewed dominion of despotism, and the renewed supremacy of a superstition. But, in the instance of the Duke of Wellington, precedent was wholly unnecessary; for principle had been altogether untouched. His tenure of those offices had been confessedly for the public service, temporary and authorized. But the Duke's own language, in all instances, is the best authentication of his acts; and his statement was decisive with the country.

"I am charged," said he, "with having usurped powers which cannot be held without danger to the state; with having advised his Majesty to call me to his councils as first Lord of the

Treasury, and Secretary of the Home Department, and with having, in the latter capacity, acted as holder of the three seals. But it is established, that any minister appointed to one of those offices is competent to hold the seals of the other two, in the absence of those to whom they have been confided. During this period there was no exercise of patronage, nor a single office disposed of but in cases essential to the public service. Sir Robert Peel found all things, on his return, as nearly as might be, in the same situation in which they were left by the late cabinet.

An amendment to the Address was moved by Lord Melbourne, but negatived without a division.

In the Commons, the debate on the Address continued for three nights; an amendment was moved by Lord Morpeth, and ultimately carried by a majority of *seven*, in a house of 611 members. The coalition was now fully formed, the ranks of Opposition now fully exhibited their dangerous auxiliaries. The attack commenced on the Church.

Every man in England capable of studying the Constitution, knows that it must live and die with the Established Church: for, if it fell, England must be either sectarian or Popish; if universal sectarianism should usurp the place of the Church, the monarchy must perish, as it has done before, in the confusion and fury of unrestrained fanaticism; and that if Popery should be paramount, its first fruits would be persecution, and its next the total loss of civil liberty, as has been before. It is also equally obvious, that to destroy an Established Church, the first step is to destroy its property. Not that wealth is essential to individual virtue, but that property is essential to the independence of judgment, and the straightforwardness of conduct, without which a national church must only be a slave to the government, or a slave to the people. That there may be individuals who will be neither is perfectly possible; but we have to deal with a vast system, embracing the religious education of a vast empire, possessing 15,000 clergy in Great Britain alone, and requiring twice the number. Among vast bodies of men, we must calculate on human nature; and the true calculation will tell us, that if we have a pensioned clergy, we must expect the unhesitating submissiveness of pensioners; and if a

clergy dependent on voluntary contributions, the equally unhesitating acquiescence in all the opinions and caprices of those who pay them. If the congregation are fanatical, the preacher must lean to fanaticism, if not lead the way. If even their politics are factious, he must take good care how he ventures to differ from their republicanism. We may find martyrs in the pulpit, but he knows little of man who expects to find them by the thousand. The Church of England, by its fixed inalienable property, enables the clergyman to assert the religious opinions which, by his learning, he is authorized to form; it gives his advice that weight which can never be expected by one living on contributions; it relieves him from the sense of being indebted to every man round him for the bread which he eats, and the clothes which he wears; and it empowers him to declare the truth, without fear that it may condemn him to famine.

In another point of view, this possession of property is of scarcely inferior importance. It provides for the continuance of a learned clergy. Destroy the Church property, and what parent will hazard the well-known expense of a learned education for a profession in which his son may be a pauper? It is ridiculous to calculate upon popularity, publicity, or the chances of professional life. The expense is too heavy and too certain; and the result would be that in half a dozen years the pulpits would be left empty throughout the land, if not left much worse than empty—abandoned to a crowd of vulgar, ignorant, and dangerous men, struggling with each other for popular notice by the arts which belong to popularity with the rabble, running a rivalry of faction and fanaticism, a surpliced insurrection of desperately-ignorant, rash, and violent adventurers, who, preferring the Church to the cobbler's stall, or the handling of holy things to the handling of the plough and the spade, live on the substance of the people, and repay them by folly and fanaticism.

In language like this, we desire to avoid all offence to the existing diversities of religious opinion or church discipline. We readily admit that men of great virtue may differ on the mysteries of religion. But this we say, that the true evils can never be discovered until the Established Church in all parts of the empire shall be

utterly extinguished; if so great a calamity shall ever be permitted to visit this nation. We say, that the decorous existing sects would be the very first to be shaken in that general earthquake; that their decorum would be their crime; and that the more decorous they were, they would be the more suddenly swept away in the common ravages of a vast and furious fanaticism. The common declamation of Radicalism, that the state has a right to dispose of the church property, receives its true answer: first, in the fact, that the state has no right to dispose of the property of the Church more than it has to deprive any private man of his inheritance, or any corporation of its lands. And next, that the Church property was never the property of the nation, and therefore cannot revert to the nation; almost every shilling of it having been given by private individuals, and given in the common confidence that it would be protected by the laws.

These declaimers choose to forget, that the primary purpose of society itself is not the seizure of private property, but its protection; and that the primary object of law is the continuance of that protection; and that if the state seizes private property, the state becomes itself a robber. We have touched upon this topic, because in this especial robbery begins all revolution. The determination of the Whigs to bring forward a measure respecting the church property in Ireland, was manfully met by a ministerial measure calculated to take away every real cause of vexation in the tithe system. This was to be effected by the transfer of its payment from the tenant to the landlord. On the 20th of March, Sir Henry Hardinge, the Secretary for Ireland, brought in his bill for the purpose. It appeared from the returns of 903 benefices, that to Protestants belonged 10,500,000 acres, while to Roman Catholics belonged only 645,000, or only as one to fifteen, while the amount of composition paid by them respectively was actually as one to nineteen. This showed that the rent-charge for tithe would fall almost wholly on the Protestant landlord. The bill would give for every £100 of composition £75.

But the *appropriation* of the tithe was the Whig object; and on the 30th of March Lord John Russell moved the following resolution:—

“That this House resolve itself into

a committee of the whole House, in order to consider the present state of the Church Establishment in Ireland, with the view of applying any *surplus* of the revenues not required for the spiritual care of its members, to the general education of *all* classes of the people, without distinction of religious persuasion." The speech which introduced this resolution, concluded with the significant words, "It was now far better that the House should come to a decision, and should not be going on, week after week, without knowing whether the ministers of the crown *did or did not enjoy the confidence* of the House of Commons on this important question."

A debate of four nights followed. Sir James Graham said, that the motion was one for the removal of Ministers, not for the removal of a Popish grievance; and that its only result would be to establish the principle of taking from the Protestant what would never pacify the Roman Catholic. "If there is to be an established religion," said this intelligent senator, "there must be ministers in every parish: that is of the very substance of an establishment. To have this, two things are necessary—the provision made for them must be certain; it must be beyond the reach of agitation; it must be beyond the reach of influence; in order to avoid the disgrace of the pastor's shaping his doctrine not to the standard of truth but to the taste of his hearers. It must be sufficient to maintain them in an independent station, and not only them, but their families; for an unmarried priesthood, in my opinion, is an *unholy* priesthood. Now, I contend, that the salary attached to the majority of the Irish benefices is not too large for the maintenance of the incumbents. If superfluity any where exist, it is the exception, not the rule. In Ireland there are 1452 livings, and returns have been made of the revenues of 1123 of them. From those returns, it appears that 570 livings, or more than half the whole, are under the annual value of L.250; that 854 are under L.450; and that 948, being four-fifths of the whole, are under L.500."

He concluded by a natural and strong reference to the name which Opposition usurped. "Those who claim the title of Whig in our age," said he, "should tell us how they

feel entitled to contradict every characteristic that once made it honourable in the history of the constitution. I call upon every true Whig to oppose this mischievous resolution. Whig principles consist not in death's-head and cross-bone denunciations against those who exercise their civil franchises according to their conscience; nor in prayers for mercy limited to them in heaven, but not to be extended to them on this side of the grave. Whig principles consist not more in the love of civil liberty, than in jealousy of the Romish religion, as an engine of political power. And above all, I consider genuine Whig principles to consist in a warm attachment to the Protestant religion as by law established. I hold that the property which was set apart by our ancestors to maintain and propagate the Protestant religion is sacred, and ought to be applied only to sacred purposes. More than that, I say, that 'those who minister to the altar ought to live by the altar.' That principle is binding on you as a legislature composed of Christian men, and acting on Christian principles."

We dwell upon this question because it is the key to the whole Whig policy; because it is one which will always be brought forward on every Whig attempt to resume power; and because, in this especial instance, it was the result of a private compact between the Whigs and the new recruits, by which they overpowered the administration. Thus its conduct affords the most direct development of that remorseless, headlong, and unlimited sacrifice of the greatest public interests to personal objects—the hazard of an empire, in every generation, to the possession of temporary office by an unnational party, which characterises Whiggism.

The principle of confiscating the property of the Church in Ireland was originally Popish. It had formed the perpetual theme of the Irish clubs, the popular charm of the Irish hustings, and the unfailing central figure of those extravagant groupings of grievances, incongruous metaphors, and maudlin lamentations, which formed the mob oratory of Ireland. The topic was adopted, because it was popular; and it was popular, because it told the people to refuse payment of their debts. "Down with the Church!" was the cry of hundreds of

haranguers, who knew no more of its doctrines than they did of Mahometanism; and "Down with the Church!" was the answering roar of thousands, who knew no more of its authority than that they had taken their farms under a legal obligation to pay their tithe—in other words, to pay a part of the rent to the clergyman, and another part of the rent to the landlord. In every year since Popery had attained power, this cry was renewed in the legislature; but it had been put down by the declarations of both Ministry and Opposition, Whig and Tory alike declaring it incompatible with the laws, the constitution, and the welfare of the empire.

The Whigs themselves had never before advocated the principle. It was a late discovery, forced on their tardy vision by finding themselves outside the doors of Whitehall. Lord Althorpe, on bringing forward his bill, during the Grey ministry, distinctly denied that there "was any surplus in the Irish Church." His Lordship's language, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was—"The greatest exaggerations are prevalent as to the revenues of the Irish Church—*greater* than any political topic that has come under my consideration. I confess, that until I had looked into the subject, I had exaggerated even to myself the amount of the revenues of the Irish Church Establishment."

We next have the testimony of Lord John Russell himself, for in the discussion on the Irish Church affairs in 1833, speaking of the withdrawal of the 147th clause, which involved the principle of appropriation, his language was—"We must not, for the sake of a shadow, a mere abstract principle, the present establishment of which can be of no service, risk the tranquillity of the country."

And again—"With regard to the principle, that the Protestant establishment exceeds the spiritual wants of the Protestant population, and ought to be reduced, I think that it is a question with regard to which any measure that you may adopt should be founded on facts. I have a strong opinion on the subject, and I have made no effort to disguise it. But I do not think it becoming a legislature, or advisable from prudential motives, to come forward with a general motion involving an abstract principle."

Lord Palmerston held precisely the

same language. "The advocates of the motion," said he, (Ward's,) "wish first to assume the facts, and then to enquire whether those facts bear out the conclusion founded on the assumption. It seems to me, that it would be the *grossest absurdity* for the House to accede to the motion. It would be unwise and improper for the House to deal with any question, unless prepared by previous information. But it would be especially unwise, upon such a question as this, which, as involving the religious feelings of the whole community, ought to be handled with more caution than any other." Thus spoke those Cabinet Ministers.

Lord Brougham's language, a still more influential authority, was equally distinct. "I do not know," said he, "that there is a surplus, and if there be, I do not know its amount." And again—"I said that I would not consent to the appropriation of any surplus arising out of church property to any other than Protestant purposes, as contradistinguished from any thing like a proposition for applying such a surplus to the support of a Roman Catholic hierarchy."

Dr Lushington's language at the same period was—"What can be gained by assenting to this proposition? Are we to assent to it merely that we may conciliate one part of Ireland, at the cost of irritating the remainder? If we were to legislate in the spirit of the member for Dublin, will any impartial man suggest that we should be dealing even-handed justice to the different parties in Ireland?"

Those references show indisputably the real opinions of the party. A general march across the floor of the House had marvellously changed them. Yet that change shows only the happy flexibility which constitutes Whiggism. The caterpillar creeping on the ground, and eating the refuse of the soil, for one period of its being, then suddenly furnished with wings, and using them to spurn the soil, and leave the refuse far below, while it dallies in the sun, and sports along the air; and then, when the season goes down, going down with it, and remaining, only to begin as the caterpillar again—is no unnatural image of a party which stoops to all degradation by its nature, sees nothing in beginning in the mire, that it may bask in the glitter of office at last, and when flung down, instinctively stretches its

length in the mire, and feeds on the corruption of the dust once more.

Sir Henry Hardinge's clear and manly statement in the debate, gave a general refutation to the motion, still valuable from its facts. The causes and the conclusions are equally valid at this hour.

"The disturbances of Ireland," said the Irish Secretary, "are altogether erroneously charged to the popular hostility to a Protestant Establishment. The same description of violences existed in the time of Henry VIII., when there was but *one religion in Ireland*. The same had occurred from 1792 to 1798; but no man could assign them to tithes. The testimony of Wolf Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald was decisive—that they arose, not from tithes, but from an attempt of the Presbyterians in the north to form a republic. From 1799 to 1813, was a period of war. There were no Irish disturbances. The rents were high, and produce had advanced in value, and the people were thus contented. In 1823 and 1824, disturbances began again. The evidence, when before the Lords, proved, that the causes were the subletting of farms, and the want of employment for a vast and poor population—not tithes nor religious differences. The evidence stated distinctly—'That it was the poverty of the people, which exposed them to the seduction of every felonious or turbulent leader; with the want of employment, and the non-residence of landlords, who might superintend, control, and advise.' Taking four Roman Catholic counties of the south, containing 990,000 souls, and four Protestant of the north, containing 896,000, the number of outrages in the former four, in 1832, was 219, in the latter 36."

He stated, that as to principles brought forward by the advocates of the present motion, "they went not merely to the appropriation of a surplus, but to the total destruction of the Establishment in Ireland." He spoke on the church revenues from the most authentic documents. Four years before, the whole amount of the church revenue (supposing it to be regularly paid,) would not have amounted to quite L.730,000. But the whole operation of the legislature since, had been to reduce the amount of tithe. Thus had been taken away L.293,500 a year; the sum remaining therefore was only L.434,500.

Sir Robert Peel exposed the principle, the object, and the party at once, in one of the most masterly speeches of his whole Parliamentary career:—

"Of all the courses open to the House on ecclesiastical subjects," said he, "what is the one proposed by the noble member for Devonshire? (Lord J. Russell)—it is to add to religious dissension and pecuniary interest—to leave nothing settled—to establish nothing with respect to the surplus—but to content yourselves with asserting an *unprofitable* right, to apply an *imaginary* surplus to an *unexplained* purpose!

"Surely Ireland is convulsed enough already;

'There, hot and cold, and moist and dry,
Contend alike for mastery.'

"But you (turning to Lord J. Russell) would throw chaos in.

"You are not now going to determine whether it be expedient to found a *new* Establishment in Ireland. The question is, what will you do with the churches that now exist? You have already 1100. Is it part of your present plan to abandon them? You have 1100 glebe houses. Under the Temporalities Bill you have made provision for the increase of small livings and the building of churches. What do you mean to do with them? You say, your intention is to encourage the Protestant landlord to come and reside on his estate; and the very first spectacle you place before his eyes, is the dilapidation and ruin of that church which should afford a sanctuary for himself and his family."

He then powerfully adverted to the fact, that a motion of this kind, if put into practice, could not stop until it utterly extinguished the church in Ireland.

"You are well aware," said he, "that this is no final settlement—that it is only an instalment of the whole amount in contemplation. You tell me that I am in the rear of improvement. But let me tell you, there is one course more fatal—to be in the rear of men's own arguments; and that course you are pursuing. I am not of opinion that it behoves a minister to be for ever anxiously contemplating the ebb and flow of popular opinion. I say, that the man who takes this course will unsettle the minds of the people, and cause and

encourage a continual demand for innovation.

"You have taken up a position which you knew to be untenable, and you wish me to take it in common with you. But I will not consent to appropriate property connected with the Protestant Establishment to other purposes. I will not assent to your resolution, for the sake of Ireland itself; for I know its results would be, to send into Ireland, not peace, but a sword."

Then finally unmasking the true object—the overthrow of the Cabinet, he pressed a succession of home truths upon them. "I tell you, that notwithstanding your vaunted majorities here, you do *not* control public opinion. The people will not sanction a majority to embarrass a government. You may have their silence, but you will not have their approbation."

He concluded by declaring, that if he were to be prevented from carrying the bill for a tranquil settlement, and to find that the House was against him on the principles of his motion, he would hold office no longer. On the division, the force of the new alliance was exhibited in a majority of thirty-three for the motion, in a House of 611 members; the votes for it being 322, and against it 289. The English members gave a majority of nine for Ministers—235 to 226. The Scottish members divided—37 for the Opposition, 17 for Ministers. But the Irish members voted 64 for the Opposition, and but 37 for Ministers.

The division, palpably decided the existence of the Cabinet. The victory, however gained, was urged with all the eagerness of party in sight of place. And, in a few nights after, Lord John Russell moved—"That it is the opinion of this House that *no measure* on the subject of tithes in Ireland can lead to a satisfactory and final adjustment, which does not embody the principle contained in the resolution." "This," said his Lordship, "is a necessary corollary to what the House has already voted. Having declared their opinion, and excited the hopes of the Irish people, they would only inflict aggravated disappointment if *they pressed any measure on the subject of tithes* which did not embody the principle which they had sanctioned. It behoved the House to continue the work, and to declare

that the principle which they deemed *essential to the maintenance of peace and due administration of justice in Ireland*, should be carried into effect by some legislative measure."

If ever public party is to be bound by its declarations, or if there can be a pledge in the words of any public man—if the most solemn assertions are to be more than words, and principles to be any thing stronger than playthings, those resolutions bound Whiggism to adhere to them under all circumstances, to carry them into the most substantial practice, and make them the first objects of their policy in their government of Ireland. We shall soon see with what sudden facility Whiggism turned its face from the whole plan, with what fortunate dexterity it could contrive to slip aside from principles thus pronounced *essential*, and with what sneering ridicule it cast its official glance upon every man who called on it to perform its obligations.

The contest now rapidly closed, a third division carried the resolution by a majority of 27; and on the 18th of April Sir Robert Peel announced that the Cabinet had resigned.

Thus fell the first effort to retrieve the national hopes, to arrest the progress of extravagant changes, and to re-establish the Constitution. Nothing could be more true than the language of the late leader of the House of Commons, that the opinion of a majority in the Legislature would not decide the motion. The country was indignant, but the measures of Opposition had been urged on with such suspicious rapidity, that public feeling had not time to remonstrate. But when it awoke at last, it awoke with a force and universality which showed the Whig Cabinet that its days were already numbered. Addresses by the thousand flowed in upon Sir Robert, regretting his abandonment of power, and giving the highest praise to his administration. No minister since Pitt filled so large a space in national confidence, none received so large a tribute of national honour. The fall of his Cabinet was so palpably the work of a cabal, that it raised him still higher in public estimation; the nature of the questions which closed his government, showed even his Parliamentary talents in a new and more conspicuous point of view. Religion, public faith, personal

integrity, the defence of the constitution against conspiracy, and the assertion of the rights of common sense against insinuation and intrigue, were the topics on which he was summoned to protect the fair name of English legislation against Whiggism. They were well suited to the strong and lucid style of his eloquence, and the House listened with involuntary admiration, and the country with unabated interest, to the knowledge and feelings of the British senator, delivered in language worthy of his cause and his distinction.

On the 18th of April, the new Cabinet was announced. Lord Melbourne was again First Lord of the Treasury; Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Mr Charles Grant, were the Secretaries for the Home Departments, the Foreign, and the Colonial; Sir John Hobhouse was President of the Board of Control; Lord Auckland, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Howick, Secretary at War; Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council. Sir John Campbell and Mr Rolfe, were the Attorney and Solicitor-General; Lords Mulgrave and Morpeth, the Irish Lord Lieutenant and Secretary, and Lord Plunket, Chancellor. By a singular deficiency, Whiggism was unable to furnish a Lord Chancellor, and the great seal was put in commission.

Thus, for the first time, England saw a Ministry, the genuine offspring of the Reform Bill; stamped by a triple paternity, each equally obnoxious to the nation. The public opinion was instantly shown in the resistance to the re-election of the Ministers. Lord John Russell was thrown out for Devon by a majority of 627. Mr Littleton was lifted into the peerage, but his seat for the county of Stafford was immediately filled by a Conservative. Mr Charles Grant was similarly lifted into the peerage, but his seat for Inverness was similarly filled by a Conservative. There was a general struggle. But Lord John Russell at last reached Parliament through Stroud, where Colonel Fox accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and Lord Palmerston came in for Tiverton, which had been vacated by Mr Kennedy.

Ministers had now gained the grand Whig object, and they began to play the habitual Whig game. Radicalism demanded that they should do some-

thing to fulfil its glowing expectations. But to its astonishment, it was told by the Minister—"That if he had learned any thing by the experience of the last three years, it was, that the way to fall into difficulties, was to attempt to undertake too many things at once." Yet hope still might dwell on the Commutation of Tithes, and Municipal Reform. In the House of Lords, the Premier held the same language. "His principles were those of safe, prudent, and truly efficient reformation; the tendency of which was not to subvert or endanger, but to strengthen and establish the institutions of the country. And with regard to ecclesiastical government, he assured their Lordships that every measure contemplated on the subject would have for its purpose the promotion of true piety throughout his Majesty's dominions."

But this general declaration of goodwill was suddenly and closely questioned by Lord Alvanley. His lordship demanded, "before he could give full credit to Ministers for their patriotism, how it was that they got their places? He wished to know how Ministers stood with regard to the Irish agitator and his followers? He wished to know whether Government had, or had not, secured their aid, and if they had, what were the terms? Only two months before, that person had said at a public meeting, 'it is not vanity that makes me think that I shall yet hear some member of the Irish Parliament hail me as the father of my country, exclaiming—"The Union is prostrate, and Ireland is free."' It was but a short time since that person had publicly said of the House of Lords, 'a reform in the House of Lords is essentially necessary for the security of popular freedom, and I shall assist in procuring that reform. I am anxious that that House should be founded on common sense; in short, that it should be converted by law into an *elective assembly*.' That person had been denounced in every way, but by name, in the speech from the throne. That person had, not long since, opposed the noble lord's government in the most decided manner. It was beyond human credulity to believe he would not oppose the present government, unless for reasons which the House would be glad to hear from the Minister himself."

Lord Melbourne's answer was to

this effect. "The noble lord has asked, how far I coincide in opinion with Mr O'Connell? Why, *not at all*. He has asked if I retain the same opinions I held on the Coercion Act. I answer, I certainly do entertain the same opinions, and I *persevere in them*. The noble lord has asked, whether I have taken any means to secure the aid of Mr O'Connell; and if so, on what terms? I answer, I do not know whether I still have the assistance of Mr O'Connell or not; but I state most distinctly, that *I have taken no steps to secure it*. I have entered into *no terms whatever*; nor said any thing from which any inference could be drawn, in order to insure that individual's support." These words are worth remembering.

But by what means are we to reconcile the Premier's declarations with those of his supporters? From them we have the following statement of the case:—"We entered," says one of the Popish leaders, and a member of parliament, "into a close alliance with the Whigs, and at the meeting at Lord Lichfield's, formed that close, and, I trust, indissoluble compact, by which so much has been effected. How glorious that we put the Tories out of office by a resolution on the Irish Church, and the great principle of the *secular appropriation* of church property, to which the Whigs are now and *for ever pledged!*" And this was a speech made to a public assembly in the October of the same year; never contradicted and never explained away.

The appropriation pledge was now to be redeemed, and the statements of Lord Morpeth in bringing in the bill for that purpose, are perfectly elucidatory of the spirit of Whiggism. On the 26th of June, he moved the first reading of a measure, combining the proposal of the late Ministers for converting the existing composition of tithe into a rent charge, with the *appropriation* of 860 livings, on the ground of their having the number of fifty Protestants in each. It was proposed to suspend the appointment or presentation to all benefices so circumstanced. In parishes where there were no Protestants, the spiritual concerns which might arise, were to be in charge of a neighbouring minister, appointed by the bishop, with the salary of *five pounds* a-year.

There were other arrangements varying according to the number of Protestants, from one to fifty. But in case of any parish of the value of more than L.300 becoming vacant, the Lord Lieutenant, on the report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, would be empowered to make such a reduction as should seem fitting; not, however, reducing it below L.300 a-year. The fund thus accruing, and called the "reserve fund," was to be applied, first, to the payment of the stipends of the neighbouring ministers or curates; next to the charges on the suspended parishes; next to the erection of places of worship; and finally, to be handed over to the commissioners of national education in Ireland, to be applied to the religious and moral instruction of all classes of the people, without distinction of religious persuasion.

It is not our purpose to fasten on individuals even the charges which may obviously belong to their plans. We may even go the length of admitting that they do not penetrate into their own principles, nor see the consequences of their own measures. But that is no reason why others should be blind. It is observable, that in all the Whig conceptions of religious polity, the question seems to turn simply on, how many are of one faith, and how many of another. The Whig places himself in the position of a wholly unconcerned umpire, deciding on matters in which he has no opinion. "*Tros Tyriusve*." Certainly this altogether differs from our view; we think that it is of the very highest importance to put truth in all things before the people. In matters of religion, to place that truth in their hands by every rational means; and, though without the use of force of any kind, to give them the fullest opportunity of acquiring that knowledge which is essential to their welfare. We say, that it must be of importance to that knowledge to have a Protestant minister in every parish of Ireland, even though the whole population were Roman Catholics; because it is of importance to have before the eyes, even of Roman Catholics, an individual ready to communicate to them the scriptures, to exhibit the Christian virtues in his conduct, and even by his general superiority to their priests, to draw the attention of the people to

sacred things. We say, that though the harvest is in the hand of Heaven, the seed is in the hand of man, and that we have never doubted that sacred truth will ultimately make its way, where be to whom it is intrusted does his duty. But the policy which would withdraw the Protestant minister from a parish, merely because the Romish population outnumbered the Protestant, would be only to consign the weak to perpetual helplessness, the negligent of the scriptures to their total oblivion. Or even, in the extreme case, that there was not a single Protestant in the parish but the minister, and that he had not even a church to officiate in—it is true, that in such a case he could not display to the people the superior simplicity and decorum of the Protestant worship, nor induce them to hear his expositions of the Scriptures from his pulpit; yet, could he not write, and address them by the not less touching and more accessible means of his pen? Could he not distribute the scriptures? Could he not, by his knowledge of their necessities, by his personal kindnesses, and even by the silent virtue of his example, render them benefits of no slight order, until the rise of a new generation, or the awakened understanding of the old, gave new hopes of a purer faith among them? But the effect of the appropriation principle would be this:—You have to-day but little of official duty, to-morrow you shall have nothing. The population to-day are Papists, and therefore Papists they shall be for ever. The peasantry have not now the scriptures to read, and therefore they shall never have them to read. This principle, applied to any other branch of human advancement, would be turned into instant ridicule. The ground is sterile, therefore you shall never try the effect of cultivation. The tree has not produced fruit for these fifty years; therefore you shall never prune, graft, nor mould it. The same principle would instantly extinguish all attempts at the conversion of the Heathen. “What madmen are you, in going among the savages of the South Sea! there is not a Christian among them: they outnumber you by hundreds or thousands; they worship stocks and stones: why offer them Christianity when they already have a religion of their own?” The same principle would have stopped the

Apostles in their progress from Palestine through the world. “You are outnumbered; the people do not call for you: nay, they hate and despise you. They ridicule your doctrine and disdain your authority.” Yet the command was given “To teach all nations;” and the Apostles went forth, and their religion triumphed over Paganism with all its pomp, and all its intrigue, and all its power. We do not desire to charge individuals among the Whigs with so deep an offence as the belief that all religions are alike, and all merely matter of convenience; but it is impossible to see the general dealings of Whiggism with religious interests, without surprise at its slowness to discover the difference between them. But is it possible that the religion which gives the scriptures into the hands of man, which enjoins him to make them his law, and lays on him the perpetual obligations of purifying his heart and worshipping “in spirit and in truth,” can be no more important even to public order than the religion which practically shuts up the scriptures, makes the opinions of Popes and councils, and all the common fallibilities of man, equal in authority to the inspired volume, and prostrates the people before altars covered with relics and images? It was the result of a policy of this kind, proceeding from apathy in the old legislation of the empire, that the immense majority of Ireland fell back into Popery, are Papist at the present day, and that Ireland is a source of perpetual disturbance; that every wild absurdity takes refuge in its population, and that every hazard of England takes an additional hue of danger from the ready and undying bitterness of Irish faction. Why, it is asked, has not Ireland become tranquil in the course of six hundred years? The true answer is, because Ireland has not become Protestant. Why does one portion of Ireland seem destined to be the seat of eternal tumults, while the northern provinces rival the beauty and tranquillity of England? Because the north is Protestant. The north lies under exactly the same political circumstances with the south, shares all that the Papist declaimers call grievances, pays tithes, returns no more members to parliament than the rest, &c. Yet the difference between them is like the passage from one climate to another.

But why has not Protestantism become universal? The true answer is, because the plunder of the establishment by Henry VIII. and his successors has impoverished the church. Declaimers may tell us, that the poverty of the church purifies its virtue. Whether the beggar is a better man for his beggary, is a question of which those declaimers would be the last to make the personal experiment. But poverty at least extinguishes public efficiency. The clergyman struggling for bread must be an inadequate instrument for all the chief purposes of a churchman; a pauper commands but little respect any where; and the life which is absorbed in providing for the pressures of the hour must imperfectly fill the duties of the general teacher—protection and example of the population. Instead of the weak and infinitely shortsighted policy of diminishing the means of scriptural instruction the more they are required—and what can possibly require them more than a country covered with a vast Papist multitude, bowing down to images of saints, and believing all the tales of Romish credulity?—the first act of a wise government would be, in every instance, to invigorate the establishment; to supply every possible means for the sustenance of a learned, zealous, and effective Protestant clergy; to plant churches wherever churches could find, or even contemplate, a population; to encourage able men by the most direct and public patronage, and turn their minds to the religious cultivation of the people; to dispense with all the old and unhappy rules by which government patronage was guided in the days when Parliamentary interest was suffered to fill the Irish church with dulness and indolence; and, above all, to appoint bishops from among the clergy most distinguished for the vigour, intelligence, and ardour of their Christianity. The time for this most essential change is fully come. Eloquence should be among the first claims to distinction, as it is the highest public instrument of effect in all things. The eloquence of the pulpit has fallen away, but it is the great weapon of victory in that greatest of all combats, spiritual truth against spiritual error; the native genius of England and Ireland, however sleeping, is not dead. Deep as its slumber may be, the voice of a patriot government has only to call it

to be answered, and a new illustrious era, if religious era only, awaits that summons to begin. The true point of view in which the eye of government should look upon Ireland, is as a *Missionary* country. A vast population lying in darkness, only because the light has not been poured upon them; contented with the spiritual fetter, only because they have never known the blessings of spiritual freedom; and ready and terrible instruments of political tumult on the largest scale, simply because religious knowledge, the great corrector of human delusion, and the great softener of human discontent, has never been expounded among them on the largest scale. Ireland must be Protestant, or it will never be prosperous; religious error must be swept from the soil, before it can be peaceable; the jungle must be cleared, before the vapours of the marsh can cease to poison the land.

In the progress of the bill, Sir Robert Peel on the 21st, on the motion for its committal, moved as an amendment that it should be divided into two parts, that the House might have an opportunity of considering the part relative to the rent charge, and rejecting altogether this portion which was to suppress 860 parishes. His speech tore the bill to pieces. But we must confine ourselves to his brief detail of the actual condition to which the tamperings with property had successively reduced the Irish clergymen.

"Look," said Sir Robert, "to the actual result in figures. Take L.100 of tithe composition. First of all three-tenths are to be deducted, reducing it to L.70. The effect of the new average on corn, will reduce this by one-sixth, or L.11, 10s., leaving the clergyman no more than L.58, 10s. Then the woods and forests are to have sixpence in the pound, or L.1, 9s., leaving to the unfortunate clergyman, out of L.100, not a farthing more than L.57!"

He then gave a still more expressive illustration.

"Try the effect of this bill," said he, "on a larger scale. Take a benefice where the tithe by composition is L.600 a-year. The three-tenths, or L.180, sink it at once to L.420. One-sixth, the further deduction by the new average, sinks it to L.350. Then comes a new deduction by the

woods and forests of L.8, 15s. Thus remain to the clergyman out of his L.600 but L.341, 5s. Then comes the Temporalities Bill with its tax of two and a half per cent., or L.8, 10s., bringing it down to L.332, 15s. He then has to pay his curate L.75 a-year, and for insuring his life L.70 more. Thus with but L.187, 15s. left, let the House judge of his position. On the general scale of the Establishment, the working of the Bill would reduce the total income of the Church in Ireland to L.377,679." These arguments were unanswerable; but on the division, Sir R. Peel's motion was lost by a majority of 37, 182 voting for it, and 319 against it. The English members gave a majority of 8 for it, and the Scottish a majority of 8 against; but it was the Irish force that carried the day—63 voting against it and but 34 for it. But it had still to undergo the ordeal of another tribunal. On the 24th of August, the Bill went into Committee in the House of Lords, and the appropriation clauses were met with the most instant and direct defiance. Lord Haddington, who had lately been the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, moved, that "the whole should be expunged from the Bill."

The Bishop of London exposed its nature with powerful and eloquent contempt.

"This," said he, "is a measure of pacification! Religious discord is said to be the bane of Ireland. Yet this Bill goes from parish to parish fomenting, continuing, and exciting discord between Protestants and Roman Catholics. They propose to pacify these parishes. How?—by exterminating the Protestants! Another alleged necessity was that of pacifying the Roman Catholics. Had not their Lordships already abundant evidence of the futility of all such efforts? Had they not, each and all, signally and lamentably failed? It seemed to be a peculiarity in Irish legislation that there was never to be in any of its acts a principle of finality. In this measure, however, there *was* a principle of finality—there was the seed of destruction. If they were to pass this Bill, they might as well embody in it, that in the year 1840, or, at all events, at no distant period, the Protestant Church in Ireland shall for ever cease. The Roman Catholic priesthood had described the Estab-

lishment as 'a badge of conquest, and a token of slavery;' well, if it were so, when Government had stripped it of some 860 parishes, would it not remain as much a badge of conquest as ever? Within the last thirty years, more than 600 new churches, and as many glebe houses, had been built—would one of those have been built had this bill been passed at the time of the Union? This was the first step, no, not the first, but the most gigantic and determined stride yet made towards the suppression of that Church. They ought, as true Protestants, to deal with Ireland as with a country that should become Protestant; but the direct tendency of the measure was, to *Palatize* Ireland. Every parish consisting of fewer than fifty Protestants was to be deprived of a resident clergyman; with all the encouragements and consolations which he was able to afford; and the necessary result must be, that the Protestants would be compelled to expatriate themselves. This measure, if it succeeded, would inspire incalculable confidence in a body of men, who, whether by storm or spite, by force or fraud, were bent on effecting the destruction of the Church of England, but knew that it was hopeless to attempt this while the Church of Ireland stood."—To this no answer was made, or could be made. The Bill was crushed. On the division, Ministers were left in a minority of 97. The motion *against* the appropriation clauses being carried by 138 against 41. Well may we exclaim, "Thank God, we have Lords!" The Bill was abandoned by Ministers.

In this crisis, what ought those Ministers to have done? Beyond all question, to have instantly resigned. They were pledged to carry the measure; they were palpably unable to carry it. They had declared it in the most distinct manner to be essential to the public peace, and to all good government in Ireland. Were they to attempt to carry on a government in which they could not answer for the public peace, and was office to entitle them to give up what they had pronounced essential to the public safety? They had declared the Appropriation a matter of common justice to Ireland, were they now to remain in office, and acquiesce in a denial of justice? They had made the refusal of the appropria-

tion principle the ground on which they deprived the king of the ministry of Sir Robert Peel; were they themselves to retain the ministry when they were as unable to carry this "all-healing and vital measure," as Sir Robert Peel was unwilling? In both cases, the country was to be deprived of it; and by what worthier tenure could they regard themselves as holding office, than that of the men whom, on this ground, they had excluded? Or what is a ministry, if it cannot carry its own measures; or what is the worth of any measures if they are never to reach beyond the desk of the cabinet? There can be no doubt whatever, that Ministers, in the spirit of old English feelings, ought to have placed their offices at the disposal of the king without an hour's delay.

But new times had come, and old feelings had passed away. We were but commencing a period in which Ministers were to exhibit themselves beaten week after week, until beating became familiar to them, and ruin had stared them so often in the face, that their political life was a succession of escapes, their existence but a ridiculous contingency, and their best security but a reprieve. But the protracted session now closed, and the king concluded it on the 10th of September.

Parliament had shut up its doors; but a new scene was to be exhibited in the streets. The Lords had thrown themselves into the breach of the Constitution, and had baffled the assaults of Popery and Radicalism. A political itinerancy was now exhibited to punish them for this timely act of manliness and wisdom, and a succession of public meetings was organized through the country, to rouse the popular mind for the next campaign.

"What do the Lords want?" was the cry of these travelling haranguers. "Why: to fasten their sons and cousins upon the public purse. Peel says, that we are but for one house of Parliament; no, we are for two, but not a black house and a white one; one that is not honest, and one that is honest.—We are for two honest houses.—Let the Lords be elected for five or six years.—What title have Lords to legislate for us?"

Amid all this absurdity, the favourite source of rabble appeal was the hereditary peerage. The populace

were asked with heavy and foolish ridicule, whether they would have any opinion of a hereditary carpenter, or employ a hereditary physician, or think that the son of a tailor inherited his father's skill in making a coat? And the gross and dull fools who thought that this was humour, and pretended to think that it was argument, ran from town to town asking the same questions, and receiving their reward in the laughter of the mob, and the infinite contempt of the nation. Every man of sense knows, that the peerage are not placed in Parliament in the expectation of their exhibiting more talent than may be fairly expected among men of the best education, and accustomed to the general exercise of their understandings upon public subjects. No man of sense expects talents to be hereditary: and if the purpose of the peerage was to supply the nation with either physicians or tailors, inheritance should not be the means. But the purpose is to supply the nation with guardians of the national property, and for this the inherited property and rank of the peerage make them invaluable. Such men know the worth of property, from its possession. They know the importance of public peace from the security which it gives to their own estates, and they are acquainted with the wisdom of protecting the property of others, even if they had no higher motive than the selfish interest of preserving their own. The peerage is thus, by its nature, hostile to all public disturbance, to all rude changes of law, to all illegal acts against property, and to all attempts of faction to shake the throne, which in its turn is the common protection of all. Thus the peerage is essentially anti-revolutionary. It is by its position the protector of the people from the crown, and of the crown from the people. The coronet is conservative; and while the peerage does its duty and follows its nature, the constitution will live, and not an hour longer.

But even in point of ability, it is nothing but the most pitiful disregard of truth which attempts to cover the House of Peers with the general stigma of personal inaptitude. While nature no more denies talent to the son of a peer than the son of a peasant, the country is perpetually reinforcing the peerage with the choicest ability of every branch of public exer-

tion. It is not merely the son of the great landholder; every name who rises by personal effort to national honour, is continually advancing to strengthen the intellectual claims of the House of Lords; the heads of the bar, the chief officers of the army, the chief scholars of the church, are all moving towards the peerage every year of their lives; and the debates in the House exhibit ability, learning, and the highest results of political experience, in as ample a degree as any assembly that ever existed.

We press these facts, because these questions will all return. They are the breath in the nostrils of revolution; and whenever there are men who expect to force a livelihood out of tumult, we are sure to find those in the head and front of their appeals to the rabble. But, let England look to history, and there discover, without the miseries of future experience, the wisdom to be derived from the past. In the British annals, the whole danger for the last 200 years has arisen from the excitement of the populace. The Great Rebellion of 1641, exhibited the peerage overthrown, and the House of Commons put in possession of the sovereignty. What was the consequence? The monarchy was overthrown with the peerage. A despotism in parliament was erected, sustained by a despotism in the streets—property was confiscated in all directions, men were exiled, robbed, and slain, for the attempt to adhere to the laws; the unhappy king was murdered, without law, and in defiance of law. The House of Commons, which had rebelled against the king for laying on imposts to less than the amount of a million a-year, laid on imposts to the amount of *six* millions. In the seven years of its despotism, the money extorted from the people by the House amounted to *forty millions* sterling: all was public robbery. Every thing was referred to Committees, and the Committees never brought in any accounts. The House voted £300,000 for the pockets of the members themselves. “The Committees,” says Hume, “had unlimited power of secreting whatever sums they pleased from the public treasure. To *facilitate their frauds*, the Exchequer was abolished: the excise was extended over provisions, and the common necessities of life: nearly one-half of the goods and chattels, and

at least one-half of the rents and revenues of the nation had been sequestrated.”

And this was the conduct of an assembly, which was not formed of the ruffians whom a revolution would, in our days, place in power; it was not formed of those odious, malignant, vulgar, and vicious miscreants, who would now be found railing at all authority, with no other object than robbery, and no other limit to their robbery than their power of evading justice. It was composed of men of character and ability, many of them also men of honour and principle; but the *curse* of uncontrolled power was on them; they yielded only to the instincts of all democracies, and could no more resist that original law of their condition, which makes unlimited power ruinous to human principle, than the swimmer in a cataract can resist the plunge of the stream. We ought deeply to study the history of the years from 1641 to 1649. There is little new under the sun, but there is nothing new in the career of rabble power: generation after generation, the same figures with the same round of crime; the same dance of death exhibits the same mixtures of furious revelry and mortal ruin; the same table of ghastly intemperance is spread to pamper the same degrading and desperate appetites; the same lazaret-house throws open its doors, and displays the same moody madness and startling disease of a popular love of rapine, excited by the arts of popular intriguers, impostors, and traitors.

In 1836 Parliament was opened by the King in person, on the 14th of February. The first business of importance, was the introduction of a bill to “reform the Irish Municipal Corporations.” Those corporations having been chiefly established for the express support of English connexion, and protestantism in Ireland, had long been objects of the bitterest hostility to the Irish party. The history of the bill in this session was brief; it passed the Commons and went to the Lords; there it received amendments, was returned to the Commons, and the amendments not satisfying the constructors of the bill, it was thrown aside.

But the Appropriation Bill of last year must come on again. There was a power behind the Treasury bench, which insisted that the measure should

be carried, and the Whigs were again forced into the field. On the 24th of April, Lord Morpeth, as Irish Secretary, brought in the bill, but its further discussion was postponed for some months, and, in the mean time, Lord Stanley brought in a bill to meet the disturbances of the question, without the obnoxious principle. Ministers objected to the bill, as an obstacle to their own, and laid down the following principles, which we quote, as embodying what we presume to be regarded as the Whig doctrine on subjects of religion. "They were not prepared to say, that the principle that the Established Church ought to be that of the majority, ought to be carried out to its full extent in Ireland. But the duty of the State, was, *not* to select and support that creed only which the supreme authority considered to be *founded on truth*, but to provide means for inculcating the principles of morality and religion among the *great body* of the people."

Now, this language states fairly enough the system of Whig legislation on the religion of the country. And to what does it amount? The legislature, consisting confessedly of the wisest and most experienced body of the State, is not to give the nation the benefit of its wisdom and experience in the most important matter that can affect society. It is to regulate trade, public habits, and intercourse, every minor interest of man; but to keep aloof from influencing the religious advance of the people. Even if they were in the depths of the grossest religious ignorance; if they worshipped an image of Vishnu or Budh, or offered sacrifices to a snake, or, like the Negro, worshipped the evil principle itself, a legislature possessing the lights and evidences which belong to Christianity, firmly convinced by those proofs that it was the only true religion, that without its knowledge man must only grow more corrupt, and that he must sink into a hopeless futurity; still the Christian legislature is not to adopt the natural and simple means of awaking this knowledge among the people, by sending teachers of Christianity among them, by building churches, and by refusing to give any public encouragement to the old ignorance or old abominations of the people. We are as far from *forcing* religion on the consciences of men, as the most *liberal* of Whigs. We altogether deprecate the

practices of Popery in that persecution, which Popery, though so sensitive to all pressures on its own imagined privileges, exercises wherever it has power, and which is a part of its claim as *infallible*. We say, let the truth come before the people with every advantage, and let every fair means be given to make its impression on their minds. But let no public advantage be given to error. Let us not strip the Roman Catholic of his chapel, nor exile his priest, nor confiscate his property, for that would be persecution. But let us not strip the Protestant Church of its property, to please the Roman Catholic, for this would be to disable the progress of religion. But then, we are told, let the legislature provide for inculcating the "principles of morality and religion on all." But what principles? the principles of what it deems a false religion, to promote the principles of what it deems a false morality? How can falsehood in religion produce anything but falsehood in morality? Thus we are to have the legislature assisting to teach as truths, what it believes to be falsehoods, and called on to do that as a duty to the people, which it is solemnly convinced is a crime to itself, and a delusion and a danger to them. In this language, we do not require that the Legislature should be a body of divines, nor that either they or the divines should choose a religion for the people. But this we say, let a Christian legislature give all the assistance of law and lawful power to the progress of Christianity: let a protestant legislature refuse to give any public assistance whatever to what it solemnly believes to be a corruption of Christianity; and thus having provided that truth shall at least be unembarrassed in its efforts, leave the rest to the high Providence that gives moral light, and prospers the exertions of sincerity. If this had been done about 300 years ago, there would never have been a sword drawn in Ireland against the British crown. Had this been done a hundred years ago in Ireland, there would not now be a single papist in the pale: literature would have spread, good order would have flourished, the country would have enjoyed the vast bounties which nature has provided in the singular fertility of her soil, the matchless commercial advantages of her position, and the talent and indus-

try of a "people, who are eccentric only because they are tempted to disturbance, and disturbed only because they are idle.

We must now come to a close. From this period the cabinet did nothing: the game was played with its adherents behind a curtain, and the public knew little of Ministers, except as thirteen gentlemen who attended the debates, to stand the "pitiless pelting" of opposition. How they managed to silence the clamourers who had so loudly demanded general change, is among those secrets which, if great men seldom possess, little men guard with such scrupulous fidelity.

They did nothing: they opened and closed sessions, and received their salaries with official accuracy. The country was sinking in the estimate of Europe; but as no political earthquake had come to shake the roofs of the Treasury on their heads, they calmly awaited the operations of nature.

The accession of her Majesty made no change in their politics or their position. Like the professors of animal magnetism, they evidently imagined that the perfection of national health was somnolency, and that the manipulator who soonest set the country asleep was at the head of his profession. One, and but one member of the Cabinet felt the change. The noble Premier became the supervisor of the Court entertainments, and his genius was thenceforth vigorously occupied in this congenial duty.

But peace be to his ashes, and to the ashes of them all! Whether they have perished bodily as well as officially, is still a matter of discussion; for with the exception of one or two of their number, all have utterly disappeared. All questions on the subject must be answered in the well-known melancholy cadence of the Eastern echo—a Voice cries, Where are they? and Echo answers, Where?—yet it is not impossible that they may still be in existence. It was but the other day that a cabinet of toads and bats to the number of thirteen, the exact Whitehall muster-roll, were dug

out of a block of stone in Essex, all alive, after a quiet sinecurism of a hundred and fifty years. The tale of the "*Seven Sleepers*" of Ephesus has been laughed at as a legend, but perhaps our posterity may match it as a history. In no other shape will the Whig cabinet find a place in human record. Englishmen will turn away from their waste of years, and their feebleness of government, with wonder that such things could have been in a great, active, and intelligent country. Their whole administration will be regarded as a dull yet uneasy dream; an interval of rest without refreshment, and of the silence of sleep without the relaxation of the mind; a heavy cessation of all the manlier faculties, from which men spring up with a resolution to relapse into it no more. But the country has at length recovered; Conservatism, always the strength of England, is now the principle of its administration.

Men eminent in council and in the field have superseded a race whose names were unknown until they appeared in the *Gazette*, and whose names will be unknown from the moment when they drop from that record. But they have left us one advantage, the complete and final experience of a Whig Cabinet. With the full command of opportunity, with the multitude at their backs, with the Throne offering no obstacle, and with the nation prepared to give them a fair trial, their whole course had been one of failure. In peace, they left the country seven millions of debt, an increasing expenditure and a decreasing revenue. How infinitely fortunate was it for the empire that they were not tried in war, that we were permitted to see the natural fate of Whig imbecility without suffering from its follies in action—that we were allowed to see the machinery fall to pieces by its own flimsiness, without seeing it fall on our heads—that we retain the recollection of the Cabinet, as we see a fragment of morbid anatomy in a museum, without feeling the diseased organ in our frame, and perishing of the desperate disease.

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THE PAGAN ORACLES,

It is remarkable—and, without a previous explanation, it might seem paradoxical to say it—that oftentimes under a continual accession of light, important subjects grow more and more enigmatical. In times when nothing was explained, the student, torpid as his teacher, saw nothing which called for explanation—all appeared one monotonous blank. But no sooner had an early twilight begun to solicit the creative faculties of the eye, than many dusky objects, with outlines imperfectly defined, began to converge the eye, and to strengthen the nascent interest of the spectator. It is true that light in its final plenitude is calculated to disperse all darkness. But this effect belongs to its consummation. In its earlier and *struggling* states, light does but reveal darkness. It makes the darkness palpable and “visible.” Of which we may see a sensible illustration in a gloomy glass-house, where the sullen lustre from the furnace does but mass and accumulate the thick darkness in the rear upon which the moving figures are relieved. Or we may see an intellectual illustration in the mind of the savage, on whose blank surface there exists no doubt or perplexity at all, none of the pains connected with ignorance: he is conscious of no darkness, simply, because for *him* there exists no visual ray of speculation—no vestige of prelusive light.

Similar, and continually more similar, has been the condition of ancient

history. Once yielding a mere barren crop of facts and dates, slowly it has been kindling of late years into life and deep interest under superior treatment. And hitherto, as the light has advanced, *pari passu* have the masses of darkness strengthened. Every question solved has been the parent of three new questions unmasked. And the power of breathing life into dry bones, has but seemed to multiply the skeletons and lifeless remains; for the very natural reason—that these dry bones formerly (whilst viewed as incapable of revivification) had seemed less numerous, because every where confounded to the eye with stocks and stones, so long as there was no motive of hope for marking the distinction between them.

Amongst all the illustrations which might illuminate this truth, none is so instructive as the large question of PAGAN ORACLES. Every part, indeed, of the Pagan religion, the course, geographically or ethnographically, of its traditions, the vast labyrinth of its mythology, the deductions of its contradictory genealogies, the disputed meaning of its many secret “mysteries,” [τελεται—symbolic rites or initiations,] all these have been submitted of late years to the scrutiny of glasses more powerful, applied under more combined arrangements, and directed according to new principles more comprehensively framed. We cannot in sincerity affirm—always with immediate advantage. But even where the individual effort

may have been a failure as regarded the immediate object, rarely, indeed, it has happened, but that much indirect illumination has resulted—which, afterwards entering into combination with other scattered currents of light, has issued in discoveries of value; although, perhaps, any one contribution, taken separately, had been, and would have remained, inoperative. Much has been accomplished, chiefly of late years; and, confining our view to ancient history, almost exclusively amongst the Germans—by the Savignys, the Niebuhrs, the Otfried Muellers. And, if that *much* has left still more to do, it has also brought the means of working upon a scale of far accelerated speed.

The books now existing upon the ancient oracles, above all, upon the Greek oracles, amount to a small library. The facts have been collected from all quarters, examined—sifted—winnowed. Theories have been raised upon these facts under every angle of aspect; and yet, after all, we profess ourselves to be dissatisfied. Amongst much that is sagacious, we feel and we resent with disgust a taint of falsehood diffused over these recent speculations from vulgar and even counterfeit incredulity; the one gross vice of German philosophy, not less determinate or less misleading than that vice which, heretofore, through many centuries, had impoverished this subject, and had stopped its discussion under the anile superstition of the ecclesiastical Fathers.

These Fathers, both Greek and Latin, had the ill fortune to be extravagantly esteemed by the Church of Rome; whence, under a natural reaction, they were systematically depreciated by the great leaders of the Protestant Reformation. And yet hardly in a corresponding degree. For there was, after all, even among the Reformers, a deep-seated prejudice in behalf of all that was “primitive” in Christianity; under which term, by some confusion of ideas, the Fathers often benefited. Primitive Christianity was reasonably venerated; and on this argument, that, for the first three centuries, it was necessarily more sincere. We do not think so much of that sincerity which affronted the fear of persecution; because, after all, the searching persecutions were rare and intermitting, and not perhaps, in any case, so fiery

as they have been represented. We think more of that gentle but insidious persecution which lay in the solicitations of besieging friends, and more still of the continual temptations which haunted the irresolute Christian in the fascinations of the public amusements. The theatre, the circus, and far beyond both, the cruel amphitheatre, constituted, for the ancient world, a passionate enjoyment, that by many authors, and especially through one period of time, is described as going to the verge of frenzy. And we, in modern times, are far too little aware in what degree these great carnivals, together with another attraction of great cities, the pomps and festivals of the Pagan worship, broke the monotony of domestic life, which, for the old world, was even more oppressive than it is for us. In all principal cities, so as to be within the reach of almost all provincial inhabitants, there was a hippodrome, often uniting the functions of the circus and the amphitheatre; and there was a theatre. From all such pleasures the Christian was sternly excluded by his very profession of faith. From the festivals of the Pagan religion his exclusion was even more absolute; against them he was a sworn militant protester from the hour of his baptism. And when these modes of pleasurable relaxation had been subtracted from ancient life, what could remain? Even less, perhaps, than most readers have been led to consider. For the ancients had no such power of extensive locomotion, of refreshment for their wearied minds, by travelling and change of scene, as we children of modern civilization possess. No ships had then been fitted up for passengers, nor public carriages established, nor roads opened extensively, nor hotels so much as imagined hypothetically; because the relation of *ξενία*, or the obligation to reciprocal hospitality, and latterly, the Roman relation of patron and client, had stifled the first motions of enterprise of the ancients; in fact, no man travelled but the soldier and the man of political authority. Consequently, in sacrificing public amusements, the Christian sacrificed *all* pleasure whatsoever that was not rigorously domestic; whilst in facing the contingencies of persecutions that might arise under the rapid succession of changing emperors, they faced a perpetual *anxiety* more

trying to the fortitude than any fixed and measurable evil. Here, certainly, we have a guarantee for the deep faithfulness of early Christians, such as never can exist for more mixed bodies of professors subject to no searching trials.

Better the primitive Christians were, (by no means individually better, but better on the total body,) yet they were not in any intellectual sense wiser. Unquestionably the elder Christians participated in the local follies, prejudices, superstitions, of their several provinces and cities, except where any of these happened to be too conspicuously at war with the spirit of love or the spirit of purity which exhaled at every point from the Christian faith; and, in all intellectual features, as were the Christians generally, such were the Fathers. Amongst the Greek Fathers, one might be unusually learned, as Clement of Alexandria, and another might be reputed unusually eloquent, as Gregory Nazianzen, or Basil. Amongst the Latin Fathers, one might be a man of admirable genius, as far beyond the poor vaunted Rousseau in the impassioned grandeur of his thoughts, as he was in truth and purity of heart; we speak of St Augustine, (usually called St Austin,) and many might be distinguished by various literary merits. But could these advantages anticipate a higher civilization? Most unquestionably some of the Fathers were the *élite* of their own age, but not in advance of their age. They, like all their contemporaries, were besieged by errors, ancient, inveterate, traditional; and accidentally, from one cause special to themselves, they were not merely liable to error, but usually prone to error. This cause lay in the *polemic* form which so often they found a necessity, or a convenience, or a temptation for assuming, as teachers or defenders of the truth.

He who reveals a body of awful truth to a candid and willing auditory, is content with the grand simplicities of truth in the quality of his proofs. And truth, where it happens to be of a high order, is generally its own witness to all who approach it in the spirit of childlike docility. But far different is the position of that teacher who addresses an audience composed in various proportions of sceptical enquirers, obstinate oppo-

nents, and malignant scoffers. Less than an apostle is unequal to the suppression of all human reactions incident to wounded sensibilities. Scorn is too naturally met by retorted scorn: malignity in the Pagan, which characterized all the known cases of signal opposition to Christianity, could not but hurry many good men into a vindictive pursuit of victory. Generally, where truth is communicated *polemically*, (this is, not as it exists in its own inner simplicity, but as it exists in external relation to error,) the temptation is excessive to use those arguments which will tell at the moment upon the crowd of bystanders, by preference to those which will approve themselves ultimately to enlightened disciples. Hence it is, that, like the professional rhetoricians of Athens, not seldom the Christian Fathers, when urgently pressed by an antagonist equally mendacious and ignorant, could not resist the human instinct for employing arguments such as would baffle and confound the unprincipled opponent, rather than such as would satisfy the mature Christian. If a man denied himself all specious arguments, and all artifices of dialectic subtlety, he must renounce the hopes of a *present* triumph; for the light of absolute truth on moral or on spiritual themes, is too dazzling to be sustained by the diseased optics of those habituated to darkness. And hence we explain not only the many gross delusions of the fathers, their sophisms, their errors of fact and chronology, their attempts to build great truths upon fantastic etymologies, or upon popular conceits in science that have long since been exploded, but also their occasional unchristian tempers. To contend with an unprincipled and malicious liar, such as Julian the Apostate, in its original sense the first deliberate *miscreant*, offered a dreadful snare to any man's charity. And he must be a furious bigot who will justify the rancorous lampoons of Gregory Nazianzen. Are we, then, angry on behalf of Julian? So far as *he* was interested, not for a moment would we have suspended the descending scourge. Cut him to the bone, we should have exclaimed at the time! Lay the knout into every "raw" that can be found! For we are of opinion that Julian's duplicity is not yet adequately understood. But what was

right as regarded the claims of the criminal, was *not* right as regarded the duties of his opponent. Even in this mischievous renegade, trampling with his ourang-outang hoofs the holiest of truths, a Christian bishop ought still to have respected his sovereign, through the brief period that he *was* such, and to have commiserated his benighted brother, however wilfully astray, and however hatefully seeking to quench that light for other men, which, for his own misgiving heart, we could undertake to show that he never *did* succeed in quenching. We do not wish to enlarge upon a theme both copious and easy. But here, and every where, speaking of the Fathers as a body, we charge them with antichristian practices of a twofold order; sometimes as supporting their great cause in a spirit alien to its own, retorting in a temper not less uncharitable than that of their opponents; sometimes, again, as adopting arguments that are unchristian in their ultimate grounds; resting upon errors the reputation of errors; upon superstitions the overthrow of superstitions; and drawing upon the armouries of darkness for weapons that, to be durable, ought to have been of celestial temper. Alternately, in short, the Fathers trespass against those affections which furnish to Christianity its moving powers, and against those truths which furnish to Christianity its guiding lights. Indeed, Milton's memorable attempt to characterize the Fathers as a body, contemptuous as it is, can hardly be challenged as overcharged.

Never in any instance were these aberrations of the Fathers more vividly exemplified than in their theories upon the Pagan Oracles. On behalf of God, they were determined to be wiser than God; and, in demonstration of scriptural power, to advance doctrines which the Scriptures had nowhere warranted. At this point, however, we shall take a short course; and, to use a vulgar phrase, shall endeavour to "kill two birds with one stone." It happens that the earliest book in our modern European literature, which has subsequently obtained a station of authority on the subject of the ancient Oracles, applied itself entirely to the erroneous theory of the Fathers. This is the celebrated *Antonii Van Dale, "De Ethnicorum Oraculis Dissertationes,"* which was pub-

lished at Amsterdam *at least* as early as the year 1682; that is, 160 years ago. And upon the same subject there has been no subsequent book which maintains an equal rank. Van Dale might have treated his theme simply with a view to the investigation of the truth, as some recent enquirers have preferred doing; and, in that case, the Fathers would have been noticed only as incidental occasions might bring forward their opinions—true or false. But to this author the errors of their Fathers seemed capital; worthy, in fact, of forming his *principal* object; and, knowing their great authority in the Papal Church, he anticipated, in the plan of attaching his own views to the false views of the Fathers, an opening to a double patronage—that of the Protestants in the first place, as interested in all doctrines seeming to be anti-papal; that of the Sceptics in the second place, as interested in the exposure of whatever had once commanded, but subsequently lost, the superstitious reverence of mankind. On this policy, he determined to treat the subject polemically. He fastened, therefore, upon the Fathers with a deadly *acharnement*, that evidently meant to leave no arrears of work for any succeeding assailant; and it must be acknowledged, that, simply in relation to this purpose of hostility, his work is triumphant. So much was not difficult to accomplish; for barely to enunciate the leading doctrine of the Fathers is, in the ear of any chronologist, to overthrow it. But, though successful enough in its functions of destruction, on the other hand, as an affirmative or constructive work, the long treatise of Van Dale is most unsatisfactory. It leaves us with a hollow sound ringing in the ear, of malicious laughter from gnomes and imps grinning over the weaknesses of man—his paralytic facility in believing—his fraudulent villany in abusing this facility—but in no point accounting for those real effects of diffusive social benefits from the Oracle machinery, which must arrest the attention of candid students, amidst some opposite monuments of incorrigible credulity or of elaborate imposture.

As a book, however, belonging to that small cycle (not numbering, perhaps, on *all* subjects, above threescore) which may be said to have moulded and controlled the public opinion of

Europe through the last five generations, already for itself the work of Van Dale merits a special attention. It is confessedly the *classical* book—the original *fundus* for the arguments and facts applicable to this question; and an accident has greatly strengthened its authority. Fontenelle, the most fashionable of European authors, at the opening of the eighteenth century, writing in a language at that time even more predominant than at present, did in effect employ all his advantages to propagate and popularize the views of Van Dale. Scepticism naturally courts the patronage of France; and in effect that same remark which a learned Belgian (Van Brouwer) has found frequent occasion to make upon single sections of Fontenelle's work, may be fairly extended into a representative account of the whole—“*L'on trouve les mêmes arguments chez Fontenelle, mais dégagés des longueurs du savant Van Dale, et exprimés avec plus d'élégance.*” This *rifacimento* did not injure the original work in reputation: it caused Van Dale to be less read, but to be more esteemed; since a man, confessedly distinguished for his powers of composition, had not thought it beneath his ambition to adopt and recompose Van Dale's theory. This important position of Van Dale with regard to the effectual creed of Europe—so that, whether he were read directly or were slighted for a more fashionable expounder, equally in either case it was *his* doctrines which prevailed—must always confer a circumstantial value upon the original dissertations, “*De Ethnicorum Oraculis.*”

This original work of Van Dale is a book of considerable extent. But in spite of its length, it divides substantially into two great chapters, and no more, which coincide in fact with the two separate dissertations. The first of these dissertations, occupying 181 pages, enquires into the failure and extinction of the Oracles; when they failed, and under what circumstances. The second of these dissertations enquires into the machinery and resources of the Oracles during the time of their prosperity. In the first dissertation, the object is to expose the folly and gross ignorance of the Fathers, who insisted on representing the history of the case roundly in this shape—as though all had prospered with the Oracles up to the na-

tivity of Christ; but that after his crucifixion, and simultaneously with the first promulgation of Christianity, all Oracles had suddenly drooped; or, to tie up their language to the rigour of their theory, had suddenly expired. All this Van Dale peremptorily denies; and, in these days, it is scarcely requisite to add, triumphantly denies; the whole hypothesis of the Fathers having literally not a leg to stand upon; and being in fact the most audacious defiance to historical records that perhaps the annals of human folly present.

In the second dissertation, Van Dale combats the other notion of the Fathers—that, during their prosperous ages, the Oracles had moved by an agency of evil spirits. He on the contrary contends that, from the first hour to the last of their long domination over the minds and practice of the Pagan world, they had moved by no agencies whatever but those of human fraud, intrigue, collision, applied to human blindness, credulity, and superstition.

We shall say a word or two upon each question. As to the first, viz. *when* it was that the Oracles fell into decay and silence? thanks to the headlong rashness of the Fathers, Van Dale's assault cannot be refused or evaded. In reality, the evidence against them is too flagrant and hyperbolic. If we were to quote from Juvenal—“*Delphis et Oracula cessant,*” in that case, the Fathers challenge it as an argument on *their* side, for that Juvenal described a state of things immediately posterior to Christianity; yet even here the word *cessant* points to a distinction of cases which already in itself is fatal to their doctrine. By *cessant* Juvenal means evidently what we in these days should mean in saying of a ship in action—that her fire was slackening. This powerful poet, therefore, wiser so far than the Christian Fathers, distinguishes two separate cases; first, the state of torpor and languishing which might be (and in fact was) the predicament of many famous Oracles through centuries not fewer than five, six, or even eight; secondly, the state of absolute dismantling and utter extinction which, even before his time, had confounded individual Oracles of the inferior class, not from changes affecting religion, whether true or false, but from political revolutions. Here,

therefore, lies the first blunder of the Fathers, that they confound with total death the long drooping which befell many great Oracles from languor in the popular sympathies, under changes hereafter to be noticed; and, consequently, from revenues and machinery continually decaying. That the Delphic Oracle itself—of all oracles the most illustrious—had not expired, but simply slumbered for centuries, the Fathers might have been convinced themselves by innumerable passages in authors contemporary with themselves; and that it was continually throwing out fitful gleams of its ancient power, when any very great man (suppose a Cæsar) thought fit to stimulate its latent vitality, is notorious from such cases as that of Hadrian. He, in his earlier days, whilst yet only dreaming of the purple, had not found the Oracle superannuated or palsied. On the contrary, he found it but too clear-sighted; and it was no contempt in him, but too ghastly a fear and jealousy, which laboured to seal up the grander ministrations of the Oracle for the future. What the Pythia had foreshown to himself, she might foreshow to others; and, when tempted by the same princely bribes, she might authorize and kindle the same aspiring views in other great officers. Thus, in the new condition of the Roman power, there was a perpetual peril, lest an oracle so potent as that of Delphi should absolutely create rebellions, by first suggesting hopes to men in high commands. Even as it was, all treasonable assumptions of the purple for many generations, commenced in the hopes inspired by auguries, prophecies, or sortileges. And had the great Delphic Oracle, consecrated to men's feelings by hoary superstition, and *privileged by secrecy*, come forward to counter-sign such hopes, many more would have been the wrecks of ambition, and even bloodier would have been the blood-polluted line of the imperial successions. Prudence, therefore, it was, and state-policy, not the power of Christianity, which gave the *final* shock (of the *original* shock we shall speak elsewhere) to the grander functions of the Delphic Oracle. But in the mean time, the humbler and more domestic offices of this oracle, though naturally making no noise at a distance, seem long to have survived its state relations. And, apart

from the sort of galvanism notoriously applied by Hadrian, surely the Fathers could not have seen Plutarch's account of its condition, already a century later than our Saviour's nativity. The Pythian priestess, as we gather from *him*, had by that time become a less select and dignified personage; she was no longer a princess in the land—a change which was proximately due to the impoverished income of the temple; but she was still in existence; still held in respect; still trained, though at inferior cost, to her difficult and showy ministrations. And the whole establishment of the Delphic god, if necessarily contracted from that scale which had been suitable when great kings and commonwealths were constant suitors within the gates of Delphi, still clung (like the Venice of modern centuries) to her old ancestral honours, and kept up that decent household of ministers which corresponded to the altered ministrations of her temple. In fact, the evidences on behalf of Delphi as a princely house, that had indeed partaken in the decaying fortunes of Greece, but naturally was all the prouder from the irritating contrast of her great remembrances, are so plentifully dispersed through books, that the Fathers must have been willingly duped. That in some way they *were* duped is too notorious from the facts, and might be suspected even from their own occasional language: take, as one instance, amongst a whole *harmony* of similar expressions, this short passage from Eusebius—οἱ Ἕλληνες ὁμολογῶντες ἐκλελοιπέναι αὐτὰν τὰ χρησθηρὰ—the Greeks admitting that their Oracles have failed. (There is, however, a disingenuous vagueness in the very word ἐκλελοιπέναι,) εἰς ἄλλοτε ποτε ἐξ αἰῶνος—and when? why, at no other crisis through the total range of their existence—ἢ κατὰ τὰς χρόνους τῆς εὐαγγελικῆς διδασκαλίας—than precisely at the epoch of the evangelical dispensation, &c. Eusebius was a man of too extensive reading to be entirely satisfied with the Christian representations upon this point. And in such indeterminate phrases as κατὰ τὰς χρόνους, (which might mean indifferently the entire three centuries then accomplished from the first promulgation of Christianity, or specifically that narrow punctual limit of the earliest promulgation,) it is easy to

trace an ambidextrous artifice of compromise between what would satisfy his own brethren on the one hand, and what, on the other hand, he could hope to defend against the assaults of learned Pagans. In particular instances it is but candid to acknowledge, that the Fathers may have been misled by the remarkable tendencies to error amongst the ancients, from their want of public journals, combined with territorial grandeur of empire. The greatest possible defect of harmony arises naturally in this way amongst ancient authors, locally remote from each other; but more especially in the post-Christian periods, when reporting any aspects of change, or any results from a revolution, variable and advancing under the vast varieties of the Roman empire. Having no newspapers to effect a level amongst the inequalities and anomalies of their public experience in regard to the Christian Revolution, when collected from innumerable tribes so widely differing as to civilization, knowledge, superstition, &c.; hence it happened that one writer could report with truth a change as having occurred within periods of ten to sixty years, which for some other province would demand a circuit of six hundred. For example, in Asia Minor, all the way from the sea-coast to the Euphrates, towns were scattered having a dense population of Jews. Sometimes these were the most malignant opponents of Christianity; that is, wherever they happened to rest in the *letter* of their peculiar religion. But, on the other hand, where there happened to be a majority (or, if not numerically a majority, yet influentially an over-balance) in that section of the Jews who were docile children of their own preparatory faith and discipline, no bigots, and looking anxiously for the fulfilment of their prophecies, (an expectation at that time generally diffused,) —under those circumstances, the Jews were such ready converts as to account naturally for sudden local transitions, which in other circumstances or places might not have been credible. This single consideration may serve to explain the apparent contradictions, the irreconcilable discrepancies, between the statements of contemporary Christian bishops, locally at a vast distance from each other, or (which is even more important) reporting from communities occupying different stages of

civilization. There was no harmonizing organ of interpretation, in Christian or in Pagan newspapers, to bridge over the chasms that divided different provinces. A devout Jew, already possessed by the purest idea of the Supreme Being, stood on the very threshold of conversion: he might, by one hour's conversation with an apostle, be transfigured into an enlightened Christian: whereas a Pagan could seldom in one generation pass beyond the infirmity of his noviciate. His heart and affections, his will and the habits of his understanding, were too deeply diseased to be suddenly transmuted. And hence arises a phenomenon, which has too languidly arrested the notice of historians: viz. that already, and for centuries before the time of Constantine, wherever the Jews had been thickly sown as colonists, the most potent body of Christian zeal stood ready to kindle under the first impulse of encouragement from the state; whilst in the great capitals of Rome and Alexandria, where the Jews were hated and neutralized politically by Pagan forces, not for a hundred years later than Constantine durst the whole power of the government lay hands on the Pagan machinery, except with timid precautions, and by graduations so remarkably adjusted to the circumstances, that sometimes they wear the shape of compromises with idolatry. We must know the ground, the quality of the population, concerned in any particular report of the Fathers, before we can judge of its probabilities. Under local advantages, insulated cases of Oracles suddenly silenced, of temples and their idol-worship overthrown, as by a rupture of new-born zeal, were not less certain to arise as rare accidents from rare privileges, or from rare coincidences of unanimity in the leaders of the place, than on the other hand they were certain *not* to arise in that unconditional universality pretended by the Fathers. Wheresoever Paganism was interwoven with the whole moral being of a people, as it was in Egypt, or with the political tenure and hopes of a people, as it was in Rome, *there* a long struggle was inevitable before the revolution could be effected. Briefly, as against the Fathers, we find a sufficient refutation in what *followed* Christianity. If, at a period five or even six hundred years after the birth

of Christ, you find people still consulting the local Oracles of Egypt, in places sheltered from the point-blank range of the state artillery—there is an end, once and for ever, to the delusive superstition, that, merely by its silent presence in the world, Christianity must instantaneously come into fierce activity as a re-agency of destruction to all forms of idolatrous error. That argument is multiplied beyond all power of calculation, and to have missed it is the most eminent instance of wilful blindness which the records of human folly can furnish. But there is another refutation lying in an opposite direction, which presses the Fathers even more urgently in the rear than this presses them in front: any author posterior to Christianity, who should point to the decay of Oracles, they would claim on their own side. But what would they have said to Cicero, by what resource of despair would they have parried his authority, when insisting, (as many times he does insist,) forty and even fifty years before the birth of Christ, on the languishing condition of the Delphic Oracle? What evasion could they imagine here? How could that languor be due to Christianity, which far anticipated the very birth of Christianity? For, as to Cicero, who did not “far anticipate the birth of Christianity,” we allege *him* rather because his work *De Divinatione* is so readily accessible, and because his testimony on any subject is so full of weight, than because other and much older authorities cannot be produced to the same effect. The oracles of Greece had lost their vigour and their palmy pride full two centuries before the Christian era. Historical records show this *à posteriori*, whatever were the cause, and the cause which we will state hereafter, shows it *à priori* apart from the records.

Surely, therefore, Van Dale needed not to have pressed his victory over the helpless Fathers so unrelentingly, and after the first ten pages, by cases and proofs that are quite needless and *ex abundanti*; simply, the survival of any one distinguished Oracle upwards

of four centuries *after* Christ—that is sufficient. But if, with this fact, we combine the other fact, that all the principal Oracles had already begun to languish more than two centuries *before* Christianity, there can be no opening for a whisper of dissent upon any real question between Van Dale and his opponents; viz. both as to the possibility of Christianity co-existing with such forms of error, and the possibility that oracles should be overthrown by merely Pagan, or internal changes. The less plausible, however, that we find this error of the Fathers, the more curiosity we naturally feel about the source of that error; and the more so, because Van Dale never turns his eyes in that direction.

This source lay (to speak the simple truth) in abject superstition. The Fathers conceived of the enmity between Christianity and Paganism, as though it resembled that between certain chemical poisons and the Venetian wine-glass, which (according to the belief* of three centuries back) no sooner received any poisonous fluid, than immediately it shivered into crystal splinters. They thought to honour Christianity, by imaging it as some exotic animal of more powerful breed, such as we English have witnessed in a domestic case, coming into instant collision with the native race, and exterminating it every where upon the first conflict. In this conceit they substituted a foul fiction of their own, fashioned on the very model of Pagan fictions, for the unvarying analogy of the divine procedure. Christianity, as the last and consummate of revelations, had the high destination of working out its victory through what was greatest in man—through his reason, his will, his affections. But, to satisfy the Fathers, it must operate like a drug—like sympathetic powders—like an amulet—or like a conjurer's charm. Precisely the monkish effect of a Bible, when hurled at an evil spirit—not the true rational effect of that profound oracle read, studied, and laid to heart—was that which the Fathers ascribed to the mere proclama-

* Which belief we can see no reason for rejecting so summarily, as is usually done in modern times. It would be absurd, indeed, to suppose a kind of glass, qualified to expose all poisons indifferently, considering the vast range of their chemical differences. But surely, as against that one poison then familiarly used for domestic murders, a chemical reagency might have been devised in the quality of the glass. At least, there is no *prima facie* absurdity in such a supposition.

tion of Christianity, when first piercing the atmosphere circumjacent to any oracle; and, in fact, to their gross appreciations, Christian truth was like the scavenger bird in eastern climates, or the stork in Holland, which signalizes its presence by devouring all the native brood of vermin, or nuisances, as fast as they reproduce themselves under local distemperatures of climate or soil.

It is interesting to pursue the same ignoble superstition, which in fact, under Romish hands, soon crept like a parasitical plant over Christianity itself, until it had nearly strangled its natural vigour, back into times far preceding that of the Fathers. Spite of all that could be wrought by Heaven, for the purpose of continually confounding the local vestiges of popular reverence which might have gathered round stocks and stones, so obstinate is the hankering after this mode of superstition in man, that his heart returns to it with an elastic recoil as often as the openings are restored. Agreeably to this infatuation, the temple of the true God—even its awful *adytum*—the holy of holies—or the places where the ark of the covenant had rested in its migrations—all were conceived to have an eternal and a self-vindicating sanctity. So thought man: but God himself, though to man's folly pledged to the vindication of his own sanctities, thought far otherwise; as we know by numerous profanations of all holy places in Judea, triumphantly carried through, and avenged by no plausible judgments. To speak only of the latter temple, three men are memorable as having polluted its holiest recesses; Antiochus Epiphanes, Pompey about a century later, and Titus pretty nearly by the same exact interval later than Pompey. Upon which of these three did any judgment descend? Attempts have been made to impress that colouring of the sequel in two of these cases, indeed, but without effect upon any man's mind. Possibly in the case of Antiochus, who seems to have moved under a burning hatred, not so much of the insurgent Jews as of the true faith which prompted their resistance, there is some colourable argument for viewing him in his miserable death as a monument of divine wrath. But the two others had no such malignant spirit; they were

tolerant and even merciful; were authorized instruments for executing the purposes of Providence; and no calamity in the life of either can be reasonably traced to his dealings with Palestine. Yet, if Christianity could not brook for an instant the mere co-existence of a Pagan oracle, how came it that the author of Christianity had thus brooked (nay, by many signs of co-operation, had promoted) that ultimate desecration, which planted "the abomination of desolation" as a victorious crest of Paganism upon his own solitary altar? The institution of the Sabbath, again—what part of the Mosaic economy could it more plausibly have been expected that God should vindicate by some memorable interference, since of all the Jewish institutions it was that one which only and which frequently became the occasion of wholesale butchery to the pious (however erring) Jews? The scruple of the Jews to fight, or even to resist an assassin, on the Sabbath, was not the less pious in its motive because erroneous in principle; yet no miracle interfered to save them from the consequences of their infatuation. And this seemed the more remarkable in the case of their war with Antiochus, because *that* (if any that history has recorded) was a holy war. But, after one tragical experience, which cost the lives of a thousand martyrs, the Maccabees—quite as much on a level with their scrupulous brethren in piety as they were superior in good sense—began to reflect that they had no shadow of a warrant from Scripture for counting upon any miraculous aid; that the whole expectation, from first to last, had been human and presumptuous; and that the obligation of fighting valiantly against idolatrous compliances was, at all events, paramount to the obligation of the Sabbath. In one hour, after unyoking themselves from this monstrous millstone of their own forging, about their own necks, the cause rose buoyantly aloft as upon wings of victory; and, as their very earliest reward—as the first fruits from thus disabusing their minds of windy presumptions—they found the very case itself melting away which had furnished the scruple; since their cowardly enemies, now finding that they would fight on all days alike, had no longer any motive for attacking

them on the Sabbath; besides that their own astonishing victories henceforward, secured to them often the choice of the day not less than of the ground.

But, without lingering on these outworks of the true religion, viz. 1st, the Temple of Jerusalem; 2dly, the Sabbath—both of which the divine wisdom often saw fit to lay prostrate before the presumption of idolatrous assaults, on principles utterly irreconcilable with the oracle doctrine of the Fathers, there is a still more flagrant argument against the Fathers, which it is perfectly confounding to find both them and their confuter overlooking. It is this. Oracles, take them at the very worst, were no otherwise hostile to Christianity than as a branch of Paganism. If, for instance, the Delphic establishment were hateful (as doubtless it was) to the holy spirit of truth which burned in the mind of an apostle, *why* was it hateful? Not primarily in its character of Oracle, but in its universal character of Pagan temple; not as an authentic distributor of counsels adapted to the infinite situations of its clients—often very wise counsels; but as being ultimately engrafted on the stem of idolatrous religion—as deriving, in the last resort, their sanctions from Pagan deities, and therefore as sharing *constructively* in all the pollutions of that tainted source. Now, therefore, if Christianity, according to the fancy of the Fathers, could not tolerate the co-presence of so much evil as resided in the Oracle superstition, that is, in the derivative, in the secondary—in the not unfrequently neutralized or even redundantly compensated mode of error,—then, *à fortiori*, Christianity could not have tolerated for an hour the parent superstition, the larger evil, the fountal error, which diseased the very organ of vision—which not merely distorted a few objects on the road, but spread darkness over the road itself. Yet what is the fact? So far from any mysterious repulsion *externally* between idolatrous errors and Christianity, as though the two schemes of belief could no more co-exist in the same society than two queen-bees in a hive—as though elementary nature herself recoiled from the abominable *concursum*—do but

open a child's epitome of history, and you find it to have required four entire centuries before the destroyer's hammer and crowbar began to ring loudly against the temples of idolatrous worship; and not before five, nay, locally six, or even seven centuries had elapsed, could the better angel of mankind have sung gratulations announcing that the great strife was over—that man was inoculated with the truth; or have adopted the impressive language of a Latin Father, that “the owls were to be heard in *every* village, hooting from the dismantled fanes of heathenism, or the gaunt wolf disturbing the sleep of peasants as he yelled in winter from the cold dilapidated altars.” Even this victorious consummation was true only for the southern world of civilization. The forests of Germany, though pierced already to the south in the third and fourth centuries by the torch of missionaries—though already at that time illuminated by the immortal Gothic version of the New Testament preceding Ulppilas, and still surviving—sheltered through ages in the north and east vast tribes of idolaters, some awaiting the baptism of Charlemagne in the eighth century and the ninth, others actually resuming a fierce countenance of heathenism for the martial zeal of crusading knights in the thirteenth and fourteenth. The history of Constantine has grossly misled the world. It was very early in the fourth century, (313, A.D.,) that Constantine found himself strong enough to take his *earliest* steps for raising Christianity to a privileged station; which station was not merely an effect and monument of its progress, but a further cause of progress. In this latter light, as a power advancing and moving, but politically still militant, Christianity required exactly one other century to carry out and accomplish even its eastern triumph. Dating from the era of the very inaugurating and merely local acts of Constantine, we shall be sufficiently accurate in saying, that the corresponding period in the fifth century, (viz. from about 404 to 420 A.D.,) first witnessed those uproars of ruin in Egypt and Alexandria—fire racing along the old carious timbers, battering-rams thundering against the ancient walls of the most horrid temples—

which rang so searchingly in the ears of Zosimus, extorting, at every blow, a howl of Pagan sympathy from that ignorant calumniator of Christianity. So far from the fact being, according to the general prejudice, as though Constantine had found himself able to destroy Paganism, and to replace it by Christianity; on the contrary, it was both because he happened to be far too weak, in fact, for such a mighty revolution, and because he *knew* his own weakness, that he fixed his new capital, as a preliminary caution, upon the Propontis. There were other motives to this change, and particularly (as we have attempted to show in a separate dissertation) motives of high political economy, suggested by the relative conditions of land and agriculture in Thrace and Asia Minor, by comparison with decaying Italy; but a paramount motive, we are satisfied, and the earliest motive, was the incurable Pagan bigotry of Rome. Paganism for Rome, it ought to have been remembered by historians, was a mere necessity of her Pagan origin. Paganism was the fatal dowry of Rome from her inauguration; not only she had once received a retaining fee on behalf of Paganism, in the mysterious *Ancile*, supposed to have fallen from heaven, but she actually preserved this bribe amongst her rarest jewels. She possessed a palladium, such a national amulet or talisman as many Grecian or Asiatic cities had once possessed—a *fatal* guarantee to the prosperity of the state. Even the Sibylline books, whatever ravages they might be supposed by the intelligent to have sustained in a lapse of centuries, were popularly believed, in the latest period of the Western empire, to exist as so many charters of supremacy. Jupiter himself in Rome had put on a peculiar Roman physiognomy, which associated him with the destinies of the gigantic state. Above all, the solemn augury of the twelve vultures, so memorably passed downwards from the days of Romulus, through generations as yet uncertain of the event, and,

therefore, chronologically incapable of participation in any fraud—an augury *always* explained as promising twelve centuries of supremacy to Rome, from the year 748 or 750 B.C.—co-operated with the endless other Pagan superstitions in anchoring the whole Pantheon to the Capitol and Mount Palatine. So long as Rome had a worldly hope surviving, it was impossible for her to forget the Vestal Virgins, the College of Augurs, or the indispensable office and the *indefeasible* privileges of the *Pontifex Maximus*, which (though Cardinal Baronius, in his great work, for many years sought to fight off the evidences for that fact, yet afterwards partially he confessed his error) actually availed—historically and *medallically* can be demonstrated to have availed—for the temptation of Christian Cæsars into collusive adulteries with heathenism. Here, for instance, came an emperor that timidly recorded his scruples—feebly protested, but gave way at once as to an ugly necessity. There came another, more deeply religious or constitutionally more bold, who fought long and strenuously against the compromise. “What! should he, the delegate of God, and the standard-bearer of the true religion, proclaim himself officially head of the false! No: that was too much for his conscience.” But the fatal meshes of prescription—of superstitions ancient and gloomy—gathered around him: he heard that he was no perfect Cæsar without this office, and eventually the very same reason which had obliged Augustus not to suppress but himself to assume the tribunitian office—viz. that it was a popular mode of leaving democratic organs untouched, whilst he neutralized their democratic functions by absorbing them into his own—availed to overthrow all Christian scruples of conscience even in the most Christian of the Cæsars many years *after* Constantine. The pious Theodosius found himself literally compelled to become a Pagan pontiff. A *bon mot** circulating amongst the people warned him

* “A *bon mot* :”—This was built on the accident that a certain *Maximus* stood in notorious circumstances of rivalry to the emperor [Theodosius]; and the bitterness of the jest took this turn—that if the emperor should persist in declining the office of *Pont. Maximus*, in that case, “erit *Pontifex Maximus*,” i.e. *Maximus* (the secret aspirant) shall be our Pontifex. So the words sounded to those in the secret [*συνετοισι*], whilst to others they seemed to have no meaning at all.

—that, if he left the cycle of Imperial powers incomplete, if he suffered the galvanic battery to remain imperfect in its circuit of links, pretty soon he would tempt treason to show its head, and would even for the present find but an imperfect obedience. Reluctantly therefore the emperor gave way; and perhaps soothed his fretting conscience by offering to Heaven, as a penitential litany, that same petition which Naaman the Syrian offered to the prophet Elijah as a reason for a personal dispensation. Hardly more possible it was that a camel should go through the eye of a needle, than that a Roman senator should forswear those inveterate superstitions with which his own system of aristocracy had been riveted for better and worse. As soon would the Venetian senator, the gloomy ‘magnifico’ of St Mark, have consented to renounce the annual wedding of his republic with the Adriatic—as the Roman noble, whether senator, or senator elect, or of senatorial descent, would have severed his own solitary stem from the great forest of his ancestral order: and this he must have done by doubting the legend of Jupiter Stator—or by withdrawing his allegiance from Jupiter Capitolinus. The Roman people universally became agitated towards the opening of the fifth century after Christ, when their own twelfth century was drawing near to its completion. Rome had now reached the very condition of Dr Faustus—having originally received a known term of prosperity from some dark power; but at length hearing the hours, one after the other, tolling solemnly from the church tower, as they exhausted the waning minutes of the very final day marked down in the contract. The more profound was the faith of Rome in the flight of the twelve vultures, once so glorious, now so sad, an augury, the deeper was the depression as the last hour drew near that had been so mysteriously prefigured. The reckoning, indeed, of chronology was slightly uncertain. The Varroian account varied from others. But these trivial differences might tell as easily against them as for them, and did but strengthen the universal agitation. Alaric, in the opening of the fifth century [about 410]—Attila, near the middle [445]—already seemed prelude to earthquakes running before the

final earthquake. And Christianity, during this era of public alarm, was so far from assuming a more winning aspect to Roman eyes as a religion promising to survive their own, that already under that character of revisionary triumph, this gracious religion seemed a public insult, and this meek religion a perpetual defiance: pretty much as a king sees with scowling eyes, when revealed to him in some glass of Cornelius Agrippa, the portraits of that mysterious house which is destined to supplant his own.

Now, from this condition of feeling at Rome, it is apparent not only as a fact that Constantine did not overthrow Paganism, but as a possibility that he could not have overthrown it. In the fierce conflict he would probably have been overthrown himself; and, even for so much as he *did* accomplish, it was well that he attempted it at a distance from Rome. So profoundly, therefore, are the Fathers in error, that instead of that instant victory which they ascribe to Christianity, even Constantine's revolution was merely local. Nearly five centuries in fact it cost, and not three, to Christianize even the entire Mediterranean empire of Rome; and the premature effort of Constantine ought to be regarded as a mere *fluctus decumanus* in the continuous advance of the new religion, one of those ambitious billows which sometimes run far ahead of their fellows in a tide steadily gaining ground, but which inevitably recede in the next moment, marking only the strength of that tendency which sooner or later is destined to fill the whole capacity of the shore.

To have proved, therefore, if it could have been proved, that Christianity had been fatal in the way of a magical charm to the Oracles of the world, would have proved nothing but a perplexing inconsistency, so long as the Fathers were obliged to confess that Paganism itself, as a gross total, as the parent superstition, (sure to reproduce Oracles faster than they could be extinguished,) had been suffered to exist for many centuries concurrently with Christianity, and had finally been overthrown by the simple majesty of truth that courts the light, as matched against falsehood that shuns it.

As applied, therefore, to the first

problem in the whole question upon oracles, *When, and under what circumstances did they cease?* the *Dissertation* of Van Dale, and the *Histoire des Oracles* by Fontenelle, are irresistible; though not written in a proper spirit of gravity, nor making use of that indispensable argument which we have ourselves derived from the analogy of all scriptural precedents.

But the case is far otherwise as concerns the second problem—*How, and by what machinery did the oracles in the days of their prosperity conduct their elaborate ministrations?* To this problem no justice at all is done by the school of Van Dale. A spirit of mockery and banter is ill applied to questions that at any time have been centres of fear, and hope, and mysterious awe, to long trains of human generations. And the coarse assumption of systematic fraud in the Oracles is neither satisfactory to the understanding, as failing to meet many important aspects of the case, nor is it at all countenanced by the kind of evidences that have been hitherto alleged. The Fathers had taken the course—vulgar and superstitious—of explaining every thing sagacious, every thing true, every thing that, by possibility, could seem to argue prophetic functions in the greater Oracles, as the product indeed of inspiration, but of inspiration emanating from an evil spirit. This hypothesis of a diabolic inspiration is rejected by the school of Van Dale. Both the power of at all looking into the future, and the fancied source of that power, are dismissed as contemptible chimeras. Upon the first of these dark pretensions we shall have occasion to speak at another point. Upon the other we agree with Van Dale. Yet even here the spirit of triumphant ridicule, applied to questions not wholly within the competence of human resources, is displeasing in grave discussions: grave they are by necessity of their relations, howsoever momentarily disfigured by levity and the unseasonable grimaces of self-sufficient “philosophy.” This temper of mind is already advertised from the first to the observing reader of Van Dale by the character of his engraved frontispiece. Men are there exhibited in the act of juggling, and still more odiously as exulting over their juggleries by gestures of the basest collusion, such

as protruding the tongue, inflating one cheek by means of the tongue, grinning, and winking obliquely. These vilenesses are so ignoble, that for his own sake a man of honour (whether as a writer or a reader) shrinks from dealing with any case to which they do really adhere—such a case belongs to the province of police courts, not of literature. But, in the ancient apparatus of the Oracles, although frauds and *espionnage* did certainly form an occasional resource, the artifices employed were rarely illiberal in their mode, and always ennobled by their motive. As to the mode, the Oracles had fortunately no temptation to descend into any tricks that could look like “thimble-rigging;” and, as to the motive, it will be seen that this could never be dissociated from some regard to public or patriotic objects in the first place; to which, if any secondary interest were occasionally attached, this could rarely descend so low as even to an ordinary purpose of gossiping curiosity, but never to a base mercenary purpose of fraud. Our views, however, on this phasis of the question, will speedily speak for themselves.

Meantime, pausing for one moment to glance at the hypothesis of the Fathers, we confess ourselves to be scandalized by its unnecessary plunge into the ignoble. Many sincere Christian believers have doubted altogether of any evil spirits as existences warranted by scripture, that is, as beings whose *principle* was evil, [“evil, be thou my good:” P. L.]; others again, believing in the possibility that spiritual beings had been (in ways unintelligible to us) seduced from their state of perfection by temptations analagous to those which had seduced man, acquiesced in the notion of spirits tainted with evil, but not therefore (any more than man himself) essentially or causelessly malignant. Now it is well known, and amongst others Eichhorn (*Einkleitung in das alte Testament*) has noticed the fact, which will be obvious, on a little reflection, to any even unlearned student of the scriptures; who can throw his memory back through a *real* familiarity with those records, that the Jews derived their obstinate notions of fiends and demoniacal possessions (as accounting even for bodily affections) entirely from their Chaldean captivity: not

before that great event in Jewish history, and therefore, in consequence of that event were the Jews inoculated with this Babylonian, Persian, and Median superstition. Now, if Eichhorn and others are right, it follows that the elder scriptures, as they ascend more and more into the purer atmosphere of untainted Hebrew creeds, ought to exhibit an increasing freedom from all these modes of demoniacal agency. And accordingly so we find it. Messengers of God are often concerned in the early records of Moses; but it is not until we come down to Post-Mosaical records, Job for example, (though that book is doubtful as to its chronology,) and the chronicles of the Jewish kings, (*Judaic or Israelitish*;) that we first find any allusion to malignant spirits. As against Eichhorn, however, though readily conceding that the agency is not often recognized, we would beg leave to notice, that there is a three-fold agency of evil, relatively to man, ascribed to certain spirits in the elder scriptures, viz: 1. of *misleading*, (as in the case of the Israelitish king seduced into a fatal battle by a falsehood originating with a spiritual being;) 2. of *temptation*; 3. of calumnious *accusation* directed against absent parties. It is not absolutely an untenable hypothesis, that these functions of malignity to man, as at first sight they appear, may be in fact reconcilable with the general functions of a being not malignant, and not evil in any sense, but simply obedient to superior commands: for none of us supposes, of course, that a "destroying angel" must be an evil spirit, though sometimes appearing in a dreadful relation of hostility to *all* parties, (as in the case of David's punishment.) But, waiving all these speculations, one thing is apparent, that the negative allowance, the toleration granted to these later Jewish modes of belief by our Saviour, can no more be urged as arguing any positive sanction to such existences, (to *demons* in the bad sense,) than his toleration of Jewish errors and conceits in questions of science. Once for all, it was no purpose of his mission to expose errors in matters of pure curiosity, and in speculations *not* moral but exclusively intellectual. And besides the ordinary argument for rejecting such topics of teaching, as not

necessarily belonging to any known purpose of the Christian revelation, (which argument is merely negative, and still leaves it open to have regarded such communications as a possible *extra* condescension, as a *lucro ponatur*, not absolutely to have been expected, but if granted as all the more meritorious in Christianity,) we privately are aware of an argument, far more rigorous and coercive, which will place this question upon quite another basis. This argument, which, in a proper situation, and with ampler disposable space, we shall expose in its strength, will show that it was not that neutral possibility which men have supposed, for the founder of our faith to have granted light, casually or indirectly, upon questions of curiosity. One sole revelation was made by Him, as to the nature of the intercourse and the relations in another world; but *that* was for the purpose of forestalling a vile unspiritual notion, already current amongst the childish Jews, and sure to propagate itself even to our own days, unless an utter *averruncatio* were applied to it: this was its purpose, and not any purpose of gratification to unhallowed curiosity: we speak of the question about the reversionary rights of marriage in a future state. This memorable case, by the way, sufficiently exposes the gross infantine sensualism of the Jewish mind at that period, and throws an indirect light on their creed as to demons. With this one exception, standing by itself and self-explained, there never was a gleam of revelation granted by any authorized prophet to speculative curiosity, whether pointing to science, or to the mysteries of the spiritual world. And the true argument on this subject would show that this abstinence was not accidental; was not merely on a motive of convenience, as evading any needless extension of labours in teaching, which is the furthest point attained by any existing argument; but, on the contrary, that there was an obligation of consistency—stern, absolute, insurmountable—which made it *essential* to withhold such revelations; and that had but one such condescension, even to a harmless curiosity, been conceded, there would have arisen instantly a rent—a fracture—a schism—in another vast and collateral purpose of Providence,

From all considerations of the Jewish condition at the era of Christianity, the Fathers might have seen the license for doubt as to the notions of a diabolic inspiration. Why must the prompting spirits, if really assumed to be the efficient agency behind the Oracles, be figured as holding any relation at all to moral good or moral evil? Why not allow of demoniac powers, excelling man in beauty, power, prescience, but otherwise neutral as to all purposes of man's moral nature? Or, if revolting angels were assumed, why degrade their agency in so vulgar and unnecessary a way, by adopting the vilest relation to man which can be imputed to a demon—his function of secret *calumnious accusation*; from which idea, lowering the Miltonic "archangel ruined" into the assessor of thieves, as a private slanderer (*diabolos*,) proceeds through the intermediate Italian *diavolo*, our own grotesque vulgarism of the *devil*;* an idea which must ever be injurious, in common with all base conceptions, to a grand and spiritual religion. If the oracles were supported by mysterious agencies of spiritual beings, it was still open to have distinguished between mere modes of power or of intelligence, and modes of illimitable evil. The results of the Oracles were beneficent: that was all which the Fathers had any right to know: and their unwarranted introduction of wicked or rebel angels was as much a surreptitious fraud upon their audiences, as their neglect to distinguish between the conditions of an extinct superstition and a superstition dormant or decaying.

To leave the Fathers, and to state our own views on the final question argued by Van Dale—"What was the essential machinery by which the Oracles moved?" We shall enquire,

1. What was the relation of the Oracles (and we would wish to be understood as speaking particularly of the Delphic Oracle) to the credulity of Greece?

2. What was the relation of that same Oracle to the absolute truth?

3. What was its relation to the public welfare of Greece?

Into this trisection we shall decompose the coarse unity of the ques-

tion presented by Van Dale and his Vandals, as though the one sole "issue," that could be sent down for trial before a jury, were the likelihoods of fraud and gross swindling. It is not with the deceptions or collusions of the Oracles, as mere matters of fact, that we in this age are primarily concerned, but with those deceptions as they affected the contemporary people of Greece. It is important to know whether the general faith of Greece in the mysterious pretensions of Oracles were unsettled or disturbed by the several agencies at work that naturally tended to rouse suspicion; such, for instance, as these four which follow:—1. Eminent instances of scepticism with regard to the oracular powers, from time to time circulating through Greece in the shape of *bon mots*; or, 2. which silently amounted to the same virtual expression of distrust, Refusals (often more speciously wearing the name of *neglects*) to consult the proper Oracle on some hazardous enterprize of general notoriety and interest; 3. Cases of direct failure in the event, as understood to have been predicted by the Oracle, not unfrequently accompanied by tragical catastrophes to the parties misled by this erroneous construction of the Oracle; 4. (which is, perhaps, the climax of the exposures possible under the superstitions of Paganism,) A public detection of known oracular temples doing business on a considerable scale, as accomplices with felons.

Modern appraisers of the oracular establishments are too commonly in all moral senses anachronists. We hear it alleged with some plausibility against Southey's portrait of Don Roderick, though otherwise conceived in a spirit proper for bringing out the whole sentiment of his pathetic situation, that the King is too Protestant and too evangelical, after the model of 1800, in his modes of penitential piety. The poet, in short, reflected back upon one who was too certain in the eighth century to have been the victim of dark popish superstitions, his own pure and enlightened faith. But the anachronistic spirit, in which modern sceptics react upon the Pagan Oracles, is not so elevating as the English poet's. Southey re-

* But, says an unlearned man, Christ uses the word *devil*. Not so. The word used is *διαβολος*. Translate v. g. "The accuser and his angels."

flected his own superiority upon the Gothic prince of Spain. But the sceptics reflect their own vulgar habits of mechanic and compendious office business upon the large institutions of the ancient Oracles. To satisfy *them*, the oracle should resemble a modern coach-office—where undoubtedly you would suspect fraud, if the question, “How far to Derby?” were answered evasively, or if the grounds of choice between two roads were expressed enigmatically. But the *το λοξον*, or mysterious indirectness of the Oracle, was calculated far more to support the imaginative grandeur of the unseen God, and was designed to do so, than to relieve the individual suitor in a perplexity seldom of any capital importance. In this way every oracular answer operated upon the local Grecian neighbourhood in which it circulated as one of the impulses which, from time to time, renewed the sense of a mysterious involution in the invisible powers, as though they were incapable of direct correspondence or parallelism with the monotony and slight compass of human ideas. As the symbolic dancers of the ancients, who narrated an elaborate story, *Saltando Hecubam* or *Saltando Laodamiam*, interwove the passion of the advancing incidents into the intricacies of the figure—something in the same way, it was understood by all men, that the Oracle did not so much evade the difficulty by a dark form of words, as he revealed his own hieroglyphic nature. All prophets, the true equally with the false, have felt the instinct for surrounding themselves with the majesty of darkness. And in a religion like the Pagan, so deplorably meagre and starved as to most of the draperies connected with the mysterious and sublime, we must not seek to diminish its already scanty wardrobe. But let us pass from speculation to illustrative anecdotes. We have imagined several cases which might seem fitted for giving a shock to the general Pagan confidence in Oracles. Let us review them.

The first is the case of any memorable scepticism published in a pointed or witty form; as Demosthenes avowed his suspicions “that the oracle was *Philippizing*.” This was about 344 years B.C. Exactly 100 years earlier, in the 444th year B.C., or

the *locus* of Pericles, Herodotus (then forty years old) is universally supposed to have read, which for *him* was publishing, his history. In this work two insinuations of the same kind occur: during the invasion of Darius the Mede, (about 490 B.C.,) the Oracle was charged with *Medizing*; and in the previous period of Pisistratus, (about 555 B.C.,) the Oracle had been almost convicted of *Alcmæonidizing*. The Oracle concerned was the same; viz. the Delphic, in all three cases. In the case of Darius, fear was the ruling passion; in the earlier case, a near self-interest, but not in a base sense selfish. The Alcmæonidæ, an Athenian house hostile to Pisistratus, being exceedingly rich, had engaged to rebuild the ruined temple of the Oracle; and had fulfilled their promise with a munificence outrunning the letter of their professions, particularly with regard to the quality of marble used in facing or “veneering” the front elevation. Now these sententious and rather witty expressions gave wings and buoyancy to the public suspicions, so as to make them fly from one end of Greece to the other; and they continued in lively remembrance for centuries. Our answer we reserve until we have illustrated the other heads.

In the second case, viz. that of sceptical slights shown to the Oracle, there are some memorable precedents on record. Every body knows the ridiculous stratagem of Cræsus, the Lydian king, for trying the powers of the Oracle, by a monstrous culinary arrangement of pots and pans, known (as he fancied) only to himself. Generally the course of the Delphic Oracle under similar insults was—warmly to resent them. But Cræsus as a king, a foreigner, and a suitor of unexampled munificence, was privileged, especially because the ministers of the Delphic temple had doubtless found it easy to extract the secret by bribery from some one of the royal mission. A case, however, much more interesting, because arising between two leading states of Greece, and in the century subsequent to the ruder age of Cræsus, (who was about coeval with Pisistratus, 555 B.C.,) is reported by Xenophon of the Lacedæmonians and Thebans. They concluded a treaty of peace without any communication, not so much as a civil

notification to the Oracle; τῷ μὲν Θεῷ οὐδὲν κοινωσάντων, ὅπως ἡ εἰρήνη γένοιτο—to the god (the Delphic god) they made no communication at all as to the terms of the peace; αὐτοὶ δὲ ἐββλεψάντων, but they personally pursued their negotiations in private. That this was a very extraordinary reach of presumption, is evident from the care of Xenophon in bringing it before his readers: it is probable, indeed, that neither of the high contracting parties had really acted in a spirit of religious indifference, though it is remarkable of the Spartans, that of all Greek tribes they were the most facile and numerous delinquents under all varieties of foreign temptations to revolt from their hereditary allegiance—a fact which measures the degree of unnatural constraint and tension which the Spartan usages involved; but in this case we rather account for the public outrage to religion and universal usage, by a strong political jealousy lest the provisions of the treaty should transpire prematurely amongst states adjacent to Bœotia.

Whatever, meantime, were the secret motive to this policy, it did not fail to shock all Greece profoundly. And, in a slighter degree, the same effect upon public feeling followed the act of Agesipolis, who, after obtaining an answer from the Oracle of Delphi, carried forward his suit to the more awfully ancient Oracle of Dodona; by way of trying, as he alleged, “whether the child agreed with its papa.” These open expressions of distrust were generally condemned; and the irresistible proof that they were, lies in the fact—that they led to no imitations. Even in a case mentioned by Herodotus, when a man had the audacity to found a colony without seeking an oracular sanction, no precedent was established; though the journey to Delphi must often have been peculiarly inconvenient to the founders of colonies moving westwards from Greece; and the expenses of such a journey, with the subsequent offerings, could not but prove unseasonable at the moment when every drachma was most urgently needed. Charity begins at home, was a thought quite as likely to press upon a Pagan conscience in those circumstances, as upon our modern Christian

consciences under heavy taxation; yet, for all that, such was the regard to a pious inauguration of all colonial enterprises, that no one provision or pledge of prosperity was held equally indispensable by all parties to such hazardous speculations. The merest worldly foresight, indeed, to the most irreligious leader, would suggest this sanction as a necessity, under the following reason:—colonies the most enviably prosperous upon the whole, have yet had many hardships to contend with in their noviciate of the first five years; were it only from the summer failure of water under circumstances of local ignorance, or from the casual failure of crops under imperfect arrangements of culture. Now, the one great qualification for wrestling strenuously with such difficult contingencies in solitary situations, is the spirit of cheerful hope; but, when any room had been left for apprehending a supernatural curse resting upon their efforts—equally in the most thoughtfully pious man and the most crazily superstitious—all spirit of hope would be blighted at once; and the religious neglect would, even in a common human way, become its own certain executor, through mere depression of spirits and misgiving of expectations. Well, therefore, might Cicero in a tone of defiance demand, “Quam verò Græcia coloniam misit in Ætoliam, Ioniam, Asiam, Siciliam, Italiam, sine Pythio, (the Delphic,) aut Dodonæo, aut Hammonis oraculo?” An oracular sanction must be had, and from a leading Oracle—the three mentioned by Cicero were the greatest;* and, if a minor oracle could have satisfied the inaugurating necessities of a regular colony, we may be sure that the Dorian states of the Peloponnesus, who had twenty-five decent oracles at home, (that is, within the peninsula,) would not so constantly have carried their money to Delphi. Nay, it is certain, that even where the colonial counsels of the greater oracles seemed extravagant, though a large discretion was allowed to remonstrance, and even to very homely expostulations, still, in the last resort, no doubts were felt that the oracle must be right. Brouwer, the Belgic scholar, who has so recently and so temperately treated

* To which at one time must be added, as of equal rank, the Oracle of the Branchides in Asia Minor. But this had been destroyed by the Persians in retaliation of the Athenian outrages at Sardis.

these subjects, [Histoire de la Civilisation Morale et Religieuse chez les Grecs: 6 tomes: Groningue—1840, alleges a case (which, however, we do not remember to have met) where the client ventured to object:—"Mon roi Apollon, je crois que tu es fou." But cases are obvious which look this way, though not going so far as to charge lunacy upon the lord of prophetic vision. Battus, who was destined to be the eldest father of Cyrene, so memorable as the first ground of Greek intercourse with the African shore of the Mediterranean, never consulted the Delphic Oracle in reference to his eyes, which happened to be diseased, but that he was admonished to prepare for colonising Libya—"Grant me patience," would Battus reply; "here am I getting into years, and never do I consult the Oracle about my precious sight, but you, King Phœbus, begin your old yarn about Cyrene. Confound Cyrene! Nobody knows where it is. But, if you are serious, speak to my son—he's a likely young man—and worth a hundred of old rotten hulks like myself." Battus was provoked in good earnest; and it is well known that the whole scheme went to sleep for several years, until King Phœbus sent in a gentle refresher to Battus and his islanders, in the shape of failing crops, pestilence, and his ordinary chastisements. The people were roused—the colony was founded—and, after utter failure, was again refounded, and the results justified the Oracle. But, in all such cases, and where the remonstrances were least respectful, or where the resistance of *inertia* was longest, we differ altogether from M. Brouwer in his belief, that the suitors fancied Apollo to have gone distracted. If they ever said so, this must have been merely by way of putting the Oracle on its mettle, and calling forth some *plainer*—not any essentially different answer—from the enigmatic god; for there it was that the doubts of the clients settled, and on that it was the practical demurs hinged. Not because even Battus, vexed as he was about his precious eyesight, distrusted the Oracle, but because he felt sure that the Oracle had not spoken out freely; therefore, had he and many others in similar circumstances presumed to delay. A second edition was what they waited for, corrected and *enlarged*. We have

a memorable instance of this policy in the Athenian envoys, who, upon receiving a most ominous doom, but obscurely expressed, from the Delphic Oracle, which politely concluded by saying, "And so get out, you vagabonds, from my temple—don't cumber my decks any longer;" were advised to answer sturdily—"No!—we shall *not* get out—we mean to sit here for ever, until you think proper to give us a more reasonable reply." Upon which spirited rejoinder, the Pythia saw the policy of revising her truly brutal rescript as it had stood originally.

The necessity, indeed, was strong for not acquiescing in the Oracle, until it had become clearer by revision or by casual illustrations, as will be seen even under our next head. This head concerns the case of those who found themselves deceived by the *event* of any oracular prediction. As usual, there is a Spartan case of this nature. Cleomenes complained bitterly that the Oracle of Delphi had deluded him by holding out as a possibility, and under given conditions as a certainty, that he should possess himself of Argos. But the Oracle was justified: there was an inconsiderable place outside the walls of Argos which bore the same name. Most readers will remember the case of Cambyses, who had been assured by a legion of oracles that he should die at Ecbatana. Suffering, therefore, in Syria from a scratch inflicted upon his thigh by his own sabre, whilst angrily sabring a ridiculous quadruped whom the Egyptian priests had put forward as a god, he felt quite at his ease so long as he remembered his vast distance from the mighty capital of Media, to the eastward of the Tigris. The scratch, however, inflamed, for his intemperance had saturated his system with combustible matter; the inflammation spread; the pulse ran high: and he began to feel twinges of alarm. At length mortification commenced: but still he trusted to the old prophecy about Ecbatana, when suddenly a horrid discovery was made—that the very Syrian village at his own headquarters was known by the pompous name of Ecbatana. Josephus tells a similar story of some man contemporary with Herod the Great. And we must all remember that case in Shakespeare, where the first king of the *red*

rose, Henry IV., had long fancied his destiny to be—that he should meet his death in Jerusalem; which naturally did not quicken his zeal for becoming a crusader. “All time enough,” doubtless he used to say; “no hurry at all, gentlemen!” But at length, finding himself pronounced by the doctor ripe for dying, it became a question whether the prophet were a false prophet, or the doctor a false doctor. However, in such a case, it is something to have a collision of opinions—a prophet against a doctor. But, behold, it soon transpired that there was no collision at all. It was the Jerusalem chamber, occupied by the king as a bed-room, to which the prophet had alluded. Upon which his majesty reconciled himself at once to the ugly necessity at hand—

“In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.”

The last case, that of oracular establishments turning out to be accomplices of thieves, is one which occurred in Egypt on a scale of some extent; and is noticed by Herodotus. This degradation argued great poverty in the particular temples: and it is not at all improbable, that, amongst a hundred Grecian oracles, some, under a similar temptation, would fall into a similar disgrace.

But now, as regards even this lowest extremity of infamy, much more as regards the qualified sort of disrepute attending the three minor cases—one single distinction puts all to rights. The Greeks never confounded the temple and household of officers attached to the temple service, with the dark functions of the presiding god. In Delphi, besides the Pythia and priests, with their train of subordinate ministers directly billeted on the temple, there were two orders of men outside, Delphic citizens, one styled *Ἀριστοι*, the other styled *Ὀδοι*, a sort of honorary members, whose duty was probably, *inter alia*, to attach themselves to persons of corresponding rank in the retinues of the envoys or consulting clients,

and doubtless to collect from them, in convivial moments, all the secrets or general information which the temple required for satisfactory answers. If they personally went too far in their intrigues or stratagems of decoy, the disgrace no more recoiled on the god, than, in modern times, the vices or crimes of a priest can affect the pure religion at whose altars he officiates.

Meantime, through these outside ministers—though unaffected by their follies or errors as trepanners—the Oracle of Delphi drew that vast and comprehensive information from every local nook or recess of Greece, which made it in the end a blessing to the land. The great error is—to suppose the majority of cases laid before the Delphic Oracle strictly questions for *prophetic* functions. Ninety-nine in a hundred respected marriages, state-treaties, sales, purchases, founding of towns or colonies, &c., which demanded no faculty whatever of divination, but the nobler faculty (though unpretentious) of sagacity, that calculates the natural consequences of human acts, co-operating with elaborate investigation of the local circumstances. If, in any paper on the general civilization of Greece, (that great mother of civilization for all the world,) we should ever attempt to trace this element of oracles, it will not be difficult to prove that Delphi discharged the office of a central *bureau d'administration*, a general depot of political information, an organ of universal combination for the counsels of the whole Grecian race. And that which caused the declension of the oracles, was the loss of political independence and autonomy. After Alexander, still more after the Roman conquest, each separate state, having no powers and no motive for asking counsel on state measures, naturally confined itself more and more to its humbler local interests of police, or even at last to its family arrangements.

NOTES ON THE FISHERS OF THE SCOTCH EAST COAST.

FEW things are more pleasant than to take a series of steam-boat trips along the east coast of Scotland from Berwick to Leith, to Dundee, to Aberdeen, to Peterhead, and to Inverness, in bright summer days. Sea-sickness, the misery of short sea voyages, has scarcely time to come on in voyages so very short. Each successive trip makes the traveller less and less liable to it; and as the vessel paddles swiftly on through the green, playful, sparkling, white-tipped waves, the eyes feast themselves on a succession of scenes worthy of the gaze of the glorious blue heavens. Except here and there a strip of sandy beach, the coast generally consists of bold rocks, always picturesque, and often curious in their forms;—as, for instance, the rocks which exhibit the figure of a naked female on the coast of Fife, and the extraordinary combinations of arches and caverns called the Bullers of Buchan. Old castles, with bits of history in them, such as Tamtallon, Dunnottar, and Slains, are seen, now and then, still proud and lordly in ruins;—towns and cities, with their forests of houses, ships, spires, chimneys, domes, bathed in sunlight, come grandly and strongly with their human sympathies on the view, and attest to all true feeling hearts the unsurpassable interest of city scenery.

But our subject is not the dwellers in cities, or the memories of feudal castles. The villages, consisting of a few thatched cottages, seen sometimes among sand-hills, sometimes in a steep seaward glen, and sometimes surmounting lofty sea-lashed rocks—contain the personages whose ways of life we are now to describe very briefly.

The inhabitants of these villages are a peculiar race, in origin, blood, ideas, habits, usages, dialect—the result, perhaps, partly of a foreign stock, and partly of an isolated condition; and they are unknown to the general reader—a personage who is sometimes disrespectfully mentioned by authors, who forget that narrow depth is less useful than a knowledge of surface when it extends all round the subject. Sir Walter Scott, a great instructor of the general reader, and who has told him much about the

Scotchmen of the borders, himself knew little, and has said less, about the villagers of the east coast. Galt has delineated only a class of denizens of the west. The east coast is a fresh field, even to the humble pen of the observer, who collects the materials which genius vivifies and groups—making facts pictures, peculiarities characters, and ideas actions. To such a one, the expansion of a few notes may furnish some interesting materials for his creations.

Most of the upper and middle classes think of the working-people as if, apart from their varieties of trades and occupations, they were a mass of sameness—a tame uniformity of squalor, something like what the country would be were it all flat bog. But ours is a many-coloured people: race, size, dress, gait, distinguish them from each other to the eye; not merely burr, brogue, twang, and dialect, but different languages distinguish them to the ear and to the mind. They stand out in a variety of spiritual forms—from the remnants of heathenism, which we call superstition, to the red-hot Christianity which is nicknamed Methodism, and the false philosophy of Paineism and Owenism. An illiterate Cockney cannot understand an illiterate Scotchman or Irishman, and scarcely a Yorkshireman or a Cornishman. Their minds are still further from communion.

Perhaps—though the distinctions are fast wearing away—there is not a more striking instance of two different races in one town than is displayed in Aberdeen. The streets occupied by the sailor population are only separated by a few dock-yards from the two squares (called Fisher's Squares) of white, low, heather-thatched cottages among the sand-hills on the north side of the mouth of the Dee, which are inhabited by the Fittee folk, or fishers, of the good city of Bon Accord. But, in fact, all along the coast the fisher folks are a peculiar people, chiefly engaged in sea-faring pursuits, such as fishing and pilotage. Until very lately, although they had a sufficient number of words in common for transacting business with each other, the Aberdonians could not un-

derstand the dialect of the Fittie folk. The Aberdeen dialect is softer than the Fittie dialect. An Aberdeen woman complained of the bother of her children thus—"Ye see fat fash folk gets fan they get a lot o' littleins." A Fittie man, on going into a shop for a hat, described the sort he wanted by saying, "neether an ee-crooned 'at, nor a lee-crooned 'at, bit a ba ordinary fisher mannies 'at." The *r* he scarcely sounds: and his pronunciation is rather labial than guttural. In the Aberdeen dialect, the description of the hat would be, "neether a laigh-crooned hat, nor a heigh-crooned hat, but a bra ordinary fisherman's hat."

An east-coast fisher, either male or female, is more like the French of the same class, than any persons we have seen in England or Ireland. A figure dressed as exactly as possible like a fishwife of Fisherrow, near Edinburgh, was called a French *poissarde* immediately, by persons who had been in France and not in Scotland.

Let us enter one of their villages—one of their cottages. The outside of every row of the low-walled cottages is festooned on ropes with jackets, petticoats, and bright-patterned handkerchiefs, or else these articles dry peacefully on the thatch. Occasionally *haulins* tipped with hooks are seen; or creels or *murlins* clustered round a pole, which overtops even the wooden *lum* or chimney itself. The men are at sea, many women away disposing of their fish, and only nursing mothers, and happy, noisy, playful, and dirty children enliven the scene. A solitary sullied seagull, or a *scrath*, (cormorant,) a huge grey creature, three feet long, with wings clipped, a captive, struts with a solemn half-happy pride about the mussel *middens*, or wades through the gutters, or approaches the edge of the undulating wave which rushes gently up to kiss the smooth sandbeach. Enter one of their cottages. The floor is earthen, but being Saturday afternoon, is neatly sanded over, from the door inwards to the hearth. There is no passage. The cottage consists of two rooms, a "but and a ben." At the far end from the door, the turf fire is burning on a hearth of bricks, and the smoke ascends past the couples out at a hole in the roof. As the evening is approaching, the fish on *hakes*, (wooden triangles, with nails for hooks,) which, during

the day, hung outside the walls to dry, are now suspended on them inside. In one corner a few deal boards are nailed, so as to make a bed for children above, and a place for fuel below. A wooden cradle is opposite. The seats are fir stools and chairs, and the little round turning-up table is of the same material, and all are as clean and white as snow. Oars, wicker baskets, and creels and nets, are placed on the couples. Let a regard for *Finnan haddies* invest these details with interest and respect; for, from such a scene and such an environment, do they pass on their way to make up that feast for the gods—a Scotch breakfast. The evening darkens in, and the "cruisie," a small iron lamp, is lit up. A patriarchal family assembles, including sometimes four generations. Let a reverence for the great domestic drama of every-day life, of which these humble details make up the scene, stir the imagination to realise them all—the grandam with her grandchild upon her knee—the nursing mother, the toiling father, the children gazing at their elders studiously—the little fellow asleep on the net on the floor, and the small light struggling with the smoke to display all. I will look at the Claudes and the Titiens in your pictured drawing-room another time. It is a poor place, but you cannot fill your palace with more interesting things than it sees—births, deaths, marriages—life.

In describing "Calais Fishermen," the poet Wordsworth goes on thus—

Wither'd, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent—

phrases which may be true of an occasional old woman, but which cannot be generally applied. If he can spiritualize the hills, we have seen many a bright-eyed *poissarde* well able to animalize a monastery. In the beauty of rude health it would be difficult to surpass the women of the fish towns on the east coast of Scotland. Their costume differs from that of other Scotchwomen considerably. They have a great partiality to the colours blue, white, and yellow. On their heads, over their fair and nicely braided hair, they wear a close cap or mutch, and a stout coloured handkerchief, tied under the chin, serves instead of a bonnet. About Peterhead

the fisher-lasses sport "the roun' croon," with lace edges or *bords*—on Sundays some even venture to put on bonnets. The married women wear "the ower-croon," a venerable and homely and ugly cap, ending in a peak on the top of the head. Some don the masculine jackets of their husbands—others wear a blue woollen jacket, fitted to the shape of the arms and chest, and many a blue striped wrapper. The external petticoat is a little longer than that of an opera-dancer, and is often of a white and yellow striped stuff. About Edinburgh they all wear stout shoes and blue worsted stockings. In Aberdeen they are sometimes seen without shoes, and in moggins—stockings without feet. In Buchan nearly all the poor have left off wearing moggins, except the fishers. The common Buchan saying, for "you will wet your feet," is, "ye'll weat the sma' end o' yer moggin."

Of the forms incased in these habiliments, it were perilous to speak. No faces can more manifestly display sound minds in sound bodies than theirs. When it is remembered what frights, fashion at second hand, makes many women of the middle classes, the fishers seem fortunate in the stationary taste which confines their women to a costume pretty and becoming enough. As for the women themselves, their fisher husbands cannot sufficiently admire their own good luck in having them, instead of the fallow, stunted, precocious, tight-laced, wasp-waisted, half-taught, wholly-vulgarized, and sometimes corrupt-minded misses of the Cockney boarding-schools—such as evil stars and match-making mammas doom many a middle class man to console himself withal. Just imagine Miss Wilhelmina Juliana Helena Somerset Plantagenet Clarence Maggs, beside Meggy Neeper—and judge. Meggy Neeper may, to people over-nice from nasty ideas, seem a little coarse—like human nature. But her eyes are direct, her forehead is open, her soul is in her face, and her heart is in her laugh. She has never been in the confidence of a Parisian *grisette*, called a French governess. Meggy cannot waltz, but she can walk. Miss W. J. H. S. P. C. Maggs cannot; she shambles like a toeless Chinese. Look at Meggy and her companions, as with firm elastic tread, heads erect,

bright eyes, and skins pure as the breezes, they walk in step along the road to Edinburgh, their beauty radiant in the sunlight! You now, for the first time, understand how it was that the Greek artist arrived at his highest ideal of the graceful when gazing at the Greek girls carrying their baskets on their heads from the river side, while the rays of the sun fell on their forms. Miss Maggs—bah!

Such are the ways of this wicked world, that the man who bears Miss Maggs away to matrimonial bliss, may hire a post-chaise for the occasion, and bedizen a postilion, two footmen, and four horses, with white ribbons to express his joy; while the lover of Meggy achieves the same object through "a penny wedding." The father of Meggy is not known on the Stock Exchange. He is not, thank Heaven, an attorney in sharp practice. By the bye, if there is one thing which more than another is alarming, it is the state of the business of marriage among the middle classes. A Berwickshire farmer assured a fellow traveller once, that about him there was not one farmer in a dozen married—he seemed inclined to say not one in twenty; and, he added for himself, "I've often thought, if I were free, I'd never marry." Men in the clubs say, in their wickedness, even if they get a small fortune with a wife, they gain nothing. Farmers of the new school say a wife is too expensive, and a housekeeper does quite as well. Two shrewd and observant ladies, themselves single and forty, say, that in their sphere—that of the highest of the middle class, and including the lower aristocracy—the proportion of ladies who get husbands is one in three. A married lady took a pencil, and jotted down the number of married and unmarried ladies among her own immediate connexions who occurred to her in a few minutes, and the numbers were in all eighty-three—of married, thirty-five. The connexions of this Scotch gentlewoman are professional men, manufacturers, and lairds. Of the thirty-five married ladies, six only had no money and yet got husbands. Of eighty-three gentlewomen, only six! Of the unmarried ladies, seventeen were without fortunes; thirty-one had, and yet

they got no mates. Out of the six penniless ladies who married, one had great personal attractions, and was united to a worn-out rake—another married a mechanic—a third accepted a rich eccentric stranger on a week's notice—a fourth was married by her mother to a lad much younger than herself—the remaining two were wooed and won by an advocate and a laird. Four of the six married their inferiors in birth. Of the five gentlemen out of the six husbands, four were very ugly fellows. The mechanic and one of the gentlemen were tolerably good-looking. But one of these penniless married ladies was plain—the rest were handsome.

All this is less of a digression than it looks. No such facts can be said of, we were about to write, the happier daughters of the fishers. They almost all are married young. What a living philosopher and poet calls a stigma on civilization—an old maid, is scarcely known among them. As every healthy woman is really, from what she can do, a fortune in herself, and contributes her share to the maintenance of the family, they marry early and for love. Seldom are these marriages unhappy. Prostitution is scarcely known. Occasionally the first child comes very soon—a circumstance ascribed to the lytheness of the sandhills—but generally the women are chaste. On the whole, human life goes on merrily in these rude fisher villages, although the benighted creatures do not know any thing of the doctrines of Malthus, and the duties flowing from them.

The fisher villages differ exceedingly from each other. Though there is a common character, there is also a great difference between such villages as Newhaven, Fisherrow, and others near large towns, and those on remote and lonely parts of the coast. Newhaven is celebrated for the fish dinners to be had in its inns, and contains no thatched and several good houses. Very different are such villages as Cairnbulg, and Inverallochie, situated about seven miles south of Fraserburgh, two villages, or rather one in two divisions, formed by a stream which runs through the middle of the principal thoroughfare. These villages are approached by roads which beggar the powers of civilized description. The traveller with difficulty gets

accommodation for his horse, as the innkeeper declares he can scarcely recollect the time when a nag had been tied up in his stable. In the spring of 1840, neither corn nor hay was to be had. So deep-rooted are the prejudices of the inhabitants in favour of their old ways of life, that not one of them would dare to set himself up as a reformer, or appear to be at all better than the rest, either in dress, furniture, or ideas. The wealthy are in every thing like the poor in their appearance and habits, and dare not display any difference. Any innovation would bring on the guilty party the aversion of his neighbours.

Superstitions, which Sunday schools and useful knowledge have partly driven from the brains of the present generation in our towns, are still vital convictions in all the sea-side villages. "When I was young," said an old Scotch lady recently, "folk were unco feear'd at water-deevils, called water-kelpies; but noo I've lived to see them a' deed, and I think iv I were to live anither generation I might outlive the vera deevil himsel'." Water-kelpies, mermaids, ghosts, the belief in lucky days, in omens of stars and clouds, is still, however, a practical faith among the inhabitants of Cairnbulg, Collieston, Finnan, and Footdee. They tremble before an imaginary invisible. It is unlucky, they think, to carry an empty creel, and therefore they will carry stones rather than nothing. They have a dread of being counted, of which the mischievous boys of Aberdeen were wont to avail themselves, by crying as the fisherwomen passed—

"Ane, twa, three,
What a lot of fisher-nannies I see!"

On the evening preceding a day on which several boats belonging to Footdee were lost, and all hands perished at sea, an unusual omen was seen—a hare ran through their fish town; hence they fear the cry "a bands fit in yer creel." To Old Style and Old Christmas they tenaciously cling, in their business transactions and holiday observances, saying—"New Style is man's makin', but auld style is *Guid's*." About seventy or eighty years ago, a man of the name of William White, belonging to Inverallochie, was executed for stealing. The name was imme-

diately proscribed as a tainted and dangerous thing. Though White was the most common of the half-dozen of surnames in the village, no man was brave enough to call his son by the christian name of William. A few years back a bold man, thinking the execution was forgotten, and knowing that it would be what no other name could be in the village, a distinctive appellation, christened his boy by the tainted name. Wise men shook their heads, and predicted that the boy would come to no good, if he did not turn out "as great a rascal as ever ran between halter and rope." He is now at school—a mark, a butt, a black sheep, a creature who has not a life to live, not only to his school-fellows, but also to the whole community, solely for his name. There is every thing in a name, from a seat in the House of Lords down to a quiet stool on the earthen floor of the humble school of Inverallochie. He is a bold Boddam fisher who will walk to Peterhead after nightfall. The boys of the parish of Rathen, in which Inverallochie lies, used, on seeing a string of fishwives approaching, to draw a line across the road with a stick; and then standing on one side of it, they would shout a charm or imprecation so terrible that every fishwife would scamper right and left over dykes and ditches, and through fields, rather than cross the fatal line. The end of the curse was revolting enough—"neist time that yer father, yer brither, or yer man, gangs to sea, may his boat be a bonnet till him." If the Rathen urchins still continue to annoy these women through their affections, we could wish the "ducking stool" revived for the benefit of the rascals. Every class or sort of people have their oaths, which they count it small sin to break. Honourable gentlemen will swear through the nine-inch doors of the Commons House, respecting bribery and their qualifications. The gentleman swore on his honour to the boy that he would not beat him if he came down the tree. "I dinna ken about honour" replied the boy, "but say as sure as death, an' I'll dee't." An Aberdeen lawyer swore the whole of the fishers of Collieston or Finnyfauld in a smuggling case without eliciting any thing. It was proposed to administer "the Fisher's aith." "Na, faith, na," cried the first witness

to whom the words of fear were offered—"I'll swear ony thing ye like, but I'll nae swear that ane." Light broke out of the case. The fishers venerate idiots. "Ye've anither child whom ye havena mentioned," said a Burgess of Peterhead to a poor fisherwoman the sea had just robbed of her husband. "There's the poor laddie that's no vera right." "Ou ay, sir, but there's nae fear of him, he's the Lord's anointed." Respecting death they have many fearful beliefs. In the dark of midnight, a light is seen proceeding without hands through the air from the house of the victim of the king of terrors, to the grave about to be occupied. Prior to a disaster at sea, the wraith of a doomed comrade is sometimes seen—figure, dress, and look defined—borne off in a sheet of flame, or a chariot of fire.

The fishers are greatly in want of surnames. As they are all descended from a few common ancestors, and have from time immemorial kept themselves distinct from other lowlanders, there are seldom more than two or three surnames in a fish town. There are twenty-five George Cowies in Buckie. The grocers, in "booking" their fisher customers, invariably insert the nickname or tee-name, and in the case of married men, write down the wife's along with the husband's name. Unmarried debtors have the names of their parents inserted with their own. In the town-register of Peterhead, these signatures occur, "Elizabeth Taylor, spouse to John Thomson, *Souples*," "Agnes Farquhar, spouse to W. Findlater, *Stouttie*."

In an unsophisticated village, the proper names only connect the inhabitants with the external civilization, while the tee-name is, of necessity, the thing for use. It is amusing enough to be permitted to turn over the leaves of a grocer's ledger, and see the tee-names as they come up. *Buckie, Beauty, Bam, Biggelugs, Collop, Helldom, the King, the Provost, Rochie, Stoaltie, Silerton, the Smack, Snipe, Snuffers, Toothie, Todlowrie*. Ladies are occasionally found who are gallantly and exquisitely called *the Cutter, the Bear, &c.* Among the twenty-five George Cowies in Buckie, there are George Cowie, *doodle*, George

Cowie, carrot, and George Cowie, neep.

A stranger had occasion to call on a fisherman, living in one of the Buchan fishing villages, of the name of Alexander White. But he was ignorant both of his house and his tee-name. Unfortunately there were many persons of the name in the village. Meeting a girl, he asked—

"Cou'd you tell me fa'r Sanny Fite lives?"

"Filk Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle Sanny Fite."

"Filk muckle Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle lang Sanny Fite."

"Filk muckle lang Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle lang *gleyed* Sanny Fite," shouted the stranger.

"Oh! It's '*Goup-the-lift*' y're seeking," cried the girl, "and fat the deevil for dinna ye speer for the man by his richt name at ance?"

A good story is told of a postman in an English coal district, who had so completely forgotten his own proper name, and identified himself with his nickname, that he carried a letter correctly addressed to himself, for a fortnight, making enquiries all the time for the party for whom it was intended. In Buchan a story is told, which, though inferior, is similar to this, and has the merit of being strictly true, as living witnesses can attest it. A fisherman about to be married called on the session-clerk of a parish near Peterhead, for the purpose of having his intention registered.

"Aum gaun to be married, sir, and I was wanting to be beyukit."

"That's right, Gibbie," said the Dominie of ——. "And what's your sweetheart's name?"

"Doot," replied Gibbie, blushingly.

"What said you, Gilbert?" again enquired the clerk, who by this time had the register-book open before him, and was waiting, pen in hand, to make the important entry.

"Doot," repeated the fisherman, with emphasis.

"Doot! doot! you don't mean to say that is her name?"

"Ay; surely."

"Doot—O, I understand—that is her tee-name. But your bonny lass has another name—her proper name. Is she a Stephen or a Cordiner?"

"A glimmering notion began to dawn on the lover regarding the na-

ture of the enquiry, and he answered briskly—

"A Cordiner, sir."

"Very well: now, what is her christian name—her first name?"

"Tykes the bit div' I ken that noo!"

"Is it Jenny?"

"Na, sir."

"Is it Kirsty?"

"Na, sir."

"Nanny, Grizzy, or Maggy?"

"Na, it is nane o' that," responded mournfully the happy possessor of the heart though not of the name of the fair Cordiner, the husband elect—between whom and all his hopes there was now only a syllabic obstacle.

"My good fellow, this is a bad job—I cannot book you until I know the proper names of both parties. Your marriage, I fear, must be put off for a week. I cannot help it. Try it again."

Perplexed, chagrined, the expectant bridegroom, after pondering for a few minutes with a dull cloudy face which began to light up, at last suddenly exclaimed—

"Od, I'll wager it's Bell!"

"Why think you so?" asked the grave parish functionary.

"Because I saw a muckle B, (ba) on the *breast* o' her sark."

All who live by the sea-side enjoy double sympathies compared with inland dwellers. They have the farm, the town, the parish, the garden, to occupy their minds, as well as those who have not the sea with her ever-changing face and voice; her fish, ships, boats, waves, rocks, sand hills, pebbles, the kissing undulation of the summer tide, the fury and wrecks of the wintry breakers. They never want company who live by the sea. They must grow brave who have not merely opportunities of riding but also of boating, swimming, and encountering the perils of the sea. As they have both the land and the sea to plough in, the means of subsistence are nearer at hand to the sea-side than to the inland dwellers.

We know of few signs of wrecker feelings and habits among the inhabitants of the Scotch east coast like those which disgrace the Sussex coasts of England. In the last century there lived indeed, as we have heard, a fisherman, who, being really a pre-eminently pious and good man, except

a little too worldly, used to retire to pray aloud among the solitary sand-hills, one of his requests being a petition to the Lord in his mercy, when it was His will to cause a wreck, to send the waifs on the waves to the beach near the mouth of the Don. A similar petition is said to have occurred weekly in the prayers of a minister of a sea-side parish. Though the property of wrecks needs protection among them as among most inhabitants of the British coast, and though our infant ears have listened to many a tale of rich vessels cast on the coast, of nights spent by all who lived near the terrible spot in lighting fires on rocks or hills, and firing off muskets to give hope to the perishing crews whose shrieks would ever and anon pierce through the darkness, we never heard the echo of a story of a murder done on the persons whom the storms had spared. Families have indeed been pointed out said to have been first enriched by waifs; but we doubt if the criminal records of the Scotch east coast contain a single case of wrecker murder during the two last centuries. The boy, the dog, or the cat, sometimes the only life preserved on these wrecks, was generally cherished with an additional kindness on account of the sufferings undergone. Indeed, we know a recent instance of a striking scrupulousness regarding such property. The only burial-place of the entire village of Inverallochie is a lonely spot on the sea-shore, near Saint Combs. In the spring of last year the traveller was shown, in a corner of the inclosure, the entire clothing of two seamen who had been cast ashore and decently interred on the spot. The clothes lay exactly as they had been taken off the bodies—the braces still hooked to the back buttons, the boots and every thing were good. Yet the neighbouring poor had left them scrupulously untouched. A boat which has once cost a life is never again used by a Buchan fisher: it is drawn up on a lonely part of the beach until it rots, or is destroyed by the first storm that reaches it. It would be most useful could we tell what have been the moral agencies and ideas which have produced this superiority of the inhabitants of the east coast of Scotland over the east coast wreckers of England; what theory of life grows up in the mind of

a Scotch fisher—what forms that which fills the soul of a Sussex wrecker, and what are the circumstances which modify the translation of their theories into practice. This knowledge were worth a cart-load of numerical statistics.

Doubtless a great moral influence is the full occupation there is in these villages for their women. They are not cursed with lots of idle women whose labour is worth little or nothing, and who have consequently to support themselves on the vices of men. Another blessed thing is the closeness of family ties. All the generations who are alive together live together. Their young grow up under the guardian eyes of their elders. They are always within earshot of the experience of life gathered in the greater part of a century, and concentrated into the venerable wisdom of proverbs and advice and examples, by persons who nursed and reared their helpless years. Unlike our factory population, their family ties are not broken for a few shillings a-week.

The men discharge the sea, the women the land, portion of their common labours. There is a great difference between the herring, the salmon, and the white fisheries. Herrings are capricious, and do not come regularly to the same coast banks to be caught. They sometimes desert a coast for years, and then come in a shoal which darkens the sea for miles, although beating it into foam. In the sea they are attended by seals with their round dark heads, porpoises gambling about, and whales spouting magnificently—in the air by clouds of cormorants and seagulls, diving, whirling about, and rending heaven with their clanging cry. The waves seem to become fish and birds. There have been herring fishings of late years at Peterhead and Fraserburgh—in the Friths they have been pursued for centuries. Wherever the herring fishery goes, drunkenness, until the teetotallers began, used to go with it. Four Scotch pints was the weekly allowance of a boat's crew of five men, an allowance which was often drunk between Saturday and Monday. The men go out to sea for the white fishing between two and three o'clock in the morning, often in darkness and cold. They are well clad in their glazed hats, thick pea-

jackets, and serge trousers. For the herring fishing they go out between six and seven in the evening, and come in before nine in the morning. Before starting they always drink to a "White Lug."

After throwing out the net at a place which their experience prescribes, one man is appointed to watch, and the rest give themselves up to sleep in the bottom of the boat, as the gray morning becomes the bright day. But we must use the actual words of a Newhaven fisher:—"ye see afore we gang out wi' the boats and the nets, we aye drink to a white lug. A corner of the net is what we ca' a lug, ye see. An' a white lug is, when we may be a' sleepin' in the boat except one man, and he pulls up the corner o' the net to see if there's any thing in't. An' if it looks white and glitterin' like siller, and has, maybe, half a barrel o' herrin' in't, and the man that sees that, cries 'A white lug, men,' they may be as dull as ye like, but that pits life in the mussel directly; and there is a joy and drinking to it. But if the corner comes up, that's a black lug, an' there's nae joy an' nae drinking then, but a' hanging their heads like a bulrush." By the way, the intelligent fisher to whom we owe this graphic sketch, told us at the same time a part of his moral theory of life—his opinion of lawyers—"How they lee!" he exclaimed; "there is nae fear of where they'll gang—they'll roast to the oil."

If the season is bad, the less scrupulous fishers will slip out to sea even on the Sunday night, or soon after the stroke of twelve o'clock. The Buckie fishers often get up a ball for "luck." They hire a large room and a fiddler, and reel for hours. Inspired by horns of ale, glasses of whiskey, music, and the smiles of their partners, they express their hilarity by a great tramp of their feet, a snap of their fingers, and the spirit-stirring, inimitable, unspellable, "Whugh!" In the zeal of the dance, some of the men strip to the shirt—despite their unbraced canvass trowsers. How different this to the orderly waltzing of the people of the same class in France—on their own floors, or in their sober cabarets! Does not the very poorest French fisher owe his dancing acquirements to the fashion which once raised the reputé of the

art so high in his country, that a great dancer used to talk of the two great families—the house of Vestris and the house of Bourbon? By the bye, even in France the fishers are a separate class. Though the middle and lower classes dance together in the *Ducass*, I have not observed any but fishers mingling in their dances, on their often-recurring feast-days and holidays.

To cure and sell the fish is the business of the women, who thus obtain the power of the purse, which most manage well, albeit some of them are fond of whiskey. They dry the fish on the rocks or the stony beach. During the white-fishing season, you look down from the Buchan Ness light-house on acres of haddocks, whitening the wild rocks. Dealing in a ware not only, like all wares, of ever-shifting value, but of a pre-eminently uncertain value, they are in the habit of asking double the price they may be induced to take. Superficial and hasty censors condemn them for this dishonesty. It is no such thing. The accusation is false, both in morals and economics. The value to the buyer is the real value—the honest price—which they can ascertain only by bargaining. All dealers deem it fair to take advantages for their knowledge. A young housewife, wishing to signalise her economy, offered a fishwoman less than the half of what she asked, and for the insult and the ignorance of her offer, richly merited the rebuff—"Gae awa to yer piawny, mem; ye ken naething aboot fish." The lady assumed dishonesty where there was only a conventional rule. The Buckie fishers are shy of letters, lest they should be *cravers* (duns), and of strangers, lest they should be *messengers* (bailiffs). A buyer wished a half-hundred of oysters. "Will ye tak them in aneses or fourses?" asked the seller, "we count them in fourses, fifteen fourses to a word. But I'll count them in aneses to you."

"I'll take them as you are accustomed to give them."

"That's fifteen fourses to the half-hunner."

"O," cried the buyer, "in one way I'd only have fifty, but fifteen fours are sixty."

"Ye'd the windert of me there," laughingly remarked the fisherwoman, who had tried to give fifty for sixty,

as half a hundred, contrary to custom. There is often reason as well as pathos in their pleas, as when, after a storm, they say, to keep up the price—"Fish is no fish the day, mem; they're men's lives." People are dishonest in the way of business who are otherwise incapable of a meanness. A fact which most strikingly evinces the general honesty of the Newhaven fishers, is declared by a respectable baker in Leith Walk, who has dealt with them extensively for twenty years, and never refused credit; and yet his bad debts, he believes, have not altogether amounted to half-a-crown. In fact, he never had a bad debt; and if he has lost, it has been his own fault.

In carrying the fish to market, the fishwomen often perform extraordinary feats. A Collieston wife thinks nothing of walking into Aberdeen, a distance of twenty miles, to sell a creel-fu' o' *dilse*! In 1795, three of them went from Dunbar to Edinburgh, twenty-seven miles, with each a load of 200lb. of herrings on her back, in five hours. When the boats came in late in the forenoon to the harbour of Fisherrow, so as to leave them barely time to reach Edinburgh before dinner, it was not unusual for them to perform their journey of five miles, three of them carrying the creel time about, in less than three quarters of an hour. Nowadays these feats are unnecessary, as the fish of Fisherrow and Cockenzie are carried by railway. But every where else these women still carry their great loads. Among the Buchan farmers and fishers the traffic is curiously hereditary. Certain families of fishers supply certain families of farmers from generation to generation, and no inducement is strong enough to cause a fisher to supply a family contrary to this rule. It is a system of barter become hereditary; and the person who dared to interfere with it would draw down on himself the wrath of his neighbours.

Kay, in 1799, delineated, with all the truth of caricature,—(every body ought to know that Kay, Gillray, and H. B., are the truest likeness-makers of the last half-century,)—a hawker of salt in Edinburgh, in Margaret Suttie, a native of Fisherrow, who amused her generation by thinking aloud on the streets. A tough, keen-eyed, hook-nosed, short and thick carline is exhibited to the life, calling—"Wha'll

buy my lucky forpit o' sa'at. Na, na, it ill no do. De'il ane yet." She was believed to be a witch. Every morning she used to go to the Salt pans, at Joppa, and buy her salt for the day at thirteence halfpenny a-peck, about seven pounds weight, retailing it at sixpence a *caup*—a wooden measure, the one end of which was a forpit, the other half a forpit. She thought it lucky to say—"Na, na, de'il ane yet." Her habit of thinking aloud gave much amusement to the boys, who used to listen to her. A fat clergyman waddling before her, she continued, while he remained in sight, crying, "Eh! but he's fat—see how he shugs!—wha'll buy my lucky forpit o' sa'at?—see how he shugs!" This personage died about twenty years ago, and did not live to see her trade abolished by the reduction of the salt duty.

Though not wreckers, the fishers of both sexes used to be great smugglers. Curiously did the consciences of pious men—good, decent, devout, puritanical men, fit themselves without a twinge to smuggler pursuits. A good man is still alive in a northern town who was both a Seceder and a smuggler, unrivalled at concealing a few tubs so neatly under the turf, that the keen eye of the gauger could not detect the cut next day. At christenings, "Grace and growin'" used to be drunken to the child out of wooden *caups* full of gin, all over Buchan. The late collector, More, used to tell some anecdotes of the tricks of the women in conveying gin or hollands into Aberdeen. He observed a woman notorious for contrivances, carrying apparently a child in her arms. "Where are you going this morning, Kirsty?" was his question.

"I'm gaan up to the Tarnties, sir, (Trinity Church,) to get my chil' christened."

"Let me see it."

"Na, sir, it 'ud get cauld, that it would, in this frosty mornin'!"

"Well, come wi' me, and I'll give you something to warm it."

She flung the child from her, and off! It was a keg, made with straw into a thumping baby! Another woman smuggled hollands in *tin hips*. There was more of trick than daring in their illegal trade.

Prior to the establishing of Preventive Stations, there was so much

smuggling carried on by the fishers, that the meanest hind scorned whiskey on the Buchan coast—a coast, by the way, well worthy of a more minute description than we can give it. Except near Aberdeen, we did not see, last autumn, within sight of the coast, a single tree or shrub in all the thirty or forty miles between Aberdeen and Peterhead. For fifteen miles the sea runs along sand-hills; for the rest of the distance to Peterhead, the most eastern point of Scotland, bold, wild, lofty, jagged rocks girt the sea. Here and there a little village is seen; and the old castle of Slains, which is a ruin, and the new castle, a modern gingerbread affair, erected on grand granite rocks, with a marine villa belonging to the Earl of Aberdeen, form the only sights on the coast, with the exception of the remarkable Bullers of Buchan. Green grass, brown heather, and yellowing corn cover the earth; but not a leaf can the eye detect. All is bleak, bare, cold, stern, Scotch, as if the very face of nature were sourly Presbyterian.

“Bullers” is the common name of several rocky caverns and arches on the Buchan coast. The “Pot” is most curious. Imagine a cavern entered by the sea, through an arch fifty feet high, but too narrow to allow a boat to pass without unshipping the oars. Rocks, topped with grass, rise a hundred and fifty feet above the arch. Row into the cavern three or four hundred feet, and preserving the arch and rocks above it, blow the interior roof of rocks away, until, beyond the surrounding walls of lofty rocks, you see blue skies and sunlight, which show you in the deep clear undulating waters, white rocks, and brown and green sea-flowers of ineffable beauty. This is the Pot. Though the arch is forty or fifty feet high, yet, when a storm is on the coast, it is choked with mad sea-foam, and the unroofed cavern becomes a pot, caldron, boiler, or buller, of furious waves and whirlpools. In the recesses of the Pot, one of which retires to some depth, as a boatman remarked, “a’ mony a kag

has been hidden there, sir.” Smugglers and their kegs, a duchess and her dinner, are now the associations of this wild scene, instead of the mermaids with their witching music and their death-boding screams.

Literature has given the spot its best associations. Samuel Johnson visited this scene on the 24th of August 1773—Walter Scott on the 31st of July 1814. Boswell says it was alarming to see old Johnson striding irregularly along the footpath, round the top of the monstrous caldron. Scott remarks the place where the path is only two feet wide, with a monstrous precipice on either side. At his visit, Johnson was sixty-four, Scott forty-three. Every British mind can picture the men.

Of the foreign origin of the fishers, there can be very little doubt. It was the policy of the Scotch kings, from the earliest times, to encourage colonies of fishers from Norway, Denmark, and Holland. The fishers of Buckshaven were wont to dance the Danish sword dance.

A considerable part of the humour afloat in Scotland respecting the fishers, consists of stories of their encounters with Presbyterian clergymen. The minister of Footdee had preached on the text about casting bread on the waters, to find it after many days. He afterwards asked a woman why she had left off attending church. “Because ye tell lees, sir. I baked a cake, and a big cake it was, sir, and John and me coost it into the sea between the pier-heads, sir, but deil pick out my eyne if we’ve seen a stime (atom) of it again.” A very zealous clergyman was in the habit of visiting a fishing village every week, to examine the people in the Shorter Catechism. Adam L——, a fisher, got tipsy, fell and broke his nose, just before a catechetical visit at his cottage. His wife huddled him into bed. When the minister began to question the woman, he asked her the cause of the fall of Adam? Thinking all was found out, she answered, “Deed, sir, it was naething but drink.”

CALEB STUKELY.

PART II.

COLLEGE.

ALMOST before I was aware of my own existence in the town and university of Cambridge, it appeared that others had been possessed of the fact: for, upon leaving the narrow slip of lodging in which I had passed the night, (and which, certainly, might be styled the bed-room, inasmuch as there was just room enough for a bed in it, and nothing more,) and entering the sitting-room adjoining, I discovered upon the table, awaiting me, a letter in due form addressed to Caleb Stukely, Esq., Trinity College, Cambridge. The contents were as follows:

"The Vice-Chancellor presents his kind regards to Mr Stukely, and trusts that Mr Stukely, senior, as well as Mrs Stukely, are in the enjoyment of the best possible health, as this leaves the Vice-Chancellor at present; at the same time, the V. C. begs to request the favour of Mr Stukely's company at breakfast this morning, trusting that no previous engagement will deprive him of the honour.

"N.B. Mr Stukely will please attend in full dress."

Flattered as I really felt by this invitation, I attributed it rather to the high character which my father enjoyed as a trader in the city of London, than to any personal desert, of which the Vice-Chancellor must necessarily have been ignorant. Singularly vigilant, however, I could not but consider that system, by which the private condition and movements of the humblest of scholars were so immediately observed and communicated to the highest authorities. Could this be the usual mode of receiving the adopted into the affectionate bosom of *alma mater*? or was it an especial mark of attention extended to me—an exception from the general rule? Let my youth plead for the modesty that induced me to form the latter opinion. Not having yet donned my academic costume, I argued that it would be becoming in me to present myself in that particular dress which had been made in London expressly for evening parties; albeit, such mighty and fa-

shionable doings had been foreign to the quiet abode from which I had migrated. By Mr Simmonds I was directed to the Vice-Chancellor's abode. The reader will not have forgotten that very respectable character introduced by Mr Temple in his narrative at the close of the last chapter—to wit, the gyp of Mr Husband. The above-mentioned Simmonds performed the like office for me; but let not the worthiest of his species be confounded with the vilest. Picture to yourself a body curved and bending beneath a load of years—a head blanched in the service of old Time, not a hair but wearing the master's livery—an eye of settled stillness—a hand, bloodless and old indeed, active only in its tremblings, squeezed up and faded—a gait, to say it was a child's would be to libel nature, it was so weak and tottering. This was the *external* Simmonds. The invisible part of him was not younger or fresher in the hour that his Maker first breathed the breath of life in him. I experienced a feeling of shame when I engaged him.

"You are too old for work, man," said I to him.

"Not I, indeed, sir," was his reply; "I'm nearer to fourscore than seventy—that is true; but I'll warrant you a lad of eighteen is not more nimble. Look here, now." And he attempted to run across the room! The exhibition was melancholy indeed. "Besides," he continued, holding his sides, and catching his breath after the exertion, "I've a grandson—God bless him!—who takes all the labour off my hands. But I should die if I were to give it up altogether. Sixty years come next Shrovetide have I done duty here. Ah, sir, things are different now! Times are not as they have been!"

(I discovered, when I became a few years older, that no times are ever as they have been. It is a fault inherent in the nature of times. Mr Simmonds had no particular complaint to make; his remark was general.)

"Perhaps, sir," said Mr Simmonds, when I had agreed to hire him, "you would like to be shown over your room. Be good enough to follow me." I must here premise that my room was of moderate dimensions, and might be described as containing one very large fireplace, one very large cupboard, two very large window-sills, and two very small windows. Further, it was wainscoted, and in the ceiling the artificial black preponderated considerably over the natural white. Having observed all this before, and at a glance, I was certainly not prepared for the important air with which Mr Simmonds proceeded to point out the various localities and ornaments of the place. He made first for the large cupboard.

"This," said he, opening it, "is your pantry and larder, your china closet, and the receptacle for your bellows, gridiron, tea-kettle, and little saucepan. This," he continued, having reached the window-seat, "is your wine-cellar."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, not comprehending him.

"Your wine-cellar," he repeated, lifting up the top of the window-sill, which was hinged to the rest of the timber, and discovering a hollow case reaching to the floor, and filled with sawdust.

"And this," said he, performing the same ceremony at the fellow window-sill, "is your coal-cellar. The locks of all are, as you see, broken, and my first advice to you is, that you immediately get them repaired. It is a little guard, though not much to be sure—more's the pity!" Without enquiring further into the meaning of these dark hints, I changed the conversation to the subject of the Vice-Chancellor. I desired, before my visit, to gather something of his character.

"Do you know any thing of him?" I asked Simmonds. "Is he an agreeable gentleman?"

"Why, look you, Mr Stukely," answered the gyp, "just as I am standing talking to you now, I stood talking to him fifty years ago come next commencement. Do I know any thing of him! That is good! Yes, I should say I do—a little. For about four years, between you and me, sir, I knew rather too much of him. He was a mortal wild one, and many a

scrape he got me and himself into, and many a falsehood—more's the sorrow!—did he invent to get us out of it. But he had a mort of money, and, of course, could do what poorer men daren't. He's an altered man now."

"He must have been a hard worker, too, and distinguished himself, no doubt, before he became master of his college."

"Didn't I tell you just now, sir, that he was a very rich man? Besides, in those days, things were very different. He gave the best dinners, and drank the best wine in the university, (and, for the matter o' that, so he does now,) and the fellows of his college were proud of him, and made him one of themselves—gave him a fellowship, and then voted him master at the next election. It was a great shame though; for, do you know—you needn't repeat it—there was a young man who had almost worked himself to death for that very fellowship, and who had nothing in the world but his own talents to depend upon; he actually took the thing so much to heart, that he was found dead in his bed, with a bottle of poison clenched fast in his hand."

"You don't say so!"

"I do say so, and the master didn't like it at all. It was hushed up in the college. The Dons gave it out that he died of apoplexy. However, the master, I'm told, allowed the poor young man's father an annuity as long as he lived, which I always thought was very kind and considerate of him."

"I'm surprized," I said, "that you don't live with him!"

"No, sir, I'd rather not. The master has asked me once or twice, but I'm happier here. He is very kind to me still, and many a bleak winter he has changed into a blessed summer for me. He is very good at heart; but, as I get older, I wish more that I had never been his gyp."

Thus informed, I set out for the Vice-Chancellor's residence. He was the master of a small college, situated in one of the principal streets of Cambridge. In my time, it was an old and picturesque building, and looked grave and comely; snugly protected as it was by its long brick wall, and row of lofty poplar trees. That wall, and those poplar trees have been since razed; the edifice has been plastered over, and stands, with its immodest glare of pretension, a very whited

sepulchre. I rang gently at the lodge gate, and modestly placed my card in the hand of the well-dressed domestic who opened it. He retired for a quarter of an hour, and then returned, desiring me to follow him up stairs. During his absence, I had not failed to notice the painful silence that extended through the place. It was not the delicious quiet that I had experienced on the orchard ground the day before. No, that was the silence of nature and of life, cheerful and exhilarating. This was oppressive—the cold and earthy stillness of the tomb. A cough echoed through the house again—once a door slammed, and there rung through the dwelling a long and hideous reverberation. We passed into a spacious and well-filled library, then through a noble room with polished oaken floors. This looked upon a beautiful and extensive lawn. Shadows of massive floating clouds skimmed the green surface as I softly trod the room, and deepened the sombreness that pervaded the scholastic habitation. Beyond was the drawing-room, an apartment of good dimensions, and literally crowded with costly furniture. Here the lackey stopped, and drawing to the fireplace a bulky chair, capacious enough for four, he begged me to be seated, and then took his leave.

As it seemed to be the fashion in this establishment to proceed with as little hurry and fatigue as possible, I had ample time afforded me to observe the various sumptuous articles by which I was surrounded; but my curiosity was particularly excited by a small curtain which hung at the further end of the room, evidently concealing something that was held too sacred for the vulgar eye. For some time I fought against my desire, but unable at length to resist the temptation, I withdrew the curtain, and dis-

covered, not what I had expected to find, the form and feature of some ladye-love, but a portrait by Vandyke, painted in all the boldness and truth of that great master, and bearing beneath it the following inscription, "Oliver Cromwell, protector of England."*

The thunder of another door permitted me only to glance at the portrait and to replace the curtain. The drawing-room door opened, and in an invalid's chair, wheeled into my presence by the aforesaid lackey, entered the Vice-Chancellor.

He was a fine man, tall, sinewy, and robust-looking; his chest was broad and manly, his voice strong and sonorous, his face very florid, and his hair white as the purified particles of snow. Beholding him as I did at our first interview, an experienced physiognomist would have drawn two conclusions. First, that nature had never intended the Vice-Chancellor for such a chair: and secondly, that his living was good and he did not quarrel with it. He was wheeled to the fireplace, and he bade me be seated next to him.

"And now, sir," he began, "what's your business?"

If he had accused me of robbing him I could not have been more alarmed than when he put this question to me. Had I made a mistake? Come to the wrong college, for instance? Simmonds's account had already filled me with awe, and the big house had not decreased it. I thought it advisable to give him at once the note of invitation that I had received. He took it silently, and read it. He then looked hard at me, and read it again.

"How long have you been in Cambridge?" said he.

"Since last night, sir."

"Are you a freshman?"

"Yes, sir."

* This portrait hung in the drawing-room of the lodge attached to the college, of which the Protector was a member. The following legend concerning it was believed by old Simmonds. Many years ago—it is not said how many—a letter was received by the existing master of the college, desiring that the gates and lodge door should be left open at a certain hour of the night, and free access afforded to the drawing-room, in order that the picture of Oliver Cromwell might be therein deposited, in compliance with his own dying request. It was hinted, at the same time, that if any endeavour were made to discover either the donor or bearer of the gift, the portrait would be forever lost to the college, and curiosity still left ungratified. The terms were strictly complied with, and the picture found its way in: for the next morning it was hanging on the wall.

"What college?"

"Trinity, sir."

"Have you made any acquaintances yet?"

"Only Simmonds's, sir, the gyp's.

"Ring that bell."

I rang it, and my old friend the lackey appeared.

"Breakfast!" said the Vice-Chancellor.

"Sir?" quoth the footman, as one who had not quite understood the order.

"Breakfast!" was repeated in a tone of command, that at one and the same time frightened the man out of the room, and me into the very corner of the large chair in which I was sitting.

The breakfast was soon brought. The footman made the tea, and waited upon us. The master ate and drank very little—almost as little, indeed, as myself, who had by this time begun to feel any how but comfortable, and to find no very great pleasure in the especial mark of favour with which I had been indulged.

"From what part of the country do you come, my lad?" enquired the Vice-Chancellor when the cloth was removed, and with more kindly an air than he had shown before. ("A curious question," thought I, "after enquiring so particularly respecting the health of my father and mother!")

"From London, sir," I replied.

"From London! that's very remarkable! and how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir," said I, getting confidence from the Vice-Chancellor's increasing amenity of manners.

"Then you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself," was the damping reply. "What! a Londoner—and eighteen years of age! to be gulled like a—oh—oh—oh, this infernal gout! You young fool," he roared out, "what do you mean by it?"

I jumped from my seat in great trepidation, and thought, all things considered, I had better go back again. My hand was on the door when he summoned me to my chair.

"Sit down, and hear what I have to say. Somebody has made a fool of you. That letter is an imposition. I never invited you to breakfast."

"No, Sir! I am sure I'm very sorry then"—

"Never mind. Are you certain you've made no man's acquaintance?"

"I am sure I haven't, sir. I only came last night."

"How did you get here?"

"By coach, sir, from London."

"With whom did you travel?"

Now, the very moment the Vice-Chancellor put the question to me, the form of Mr James Temple, with his hypocritical serious face, rose up before me; and I felt as certain as I did of my own identity, that to him, and to no one else, was I indebted for this very agreeable business. "With two under-graduates, sir—Mr Solomon Levy, a gentleman of very great respectability, and two ladies."

"Do you know the under-graduates' names?"

"Yes, sir. Temple."

"Their college?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Very well, young man. I'm glad to see you so straightforward," said my questioner, writing down the name. "And now, before you go, take a word of advice. If you don't improve very rapidly, this is likely to be not the last occasion of your being duped. You must be a man, sir—think, act, and feel like a man—oh—oh, this cursed gout! Do you hear what I say, you goose?" and he belowered out again.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why don't you answer, when you see me in such pain? I tell you it will not do to be a boy, where all your companions are men. What's the use of your looking at that sofa, whilst I am talking?—look at me, can't you? If ever you receive such letters again, put them into the fire at once, and don't believe them. You must learn your true position as soon as you can; until you do, you never can be comfortable or at your ease. Attend well to your studies, and keep good hours. I suppose you know the proverb—*Aurora amica musarum*. When I was a student, I was never out of bed after nine o'clock in the evening, or in it after six in the morning. Winter or summer makes no difference to an honest student, who has his work to do, and will get through it. I have never known such happy hours as those spent as an under-graduate in this college. All summers were as one summer, and all winters as one winter, they were so

much alike. Every season found me at my books, and whether the birds whistled, and the sun shone warm upon my study, or whether it was dark and dreary without, and I had to sit by my snug fire, and read by my little lamp, the simple fact of my being industrious was the same. There I was to be found; and I have reaped the good reward. Look at me, sir! the representative of one who is the representative of so many glorious, noble, and religious foundations. Be assured, young man, excellence in any one thing is not to be reached without the closest perseverance, and the severest self-denial."

I was not a little staggered by the Vice-Chancellor's reminiscence of his early days. Here were two old men, both grayheaded, telling one story, yet so differently, that, without attempting to mince either the subject-matter, or my expression, I was brought to the very disagreeable necessity of regarding one of them as the most eminent and egregious old liar that had ever been endowed with the faculty of speech. I made, for the nonce, a philosophical inference. The Vice-Chancellor was a great man, and could not lie. Poor Simmonds was a hireling, and did so *ex officio*.

"I desire to say one word more before you go, and that is with regard to your attendance at chapel. Your college will exact only a certain number of attendances during the week; but you will ask your conscience what it will require, and if it will be satisfied with any thing short of a regular daily regard for the ordinances of your religion. Christianity, young man, is neither classics nor mathematics: it is something superior to both; those are indeed the food and substance of the mind, but this is the mind's regulator. It pleases me to find that you are so attentive to what I say. If you ask me what will improve the temper, render us amiable, regardful of our social duties, good politicians, benevolent members of society, and perfect gentlemen, I answer Christianity; and to subdue and overcome the pains both of body and of mind, I may freely say, from experience, I know nothing so powerful and efficacious." Here the gout became once more exceedingly troublesome, and caused great pain to the worthy speaker. There arose first a rapid

and sharp drawing of the breath, then the blatant roar—"Ring the bell, you young rascal!" almost *screached* the Vice-Chancellor, rolling in his chair with agony. I rushed to the rope, and in my violent haste pulled it to the ground, without provoking the slightest tinkling from the bell. The master stared at me as if he would have strangled me, had he been at liberty and able, which, thank Heaven, he was not. He bit his lip and frowned, tossed about and groaned, and at last it burst out—

"D——n you, you young villain, can't you bawl on the stairs?"

This concluding practical illustration of the master's own doctrine, was favourable at least to my good opinion of poor Simmonds, who, I must confess, during the first part of the Vice-Chancellor's last speech, had been rapidly sinking in my estimation. When I returned to my rooms, the old man was busy in the repairs of the cupboard and "cellars."

I repeated to him the whole of the morning's business, without thinking it necessary to refer to the sham invitation, and the object of my visit.

"Ah, poor man!" sighed the gyp; "'tis very strange and very shocking. He has told the same story so often, and to so many, that at last he believes it himself. He talks too much, and does too little. Ah, sad work, sad work! The doings at that lodge on many a Sabbath-day, are a scandal to the place. What's the use of a sermon at St Mary's, if a man's knocked up afterwards in the night to take the preacher home? Have I not done it more than once? It's too bad; and what a true and awful saying that is—'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul!'"

As all this was uttered in an under tone, and rather to himself than to me, I deemed that I had no business to tease the old man by further interrogations. During the whole of the day he remained in and about my room, doing literally nothing, but amusing himself with the fancy that he was labouring hard for my happiness and comfort. He saw that my *medicam* of coals was safely deposited in the proper place, and carefully wiped and locked the window-seat afterwards. He bustled about, languidly enough, with his grandson,

who came in the course of the morning with articles of furniture that belonged to the room, (and who, indeed, performed all that was needful and proper to be done,) and at length, about six o'clock in the evening, placing my commons on the table, and poking the fire to make the kettle boil, he looked round the room, thought "he had now done every thing, and would therefore go home"—which saying, he crept away.

I had now been two days absent from my parents, and for the first time working in life, as it were, on my own account. Surely my short experience had been neither creditable to the world, nor satisfactory to the humble individual who had thrown himself upon its sympathies and good nature? My treatment had been rather that of a dog venturing into a pre-occupied kennel, than of a human being joining the social commonwealth, and seeking the rights and immunities of a denizen. It was impossible to avoid the flattering conviction, that both by Mr Temple and the Vice-Chancellor—the former scarcely a month older than myself, and that was the most unpleasant reflection in the whole transaction—I was regarded as no better than a fool, to be played upon or insulted, according to the present and prevailing humour of the party that took me in hand. Temple had insulted me *covertly* when he bantered me in the orchard-ground, and, in writing the letter, had *openly* played upon me. The Vice-Chancellor had proceeded contrariwise. He tacitly played upon me when he ordered the breakfast, and, without disguise or reservation, grossly insulted me, as the reader has seen.

These thoughts, as I lay in bed the second night, irritated and distressed me. To be sure, I had a consolation, and it was no small one. The Vice-Chancellor himself was a bad man, and the tone of young Temple's mind, whatever might be its power or calibre, was unhealthy and immoral; either of them, manifestly, were men whose good or evil opinion ought to be of value or interest to me, and I was not justified in accepting them at once as samples of the body politic. I had, beyond all this, that innate sense of self-respect which innocence and truth engender, and this acquitted me of degradation, even as I blushed

beneath my coverings for shame. Why did it ever cease to do so? Oh that we could keep for ever, bright and burning, like the sacred fires of old, the holy light of purity which defends our fallen nature still! How much that now looks brazen-bold, would shrink away, and be dismissed for ever! It is when the immortal part of us burns dull within, that sin is bold, and Satan dangerous. Then is it, too, that reason slumbers, and the virtuous man is left to pine beneath the scorn and pity of the vilest. Unprotected, and given over to itself, the flesh is tender, and cannot bear the breath of ridicule, though the source itself be rotten.

It may not, on this account, be surprising to the reader, that although I had fallen to sleep, satisfied that nothing had transpired in which I had made a sacrifice of principle or character, and that did not reflect rather upon others than upon me, I was unable, notwithstanding, on the third morning, to cast off the sense of annoyance which I had taken to my pillow, or to rise superior to the deep humiliation which had fastened itself upon me.

"In the eyes of others," whispered my human pride, "you are of no account. As they pass by you, they read *Fool* written on your forehead; and truly, as the Vice-Chancellor says, this is not the last time that men shall use you for their sport."

I envied the happier condition of those who had spent their days in the world, making themselves conversant with the doings and the habits of men—who were entitled to assume a position in the community, and could command its respect. And then I passed on to my own home—shall I confess it?—blushing by the way for that simple and domestic grace which was its ornament and honour. Yes, for a moment, I became madly impatient and tormented, and during the wild paroxysm, suffered base and cruel thoughts to make a fiend and monster of me. Thank God! it was but for a moment; for could I live, and bear about with me one thought that should impair the fulness of my filial love? Happily, my folly took another bent. Burning with shame for the indignities I had suffered, and determined upon revenge—such a revenge as in its perfect gratification should

humble those who looked upon me with contempt, and take from my own mind the smarting sting that had been inflicted there, I made a zealous vow, and at once embarked every feeling and desire in the labour of the fulfilment. The solemn promise made to myself was this: Every energy and talent that I possessed, I resolved henceforward to dedicate to the pursuits and employments, the honours and rewards of the University. My father and mother should be revered for my sake, and those who trifled with me now, should be taught respect for my acquirements, if not for myself. With the vitality and vehemence of a passion, did the idea of distinction force itself upon my imagination; and, like the passion of a boy, it was restless and uneasy till some steps were taken for its indulgence. Stamped on my memory, never to be obliterated, is the day on which I attended my first lecture. With an emulous and quivering curiosity, I listened to the answers of those who were of the same standing as myself, and judged from their readiness and ability, both of the amount of knowledge that was arrayed against me, and the order of minds with which I had to contend. As the papers of some were handed to me to be passed on to the tutor, I detained them in their passage for one eager snatch of sight, in order to compare the proofs and results with those I had already given on the same questions. Did I discover the slightest discrepancy in my favour, a problem brought out with less care, defective only in one step, I hugged the knowledge to my heart, and was rejoiced indeed. It was a sweet gratification to me to find, from the tutor's manner, that he was pleased with my work. He looked over my papers with care at first, but before the close of the lecture, he was content to give them a glance, and to turn his eye to the result. For some he had a word of complaint, for others reproof.—(He was an iron man, knew his business well, and spoke as he thought, with the same bluntness to the friend of seven years as to the stranger of to-day.)—And to me only, of the whole number, did he accord his unmodified approbation. "Very good, Mr Stukely—very good!" was the observation that he made upon the last paper that I sent to him. The

men at the same moment looked up at me, and I experienced the glory of a triumph.

As I walked from the lecture, across the court, to my room, the tutor stopped me.

"What school do you come from, Mr Stukely?"

I explained to him the nature of my previous reading with the clergyman in our neighbourhood.

"You work out your things very neatly. Come to my rooms after hall to-day."

If before the lecture I had resolved upon my plan of conduct, I was now not to be shaken from the one object of my life by any influence that could be brought against me. I had gone into the room, regarding the men as my natural enemies; but, when I left it, my superiority, and, still more, the implied acknowledgement of it on the part of the tutor, had rubbed away the asperity, and brought me to think more charitably of them. I secretly determined, however, upon one course of procedure, and that was, so to conduct myself always before my competitors, as to give them no reason to suppose that I was straining to beat them, and, by every artifice I could practise, to keep them off their guard, drawing their attention chiefly to my own apparent freedom from labour and easiness of disposition. If the usage I had received had effected nothing else, it had been very successful in sowing the seeds of a selfish, sordid hypocrisy.

In the course of a few weeks I became friendly and familiar with more than one under-graduate of my college. They courted my society: I did not seek theirs. Amongst the rest, there was a man of the same year as myself. He was of a reserved and modest habit, thoughtful and intellectual. In the lecture-room, he caused me more uneasiness than all the others together. He did not meet the first day. He came afterwards, and soon—too soon, at least for my equanimity and comfort—began to share in the favourable expressions and encomiums of the tutor. He was a tall thin man, somewhat older than myself, excessively pale and weak-looking, possessing large and piercing black eyes. He was remarkable for a seeming and complete exemption from all physical exertion and suffering. He glided about

noiselessly, and his doings partook so largely of quietism, that he gave you the notion of a spirit rather than of a human being; or, you might suppose, if your humour were quaint, that the soul was anxious for her fragile covering, so wasted and so wan already, and, for its safety, suspended its accustomed privileges. The paucity of his words corresponded with the inactivity of his body; but, if it were proper to conclude from appearances, the restlessness of his mind made up for both. He had a noble forehead, and, young as he was, a few long and slender hairs only hung dispersed and straggling about his head, as though the incessant working of the brain beneath had blighted and thrown off the rest, and they were soon to follow. This individual had attached himself to me, and early in the period of our acquaintance, he would often follow me to my room, and, without exchanging a dozen words, sit listlessly at the window, his emaciated hand supporting his bending head; or he would muse, for an hour or two perhaps, over some dusty work of metaphysics, faintly smiling when he approved, and uttering the monosyllable "no" as often as he differed from the author. So would he come and go, careless if his visits pleased, and innocent of the great alarm they caused me. As for myself—knowing how closely in the lecture-room he ran upon my heels, how easily, once or twice, he had unwound a knotty point, that in the strength of its entanglement had set even me at bold defiance, and how, without the shadow of an effort, he executed that which cost me the dearest labour to accomplish—I hated him most heartily, and estimated his visits as you would the encroachments of an adversary, and the stratagems of a spy. There was a scholarship of some value open to freshmen, the examination for which took place at the close of the first academic year. To the attainment of this I looked forward with a sanguineness that could not admit the possibility of failure. I had set my mind, my heart, my happiness, upon it. It was the point in which all hope of after joy was centred, from which, if ever, the future energies must radiate. After I had tried the ground, and felt it sure, to behold an interloper seizing from my grasp the prize that was

already mine! The thought was maddening. What a discomfiture and terrible destruction of all my lofty aspirations! Were they to end in this? I would not permit so wretched a belief. I promised to devote myself, with redoubled energy, to the measures necessary for the coming battle. I might reach him yet! Besides, who knew? the sum of my knowledge might still exceed his, notwithstanding that his acuteness, in solitary instances, had evinced itself at the moment superior to my own. And again I thought—and *from* the thought, the reader will learn how rapidly I was advancing, not only in the knowledge of the doctrine of chances, but of all that was virtuous and lovely in morals—I thought that this sickly fellow could not possibly live long; but looking only to the fair probabilities of the case, I might have confidence and a most reasonable hope that he would be rotting in the grave long before the hour of contest should arrive. I longed, yet dreaded, to know his own views. Perhaps he did not care for that which, for so many reasons, was of inestimable value to me. Possibly, knowing my strong desire, he would not enter into competition. What could a person, with health so delicate, and a frame so very ill-constituted for arduous pursuits, expect from a distinction that curtailed his future ease, and demanded increasing labour to sustain; since even scholarship, like the more worldly titles, are worthless, unsupported. A little friendly chat would, I was sure, convince a man of sense that his interest and happiness were not to be found in the excitement of college wranglings, for which physical power was no less essential than mental attainments. The arguments were conclusive, and, had I reasoned for a brother, I could not have been more satisfied of their truth and justice. It might be, nevertheless, not quite so easy to persuade *him*; men generally are such very bad judges of their own cases, and their eyes are jaundiced when turned upon themselves. Would he not, however, on that account the more readily listen to his *friend*? At all events it should be tried—but in what manner? This was the difficulty. Once or twice already I had attempted to draw him out, but he had shown himself so

close, so little interested in the whole matter, that I could only beat about, and retire at length without advantage. Being desirous that he should attribute my friendly advices only to my regard for him, I was myself apprehensive of appearing too earnest, lest—for I was still in doubt as to the man's real nature—I might haply be caught in my own snare, and only expose myself at last, without learning any thing from him. I must proceed most cautiously.

He streamed into my room one morning as usual, and took his customary seat on the top of the coal-cellar. For a wonder, he commenced the conversation, and gave me the opportunity of following it up.

He had taken from his pocket a very old copy of a sermon by Doctor South.

"Stukely" he began, "how very different is the style of the intermediate fathers, as we may call them, to that of our modern divines. In these old books the thoughts bear heavy on the words, which are too weak for what they carry. The oak is planted in the china vessel. With us the thought is like the needle in the hay—a little matter in a world of waste, when found, not worth the trouble of the searcher."

"Did those men, Grimsley, (this was his name,) do much at college?"

This question found Grimsley reading again, so that it was not for a little time that he replied.

"What did you say just now, Stukely?"

"Did these fathers sag much when they were up?"

(The reader will perceive how glibly I could talk now.)

"No doubt, a great deal," was the reply.

"Took good degrees, eh?"

"Unquestionably."

"What strong men they must have been! To look at their fine portraits, and their sturdy figures, printed in their books, one would suppose that they belonged to a much earlier age."

"No, Stukely, these men as students were probably no stronger than ourselves. It is the ease of later life, (when the struggles of ambition have subsided, and there is nothing more to gain,) that brings men flesh, and makes them sleek."

"Yet many die in the conflict; is it not so?"

"Yes, but, in some causes, death is victory."

"Well, to my thinking, the reward of toil is inadequate to the cost. Even here, how much dogged labour is necessary to arrive at the smallest honours!"

"I agree with you. I would not purchase their chief distinctions, at the price so many pay for the most moderate. What waste of body! what drying up of the very sap of life, for dreams and shadows after all! No—the day-labourer in the open fields is a simpler but a wiser man."

(And every word of this was unctuous matter to my soul.)

"Still—" there came my fit again—"where moderate labour—and this is both wholesome and needful—leads eventually to honour, I cannot but think it sin to keep our talent idle."

"Isn't there," I asked carelessly, and determined now to probe him to the core, "isn't there something of a—sort of scholarship, that they try for in the college at the end of the year?"

"Yes."

"It's not worth having, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, as I hear, well worth having."

"You mean to work up for it then?"

The sword of Damocles hung over me.

"No, certainly not."

I breathed.

"I was sure you wouldn't think it worth *your* while. Come, Grimsley, take a glass of wine. It's a very raw day. This is a very fenny country. Don't you feel it? You haven't had a glass of wine in my room, I do believe, since I have known you. It is really not the thing. You are too abstemious. I take but little, but find that little necessary. No, dear Grimsley," continued I, producing the wine, "I was quite satisfied that you would not go through the wear and tear of a long examination. Besides, in your state of health, of what use would a scholarship be to you? I consider you a philosopher, my dear fellow, for declining it."

"I beg your pardon," said Grimsley, very gently, "I did not say that exactly—you misunderstand me. You

asked me if I intended to *work up* for the scholarship, and I said, as I say now—No, decidedly not! It does not follow, if I gain the scholarship *without* working up for it, that I shall think proper to refuse it—I should most certainly do no such thing."

He turned to his book with a sardonic grin, and I packed my wine away, without further reply, despising myself for the *candour* (!) into which I had been betrayed, as heartily as I did him for his artful deceit.

Matters had now reached the crisis. There was clearly no royal road to the point for which I strove. Away with underplots, and sleights of mind! The enemy had shown the cloven foot. It was now open fight—face to face, foot to foot, or else give way at once. Give way! I burned to think it possible. Had I been inclined to do so, the force of circumstances impelled me on. In the college, I had been regarded for some time as the man (all boys are men at college) who must obtain the scholarship. The voice of my fellow students had given me a prescriptive claim upon it. Finding the contest hopeless, they had themselves retired, one after another, from the ground, yielding it to me. I had merely to walk over it. The tutor himself had more than once advised and made a plan of future reading, when the bustle and anxiety of the examination should be over, and there would be nothing further to contend for. To sum up all, in the extremity and overflow of joyousness, I had so far committed myself, as to convey to my father a positive assurance of success, and to inspire him with hopes and expectations that I could not see betrayed and blasted, and still live. It was wonderful indeed, that in all their calculations, the undergraduates had made no regard of Grimsley. But, as I have said before, he spoke so very seldom, said so very little when he did speak, his movements were so still and undisturbing, his attenuated form so all unlikely to command attention or awaken fear, that they might, unconcerned observers as they were, find ample reasons for their marked neglect of him. It was otherwise with me. Carelessness in me was criminal. I dared not conceal from myself the glaring fact, that there were energies concealed within his lathy frame

that, when called forth, would startle by their power; that, beyond this, he enjoyed a clearness of intellect, an extraordinary amount of knowledge, a facility in reducing it to order and giving it expression, that carried him far beyond my level. His coolness and ease, his modest demeanour, and his self-devotion, made him only the more terrible; and I noted them as so many additional causes for vigilance and alarm to his antagonist.

Having made myself acquainted with the views of Grimsley, I saw that it was necessary to concentrate all my attention and reading upon the subjects fixed for the examination, and to neglect all else until the issue of that was known.

Grimsley's general knowledge could not avail him there—that was a comforting reflexion. Perseverance, I had often heard, was the worst foe to genius. Let him look to that! As for defeat, I would not know the word. After my late interview with him, I became more friendly and sociable with the rest of the undergraduates. I found more pleasure in their society, and their sympathy and attachment were most acceptable to me. I commended myself to their good-nature by many trifling acts of kindness, and imperceptibly identified them with the cause in which I was embarked. Not a whisper did I breathe at the same time of danger, not a syllable of the quarter whence it threatened. Old Simmonds about this time reported to me, that he had heard me very highly spoken of by the fellows in the Combination room; and one under-graduate, (I forget his name, but I remember that once or twice I had worked out his papers for him,) had asserted in Hall, at table, "that Stukely was the best fellow in the college, and he hoped that he would have the scholarship without any examination, for he was sure no man of his year would have courage to go in with him."

Curiously enough, as it may seem, by the advice of my tutor, I placed myself in the hands of a *private* tutor, one of those *attachés* of the university, who, for a consideration, relieved the public and paid tutors from the irksome and onerous duties of their office. I do not know what alterations and improvements have taken place since my secession from

the university. Neither my inclination nor my occasions have, during the last quarter of a century, carried me back to its proceedings. I have no doubt, however—the more learned and better informed reader will correct me if I err—that this anomaly and others have, in the advance of time, been satisfactorily amended.

We have heard of the giant strides of intellect, and the tocsin of reform has resounded through the land, rousing from their slumbers the very hamlets and villages of the soil. The priests of knowledge cannot have slept at the altar with the alarum ringing in their ears. I owe it as a child of *alma mater*, (a prodigal, alas!) to infer otherwise. Men are not faultless, nor institutions either. That was a faulty system surely that rendered abortive the exertions and the studies of a man, whose fortunes denied him the advantage of private and extraneous aid, who, coming to the university to be taught, found teachers, indeed, wasting their pampered days in idleness—teaching nothing, rioting perhaps on the pious charity of those who had bequeathed their substance, emphatically, for the building up the maintenance and the happiness of England's poor scholars. The undergraduate of the present enlightened day will assuredly meet in the closets of the tutor and fellows of his society, that instruction which, in my time, was only to be found at a costly rate *without* the college walls.

Mr Cube of Saint John's was a pragmatistical gentleman, with a snub nose and carbuncular visage. In days of yore, St John's was a snub-nose-and-carbuncular college. The members were known by their looks. Mr Cube had small peering eyes, protected by spectacles, was very short, but somewhat stout. Ignorant of the ways of life, but desirous at all times to display his good breeding, his usual expressions of politeness constituted a very good harlequinade. You would have smiled at him in a ball-room, and set him down for a country dancing-master.

His days were literally taken up by his pupils; he had so many of them. He enjoyed an extraordinary reputation. He had *crammed* all the best men for the six preceding years, and his very name had become at last a guarantee of success. Hard readers

went to him really for the benefit of his judgment and experience, which were powerful and extensive. Men who did not read at all, paid him twenty guineas a term for the mere pleasure of his acquaintance;—knowing, cunning rogues! that there lurked in it some very potent charm, which would work miracles for them on the day of examination in the Senate House. There is a rage and fashion for tutors as well as for cravats and ladies' furbelows—and Mr Cube was now in the ascendant. He had come up a sizar, had taken the best degree of his year, and his income was already upwards of L.1000. He was the son of a curate, formerly a very poor one. His son's success—to that son's honour be it written—had made him rich.

I explained to Mr Cube my views and prospects. When I had finished, he bade me sit down.

"There are pens and ink. See what you can make of that paper."

In about an hour I had finished the task, and to his satisfaction.

"Well done, Mr Stukely, well done—that'll do. What books are you reading now?"

I named them.

"Very well, very well. Bring them to me to-morrow. We'll see what can be done. Very fine day, very fine day—good-by, good-by;" and he fidgeted me to the door, and bowed me out of the room.

The next day I waited on him.

"Ah, Mr Stukely, how do you do?—very cloudy. Do you think it will rain?"

It might be presumed that, as Mr Cube seldom or never left his room, the state of the weather was a subject of comparative indifference to him. Not so: the weather and its effects were a constant topic of discourse.

"The country wants rain—rain's a capital thing, if it didn't make the streets so terribly muddy. You are very punctual—just three minutes and forty-three seconds before your time. That's better than being three minutes and forty-three seconds after it. Take a seat. Oh, you've got your books! Ah, yes! Well, we'll to business at once. Be seated. You'll observe the great secret is this." The door was open, and he rose to shut it.

Now it was coming—the secret—the *great secret*, as he termed it—the

key to all the brilliant triumphs of his pupils. Ah, Grimsley, what would you give for this!

"The great secret, as I said before, is this"—

"Yes, sir."

At this moment there was a sharp knocking at the door.

"Come in," cried Mr Cube.

It was his bedmaker.

"Sir," said that lady, if you takes away the key of your bedroom, it's quite impossible that I can get into it."

Mr Cube fumbled about his pockets for the instrument, and handed it to her with his usual agitated air of politeness.

"I beg your pardon, Mr Stukely. As I was saying, the secret of the whole matter is this"—

"Yes, sir," replied I again.

And again did that Tartarean door prevent the explanation I was bursting to hear.

The knock this time was a soft one. With many apologies, Mr Cube once more rose from his seat. Turning the handle of the door, he ushered into the room the abominated Grimsley.

The latter bowed to me.

"Ah, Stukely, I had no idea—I beg your pardon. Shall you be disengaged in an hour, Cube?"

"Oh, yes, quite—less than that—very dull day, isn't it? so chilly! I hope we sha'n't have any snow. I've heard of snow in this month, though. It would be very awkward. You are sure to find me at leisure in an hour."

Grimsley nodded to me, and departed.

"The secret, Mr Stukely, is this"

"Pray, sir," said I, more nervous and agitated than I can express, and in my turn interrupting the momentous communication, "is that gentleman a pupil of yours?"

"Young Grimsley?—oh, no!—couldn't afford it—worthy fellow—father a poor curate near us—nine children—old friend, that's all."

"Have you ever told *him* the secret that you are about to communicate to me?"

"Oh, never talk on business in play hours! Grimsley, kind soul, reads Shakspeare to me—does it beautifully. Talks metaphysics—likes them better than mathematics."

"Well, sir, I didn't care to know. It was only from sheer curiosity."

"Ah, just so! Give me your algebra. You see this is the thing: men fail, not so often in consequence of reading too little, as through reading too much. You look surprised; but it is true, nevertheless: they who throw themselves into large waters sometimes sink. The cautious keep within the depth, and swim. What do you, or what does any man, come to me for?—that he may take a good degree: in order to that end, certain questions will be propounded to him, which he must answer. Get up those answers, and forget all besides." He opened my book. "Now, here's a proof—have you got it up?"

"Yes, sir, and some time it took me too."

"Just so. You found it stiff?"

"No end, sir; but it's a beautiful proof."

"No doubt of it. But I have been here upwards of ten years, and have not seen its face in any examination paper yet. *Comus* is a very beautiful poem, but if you had it at your fingers' ends, stops and all, it wouldn't get you one mark in the senate-house."

"I read it with a view to my general improvement."

"General improvement, general knowledge, and general literature, are not academic terms; all perhaps very good in their proper places, but sad blocks in the way of a good degree. Here's a formula, have you got it by heart?"

"No, sir—but I have a shorter one, which I think better."

"Upon *my* word, Mr Stukely, this won't do at all. You are on a wrong track. It may be the finest that ever was written, but until you can persuade the examiners that it is so, you will derive no benefit from the fact. The *fellows* who set the papers, are as jealously fond of their old forms and expressions, as a mother of her babies. If you alter a verb or a noun, nay more, if you reject in a sentence a verb that has stood from time immemorial in the shape of an infinitive, only to restore it in the more lively garb of a participle, you'll vex and distress them, and put them out of humour with you and your papers, how great soever may be their merit in every other respect."

"If the substance and sense are

correct, may we not use our own words to illustrate them?"

"You may, certainly, if you wish to cut your own throat, but you'll most certainly not be understood. Sense is one thing, words are another; and so attached are the examiners to the strict use of the latter, that, if they were compelled to acknowledge a preference, I verily believe they would answer, as the Lord Hamlet does in the play, '*words, words, words.*' Now, remember this above all things, and note well the pencil marks I am about to make in your book. Wherever I put the sign *plus*, (+), pass on without reading at all. Ask no questions. What I desire you to neglect, may possibly be useful, instructive, and good; but unfortunately it will do nothing for you. 'The worth of a thing, is what it will bring;' and if this brings you nothing in the shape of marks, it is worth nothing. We have no time to throw away upon knowledge for the sake of itself. I intend that you should read *once* all those parts against which you will find a circle drawn, so (O;) but wherever you find this figure of a triangle (Δ), read, and read to your soul's content. Don't omit a preposition, a syllable, a sign, a stop; read till the matter is as familiar to you as your own name. Have it by *heart*, if it is possible, for that's most agreeable; at all events, by *rote*. Repeat it when you walk—with your grace before meals—and in your bed after prayers. Dream of it if you can, and, if you are fond of music, sing it to your favourite tunes. And whilst I run through your book," continued Mr Cube, handing me a paper, "work out these problems, and do them slowly and safely. Never work in a hurry. A false multiplication may ruin a man for life."

And under such skilful pilotry did I pass days and nights in the prosecution of my one great purpose, feverish and anxious always, but driven on by the most resistless of all human impulses. The plan of study forced upon me by Mr Cube, expedient as I believed it to be, was in itself disagreeable and most unsatisfactory. It was drudgery, the most enervating. The mind revolted from the iron yoke, and yearned again for freedom, for that unshackled perfect liberty which is its birth-right, in the blessed enjoyment of which, knowledge is beauty, power,

dignity, enduring wealth; deprived of it, is lumber, dross, rust, refuse—any thing that loads, disfigures, and degrades.

Teachers of the young, fosterers of the germs of that capacity which we call MIND, beware! It is a heavenly principle that you do take in trust. Touch charily, and with a pious hand, the image of your God!

Frequent had been the communications that had passed between my parents and myself. From my father I received the strongest encouragement, and every argument that could incite me to perseverance, again and again did he reiterate. Blindness of human wisdom! How little did the old man dream that he was adding fuel to the flame that was consuming me—poison to the canker bit that fed upon my vitals. My tender mother—tender is a mother always—with that unworldly virtue so peculiar to her sex, implored me to make no sacrifice of health or happiness for the highest honour that lay within my reach. "What satisfaction, Caleb," she wrote to me in one of her letters, "to your poor mother, would be the highest rewards you could obtain, purchased at the price of what is dearest to me in life? No, my dear boy, return in health to me as you left us; there is no cause that can justify a tampering with the choicest blessing of our condition."

A summer and a winter had passed away. Spring had again burst forth in vigour, enlivening the dull face of nature; the sun grew warmer, and once more the impatient buds, breaking from imprisonment, unfolded to the scented air. The second summer had arrived, and found still undiminished the iron rigour of my service. Heedless of my mother's words, I had spent a year in toil, unflinching, and indeed most trying. Through lack of exercise, and the constant sedentary occupation, my body had become weak, my nerves unstrung, and my pale face and sunken eye true chronicles of what was rife within. My will and strong determination were, as at first, unconquered and invincible. The issue of the struggle was at hand. I was prepared for it. During the winter I had suffered a month's severe illness. Being, by nature, of a susceptible temperament, small matters, if they jarred or jangled with my desires, fretted me to a high

degree. The agitation induced by the novelty and exciting character of my pursuits, in conjunction with a sharp cold, brought on eventually a state of fever which in a night prostrated me, kept me to my bed, and for a short time caused great apprehension for my safety in the minds of those to whose care I was intrusted. During the attack, from which I recovered very slowly, Simmonds had been my constant attendant, nor could any persuasion prevail upon him to leave me until I was thoroughly restored again. When I was first taken ill he made himself a bed upon the floor of the sitting-room, and, night after night, did he there lie, more awake than asleep, listening to my breathings, and to my every turn, ready with the drink whenever I was athirst, and punctual as a clock with the medicines, which he was so anxious that I should take not one second sooner or later than the time prescribed upon the label. Within this old man's withered case, there throbbed a woman's heart. The affections of the softest of that soft sex were not more fond, her patient and religious confidence, more constant and enduring. How often, when I was rendered peevish and almost insolent by the pangs of suffering which the bare thought of a protracted illness gave rise to, did the good Simmonds, with kind compassion and with bland expressions, (others would have turned their back upon ingratitude,) soothe and allay the boiling surf, and earnestly endeavour to restore my thoughts to calm and quiet flow! How often, afterwards, when his bright pattern brought me to myself, and made me love him with a melting heart, would he draw near to my bedside, and, with a tremulous and slender voice, read from the Holy Book the passages upon which his faith, and hope, and happiness were fixed, and of whose power and eternal truth the old man lived a memorable exemplar.

It was a sight to see decay, so busy and so useful in the world, so near its leave-taking—to behold the spark, so beautifully light and clear, upon the eve of being quenched for ever.

In connexion with this worthy man, let me make one remark. The experience of many days has taught me the reasonableness of an ardent prayer

to Heaven, that, as we still move on in life, travelling, as of necessity we are, gradually and imperceptibly, day by day, further from the freshness, the joyousness, and the romantic ardour of our youth, we may be privileged to carry on with us the remembrance at least, if not a single vestige, of our bright experience; so shall we be blessings to the young, neither churlish nor discontented ourselves, nor a source of uneasiness to others. Let us bear, in our age, only that knowledge of our youth that will suffice to save the old man from becoming the envier of the young; for what is that incessant evil-eyeing of the amusement of early life—those surly, fretful, and over-hasty complainings at its pleasures—but envy, the most malignant, the most odious, and the most unprofitable? Yes, let us pray that our sunset may be streaked with the memories and shadows only of the brilliant dawn. Such was the case with him whose lowly spirit long has dwelt in heaven; such is the case when, here and there, you have beheld, no doubt, as I have, the past and future generation, so to speak, chained by a link of love, joined in harmony on earth—the grandfather and the grandchild bound in life by sympathy and strong affection.

It was a mild summer's evening, and I quitted my room with a disordered body and not less perturbed mind. I walked through the pensive and shaded alleys that adorn the various colleges, bestowing a rural grace that marks them from the naked barrenness beyond, each college standing in a waste—a thing of beauty in itself. The air was balmy, and the setting sun poured forth a golden stream of light, that broke into a thousand particles, and settled in surpassing brilliancy on every object and in every nook. More like the palace of the Fairy tale, for every pane of glass one spotless dazzling diamond, shone forth that college, the noblest in the world, on which I now looked back.

It was the morning preceding the examination, and I waited, by appointment, on Mr Cube.

"Here's an evening, Stukely!" exclaimed the tutor, as I entered the room. "Delicious, is it not? look at the thermometer. Eighty in the shade all day. What's the matter? you look pale. You have been sitting

too long again to-day. Well, your troubles will soon be over.

"Yes, thank Heaven!"

"How many days are there to be?"

"Five."

"What hour do you go in to-morrow?"

"Nine."

"Very well. Suppose we run over your first day's subject now. I have scribbled some questions for you. Write them out;" and he walked to the open window. "Bless my heart, this is weather indeed!"

It was late when I left Mr Cube's rooms, and returned to my own. I had answered all his questions correctly, with the exception of three. I did not feel myself secure in that branch of my subject to which these questions referred; and I spent a great portion of this, my last night, in reading it once more over. Day had dawned—the free and blithesome birds were twittering in the morning air—the dews were glittering in the sunny light. I closed my book, and happy men were leaping from their beds as I sought rest in mine.

When I entered the room set apart for the trial of strength, the clock striking nine, some dozen men were already assembled. For the sake of form, but not with the most distant prospect or notion even of success, they were about to take their seats at the broad table that stood in the centre of the room, amply furnished with the *materia* for the coming war. They all shook me heartily by the hand, and were confident in their anticipations of the result of the proceeding, which still they could not consider as admitting the slightest doubt.

"We must have a supper, Stukely," said a fat youth, whose father was Lord Mayor of London.

"Copus, and no mistake," rejoined a thinner gentleman with a turgid countenance and a blearing eye, strong indications of his favourite habit, "a thing's not legal till it's christened. You get the scholarship, and we'll wet it for you."

"Ah, as you say, get it—that's well advised! If I were as clever at getting as you are at wetting, the matter's done; but this is not so clear."

"Come, get out of that, and sink the blarney if you please," responded my bibacious friend. "Isn't it as clear as bricks that you are the man?"

Doesn't every body know it; and hasn't your own *coach* said *done* to it six months ago?"

"If you mean to have kidneys," said the young Lord Mayor, in continuation, still harping on the supper, "do tell that wretch of a cook to broil them for Christians, and not to season them with cayenne as if he were dishing them up for devils."

The tutor entered the room, followed by a few men who had loitered about the door, some laughing and jesting, others inhaling the summer air until his arrival. The last who entered was Grimsley. The expression of his features was, as usual, free from all excitement, and he seated himself at the table with his shy and native unobtrusiveness. I sat opposite to him, and gazed on his lank form with fear and wonder. Extreme quiet in any thing produces awe in the beholder. It is painful to witness the heavy silence of a sultry day, and terrible sometimes is the storm that it foretells. The examination papers were distributed. I watched my adversary's bearing for a moment, as his eye passed over them—gathering, however, nothing from the scrutiny—then, with a most intense and eager view, turning to my own, I endeavoured at a glance to be possessed of all that was to do. I could not read the wording of the questions. It was too slow an operation. I saw their general bearing, their scope and gist. One look might satisfy me as to that; and oh, relief and ecstacy, as I proudly placed the sheet before me, and knew that this one day at least the strength was equal to the task! In the course of an hour, our company had sensibly decreased. The Lord Mayor became hungry, and retired to lunch. The man of drink was troubled with a tickling in the throat, and could not write another line until he was relieved. One could not work; he never could whilst men were making such a *scritch-scratch* with their pens, and this poor soul had fainted from his infancy, confined in close oppressive atmospheres. Six out of sixteen then remained. In the afternoon, including Grimsley and myself, four only were found constant to the table. He proceeded steadily, apparently without fatigue. I laboured on, well satisfied with the accuracy of my work—delighted with my progress.

The hours allotted were from nine till twelve, and in the afternoon from one till four. At three, Grimsley had finished. He laid his pen aside—folded up his papers, then rising gently, as though he feared to hinder or perplex the rest, he softly went on tip-toe through the room, and took his leave. “He has not answered all; he could not, I am sure.” Such was my thought, though I might scarcely stay to think, so close had grown the struggle between the hours and me. It wanted but a minute to the time when I had done. My hand would hardly hold the pen for pain, but the brave limb had done its duty nobly.

Thus for four days did we proceed. At the close of every one, I did not fail to spend an hour or two with Mr Cube, reporting progress, and, as it were, renewing the supplies. It was strange that every day Grimsley should have finished at least an hour before me. Still it was a favourable sign, and gave me hope and courage. I went into the room on the last morning with a lighter heart than I had hitherto borne, and certainly less alarmed for the decision. From the second day up to this time the competitors had been four—a heavy-built man, disagreeable in his manners, who knew nobody and whom nobody cared to know, by name Smithson; a young man whose family resided in Cambridge, and who was, in consequence, compelled to attend; Grimsley, and myself. Since the conversation that I had held with him in my room, very little communication had taken place between us. In the examination-room we had only bowed. I hated him because he was so artful, and his persevering opposition had not mitigated the feeling. Once more we took our places, and once more the papers were handed to us. I ran them over, and was most distressed to find that the majority of questions were such as, under the direction of the too-confiding Mr Cube, I had either neglected altogether, or, seeing the fatal (O) annexed to them, had read only once, and therefore most ineffectually. Alas! my mortification was excessive. But I looked instinctively at Grimsley, and to my unbounded joy perceived him, or I was grievously mistaken, as nonplussed as myself. His arms were folded, rest-

ing on the table—his paper lay before him, and his head bending over it with a most gratifying air of serene embarrassment. Had I been dubious on the point, his closing the papers at twelve o'clock, and his leaving the room with his customary silence at the same moment, was convicting evidence. Now, granting that I had beaten him on the preceding day, if we were only equal on this, I had still the advantage. Consoled by this reflexion, with my paper not half answered, I rose about two o'clock and hastened to the author of the mischief.

“Well, Stukely,” said Mr Cube, “you’re out early to-day. Floored the paper—eh?”

“Not exactly. It has floored me.”

“What do you mean?”

I explained.

“Ah!” exclaimed the tutor,—it’s that sly-boots Decimal. He set the papers. Great enemy of mine. Knew my plan of reading. Did it to sell you and bother me.”

“It’s very hard, though,” said I, pettishly, “that I should suffer from his aversion to you.”

“Ah, my dear fellow, fortune of war! Make yourself happy. I’ll return the compliment one of these fine days. Talking of fine days, such a continuation of glorious weather I don’t remember since I was twelve years old.”

It was the custom, a few days after a college examination, to affix in the hall a paper containing the names of all the competitors, written in the order of their merit. He who had gained the first place, would appear first on the list, and so on. In due course the morning came that was to realize or wither my best hopes, to compensate, I fondly trusted, for the melancholy servitude and self-denial of the year that had elapsed. Nervous, indeed, I was, and most impatient and unquiet. Upon going to rest the previous night, I determined to lie asleep, if possible, until a very late hour, and to rise just as the announcement was put up, so that nothing should intervene between my rising and rushing to the Hall for the result. But this I found to be impracticable. I was restless all night, and restless in the morning. When daylight peered into the room, I felt that I should go mad if I lay longer unemployed. A good walk far into

the country would, I conceived, divert the current of my thoughts, and give tone and cheerfulness to my jaded spirits. I might return about an hour after the declaration was made, the men would see me fresh from the trip, and would not fail to observe, that the only party who looked with unconcern to the state of the poll, was the very individual who was himself at the head of it. This step I adopted. I took the ferry across the water, streamed on through fields, farmyards, and villages; now watching the stately movements of a large family of geese, now sitting beside some ruminating cow, and vainly sighing that vaccine peace and quiet were not communicable as vaccine *pux*. Sometimes I listened to the wild melody of unseen birds, and one long hour I passed in a roadside public-house, trifling with the words of an old newspaper—reading the lines backwards, or turning them into unmeaning anagrams; and tired of that at last, scratching on the window with a pin, almost unconsciously, the name of Grimsley. How strange the fiend should haunt me when I had taken so much pains to exorcise him!

I returned to Cambridge after an absence of some hours, walking with good speed until I entered the town, then sauntering through it, and afterwards into the college, with a most idle and indifferent air. It must be an experienced player to act well so difficult a part. I first sped to my room. Nobody was there, but I spied from the window old Simmonds crawling along the court, his bending body still more bent, his palsied gait more

trembling and inert. He had that very moment issued from the Hall, and was possessed of all I burned and feared to know. I tapped gently on the glass. The old man looked quickly round: his face was ghastly pale. Poor creature, he was ill! He did not see me—if he did, he *would* not, for he went on his road. I shook with terror, and grew sick at heart. "Why does the old man look so white?—he loves me, and he knows that I have set my life upon the cast. Present fears," thought I, "are less than horrible imaginings. I should be easy any way, if I were only satisfied. Suspense is dreadful." With a bold step, I left my room and trod across the court, and then into the Hall. Many men were there. As I entered, they walked back a step or two, and looked upon me with an eye of sorrow and commiseration. It was enough. Grimsley was there—I could have struck him dead at my foot. I approached the paper. My eye became dizzy as I read three names following each other in this succession.

Smithson.

Stukely.

Grimsley.

For a moment I was blind and stunned. I could not speak. The rest were silent. I reeled to my room—I know not how I reached it; and there sat, the tears dropping and dropping from eyes that nature should have parched up, the old man who had coiled about my heart! I recollect nothing more. I fell down before him, as though stricken to the earth by a thunder-stone.

THE PORTRAITS OF VERSAILLES.

THE most valuable portion of the immense collection of pictures arranged in the Palace of Versailles, is certainly the series of portraits of persons of all ages and countries, but more especially of France, and of the 16th and 17th centuries, which is contained in the upper stories of that splendid pile of buildings. It is not only interesting from the fame of the personages whose effigies figure in it, but it has all the merit of being placed in that spot where most of them flourished and "lived their little day:" it tends to repeople the palace with a silent crowd of sovereigns and courtiers; and it forms a most suitable complement of the historical associations connected with every stone of its walls. There is hardly any one who has loitered through the endless suites of gorgeous apartments contained in that palace, but has remarked their loneliness, and has wished he could have seen them in all their glory, when the beauties, the warriors, and the statesmen of France crowded round the monarch in his sumptuous chamber, and when the mainspring of European policy was made to vibrate with the impulsions given it in his cabinet. The walls, though covered with marble, and glass, and gold, are still inanimate and cold types of royal splendour; the busy movement of a court is wanted to give them their full degree of interest, and the rooms require to be peopled as well as to be decorated. But the glorious times of Versailles are gone by, never to return: the splendour of the old court of France, the palmy days of the old noblesse, are matters of past history: the palace may never again be the residence of a French monarch, and it seems now only as a vast museum or rather necropolis of the arts—as a kind of large historical encyclopædia for the use of future generations. Versailles has fallen into the domain of the vulgar, and the everyday sights of the age; it has lost the magical prestige of royalty, and every *épiciér* of Paris, every tailor of London, can now approach the gilded barrier of that royal couch where "the grand monarque" lay in former days, to be idolized or

feared by his trembling subjects. The secret recesses which witnessed only the steps of some favoured beauty, as she hastened to meet the monarch of a subsequent epoch, or the rooms that in still later days were hallowed by the tribulations of Marie Antoinette—all these see the idle throng of ignorant or indifferent spectators, flocking through them in a continuous stream day after day, and are exposed in their nudity—golden and sumptuous though it be—to the eye of the profane vulgar. And yet, better far it is that such should be the fate of this creation of Louis XIV., than that it should have been erased from the spot on which it stands, or should have been converted to some still more unsuitable purpose. More fortunate than the historic walls of St Germain, or the religious solitudes of Fontevrault, it has not been turned into a military penitentiary, like the chateau where Louis XIV. was born, and James II. died; nor into a house of correction, like the abbey where more than one of the crowned heads of England found their final resting-place amidst the five churches that stood within its monastic enclosures. Versailles still exists, not only unscathed, but even improved, as a building; it has not been pulled down and sold for its materials, as some of the *liberal* deputies of 1830 proposed; nor has it been made a general hospital, as some philanthropic patriots had the impudence to recommend. Versailles has found its *juste milieu*—that sublimity of commonplace which suits the present political condition of France, that negative mediocrity which will do well enough for the nation as long as it goes grovelling on under its citizen sway. It has been allowed to exist, and it has been "utilized," partly for the amusement, partly for the instruction, of the multitude; and it has served the purpose of the king, both as a political and as an artistical engine.

We are not disposed to be too captious in accepting the actual condition of Versailles. It is a great advantage that it should have been preserved to France, to Europe, and to the world; it has so much innate majesty in all its

parts; every thing dependent on it is so truly royal; it is still so vivid an exemplification of the taste and skill of what was certainly a glorious era, that it can never cease to be one of the most interesting monuments of architectural taste any where to be met with: it is now, as it always was, a thing apart—a thing *sui generis*—a thing to be seen and to be admired, but hardly to be criticized. We are willing to give Louis Philippe his due meed of praise for contributing to save this palace from the hand of time and popular spoliation; for the constancy with which he has persevered in his design of converting it to the best use, which, under existing circumstances, could perhaps be given to it; and for the extensive manner in which he has employed almost all the artists of France in working for such a national museum. Still we cannot avoid regretting the circumstances that have placed the palace and the state in such a necessity; nor can we refrain from expressing a hope that future days and altered circumstances in France, may restore Versailles to its original destination as a kingly residence.

To revert, however, to our more immediate purpose of commenting on the portraits of Versailles, let us hasten to pronounce an anathema on the innumerable daubs, whether of the Empire, the Restoration, or the Revolution of July, which, as "battle pieces" and "political pieces," disfigure so great an extent of its walls. Three-fourths of the modern pictures of these kinds, executed for it, have not the merit even of actuality; they are nearly all ideal delineations of scenes that were in themselves far different from what the painters have chosen to make them; and they possess no merit as matters either of history or of art. There are brilliant exceptions among them, it is true, and some of the canvasses of Horace Vernet, for example, will live to future generations, and will be esteemed as works of art; but the majority of the pictures alluded to will, in days to come, be consigned either to the fire or the broker's shop, and will be replaced by something more real and more valuable. Not so with the rich pictures of Vander Meulen and his compeers, of the time of Louis XIV.;—their works show out with increased beauty

amid the crowd of raw *croutes* that surround them, and they will be favourites in centuries yet to come, as they have been ever since they left their painters' easels. Not so with the portraits; their value will remain to them as long as the names of the personages they represent are remembered, and they will increase in historical value according as their origin becomes more and more remote. A portrait, even though it attain only mediocrity as a work of art, is always valuable as an object of history: it possesses all the merit of reality, which ideal battle-pieces can never obtain; and a collection of historical portraits, the moment it becomes tolerably complete and authentic, is one of the most precious illustrations of national history. The pictures of Versailles may be divided therefore into two classes, the real and the ideal: in the former, we comprise all the portraits of personages, views of palaces, real delineations of battles, &c., which it contains; into the latter, we throw all the heterogeneous mass of *victoires, conquêtes, et gloires!* in which the Parisian cockneys take the most intense delight, and have the most implicit belief, together with a certain number of unreal, imaginary portraits, of Pharamond, Clovis, &c., which have been manufactured at so much a head, or daubed in at so much the square foot.

The principal portion of the general collection of portraits is arranged in the apartments on the third or upper story of the northern wing of the palace. Many of the rooms have been thrown one into the other, and, with a long gallery formed behind, afford space for the placing of numerous series, from the earliest pictures in possession of the crown, down to those of persons who flourished at the time of the great Revolution. This wing of the palace, when first built, was tenanted by the Duke de Berry, grandson of Louis XIV., by the Prince de Conty, afterwards King of Poland, by the Duke and Duchess de Maine, by the Maréchal de Villars, by the Marquise de Thianges, sister of Madame de Montespan, by the Duke de Simon, author of the *Memoirs*, by the Cardinal de Rohan, and by other personages of distinction attached to the French court.

These royal and noble inmates of

the palace were lodged in the suites on the ground floor and the first floor, now occupied by the series of pictures illustrative of the history of France, and by two of the galleries of sculpture. The second floor was inhabited by the officers of the royal household, and by some of the many nobles or gentlemen who filled various posts connected with the service of the crown. It is in the rooms of this second floor that we delight to stroll, and to interrogate the silent canvasses which cover their walls, as to what were the feelings and the deeds of the personages whose lineaments they represent. It is here that, to borrow a favourite bard's expression, "fond memory brings the light of other days around us;" and that, while surrounded as it were by the shades of the mighty dead, we feel ourselves transported back to the days in which they lived and acted. Let no one go to Versailles without spending an hour in the company of these mute, yet expressive, mementos of the olden times.

Upwards of 1000 pictures are fixed on these walls, not all equal in merit as works of art, nor equally interesting, whether as original portraits or as authentic delineations of those whose names they bear. They constitute about the third part of the general series of portraits of this Historical Museum, and hitherto they have included the most select, and the most precious of the whole. Many of them are merely copies of others preserved either in the Louvre, or in the Chateau at Eu, or in other large collections; many are decidedly ideal, or at any rate are not sufficiently authentic to merit so much attention as the rest. This latter class comprises a rather numerous series from the Sorbonne, where in former days the learned divines, who presided over that college, had formed a gallery of celebrities in literature and science, to serve probably as a kind of historical museum *in petto*. They appear, however, to have been almost all executed at the same epoch, by some of the younger painters of the day, and were most likely done by contract, or at a cheap rate. The names they comprise include many of the greatest men of the middle and of later ages, from Dante and Petrarch down to Baronius and

Scaliger; but from the very circumstance of their authenticity being suspicious, they lose, in our eyes, nearly all their value—a thing not to be so much regretted, since in their execution they are not of high excellence. By far the major part of the pictures, however, are the works of contemporary artists, are in admirable preservation, and bear all the vividness of colour and freedom of touch which one could wish to see remaining in works of art. It is to these rather than to the others that our attention is turned; and without attempting to give even brief biographical notices of the more remarkable personages thus depicted—a task which neither our space nor our time will allow—we will mention the general effect of the chief portraits, the peculiarities of lineaments, the expression of countenances once so well known in the world, and the degree of skill which the painters have exhibited in recording them.

The most remarkable picture in the first room, on entering from the northern end at the top of the staircase, is that which contains the portraits of the family Des Ursins. It is a long picture, on wood which formerly adorned the chapel possessed by that family, in the southern aisle of the choir of Notre Dame; and it has been described in such detail by Montfaucon, that the antiquarian needs no further reference for a key to its merits. It appears to have been executed about 1450, and is a most favourable specimen of the state of art in France at that early epoch. The subject of it is this—Jean Juvenal des Ursins, Prevôt des Marchands of Paris, and afterwards Chancellor, is represented kneeling at his devotion, with his wife by his side in widow's weeds, which were originally only the dress of a monastic order; and behind them are placed all their children, eleven in number, each in their proper habits, and all at prayer. Under each personage is written his name, and behind them, forming the background of the pictures, is a rich hanging in cloth of gold, screening off part of a Gothic chapel with a fretted roof. They were all, it should seem, personable people in their day—the men noble in their bearing, the women handsome and ladylike; they were calculated to make a figure in the

world, and we know, from the old chronicles of France, that they were honourable and useful members of the state in times of peculiar distress and difficulty. From the quaint language of the black letter inscription, we find that the Chief styled himself, "Messire Jehan Juvenel des Ursins, Chevalier and Baron of Trainel, Counsellor of the King," and his wife was "Dame Michelle de Vitri." The worthy head of the family is in a full suit of plate armour, with his arms properly emblazoned on his surcoat, his sword by one side, his helm by the other, and his "Livre d'Heures" open before him, like a brave and pious gentleman. Next kneels a reverend prelate in full pontificals, with crozier and breviary: he bore the same name as his father, being the eldest son, was a Doctor in both laws, Civil and Canon, Bishop and Count of Beauvais, Bishop and Duke of Laon, Archbishop of Rheims, and Peer of France. A lady, Madame Jeanne Brulart, kneels behind her brother; then Messire Loys Chevalier, Counsellor and Chamberlain of the King, armed like his father; then two ladies, Dame Jehanne de Chailli, and Damoiselle Eude, her sister,—they wear the high cap introduced by Isabeau de Bavière, and they look more intent on other subjects—perhaps a coming tournament, perhaps a ball—than the books above which they hold their hands as if in prayer. Another son, Denis Juvenel "Escuyer," kneeling behind, is followed by "Seur Marie," a nun at Poissy—the favoured Abbey, founded by the sister of St Louis on the western skirts of the Forest of St Germain; she is in all the severe simplicity of her order. The fourth son was an historical personage, Messire Guillaume Chevalier, Baron of Trainel, Viscount of Troyes, Captain-Lieutenant of the Gendarmes du Roy, Bailly de Sens, Counsellor of the King, and finally Chancellor of France. His portrait, painted by Wolgemuth, master of Albert Durer, occupies another frame in this room, and shows him to have been a burly and dignified personage, with a red face, close-cropped hair, and of a roundness suitable to his many dignities. His brothers, Pierre and Michel, both styled Escuyer, and armed as their father, are behind him; and the family train is closed by Jaques, who was

Archbishop of Rheims before his elder brother Jehan, and was also President of the Court of Accounts. Though such a picture is somewhat stiff in its execution, it is rich in its colour, and is evidently faithful from the many particularities it contains; it is a simple yet highly agreeable record of the family it represents, and its value at the present day shows how a simple relic of art, if executed conscientiously, may become in after times a monument of great interest. It is considered one of the most precious pictures of the collection. Under this is one still earlier, the portrait of St Louis of Sicily, second son of Charles II. of Naples, and Bishop of Toulouse. He died at an early age, only twenty-three, after resigning his claim to the crown to his younger brother Robert; and his portrait bears all the traits of meekness which his character was known to exhibit. The figure is on a gold ground, the colours and the golden ornaments are almost in relief, and the execution of the face is beautiful in the extreme; it is quite in the style of Giotto, and, as M. Vatut has suggested, may with great probability be attributed to that early master, who died in 1326, nine years after the canonization of this sainted prelate. A third medieval picture of no small value is in the same apartment—the assembly of the Parliament of Burgundy under Charles the Bold, held about 1475. It has been described at great length by Montfaucon, and represents the Duke with all his legal officers and peers, each in their proper costume, performing the functions assigned to them in that solemn meeting. They are all in red robes, with various-coloured *tocques* or caps according to their rank; their looks are demure, as all these old pictures ever make them, their demeanour solemn and stately. The meeting is held in broad daylight, and "below the bar" are numerous suitors expediting their business with officers of the parliament. What renders this picture very valuable is, that the name and title of each person in it are recorded in the inscription at the upper part of the panel; and it forms, altogether, one of the most authentic records extant of the official costume of the fifteenth century. Quaint and stiff as pictures of this kind are, they

possess great value as *bona fide* monuments of history. The preservation and collection of such productions cannot be too highly recommended, and it is a pity that Versailles does not number a larger series of this sort. There is a *pendant* to this picture in the same room—the First Chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece, held by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; it represents the duke on his throne, and the twenty-four Knights of the Order seated around. It is, however, of less interest than the other, being only a modern copy of a contemporary painting.

There are four small pictures in this part of the room, (which is allotted to the portraits of personages antecedent to the times of Henry IV.,) that are too remarkable to be passed over, though they are only copies of originals in other collections; they are most ably executed, however, and are quite fac-similes of their prototypes. The first is the portrait of Isabeau de Bavière, the beautiful but inconstant Queen of Charles VI., the poor maniac King of France, (1380–1422;) it is copied from the original in the Louvre, and gives a most favourable idea of her charms. She had a long, fair, and delicately formed face, with dark voluptuous eyes, half closed in the dreaminess of love; she must have been tall, with long tapering hands and feet; and she wore her peculiar head-dress, the horned cap or *Hennin*, with exquisite grace. The attachment of the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, her adulterous brother-in-law, the most elegant man of his day, is easily accounted for by the fascinations which this portrait reveals. Underneath it is placed an extraordinary specimen of the most hideous of her sex, Marguerite Maultasche, or Margaret with the great mouth, Countess of the Tyrol in her own hereditary right, Margravine of Moravia, and Margravine of Brandenburg, by two successive marriages. Her face, formed like that of the rudest peasant, is disfigured by age and innumerable wrinkles into the similitude of an ape's: it is of a copper colour, with small savage eyes, and a wild look that savours little of human sympathy; yet she was a virtuous woman, was of great influence in her time, and transferred the possession of the Tyrol to the house of Austria at her death, which

occurred in 1369. These two pictures are the direct extremes of French beauty and deformity. The third portrait is that of the fair Agnes Sorel, to whom, as much perhaps as to Jeanne d'Arc, France is indebted for the expulsion of her English conquerors in the middle of the fifteenth century. The beautiful mistress of Charles VII., the Dame de Beauté, is represented in a simple white cap with a plain black robe: the stomacher is unlaced in front, and a lapet turned down, by order of the royal lover, displays her left breast. Her looks are those of fond and deep feeling, without ambition and without pride: she seems to have been well suited for the monarch's quiet confidential friend; and we can comprehend, after thus becoming acquainted with her features, how she could retire from the splendour of a court and finish her days in peace at his manor of Mesnil near Jumièges. Whoever sails up the Seine to Rouen will remark the solemn ruins of that stately abbey: it was under a window in the northern transept of the principal church that the fair Agnes was buried. The fourth picture is a good copy of the beautiful portrait by Clouet of Catharine de Medicis, in the Louvre, taken in her old age, but still not too late to allow of the remains of her haughty air and majestic deportment being readily traced. She had a broad intelligent face, not altogether devoid of a certain degree of candour—the very opposite of her character—and was calculated to wear a crown with no small dignity. The energy which she undoubtedly possessed, and to which France may attribute much good as well as evil, is evinced by this picture as plainly as though it were recorded in so many words.

Jeanne de Navarre, and Isabelle de France, Queen of Edward II. of England, are both placed in this collection, their portraits being originals, and interesting from the probable accuracy of their details. Jean Sans Peur, the cruel and ambitious Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, his son, and Charles VII. of France, have also their portraits, originals, hung on these walls: these, and others of remarkable personages of the same time, collected together in the same spot, give the spectator a presentation to the court of France at a period when the destinies of the country hung by a slender

thread, and when its history was so much mixed up with that of our own nation, that it is familiar to all students. This assemblage of French princes and princesses is contrasted with one arranged at a little distance, including the Emperor Maximilian I. of Germany, with the members of his family. The face of the monarch itself, with a prominent aquiline nose, and a firmness of expression marking the great man, is one that cannot fail to be remembered: his portrait is of the school of Albert Durer, and is of the fine execution by which that master and his disciples were always characterized. The Empress Mary of Burgundy, daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, is hung near that of his imperial consort, and close by them are those of their descendants, including Charles V. The long wars which Maximilian waged against France, the great political influence exercised by him in Europe, and the final establishment of the Germanic Empire; with the founding of the colossal power of Charles V.—all these circumstances, added to the many private particularities which are so well known of various members of the family, give to these pictures an unusual degree of interest. Most of the portraits are decided originals; but one of them, one of the best, is erroneously attributed to Charles V.; the features are any thing but his, since they constitute an oval face with an aquiline nose, and a weak expression of the mouth; whereas the projecting chin and concave pupils of the great emperor are too well known, and are, indeed, too decidedly recorded in another picture in the same room, to admit of any mistake. There is a beautiful miniature—for so it may almost be called—of Lorenzo di Medici, hung nearly over the fireplace, finished with a minute delicacy, and yet with a freedom of design, rarely met with even in works of that date. He was a good-looking elegant man, any thing but Italian in the form of his features, and with sparkling fire in the eyes, that told of his wit and his naturally cheerful disposition. A portrait which bears the name of Henry VIII. of England, and comes from the collection of the Sorbonne, is placed hereabouts, below one of Francis I. The former has not the merit of being even a traditional likeness: it is the

work evidently of a bad painter of the seventeenth century, and makes bluff Hal look like a beef-eater who has been kept on bread and water for a month or more. The latter is certainly a contemporary painting executed with great artistical skill, and the work probably of an Italian master; but it caricatures the features of the prince as Titian has portrayed them; and we are much more inclined to give faith to the great Venetian than to the anonymous painter. Another portrait of Francis, and one of Claude of France, his queen, both contemporary productions, are not only within the limits of traditional resemblance, but are of value as good specimens of the art of a brilliant epoch.

Leaving for a while the features of royalty and nobility to gleam in majesty from their sombre panels, the eye is caught, at this part of the collection, by the traits of some of the greatest men of the middle ages. There is a sweet portrait of Petrarch, the melancholy studious bard; and a traditionary one of Dante, from the collection of the Sorbonne. Boccaccio also finds a place on these walls; but the doubtful origin of these pictures makes them yield in interest to some better certified originals of Italian productions. Then there is a very remarkable portrait of Columbus, by an unknown but contemporary artist: it includes only the head of the great navigator, and is painted with a richness of colour and boldness of design, that warrant its being assigned to a master of the Florentine school. The discoverer of America was a harsh-featured man, with large, round, and prominent eyes, a nose wide at the nostrils, round cheeks and chin, endowed with much benevolence of expression, and with a certain piercing look, which always accompanies great genius. Amerigo Vesputio, who appears on the opposite wall, his portrait being copied from one in the collection of the Chateau de Beauregard; and Magellan, whose portrait has a similar origin, have by no means the originality of expression which strikes us in the physiognomy of their more illustrious contemporary. Cortes and Pizarro, also from the Chateau de Beauregard, are included in this series; but we do not know what authority attaches to their portraits, to be able to pronounce on their merits. There is a curious red-look-

ing portrait of Michel Angelo, on panel; a contemporary picture, painted with great vigour, and yet highly finished. It represents the immortal master in his younger days, with one of those sullen umbrageous looks that struck awe into his friends as well as his enemies; a white cap is on his head, and he is not altogether devoid of a certain coarseness or even vulgarity of character, which perhaps may be objected to him as a reproach not unfounded. It is much to be regretted that nothing positive is known as to the origin of this valuable picture, which has never, that we know of, been engraved. Copies of portraits of Raffaele, Ariosto, Castiglione, Pic di Miranda, and numerous other Italians of fame, fill up considerable spaces on the walls of this room; but we pass them over for their want of originality.

Besides several Popes, Cardinals, and eminent Catholic divines, whose portraits, chiefly derived from the collection of the Sorbonne, figure among the worthies of their large room, we find those of three men whose names are too well known in the religious and political world to allow of their being unnoticed. The first is an ancient portrait, of uncertain origin, of St Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesuits. He was a Spanish gentleman, as is well known, the son of Don Bertrand de Loyola in Guipuscoa, and was born in his father's castle in 1491. According to this picture, he was tall, well-made, had a round face, with all the bearing of a warrior and a gentleman; and must have been quite a man of the world when this portrait was painted. He is represented in full plate armour, and along the bottom of the picture runs this inscription "*Vera effigies S. Ignaty de Loyola.*" Far different this dress and this manner of life from what he afterwards adopted in the fervour of religious enthusiasm, when he was a student of the College de Montaign at Paris—a building which still exists, close by the Pantheon—and when he chose the rigid statutes of that house as the code of regulations for his order. The two others are the portraits of Calvin and Luther, both original pictures, but from what collection, or by what painters, is not stated; they have the sturdy look which every body knows, and they shine out with a kind of com-

fortable air amid the sallow countenances of mortified churchmen which every where surround them. By their side, as if in mockery, is the dirty picture of the dirtiest of mankind, Rabelais, the sarcastic buffoon of his epoch, the irreverend incumbent of the rectory of Meudon, the Sterne of the sixteenth century. He had a small, round, greasy face, with piercing grey eyes, a turned-up nose, and a cynical expression of contempt, which perfectly corresponds with the tone of his writings: the picture is coeval with its subject; but the painter's name is not known.

As we pass along the ranges of pictures which cover the walls of this saloon, we come again to royal and princely personages, and are gratified at the sight of works of art, precious either for their curiosity, or for their merit of first-rate execution. Among them, two in particular arrest the attention: one by Cranach, painted about 1546, and representing John Frederic the Magnanimous, Duke and Elector of Saxony; the other, probably by the same German master, and certainly of his time, with the portraits of Sibylla of Cleves, wife of the above personage, and of John Frederic II., their son, Duke of Saxe-Gotha. The latter picture has the dresses laid on in gold, with the ornaments and patterns worked in with colour above, and the features, drawn with much care, are finished with the highest delicacy and beauty of manual execution. This is a very fine production of the art of that epoch. Another portrait of the time is that of Diane de Poitiers, the beautiful mistress of Henry II., and widow of Louis de Brézé, grandson of Agnes Sorel: it does not represent her to so much advantage as other pictures, or as the immortal statue in the Louvre, by Jean Cousin, has done; but it has nevertheless its value as a work of art, and it is one of the really historical treasures of the collection. In a corner of the room, with grim aspect and thundering looks, directed as if against the countenances of Calvin and Luther, is the portrait of Mary I. of England, the gloomy bigot who caused so much needless misery, and took so much pains to ruin the sinking cause of Romanism. Her ruddy hair and compressed lips, with a sinister glance from beneath her project-

ing eyebrows, give Mary that peculiarly disagreeable aspect for which her physiognomy has been traditionally noted. There is suspended near her picture, but higher up on the wall, one of those magnificent canvasses, which no one but a great master, a giant of the Italian schools, can have produced—the portrait of Philip II. of Spain as a young man. The monarch is dressed in a tight suit of black, with a small white ruff; he supports his right hand on a table, and is looking towards the right of the picture: his countenance is not devoid of pleasing expression, and bears none of those characteristics, whether of religious fanaticism or political cruelty, which have been attributed to him—we believe in great part erroneously—by modern writers. This picture, with one of Elizabeth of France, his third queen, is distinguished for extraordinary richness and harmony of colouring. They may both, with little chance of error, be attributed to Titian, and would form admirable examples of that master's style. The portrait of Don Carlos of Spain, eldest son of Philip II., who died in his 24th year, is placed as the *pendant* to that of his father. It is by Antonio Moro, an artist whose productions are of great rarity in France, and it constitutes one of the finest pictures, not only in Versailles, but in the possession of the crown. The Infante is standing, with a small black cap on his head, his hair cut close, and a short Spanish mantle of light brown cloth embroidered in gold, hanging over his shoulders: his aspect is that of a sharp intelligent youth—for he is evidently very young—and bears little resemblance to the features of his father. The colouring, and, above all, the handling of this picture, have hardly been surpassed in the finest works of Velasquez: it is a production that may be looked at again and again, and always with fresh pleasure. Maria of Austria, eldest daughter of Charles V., and Maximilian II. of Germany, her consort, are on canvasses of small dimensions, near the latter picture; and beneath them is one of Mary Queen of Scots, copied

from the original in the royal collection at Eu; but by no means a flattering likeness of that unfortunate princess. In the room immediately adjoining this, is another and larger picture of the same royal lady, copied from an original portrait in the cathedral of Antwerp, and which, as the tradition goes, was placed there by the ladies of her suite, who retired to that city after her murder: but this latter picture, if the original be a faithful likeness, upsets all received notions as to the style of her face and the character of her beauty. It makes her not unlike Marie de Medicis, with a slightly aquiline nose, and with a narrowness of the frontal bone, which we are commonly inclined to believe were not to be found in her lovely face.* William I. of Nassau, Prince of Orange, the courageous defender of the Low Countries against the arms of Philip II., painted by François Porbus, sen., attracts immediate attention at this part of the room; and it carries the eye on to those of the Cardinal de Coligny, the Admiral de Coligny, and François de Coligny, son of the latter—all, like the Prince just named, heroic defenders of the Protestant cause. We have thus enumerated some of the most remarkable pictures in this, the first, room of the collection; it comprises an immense variety of portraits, and it brings the spectator to the reigns of Henry III. and Henry IV. of France, who, with the personages of their courts and times, are placed in the apartment immediately following.

There is a small portrait of Henry III. in the second room of the collection, contemporary with the monarch, but not remarkable as a picture; the most curious painting in which the king is delineated, is the representation of a ball given at court on the 24th of September 1581, on occasion of the marriage of Anne, Duke de Joyeuse, with Marguerite de Lorraine. This is an oblong picture, of no great dimensions, and represents the following personages, either dancing a sara-band, or seated in one of the rooms

* There is an invaluable full-length picture of Mary Queen of Scots in her 12th year, in the splendid collection of Mr Smith of St Germain-en-Laye, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute. It has never been engraved that we are aware: it is a *chef-d'œuvre* of art, and is a brilliant gem in that very select and yet extensive gallery.

of the Louvre:—Henry III., King of France and Poland; Louise de Lorraine, Queen of France; Catherine de Medicis, Queen Dowager; Marguerite de France, Duchess de Valois, Queen of Navarre, and afterwards of France; Henry, Duke de Guise, the Balafré; Charles, Duke of Lorraine; Anne, Duke de Joyeuse, the bridegroom; and Marguerite de Lorraine, his bride. It is from the palette of François Clouet, and is executed with all the care and high finish for which that master is celebrated. As offering a faithful contemporary representation of the manners and dresses of the French court at that period, it is invaluable; but the general effect of it, from the quaint costumes, stiff positions, and serious looks of all the illustrious party, is any thing but agreeable. There is another, and a smaller picture, not by Clouet, we are inclined to believe, also representing a ball given at the court of Henry III.; the date and occasion of it are not known, but it contains the portraits of the king, of his queen, of Catherine de Medicis, and of many important personages of that period. Both these entertainments were given in broad daylight, and in the latter there is a prim figure of a nobleman leading a lady down a long gallery with a kind of minuet step, which approaches closely to a caricature. A still more curious picture, not equal by any means to the above in execution, but of high interest from being a contemporaneous representation of a most remarkable scene, is placed in the same room, and is entitled "The Procession of the League." The subject of it is thus described by Montfaucon:—"In 1593, after the death of the Cardinal de Bourbon, the chiefs of the League made a procession in Paris, the most singular and grotesque that had ever been seen. It set out from the church of the Grand Augustins; the leaders were the Bishop of Senlis, the Rector of St Cosme, and the Prior of the Chartreux, who held a cross in one hand and a pike in the other; next came the Capucins, the Feuillans, the Minimes, the Cordeliers, the Dominicans, and the Carmelites, armed with helmets, cuirasses, and muskets, which they from time to time discharged. A servant of the Cardinal Cajetan, the legate, was killed by a shot fired by one of these

monks. The monk who most signalized himself in the procession was Father Bernard, who was called the *Petit Feuillant boiteux*, and he kept running about from one side to another, making all kinds of gambados, and brandishing his sword with both hands. It was observed, that in this procession there were neither Celestins, nor Benedictins, nor any of the religious brethren from the abbeys of Ste Genevieve or St Victor." The picture, in fact, shows a motley group of monks, clad in all the variety of costume which their fancy seems to have suggested, coming tumultuously down one of the various streets of old Paris, and displaying antics which the "gamins" of 1830 certainly did not surpass. The servant of the Cardinal is represented as falling at the moment he is struck by a random shot; and a crowd of citizens, in lay costumes, are standing by the side of the street, not a little astonished and scandalized at so unseemly a display of politico-religious zeal. This picture was painted for the Sorbonne in 1595, by order of the Bishop of Senlis himself, the leader of the gang, who was at that period provost of the famous college of Navarre in the university of Paris—the name of the artist is not known.

There are two fine portraits of Henry of Guise, the Balafré, in this room, and two others of his brother the Cardinal; all four painted at the time, and of admirable execution. They show these princes to have been of the noblest aspect, men of decision, and quite of the character given of them in history. Unless the portrait of the duke flatters him, the scar from which he derived the sobriquet added to his name, did not disfigure him to any great extent; while the piercing glance of his dark eye, with the manly courage that distinguishes his whole countenance, must have made him a most remarkable personage. The Cardinal has just the same kind of face—a slightly aquiline nose, a small compressed lip, and a certain air of stateliness, well suited to his exalted position; both were evidently thin, active men, and their make and lineaments will bear a favourable comparison with those of the Bourbon family, to whom their death made the access to the throne more easy. However imperfect the title of the Guises to the crown of France, compared with that

of Henry IV., may have been, and whatever may have been their degree of political guilt in conspiring against Henry III., there is reason to suspect that their race would have preserved its original energy of character far longer than that of the Bourbons has done. Compared with the effeminate and contemptible prince then on the throne, and by whom they were so cowardly assassinated, the Guises were much fitter to be at the head of the nation; and had they succeeded in seizing on the royal authority, the destinies of France would have had a far different character from what they possessed in after times. The murder of these two illustrious brothers at Blois, was the signal for a calamitous series of intestine dissension in France, which greatly retarded the civilization of the nation; and their downfall was but the prelude to that systematic abasement and persecution of the great nobles, the natural protectors

of the people, which was afterwards carried out by Richelieu to such a bloody extent. The period of the League, and the political storms to which France was then exposed, constitute some of the most picturesque pages of her history; the portraits, therefore, of the leading characters of those days, must always be objects of peculiar interest. A powerfully painted portrait of Alexander Farnese III., Duke of Parma and Piacenza, governor of the Low Countries for Philip II., and one of the most illustrious generals of his age, is another of the remarkable pictures in this room. Near it are placed those of Popes Sixtus V. and Urban VII., Philip Strozzi, "Colonel-General" of the French infantry in 1580, Montaigne the Essayist, Cujas the Jurisconsult, Tolet the Jesuit, author of the "Cases of Conscience," and numerous others of notable personages of the end of the sixteenth century.

" 'TIS HARD TO DIE IN SPRING."

"A short time after this he was laid upon his sick-bed, when a bright sun reminded him of his favourite time of year, and he said, "I shall never see the peach blossom, or the flowers of spring. It is hard to die in spring!"

"God," he said, "had placed him in a Paradise, and he had every thing that could make a man happy."

"Yet, eminently calculated as he was to enjoy such blessings, and nervous as his constitution was, he met the nearer approach of death with composure—with gratitude, and resignation to the will of Him whose beneficence had given, and whose pleasure it now was to take away."

Memoirs of Robert Surtees, Esq.

By GEO. TAYLOR, Esq

"'Tis hard to die in spring!" were the touching words he said,
As cheerfully the light stole in—the sunshine round his bed.

"'Tis hard to die in spring, when the green earth looks so gay:
I shall not see the peach blossom." 'Twas thus they heard him say.

'Twas thus the gentle spirit—oh! deem it not offence—
Departing, fondly linger'd among the things of sense:
Among the pleasant places, where God his lot had cast
To walk in peace and honour—bless'd, and blessing to the last.

While some (though heavenward wending) go mourning all their years,
Their meat (so Wisdom willeth) the bitter bread of tears;
And some resisting proudly the soft persuasive word,
Must feel—in *mercy made to feel*—the terrors of the Lord,
There are whom He leads lovingly, by safe and pleasant ways,
Whose service—yea, whose *very life*—is gratitude and praise;
Diffusive, useful, kindly, enjoying to impart,
Receiving to distribute—the service of the heart!

To such, this earthly frame of things, is *not* "a vale of tears,"
Some vestige of its primal form amid the wreck appears;
And though immortal longings oft in secret soar above,
The heart awhile contented fills its lower sphere of love.

"God placed me in a Paradise!"—so spake *his* grateful heart—
As grateful still from all he loved when summon'd to depart:
And blessed he in life and death, to whom, so call'd, 'twas given,
Before aught faded here, to pass from Paradise to Heaven."

C.

THE PRUSSIAN MONARCHY.

THE late visit of the King of Prussia to this country renews the public interest in the sovereign and his country—in the one as an accomplished and high-minded monarch governing a country long allied to our own, and in the other as possessing, by every claim of talent, soldiership, and community of religion, the right to the respect of England. In this feeling we think that we shall gratify our readers by giving them some sketches of that period which raised Prussia to the rank of a monarchy, and of that extraordinary man of genius who first made her throne conspicuous in Europe, and asserted for himself one of the highest places among the warriors and statesmen of the modern world.

There is something more in the division of national annals by centuries, than the mere numbering of years; for it is remarkable that each century, since the first dawnings of European light in the propagation of religion by the Waldenses, has had its peculiar character. And as the centuries came nearer to our own time, or rather advanced more into light, those characters become more defined. Thus the thirteenth was the century of chivalry—the fourteenth of commerce—the fifteenth, that age of wonders, the birth of printing and the passages to India and America—the sixteenth the age of religion—the seventeenth the age of science—the eighteenth the age of war, politics, and public change. What the character of our century may be, is yet to be told; but its present aspect is that of mechanical invention, the most singular command of machinery, acting upon every article of production, overwhelming us by the variety and vastness of its productiveness, and threatening Europe with ultimately filling up the whole space of human industry now occupied by the labour of the hands. The applications of steam to almost every purpose of human wants, and its especial and most powerful application to human inter-

course, seems to imply an object beyond the lightening of human labour. The general direction of this extraordinary power so strongly resembles the bearing of the discoveries of the fifteenth century, that we can scarcely be mistaken in believing that their purpose has some affinity; and that, as the chief discoveries of the former age were preparative to a great development of religious knowledge and civil improvement, our age, before it closes, may realize some new and still more brilliant development of the powers of nature or the faculties of man.

It is scarcely less obvious that in each century a great European throne has taken the lead, and possessed a superiority so marked, as in a considerable degree to stamp the character of all the contemporary kingdoms.

The twelfth century began with the reign of Innocent III., the most powerful of the Popes, and the most daring and ambitious assertor of the right of Rome over all things temporal and spiritual. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries exhibited the brilliant age of the Italian Republics, the glory of modern Italy; in the fifteenth, Spain became the leader of Europe—the conquest of the Moors commenced her distinction, and the discovery of the New World completed it. The Spanish soldier was the first of Europe, the Spanish statesman was the model of council. The court of Ferdinand and Isabella was the most magnificent of the modern world. In the sixteenth Germany took the lead; and the Emperor Charles V., with an extent of dominion which nearly equalled that of Charlemagne, and defeating the rivalry of France under Francis I., and the still more dangerous resistance of the Princes of the Reformation, gave up to his son the greatest kingdom of the continent. The seventeenth century saw France the leader of the continent. The eighteenth, beginning with the wars of Marlborough, saw England suddenly as-

suming the protectorate of freedom and religion in Europe, ripening a constitution at once perfectly free and perfectly compatible with royalty; and by her arms, her skill, and her wealth, taking the lead in a new career of nations to a glory unsought and unknown before—a glory in which arts, not arms, were the instruments; general good, not havoc, was the principle; and an increase of the dominion of man over nature, a softening of the common difficulties of human existence, and a more intelligent, active, and elevated beneficence, beginning at home and diffusing itself over the whole human race, was the object, and the result progressive and perpetual.

In Germany the eighteenth century was remarkable for the talent of its rulers; it was the age of sovereigns. It saw Maria Theresa on the throne of Austria, Catharine on the throne of Russia, and Frederick the Great on the throne of Prussia; Louis XIV., Peter the Great, and Charles XII., had begun the century.

In the commencement of this century, Germany was like the globe emerging from chaos. She had matter below and light above; but this was all unformed and void. Her manners were still Gothic—a rude luxury, the life of the hunter and soldier—in courts extravagant and gorgeous, in her castles idle and self-indulgent; in the field, wild, laborious, and servile; the elements of a brave people, but, like the idols of their ancestors, the national image rudely carved; and the features, meant to give the resemblance of a deity, below the resemblance of a man. The frequenters of courts copied France, and even despised the native language; the nobles in their forests and mountains knew nothing but the horse and hound, the lance and sabre; and the peasants knew little more of either king or noble, than that the one taxed and the other beat them—that the one dragged their children to the army, and the others threw themselves into dungeons for preventing the game from destroying their harvests.

Over this vast and broken, this wild but productive field of human being, hung a heavy cloud of war; sometimes thundering, and covering it with ruin, sometimes withdrawing

for a space and letting in the sun, but always ready to pour down its torrents and sweep the soil. The century had begun with fourteen years of general war. The war of Sweden kindled the energies of Russia. The Seven Years' War developed the powers of Austria and Prussia. The Polish war connected Germany with the North. The French revolutionary war made the whole continent learn the trade of arms; and having first fearfully taught her old feudal princes the weakness of forms against enthusiasm, and the hollowness of a dependence on armies when a people are discontented, taught the people in their turn that an enemy is always the worst reformer, and a Frenchman the worst enemy. Then began the birth of a new principle—patriotism. The German had lived for five hundred years without a country—he now found that he had one; the throne had till now intercepted his view—the throne was now in dust, and his view was clear. He fought for his country, swept the invader before him; and leaving the phantoms of military fame behind, advanced the first step to substantial glory—the regeneration of his country.

To assist him in this design a new power had been formed in the north of Germany, a counterbalance to the vast dominion of Austria. The reigning house of Prussia is descended from the Swabian Count of Hohenzollern, Thassilo, who lived about the year 800. After four cloudy centuries, one of his line emerges as Burgrave of Nurnberg. Frederic VI., the eighth burgrave, having lent large sums to the emperor Sigismund, received from him the sovereignty of Brandenburg, with the rank of elector and arch-chamberlain of the Empire. In the early part of the seventeenth century, the addition of the duchy of Prussia placed the Elector within sight of that kingly power, to which they were soon to add the kingly title.

The true founder of the throne was now to appear. Frederic William, justly named the *great* elector, succeeded his father in 1640. The Thirty Years' War was then tearing Germany to pieces; Prussia was ravaged alternately by the contending armies. The elector found himself the sovereign of a desert. The great Frederic

subsequently described his situation with one of those flashes of the pen that characterized his mind. "He was a prince without territory, an elector without power, an ally without a friend." But he faced them all in his genius. After repelling the Swedes, he rebuilt his villages, filled them with settlers from the Netherlands, made loans of money for the encouragement of trade, and crowned all, and brought a blessing on himself and his country, by giving an asylum to 20 000 of the Protestants, flying from the merciless persecution of Louis XIV., after the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685: This great man died in 1688, leaving his son a kingdom of 42,000 square miles. "He was," said the great Frederic, "the restorer of his country, the founder of the power of Brandenburg, the arbiter of his equals, and the honour of his people. His life was his panegyric."

His son, Frederic, Elector of Brandenburg, was born in 1657. On the death of his first wife, he married Sophie Charlotte, princess of Hanover, sister of George, afterwards King of England. He sent 6000 troops to join the Prince of Orange in his English enterprize, and 15,000 as his contingent to the great alliance of the Emperor, Spain, Holland, and England, against France, in 1691. In November 1700, he obtained from the Emperor the title of king. Frederic was a singular scion of so vigorous a stock—a mind of mingled indolence and pomp, ruled by favourites, contemptuous of his people, and fond of foreigners; without nationality enough for a German, he struggled to imitate France in all things. His queen, Sophie Charlotte, princess of Hanover, was the earliest specimen of a blue stocking on German record. She corresponded with the celebrated Leibnitz; but complained that he discussed philosophy with her in too superficial a manner. Leibnitz complained in turn, that her majesty tormented him with questions, and would always have "the why of the wherefore." Leibnitz once sent her an essay on "Infinitessimals," of which she boasted as perfectly delightful. Her eldest son, Frederic William, was born in 1688. His nativity was calculated, and it was decided that he was to be childless, and to be a great warrior in 1720. The stars were in

the wrong, for he had a crowd of children, and there was no war in 1720. The boy was a compound of every odd quality, good-natured and savage, kind and furious, idle and persevering; through life he was evidently half mad, and yet was a bold, sagacious, and ambitious sovereign.

At the age of twenty-five, he ascended the throne, vacant by the death of his languid and luxurious father. He instantly began a desperate reform, and discharged every body, Swiss guards, chamberlains, courtiers, mistresses, and idlers of all kinds. His stature was five feet five, his face German, full, oval, and ruddy. His skin fair, a colour which he thought so unmanly, that he rubbed himself with oil to brown it, but in vain. In after life, he grew enormously corpulent, his waistcoat measured four ells! He almost constantly wore uniform. It is remarkable, that though dress is always an object of great interest to the soldier, and though the military is capable of being made most picturesque, it is always the most striking among barbarians. All the European courts of the last century exhibited uniforms only exceeding each other in awkwardness and ugliness; and all that is now graceful in the European services, is borrowed from the wild Hungarian, or rambling Cossack. Even the Turk, once the most showy of all soldiers, has now, by his approach to European habits, degenerated into absolute deformity. This was the costume of Frederic William I., the warrior king of a nation of soldiers:—a white wig with a tail, a blue coat turned up with red, yellow waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters, and square-toed shoes, and a three-cornered hat. But, if all this was etiquette, he allowed of no extravagance in female attire. All the princesses, when young, were dressed in *serge*. He allowed no paint on any fair cheek. From his apartments he banished silk cushions, carpets, and curtains. Deal benches and tables were the legitimate furniture.

His ideas of a royal household were those of a modern reformer. A chamberlain, a couple of pages, a couple of cooks, a steward, and a butler, completed the list. The queen's circle consisted of a single *gouvernante*, and a few maids of honour. She had about £20,000 sterling for her yearly al-

lowance, and out of that she was to provide clothes for herself, the princesses, and the king, and also to supply him with powder and shot for his shooting. He knew the value of money. When the royal physician recovered the Prince Royal from the small-pox, the king in his gratitude ordered that the doctor should have two bottles of beer a-day, and a dinner that was not to exceed ninepence.

The king had a favourite horse, which was taken ill. General Schwerin had it put under his charge, cured it, and sent his nephew back with it to Berlin. Frederic William was rejoiced at the recovery, and in his rapture ordered the general's nephew his breakfast, and sent him away with a *florin*.

He suffered no laziness among his diplomats; in summer, his cabinet secretaries made their appearance at five, in winter at seven. At ten, he went to the parade, and from the parade to the stables. There his father had kept 1000 horses—he kept thirty. He was a humourist, and as it was not always certain in what way his humour might lie, people were afraid to come within his view when he walked the streets. A Frenchman once thus ran away from him: the king ordered him to be brought back, and on being told by the startled Gaul that he was a dancing-master, compelled him to perform a saraband on the spot, for the purpose of proving the fact.

Another Frenchman on horseback, galloped away from before him. He was brought back, and said that he was a commercial traveller. The tale was found out to be untrue, and the king ordered him to wheel rubbish for a month at a church then building, as a hint to avoid fiction in future.

A Jew once ran off in a similar manner. Why do you run away? asked the king. "Because I was afraid," said the Jew. "On the contrary, you ought to love me," replied his majesty, and to assist his recollection, beat him with his cane.

But he liked those who gave him a prompt answer. He once met a student of theology in the street, and asked him where he came from. "I am a Berliner," was the reply. "Psha," said the king, "the Berliners are good for nothing." "I know two Berlin boys who are exceptions to that rule," said the student. "Whom?" "Your ma-

jesty and myself." The king desired him to attend at the palace, and provided for him.

The familiar life of Germany exhibits some curious scenes, even to princes. One day, a peasant ran beside the king's carriage, and presented a paper. The king saw nothing on it but blots of ink. "Why, your majesty," said the peasant, "I cannot write, and I am compelled to draw. These blots are my turnips, and these are the Amtmann's pigs. They came to eat up my turnips, but he will not pay me; and if you get me justice, you shall have a basket of them." The king laughed, and promised. The Amtmann was forced to pay, and the peasant made his way into the palace with his basket. The king accepted it, and gave some of the turnips to the queen, whom the peasant advised to keep one in her mouth while she was spinning, as it was the very best way to wet her thread.

All this was eccentric, but with a hundred eccentricities, the king had keenness, intelligence, and system. He took excellent care of his finances, paid the debts of his government punctually, and laid by money. He had the sagacity, too, to see that Prussia must be defended, by having the power to attack—that she must be a military state or nothing: and he applied himself to giving her not merely an army, but one in a state of discipline unrivalled in Europe; he raised his army from 40,000 to upwards of 70,000. But even in this he exhibited his eccentricity, and all Europe rang with the accounts of his brigade of giants, whom he recruited from every part of Europe, at an enormous expense, and who consisted of 2500 men. This corps was said to have cost him in the course of his reign not less than twelve millions of dollars! The rest of his history—his quarrels with his son, the restraints which he laid upon his family, the attempt of Frederic to escape to England, and the death of the unfortunate officer who was to have assisted his flight—have been spiritedly detailed in the memoirs of the Margravine of Baruth, his daughter. We hasten to the anecdotes of the true hero of Prussia.

Frederic the Great was born in 1712. His infancy and youth exhibited none of the characteristics which distinguished his subsequent career.

His manners were gentle, his tastes romantic, his chief passion was a love for music, (the only one which he retained through life,) and his chief occupation was literature. His father said of him—"Fritz (Frederic) is a piper and a poet, he has no liking for soldiers, and he will undo all that I have been doing. So little are we to rely on paternal prediction. In 1734, Frederic made his first campaign. Previously to this, he had married a princess of Brunswick, whom her sister-in-law describes as remarkably unattractive. At the same time, we must remember that ladies are but seldom panegyrists of their brothers' wives. The description speaks of her as stooping very much, as having the face of a child, and speaking so indistinctly as scarcely to be understood. This was no Venus certainly, but she appears to have been always a respectable woman, and though she had no children—which must have been always a disappointment to Frederic—yet he seems to have treated her with marked distinction.

In 1734, the Polish war inflamed Europe. Stanislaus, the father-in-law of Louis XV., was supported by France, as Augustus of Saxony was supported by Austria and Russia. Stanislaus was defeated, and took refuge in the Prussian dominions, where, though the Empress of Russia demanded him, and set a price of a hundred thousand roubles on his head, the king refused to deliver him up, yet Prussia sent its contingent of 10,000 men, with Prince Frederic at its head. The Prussian force joined the army under Prince Eugene, which was then in the field to raise the siege of Philipsburg, besieged by the French. Eugene received him with the highest compliments, and said that every thing about him predicted the great commander. But the French were suffered to take the place in sight of the Austrian army; though Frederic, with the eye of a future tactician, observed, from the badness of their position, that if they were attacked they must have been beaten.

The war was concluded by a treaty which gave Stanislaus the duchy of Lorraine, and Frederic was suffered to return to the pursuits which seemed so much more congenial to his disposition. A palace built for him at Rheinsberg, in the midst of the sands of the

Mark, yet on a spot of peculiar beauty, became his favourite abode. He placed on its front the inscription, "*Frederico tranquillitatem colente*," surrounded it with gardens and conservatories, and collecting round him a small circle of accomplished men, seemed to have prepared for the life of a retired scholar, or graceful philosopher. He even adopted the fantastic style of giving ancient names to his circle. He thus called Guichard, Quintus Icilius; Suhen, Diaphanes; Keyserling, Cæsarion, &c.

Frederic has often been charged with insensibility; but a good deal of his callousness may have arisen from that knowledge of the world which time gives to monarchs as well as to other men. His language in early life is often affectionate. On the death of his friend Suhen, shortly after Frederic's accession to the throne, the king wrote to Algarotti,—"*I should rather have lost millions. My heart will never cease to deplore him; his memory will live with me, while a drop of blood circulates in my veins. My heart bleeds, and my grief is too great for me to think of any thing but this wound.*" But his feelings exhibited themselves more substantially than in words. He sent for his friend's four children, gave his three sons commissions in the army, and married his daughter to Colonel Kleist. He even sent for his sister to Berlin, gave her a pension, and consigned the children to her care.

His life at Rheinsberg was worthy of a Grecian sage. "*We have divided our hours,*" he writes, "*into the useful and the agreeable. Among the useful, I study philosophy, history, and the languages. The agreeable are music, the tragedies and comedies which we perform, and the entertainments which we give.*" Again, he writes,—"*My house is not indeed a place for those who are fond of noisy pleasures; but are not tranquillity and the search of truth to be preferred far before the giddy diversions of the world?*" In another letter, on preparing to return to the country, he says,—"*I am going to Amalthea—my beloved garden at Ruppın. I am quite impatient to see again my vines, my cherries, and my melons. There, free from all useless cares, I shall live entirely for myself. I grow daily more avaricious of time; I call myself to*

account, and am exceedingly grieved to waste a moment. My whole soul is now intent on philosophy ; it renders me incomparable services, and I am deeply indebted to it. My spirit is less agitated by impetuous and violent emotions—I repress the first workings of my passions.”

These expressions are, doubtless, extremely unlike the stern, subtle, and worldly spirit which in after times was attributed to this great sovereign. But there is no reason to doubt their sincerity at the time ; they were private, intended to remain so, and seem to have been the simple result of natural feelings in a prince whom the severity of the court, combining with natural temperament, had driven from the bustle of the world. But every man's character is largely dependent on circumstances ; and the state of Europe at his accession to the throne was destined to change the retired philosopher into the most brilliant of warriors, the most subtle of politicians, and the most vigorous of sovereigns.

The severities of his father, who was evidently often much fitter for Bedlam than a throne, drove him into a habitual despondency, for which the only remedy open to him seemed to be the abandonment of country, throne, and the world. His first intention was to take refuge in England. We shall not go through the detail, painful even at this distance, of the sufferings undergone by the future glory of Prussia, yet sufferings to which a large portion of his subsequent fame may be attributed. Adversity has been termed the school of princes ; and it must be acknowledged that Frederic had his full share of the schooling. The attempt to free himself from the paternal thralldom drew down the heaviest vengeance of the king ; he was thrown into prison. Katte, the unfortunate officer who was to have accompanied his flight, was beheaded in the court of the prison ; and Frederic, whose life was on the point of being forfeited, was treated like a common felon. The room in which he was imprisoned had but one small window, so that he was kept in the dark the whole evening until seven o'clock, no candle till then being allowed. A wooden stool and table were his furniture, but he slept on the floor. His flute was taken from him by express command, he was re-

fused the use of knife and fork at his dinner, and his dinner was not to cost more than 9d. or his supper than 6d. Finally, he was brought to a court-martial, which passed sentence of death upon him. On hearing this, the sovereigns in alliance with Prussia addressed letters of intercession for him to the king ; yet nothing prevailed until remonstrances were made by some of his immediate officers, declaring that “he had no right to take away the life of a prince of Brandenburg, without a formal public trial before the emperor and the empire.” At length, a letter from the Emperor himself changed the resolution of this madman, and the king, sending to the prince the chaplain who had attended Katte on the scaffold, a mission which Frederic at first conceived to be for the same purpose, a reconciliation took place. Shooting, which the Germans call hunting, formed Frederic's chief amusement on his partial restoration to liberty ; yet this sport had nearly cost him his life, and Prussia all her triumphs. In travelling through the province, he was in the habit of taking a loaded gun with him to shoot at game as he went along. Chancing to drop his glove one day, his hand touched the trigger, the gun went off, and the charge passed through his hat close to his ear. With that promptitude which marked his character, he broke the gun in pieces, and resolved never to go, as it is termed, sporting again.

Life now began to open on Frederic. His fine understanding had acquired the force which is communicated to natural ability by method, and he resolved to be memorable long before he knew in what direction fame was to be sought for. His physician advised him to take more exercise, and that this might not interfere with his studies, he adopted the habit of early rising. He now rose between five and six, but subsequently, when king, rose at four, the *fixed* hour for his beginning business. At one period he had adopted the idea that sleep was only an infirmity, and by the help of coffee, determined to do without it altogether ; but after four days' experiment, nature prevailed.

In the summer of 1739, the king, with his two sons, made a tour in Prussia and Lithuania. We mention this merely for the sake of Frederic's

description of his journey. He writes to Jordan,—“We have now been travelling nearly three weeks. The heat is as intense as if we were *astride of a sunbeam*, and the dust is like a dense cloud which veils us from the eyes of the passengers. Besides, we travel like the angels, without sleep and almost without food. Judge, then, what must be my condition.”

After this journey the king was seized with a dropsy, of which he died in 1740. His habits of smoking and drinking naturally prepared the way for such a catastrophe, but he died with great fortitude, and some feeling. He was an eccentric and yet a beneficent sovereign, sometimes savage, and yet not ill-natured. Tyrannical to his children, and yet fond of them; faithful to his queen, yet harsh to her; and exercising military despotism over his people, and yet eager for the good of the state. He found Prussian Lithuania a desert, depopulated by the plague; he invited emigrants into it, rebuilt the towns, and rendered it one of the most flourishing provinces of the kingdom. His habits of economy enabled him to work wonders with his small revenue of seven millions and a half of dollars, of which six millions were absorbed by the military establishment of 72,000 men. Yet out of the residue, he had managed to lay out six millions on the general improvement of the country, six more on the repopling of Lithuania, to purchase crown domains to the amount of five millions, to lay out two millions in estates for his younger sons, a million and a half on magnificent silver plate, and besides leave behind him eight millions seven hundred thousand dollars—or about a million and a half sterling. He had fourteen children, of whom Frederic was the third son—the two elder having died in infancy.

One of the first acts of the young monarch was to introduce his wife to court as “the queen,” but the intercourse ended here. Her majesty was an honest, but evidently a very stupid personage. She had been forced upon him; they had no children; their tastes were wholly dissimilar; and Frederic’s habits of associating with Frenchmen, and his fondness for French manners, were hostile to domestic comfort. His conduct on this

subject deserves no defence, and can receive none.

We now wander through the more remarkable anecdotes of his life. The death of the emperor, Charles VI., threw all Europe into commotion. As the emperor had no sons, he had, in the year 1713, changed the old law of succession, by which none but male relatives could succeed to the throne of Austria, and established a new regulation, by which the throne should devolve to his own daughters, or, in case of their deaths, to the daughters of his brother, and thus, in all cases, to the nearest relatives. This was termed the Pragmatic sanction. On the death of the emperor, his daughter, Maria Theresa, ascended the throne. Immediately on her accession, Frederic made a demand of four districts in Silesia, which had been alienated a hundred years before, and which the house of Brandenburg had always continued to claim. The king offered two millions of florins, the acknowledgment of Maria Theresa’s title, and the aid of a body of troops to defend it, on condition of his obtaining the alienated provinces. The court of Vienna, proud of its rank, and despising Prussia as its inferior, answered the proposal with contempt. But that insolent and haughty court little knew the antagonist with whom it had to deal. Frederic had thrown off all the early foppery of his character at once. “No more fooling now,” was his language to one of his former associates, who had thought that he might try some of the practices of former days. He had instantly become the daring, prompt, and warlike sovereign. Before his envoy had time to return with the news of the rejected offer, Frederic had marched 28,000 men across the Silesian frontier. The Austrians were taken by surprise. No preparation had been made for defence, and the king rushed like a famished eagle on his prey, and before the year was over, was master of one of the most powerful and defensible provinces of the empire. The eyes of Europe were suddenly fixed on the phenomenon. Nothing like this flash of military genius had been seen since the days of Marlborough and Eugene. Alliances were formed on all sides. A treaty was formed between England and Austria. Russia and Prussia

were bound to mutual assistance. France offered her assistance to any power which was opposed by England, and Prussia was thus secure on this side of a most formidable neighbour. All Europe was ready to start to arms.

But war is a lottery, and Frederic was on the point of being killed or captured in the very commencement of the second campaign. On this subject, his own remark is—"It was an indiscretion in a sovereign to venture so far without a stronger escort. Had the king been taken on this occasion, the war would have been at an end, the Austrians would have conquered without striking a blow, the unrivalled Prussian infantry would have been useless, and all those plans of aggrandizement which the king thought to execute, would have been fruitless."

The incident was this:—On the 27th of February, Frederic set out, with an aide-de-camp, from Schweidnitz, to inspect two advanced posts pushed forward into the mountains. No sooner had he set out, than some spy communicated the intelligence to the Austrians. They immediately sent out two detachments of cavalry, not only to attack the posts, but to intercept the king on his return from them. The cavalry fell in with a division of Prussian dragoons, and, thinking them to be the king's escort, dashed in among them so desperately, that they took forty horses. The king, on his road, hearing the firing, put himself at the head of a small corps, and galloped to the field of battle, but the affair was over. The rest of the narrative wants some detail. But the facts asserted are, that Frederic, having finished his reconnoissance, went to the Cistercian convent of Camenz, where he expected to have an extensive view of the country. While there, the monks were thrown into consternation by the news that a body of Hungarian hussars had come to surround the convent, and search for the king. While all was alarm, they heard the bell ring for mass; and although it was an unusual hour, they attended in the chapel. Shortly after, they saw their abbot enter with a young abbot by his side. Both went to the altar, and the ceremonial began. A prodigious clamour was soon heard outside. Still the mass pro-

ceeded. In a few minutes more a crowd of Hungarian hussars rushed into the chapel. But all the tumult was instantly hushed, when the monks were seen engaged in prayer, and the abbots at the altar. The soldiers forbore all further violence, and retired; carrying off, however, the king's aide-de-camp. The young abbot was the king himself. The abbot who had saved him in this delicate juncture, was at all future times in high favour, and subsequently obtained the richest prelacy in the duchy. In corroboration of this romantic story, Frederic writes to his friend Jordan—"I have just escaped with a black eye from a great swarm of hussars, who had like to have surrounded and made us prisoners. Without boasting, I may say, that my trifle of cleverness helped me out of the scrape."

At length the Austrians began to move. Count Neipperg, a distinguished officer of the Eugene school, was at their head. And yet their army consisted of but 25,000 men; so weak were the armies of those days compared with the immense hosts of the revolutionary wars. The two armies at last came accidentally within sight of each other. The sentiments of any man of sense, on the eve of danger, are worth recording, but those of a man of first-rate ability and daring, have a still superior interest. Frederic thus writes to his friend Jordan, the night before the battle:—

"We fight to-morrow. You know the fortune of arms—no more respect is paid to the life of a king than of a subject; and of course I cannot tell what may befall me. If there is an end to my career, remember a friend who always loved you dearly. If heaven prolongs my life, I shall write to you to-morrow, and you shall learn *that we have conquered*."

On the 10th of April he fought his first battle. The Austrian cavalry broke the Prussian, and the infantry were left exposed; but their fire was tremendous, and the cavalry could make no impression on them. In this state the battle continued for five hours. At length the ammunition of the Prussians was nearly expended, and General Schwerin, who commanded them, in evident expectation of defeat, desired the king to leave the field, with the object of bringing up

another corps of the army which was beyond the Oder. Frederic hesitated to follow this advice, but at last galloped away, spent a night on horseback and in imminent danger, and towards morning, returning towards the field of battle, received intelligence that the Prussians had gained a great, though unexpected victory. The king on this occasion alone ever exhibited want of decision in the field. But it is striking that a hesitation of this order has not unfrequently been exhibited, in the beginning of a military career, by some of the most distinguished soldiers of the world. He was not spared by the sneerers, and, having taken up his quarters in a windmill, he was said to have been "covered with glory and *flour*."

The Austrians had been beaten by one of those manœuvres which Frederic afterwards brought to such perfection. While their attention was directed to the right flank of the Prussians, Schwerin had made a sudden movement of his left wing, and outflanked their right. The German armies have always seemed to think, that outflanking is equivalent to a defeat, and the Austrians gave way. Their loss was formidable—7000 killed and wounded, and 1200 prisoners, with seven guns, probably the principal part of their artillery. The Prussians lost 2500 killed, and 3000 wounded. Such was the battle of Mollwitz. It instantly raised the reputation of the Prussian monarchy.

In the "Memoirs written by Himself," Frederic acknowledges that his chief impulse to war was the passion for fame. He says—"When Frederic I. raised Prussia to a kingdom, he sowed, by means of this vanity, in his descendants a germ of glory that could not fail, sooner or later, to produce fruit. The kingdom which he left was more an electorate than a kingdom. There was some glory in giving it a more decided nature, and this feeling was certainly one of those which encouraged the king in the great enterprizes for which so much occasion already existed." In a letter to Jordan, he says, "my youth, the fire of passion, desire of glory, nay, to tell the truth, *curiosity* and an *inward impulse*, have roused me from my sweet repose; and the pleasure of *seeing my name in newspapers*, and hereafter in history, has seduced me."

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The madness of conquerors, and the vice of what the world calls glory, have never been more openly divulged, than by this monarch thus unveiling the secrets of his career. To this, then, comes the whole tissue of state negotiations, of public injuries, and the rights of nations. Frederic here admits that he had other motives, and that the true ones were vanity, the passion to be talked of, and the hope of flourishing as a great name in after times. Yet, what was to be the purchase? The blood of tens and hundreds of thousands of human beings—the desolation of immense countries—the propagation of every vice, misery, and atrocity, that follows the camp, the march, and the battle—a mass of wretchedness, agony, sin, and shame, wholly beyond human calculation; and for what? simply to satisfy the *curiosity* of an inquisitive monarch, to relieve the ennui of a clever idler, to fill the paragraphs of a newspaper, and to give a few new titles to a man already pampered with vanity. The world is grown wiser since, and either its wisdom or its necessities have thrown providential obstacles in the way of satisfying such curiosity.

He now plunged into negotiations, intrigues, and campaigning, with enthusiasm. Augustus III., the Elector of Saxony, had joined him in the war against Austria, in hope of obtaining Moravia. Augustus was a splendid sot, who left every thing to Count Bruhl, his minister, equally splendid and equally sottish with his sovereign. Frederic had an interview with both, for the purpose of explaining the plan of the campaign. He thus tells the story:—"Augustus answered yes to every thing, apparently convinced, but with a look of great *ennui*. Count Bruhl, who was displeased at the interview, interrupted it by informing his master, that the opera was about to begin. Ten kingdoms to conquer would not have detained the King of Poland a minute longer. He went, therefore, to the opera, and the King of Prussia obtained at once, and in spite of those who opposed it, a final decision."

There was a degree of sportiveness, mingled with the sternness of Frederic's character, which reminds us of Voltaire. The town of Glatz had surrendered to the Prussian arms. Learning that the Countess Grunau,

the wife of a staff-officer, had, during the siege, made a vow to give a new gown to the Virgin Mary in the Jesuit's convent, in case she prevented the town from being taken—the king ordered a gown of the most costly materials to be sent to the convent, with his compliments, that “he had as much politeness as the countess, and could not suffer the Virgin Mary to be a loser by his conquest.” The present was received, and the Jesuits went in procession to thank the donor in their own name, and we presume that of the image, which was to have the benefit of the clothing.

The Saxons failed him, through want of money to support the expenses of the campaign, though at the same moment Augustus had given 400,000 dollars for a large green diamond. Frederic, in disgust, withdrew from Moravia. The Saxon minister, Von Bulow, remonstrated with him on his retreat. “Sir,” said he, “who is now to put the crown on my master's head?” “Sir,” retorted Frederic, “crowns are not to be won without heavy artillery.” In Bohemia, he had to contend with Prince Charles of Lorraine, at the head of 40,000 men. The king had 30,000, but he had eighty-two pieces of excellent artillery, and the advantage of discipline. The battle began at eight in the morning, and when it had continued nearly two hours, Frederic's genius gave him the victory. He made his right wing take possession of a height, from which fifteen pieces of artillery enfiladed the Austrian line. The Austrians attempted to retreat, fell into confusion, and abandoned the field, with the loss of 5000 killed and wounded. The Prussians lost nearly 4000, but this victory won Silesia. After some negotiations, the ambassadors agreed, on the 11th of June 1742, that the Queen of Hungary should cede to Prussia the whole of Upper and Lower Silesia. “In this manner,” says Frederic in his memoirs, “was Silesia united with Prussia, a two years' war was sufficient to conquer that important province. The treasure left by the king was exhausted; but to buy states at an expense of seven or eight millions was a cheap bargain.” This conquest added to Frederic's dominions a province comprehending nearly 13,800 square miles, with a million and a half of souls, and a revenue of 3,500,000

dollars. This conquest prodigiously increased his reputation. Cardinal Fleury called him the arbiter of Europe, and Walpole pronounced that the King of Prussia now held in his hand the balance of European power. His sagacity told him that he was sure to be attacked again, and that Silesia was the most vulnerable point of his possessions. He immediately paid peculiar attention to its improvement, visited its capital, Breslau, gave it new privileges and confirmed the old, employed the peasants in labouring on the fortifications, gave money for the encouragement of manufactures, recalled the religious refugees, and provided for the invalid soldiers. His next object was to make Berlin the most animated and agreeable place in Europe. The opera-house was opened with the best dancers from France, and the best singers from Italy, but he avoided extravagance in their hire. He then applied himself to the decoration of his capital, formed a board of architecture, commenced some of the finest buildings in Berlin, embellished the Park, and purchased statues, antiques, and pictures. He re-modelled the old Academy, and formed the Academy of Science and Belles Lettres. This academy possessed the exclusive sale of the almanacks, and thus had the twofold advantage of providing an income and extending its scientific views through the nation. Frederic was still the same animated and acute Voltairist in every thing. In digging the foundations of some batteries at Glatz, the workmen had found two statues, St Nepomuck, the patron of Bohemia, and St Florian, a protector against fire. They kept them till the king's arrival, and asked him what they should do with them. “St Florian,” said he, “may be a good saint against fire, but he does not interest me; but we must pay respect to the patron saint of Bohemia.” The latter statue was accordingly placed on the topmost platform of the round tower of Glatz. When he returned, he found the statue with its face turned towards Silesia. “What,” said he, “why should he not have a look at his own dominions?” The saint's face was, from that time, turned to Bohemia.

One of the king's chief military improvements was in his cavalry. Frederic was the creator of the modern cavalry

of Europe. Before his time, the chief cavalry were heavy, and their manoeuvres were as heavy as themselves. They were chiefly based on the infantry movements, and scarcely more rapid. Frederic adopted the Hungarians as his model, and improved on them. "The horseman and the horse should be one animal. He ought to be a centaur." His principle of action was, "the spur is of more use than the sabre. The power of cavalry is in the rapidity of the charge." In his field exercises, he said, "he never regarded the cavalry as moving brisk enough, unless he was sprinkled with the foam of the horses, when he cried halt!" For service, his instructions were still more characteristic; with him motion and impulse were the merits of cavalry. In his regulations for the troops in 1744, he gave the following:—"The king hereby forbids all officers of cavalry, on pain of being broke with ignominy, to suffer themselves to be attacked in any action by the enemy. The Prussians, on the contrary, *must always attack him.*" By a system of intelligent economy, he was able to accomplish all those objects of public embellishment, national improvement, and military power. The war had left him an exhausted treasury; within two years he replenished his coffers, and yet had raised his army from 76,000 to 120,000 men—the finest troops of the continent.

He soon had occasion for all his troops and all his energy. The elector of Bavaria, who had assumed the title of emperor, as Charles VII., was twice driven even out of Bohemia, and was reduced to the lowest state of distress, when Frederic, fully knowing that the accession of Maria Theresa to the throne of the empire would inevitably enable her to attack him in Silesia, formed an alliance with Charles, and France. England, then governed by George II., joined Austria, and the battle of Dettingen was fought in 1743, in which Marshal Noailles, at the head of 60,000 French, was defeated, and driven from the field. On this victory, George II. wrote to Maria Theresa, with evident allusion to Silesia—"Madam, that which is worth taking, is worth retaking." Frederic had already foreseen this, and he had opened negotiations with France. Voltaire, under

pretence of a quarrel with the Bishop of Mirepaix, one of the French ministers, petitioned for leave to quit Paris and travel, while he was, in fact, a kind of ambassador to Prussia. Voltaire's account of the king's private habits at Berlin, gives a curious but natural detail of the simplicity of manners which perpetual employment in great affairs has always forced on men of superior minds.

"Frederic now rises at five in summer, and six in winter. A single footman comes to light his fire, to dress, and shave him. His bedroom has a superb bed, with silver cupids, but he sleeps on a trucklebed, with a small mattress, placed behind a screen in a corner of the room. His prime minister now arrives by the backstairs, with a great bundle of papers under his arm. This prime minister is a clerk, a soldier who had become his valet, having formerly attended the king when in prison at Custrin. The secretaries of state sent all their despatches to this clerk, who made extracts from them. Four hundred leagues of country were as easily managed as the affairs of an abbey. At eleven, he inspected his regiment of guards on parade, and then dined with his brothers and his generals. He then retired to write, verse or prose, till six. At seven, his concert began, at which he played the flute, and with skill." But this habitual simplicity was consistent with great splendour on particular occasions. "The king," says Voltaire, "exhibited great magnificence on days of ceremony. It was a fine sight for vain men—that is, for almost the whole world—to see him at table, surrounded by twenty princes of the empire, dining off the most beautiful gold plate in Europe, and attended by thirty handsome pages, and as many heyducs, superbly dressed, carrying large dishes of gold. On these occasions, the great officers of state made their appearance. After those dinners, the court went to the opera in the great theatre, three hundred feet long. The most admirable singers and best dancers were at this time in the pay of the king."

An alliance with Charles, and with France, was concluded in 1744. Yet Frederic could never restrain himself from laughing at the French, though it must be acknowledged that he made

France his model in sentiment, literature, and manners. He was one evening sitting in the theatre, and as the curtain rose slowly, showing first the lower extremities of the groups ready to begin the ballet, "There," said he to the English ambassador, "is the French ministry, all legs and no head."

In August 1744, the king issued a manifesto, stating the reasons of his joining the emperor; and, with his usual activity, he lost no time in commencing operations. In five days after, he marched into Bohemia with 100,000 men. All gave way before him. He opened trenches before Prague on the 10th of September, and on the 16th forced it to a capitulation, which gave up to the king 12,000 prisoners. But the conquest was regarded so unaccountable—the Prussians having lost but about forty men killed, and the same number wounded—that it excited great indignation among the garrison. But here his successes ended. Prince Charles and Marshal Traun attacked him with such skill and superiority of force, that he was compelled to abandon Bohemia with rapidity. He had the candour to acknowledge—"My grand army, which was to swallow up Bohemia, and overrun Austria, met with the fate that befell the Invincible Armada of Philip II." He had the still more unusual and difficult candour to give boundless praise to the enemy's general. "The conduct of Traun," said he, "is a model of excellence, which every soldier fond of his profession ought to study, in order to imitate, if he has talents to do so. I consider this campaign as my school in the art of war, and Traun as my master."

This was the first war in which light troops, and especially hussars, had been largely used; and several brilliant actions were fought between the Prussian and Austrian corps. The Austrian light troops had the original advantage of being trained to the wild life of the woods and mountains from their birth, as they were chiefly formed of the wild dwellers in Croatia, Transylvania, and the countries on the Turkish border. But Zeiten the partizan, and Winterfeld the hussar, infused such a spirit of activity and enterprise into the Prussian light troops, that they soon became

formidable. An instance of their dexterity shows what they were able to accomplish in one of the most difficult moments of the war. The Austrians had suddenly pushed a corps of 20,000 men between the king and the margrave Charles, who had a separate corp of 9000 men. The king was anxious to re-unite the two forces, but had no conceivable means of sending orders to the margrave, as the enemy covered all the roads, and even a single spy could not venture to pass. In this difficulty, it occurred to him to give Zeiten orders to break through the enemy wherever he could, with his corps of hussars, and at all risks convey the order to the margrave to join. This order was to be communicated to each of the hussars, so that if but one of them escaped, he might convey it to the margrave. This of course implied the expected massacre of the regiment; Zeiten, however, could not make up his mind to sacrifice his brave comrades. He therefore bethought him of a stratagem; his hussars had hitherto worn a red dolman and a felt cap, but a new winter uniform, consisting of a blue pelisse and scaly cap, had just arrived for them. As it had a great resemblance to an Austrian uniform, Zeiten conceived the idea of smuggling his men through the Austrian lines. Marching during the night, he found in the morning two Austrian columns on the way to their camp. Zeiten joined one of those columns; some Hungarians whom he had among his hussars, going forward, talking familiarly in their own language with the enemy's videttes and posts. In this manner they marched together till four in the afternoon. By this time they had arrived within sight of the Austrian camp. Here the first suspicion was raised by seeing him suddenly turn off into a by-road. He was pursued by some Austrian cavalry, but repulsed them, and finally reached the margrave in safety. The margrave's corps was immediately set in motion, cut its way, after a desperate action, through 20,000 Austrians, under Prince Esterhazy, and finally reached the king in triumph.

With all his subtlety and satire, Frederic had an affectionate heart; he bitterly lamented the loss of his friend Jordan, who died about this time. "In the space of two

months," said he, "I have lost two of my most faithful friends, Jordan and Keyserling; they were my family, and I now feel forlorn, and am plunged into a mourning of heart, far more gloomy and sorrowful than a mourning in black clothes. Jordan was a Prussian clergyman, who resigned his office through grief for the death of his wife. On this occasion, he visited France, Holland, and England, and wrote an account of his journey in French, which so much attracted Frederic, that he made him his reader and secretary. It was to Jordan that he wrote most frequently, and Jordan had the care of forwarding to the king every literary production that appeared. One day Baron Pollintz, calling on him, found on his table several pamphlets full of such gross abuse of the king, that he was frightened. "How dare you be so bold," said he, "as to have in your possession such atrocious libels?" "I shall not keep them long," said Jordan, "I shall send them to the king to-morrow."

The result of this war was, the conquest of Silesia a second time. But a new and terrible alliance was forming against him. Russia now, for almost the first time, began to act effectually in the councils of Germany. In May 1746, a treaty was formed between the Imperial Courts of Russia and Germany, by which it was stipulated, that in case of hostilities, Maria Theresa should have the right to recover Silesia, and the Empress Elizabeth should assist her with 50,000 Russians. After all, the Seven Years' War began, not for provinces in Germany, but for forts in the back settlements of America. For such trivial things have wars been made in the times of our forefathers: and the war began not between the German powers, which were prepared for hostilities, and ready to spring upon each other like crouched tigers, but between England and France, neither of which hoped to gain any thing by the war, for England had no desire to conquer Canada, which was then almost wholly a desert; nor had France the slightest chance of conquering the English colonies, which have since become the American republic. To all parties, the war was disastrous. After desperate efforts, Frederic, in the course of the war, was reduced to

such extremities, that at one time he was supposed to meditate suicide. Germany was ravaged in all directions, the lives of tens of thousands were sacrificed; and after all, at the close of this desperate and exhausting struggle, Germany subsided into nearly its former condition.

A brief preface to the work, by Mr Campbell, gives a slight detail of the state of Prussia since the French war. The battle of Jena, in 1806, broke down the whole military force of the monarchy, and for the remaining six years, Prussia was subjected to all the calamities of a country under the heel of a conqueror, and especially that conqueror a French one. But the lesson, though terrible, was salutary, by showing the instantaneous facility with which an army can be destroyed. It showed that an army cannot be made the solid basis of national power. In 1810, Prince Hardenberg was made minister; he introduced important changes in the condition of the peasantry. A royal edict decreed that all the peasantry should in future be free hereditary proprietors of the lands which hitherto they had held only as hereditary tenants, on condition of their giving up to the landlord fixed proportions of the lands. There were two classes of peasantry—one in which the landlord was bound on the death of his tenant to admit his successor, the landlord having no power of increasing his wealth, or altering his tenure. This was, in fact, nearly an equivalent right with that of the landlord himself, and by the new law this class were made actual proprietors, on giving up a third of the property. The second class had not the right of succession, but the landlord was bound to replace the tenant with a person of his own class; nor could he take it into his own hands. By the old laws, the greater part of the landed property of Prussia, called noble estates, if offered for sale, could be purchased only by a nobleman. The late king now offered the royal domains for sale at twenty-five years' purchase. A great deal of land thus came into the hands of merchants and manufacturers. The consequence is, the creation of a middle order, which had been hitherto almost wholly unknown in Prussia. Among the other valuable changes, was one in the taxation.

The nobles had hitherto been largely exempted from any share in the public burdens. All ranks were now placed nearly on an equality with respect to taxation. Another great object has been obtained in the distribution of justice. The law has been simplified—corruption has been banished from the courts—a commencement of the trial by jury has been made—and Prussia has thus laid the most solid basis of a free constitution. She yet wants a parliament, constructed on the best model for public business and public liberty. Yet towards this she is evidently advancing, and no one will desire to see her rushing into precipitate schemes of representation. Her Protestantism gives a pledge of her freedom, and when she shall have become thoroughly Protestant, nothing can prevent her from possessing freedom in its fairest form—that of a limited monarchy.

We have adverted to these volumes at this moment, chiefly from the interest attached to the late visit of the Prussian sovereign. The presence of the king who is to regulate the movements of this great kingdom, naturally directs the national eye to the history of its founders: and the gracious manners of his majesty during his short residence among us; his affability, intelligence, and judicious enquiries into every thing worthy of a rational and manly curiosity—have unquestionably tended, in no trivial degree, to popularize the Prussian name in England. But the work from which we have made those sketches of the career of Frederic the Great and his immediate predecessor, has merits of its own. It is a remarkably animated, various, and intelligent narrative; beyond all comparison the best that we have ever seen of the two Prussian kings, and valuable as a collection of traits of character, in themselves as curious as any, perhaps, ever furnished by royal biography.

Frederic William, a wild, stern, eccentric prince; yet, with all his strangeness, sagacious in his government, pursuing his main objects with vigorous perseverance, and though

generally doing the best things in the roughest way, yet doing them effectually at last. Frederic the Great was a being of a totally different order: delicate and feeble in constitution, in manners, and in tastes: during his minority, he seemed fit only to realize his father's description of him. His sudden burst of talent and triumph in Europe astonished every one, and exhibited the retired student and graceful *dilettante*, as almost by instinct the most profound of politicians, and the most brilliant of soldiers. This singular change is to be accounted for on no other principle than that he was a man of genius, a possessor of those fine powers which no art can give, and that knowledge which no man can teach; powers which, if unemployed, would have left him only the flute-player and the maker of epigrams; but which, when they found their natural atmosphere, ranged it with an unrivalled sweep of wing. The politics of Frederic became the lesson of all the politicians of Europe. His diplomacy was the envy and the model of all the cabinets: and his campaigns laid the foundation of a new military science. The Prussian tactics were made the groundwork of every work on war: and his battles and marches, in the Silesian hostilities, and those of the Seven Years' War, have been always acknowledged as matchless exemplifications of his own scientific principles. We regret that those volumes stop at the threshold of this most important period; but we hope that the author is still pursuing his researches among the German memoirs, and that we shall soon hear of him again. We have already said that the preface only belongs to Mr Campbell. The authorship is by another hand; and though the performance is necessarily indebted to existing works for its chief material, yet that material is condensed with such dexterity, and combined with such judiciousness, that we recollect but few biographies which have more highly and constantly kept up our attention.

ROAMINGS IN ROME.

A RENCONTRE IN ST PETER'S.

WE repair frequently to St Peter's, and always find there something we had not sufficiently examined, understood, or admired; but more motives than one conduct the stranger oftener than elsewhere through the long and always damp and dirty street which leads thither. One meets all one's friends in St Peter's, which, in doubtful and chilly weather, is the best walk in all the world: pace the church four times up, and four times down, and you have almost done your mile. (The church is 609 feet, and a mile is 1760 yards.) The gilt Barberine *bees* accordingly swarm not more thickly on its roof above than do the *restless* English on the pavement below. On this same pavement we met a stranger, and the reader shall know him—whether he would wish to prosecute the acquaintance must depend on himself. There is a little old man, one of the vergers, with whom we always stay to exchange a word—for instance, “How is it you are always so warm and comfortable in St Peter's?” trying the temperature for the first time with the thermometer, which indicated 63 Fahrenheit, (we have found it since 59°.) He was proceeding to explain how the opened windows received the warm air of summer into the bosom of the church, and kept it for winter consumption, when a man crossed our path, who, in passing, saluted the official as an acquaintance. “Do you know that man?” said the verger, fixing, by his manner, our attention on the stranger.—“No; who is it?”—“*Il Ministro di Giustizia.*”—“What! that respectable looking person with ear-rings, carrying an umbrella, and now on his knees before St Peter—the executioner?”—“*Sicuro!* and why not?” *Maestro* (we doubt if the composers of operas, &c., will approve of the title,) *Maestro* Tita, he told us, was the son of a German widow in reduced circumstances, and was, they say, sold by his mother to the former incumbent, who had no children of his own, and wanted a promising apprentice and successor. The crown pieces were accepted, and the Camera Apostolica ratified the bargain. “But an honest man is he, *quel nostro carnefice.*” Meanwhile the

loathed functionary had risen from his short prayer, and was in the act to kiss the bronze foot of St Peter: he had scarcely passed the sleeve of his blue *paletole* over the metal, saluted it reverently with his lips, and compressed his forehead against it—all which is matter of ritual—when a rustic group, little guessing after whom they came, pressed forward to perform the same ceremony;—it was a labouring man, with his wife, their grown-up child, and a younger brother, whom they were obliged to lift, and when the infant's mouth was brought close to the cold bronze, in place of being comforted, it screamed and sobbed, and sought a warmer teat than St Peter's toe before it would be satisfied; during which proceedings the formidable man walked on, and we followed up our enquiries, an occasion for which might never occur again; indeed, we happened just then to recollect the visit related so graphically, we think by Victor Hugo, to a house in the Rue de Temple, with pretty flowerpots in the window, a shelf or two of books in the drawing-room, (an executioner's drawing-room!) and a well-dressed amiable-looking daughter (an executioner's daughter!) playing the *Barbiere*. Is he married? as if we were anxious about his posterity! What on earth possesses one to ask such questions? but curiosity at such a rencontre under the dome of St Peter's, was irresistible. “Is he married! and has three girls and a boy all grown up,” said our friend of the aisles. “Good-looking?” One, he told us, had a beautiful *neck and shoulders*, and was still *zitella*. A second had been portioned off with a dower of 3,000 scudi—the price of blood!—which the husband had dissipated, and compelled her to seek anew the protection of the paternal roof. “And the boy?” why, the boy, not liking the father's trade, had been ‘prenticed to a shoemaker, and was now a *calzolaro* and a *galantudino*, like any other shoemaker. His house was hard by, at the Porta Angelica, *numero* something—for we did not note down the address—*secondo piano*. But Master Tita's walks are accurately circumscribed; he must neither go out of the gate of Rome,

near which he dwells, nor cross the bridge, nor be seen beyond the small enceinte of what is called the *Borgo*, under pain of what might readily happen to him; for his face is pretty well known, and the *manes* of his victims would probably find many hands in the *Translevere*, which would be glad to have him on the wrong side of the river. Some particulars, gratuitously added, concerning this object of every body's avoidance, were unexpected. He comes every day for spiritual and other exercise to St Peter's; this church of churches is not prohibited to him except at mass time. It is, therefore, clear that he may come into personal contact (as that heavy leather curtain at the door must be lifted by all) with a prince, a cardinal, or a beauty. He sequesters, piously and punctually, a part of the execution fees to buy masses and prayers for the condemned. He is nice in the objects of his choice for the latter purpose, has pondered on the probable privilege and efficacy of innocence in the eye of the Creator, and therefore looks out for young maidens in his neighbourhood. A week after this very rencontre, he paid five young girls for the benefit of their prayers in favour of two men who were about to come into his hands; and when the fatal

morning arrived, he went weeping along with them, as he always does, to the place of death, which we shall presently describe. One cannot stay a verger indefinitely—his broom was in his hand—he had not gone his rounds. The troop of early peasants coming to St Peter's betimes, leave marks which require constant assiduity, and we could not hold him by any of his long line of little button-holes; we would fain know, however, before he went, what was the executioner's fee—fifty scudi for the first head, and ten for every other above one; for country jobs a scudo a mile, his own carriage, (no doubt of that, we thought,) and all expenses paid. Notwithstanding this easy life, he wants to retire on a pension, but the apostolic chamber told him that there could be no *vestigia retrorsum*—once an executioner always an executioner; and so he must continue to cut off as many heads as the "Santo Padre" and his fire-work-loving cardinals may in their wisdom decree. They have recently published a threatening edict about street stabbings, (which are become common and familiar occurrences,) and which, if it be acted upon, will make Maestro Tita's trade more gainful than it has been.

A ROMAN EXECUTION UNDER GREGORY XVI.

Yesterday, (January 20th,) at the corners of the streets, small groups of persons were seen standing to read a slip of written paper, about the size of a common bill of exchange—such a slip of paper as might extemporize a reward of a few *paoli* for the finding of a lost reticule. We looked over a tall fellow's shoulder, and read that ———, aged forty, for parricide committed on his mother, and ——— Tagliacozze, for the assassination of his friend, were to be led for decapitation on the following morning, at fifteen o'clock, in the street of the *Circus Maximus*. At seven the following morning, we accordingly set off to see a guillotine among the ruins of ancient Rome! We put ourselves out of breath in ascending the Quirinal from the *Piazza Barberini*, where we live; we turned to the right at the *quattro fontane*, and soon passed the model of our Hyde Park, Achilles mounting guard at the

Pope's door. We ran down the said Quirinal on the opposite side, crossed the *Suburra*, and after being obstructed by the masons and the muddy road round the spot where they are repairing all that remains of the *Forum of Nerva*, we skirted the arch of *Septimius Severus* and the *Mammertine prison*, with all its recollections of Catiline and St Paul, and passing under the *Capitol*, and along the *Palatine* and the *Cæsarean* ruins on its brow, we arrived, in twenty-five minutes' good walking, (no man lounges to an execution,) at the *Arch of Janus*, close to which, by the church of St Giorgio in *Velabro*, we came suddenly upon the frightful object of our curiosity. Very few people were collected at this hour; for they were in the secret, and we were not. There is a great deal to be done at Rome between the foot of the scaffold and the fall of the axe, (a sentinel at each angle of the scaffold,

and some dirty men and boys, not above one hundred persons in all, were staring up at the apparatus.) It was evident that some time would elapse; nor, indeed, did the first of the two heads, the penitent and confessed one, fall till three hours after; while the impenitent and obdurate malefactor kept the crowd waiting for seven or eight hours afterwards, and died unshriven, after nearly *biting off the priest's ear*, who had placed it near his mouth to catch the hoped-for sounds of his late repentance. Our first feeling was disappointment! a ruder apparatus could not have been seen at an *impromptu* execution in New Zealand. Our imagination had suggested a squared, dovetailed, morticed piece of solid carpentry—a framed machine; and had attached to it some perfection of mechanical contrivance, some spring, as if to discharge an arrow from a bow when the minute came. We saw a rude square piece of dirty timber with the rhomboidal knife screwed to it, prevented from falling by two rude bolts of rusty iron the supports of which could be withdrawn, and its extremities let into a coarse groove between two poles daubed with soap; a stout cord, and an iron peg to which it was attached till wanted. The whole thing seemed insecure on its legs; the uprights shook, and the stage was not so steady as that on which a show is stilted at a country fair. Much rain had fallen; the earth was muddy below the scaffold, and they had thrown down some cart-loads of rubbish, (among which you might have picked up, as you always may at Rome, bits of porphyry, verde antiques, and fine marbles.) Under the scaffold, at the height of nine steps from the ground, there was seen a box—a mysterious, common-looking servant-maid's box, without a lock—a large pot of water, and a sponge! Thickly strewn with sawdust was the stage above. Attached to the place destined to receive the neck, (a hole like our stocks for the ancles, and to get to which it was plain that the sufferer had to kneel and lean forward, at a sort of *prie-dieu*,) there hung a bag of leather like a workman's apron. On the right of the fatal instrument, and quite close to it, was the *Tiber* and the *Temple of Vesta*; on the left there was the *Arch of Janus*; before it was the *Aventine* and the *Circus Maximus*; and behind,

the *Piazza Montanara*, the *Theatre of Marcellus*, and all the St Giles and Billingsgate of Rome. If the incident were striking to have met the carnifex in the great Christian temple of modern Rome, it was not less so to see the modern instrument of capital punishment (so associated with revolutionary horrors in our times) alight, as it were, from the clouds, like an obscene vulture, amidst the ruins of Rome, and over the *Cloaca Maxima* of the Tarquins. We stayed about the wild and desolate spot for more than two hours, to study the crowd, and then determined to meet the coming procession at some short distance, and see what kind of character nature had impressed on the features going to be stuck on two spikes waiting for them on the front rail of the scaffold; for the paper had said, "*Con esposizione della testa*," and we knew it would be as good as its word. The morning was cold and damp for Rome, so we kept in motion, and talked with trades-people, (such trade as is exercised in this filthy quarter—whip thongs, drovers' poles, sausages, candles, Indian corn, flour, salt fish, macaroni, fennel roots, acquavitæ, coarse, brown, or white earthen ware,) standing at their doors.

"When will the execution take place?"

"*Chi lo sa?* That depends on the *penitenza*. Last time a man kept the guillotine and its attendants waiting till near the *angelus*," (six o'clock, p. m.)

"And did he at last become penitent?"

"No; he held out."

"And in that case, must the sentence be executed?"

"Yes, before sunset, unless the Santo Padre himself interfere, and order otherwise."

The day, therefore, might be passed, as in fact it was, by the people now fast collecting to see blood spilt, as did their ancestors in the Colosseum hard by. We never assisted at an execution in England; but what we saw this morning in a more impressible population, proved to us the worse than inutility of all such spectacles: the attendance on them, we are now quite satisfied, is that of mere curiosity. So far from the crowd being hushed or awed, so far from all men's tongues being employed in whispers

on the horrid crimes which had entailed the punishment, the movement was one, we repeat, of mere curiosity. They came to see what the instrument was like, and what the behaviour of the criminal would prove. After long waiting, and marching and counter-marching of the Pope's whole military force—(leaving, as it must have done, St Angelo defenceless)—after seeing a whole regiment of cavalry and another of infantry manœuvre in the mud, and blow their bugles most unseasonably, (but prayer and fireworks, benedictions and explosions, go together in this country,) there was a murmur of *vengano, vengano*. We had posted ourselves at a wheelwright's door—a civil man, who offered us a chair—and presently we saw a huge crucifix moving towards us; it soon arrived, and was followed by two carts, each with its criminal seated between two of the *confraternita della consolazione*, arrayed in a loose gown and hood, with holes to see through, who appeared intent on their charitable duty; one of the miserable twain requiring the whole support of their arms, which were passed round his waist, his face fixed on a book, which they held close to it—the other making large use of those *cervical* muscles which were so soon to be divided, and looking round with a countenance of small concern and of natural colour—(the first man's blood had entirely retreated upon his heart, and the capillaries were blanched.) We had seen enough! Imagination was fully equal to the rest, and this was the point at which we quitted the scene, smiling at the deplorable weakness at home, which, at the time when Romilly would have abolished for ever the horror of these useless and brutalizing scenes, again and again referred to the *judges of the land, the law*

authorities, forsooth, the great question of the peril of doing away the punishment of death; they might as well have asked a committee of parish schoolmasters, apothecaries, and churchwardens—for it was not a technical question, but a great, broad, philosophical consideration for all humanity—an appeal to *experience*, of which every British citizen had had but too much—a question not to be settled by men in ermine, with powdered wigs, but by the moral sense, intelligence, and right feeling of the country. It had, in fact, been settled *long before the Christian era*, in the admirable pleading of Diodotus for the people of Mytilene—a colony which feared reprisals when it relapsed into the hands of its ancient masters the Athenians. (*Thucyd. i. iii.*) Yes! we had now seen, and been irrefragably convinced! We had heard bargains made, quarrels broached, horses shod, and wheels fitted to their tires, under the scaffold of the guillotine, and we determined to add our mite of execration to the repetition of such horrors; it was not, perhaps, an *occasion*, you will say, but Rome is always a *place* for classical recollections, and we recollected the horror which the ancient people (among the unworthy, priest-ridden, untaught, ill-fed, and worse-clothed descendants of whom we had passed two hours) entertained concerning modes of death which *mutilated that body which they desired to surrender, Dis Manibus, entire!* The poet alludes to the mutilation of Caius Marius, when he fell into the hands of Sylla—

“*Hoc cruciatus*

*Lentulus, hac poena caruit! ceciditque
Cethegus*

*INTEGR, et jacuit Catilina CADAVERE
TOTO.”*

THE FUOCISTA.

In going to St Peter's from any of the hotels, as you approach the end of that long, winding, dirty street, the *Via del Orso*, its principal avenue, (which displays on the wall of an *Osteria* the bear from which it derives its name,) a street without one decent shop, or one decent dwelling-house, after the *Palazzo Borghese*, the most unob-servant man must have noticed, just

where it emerges on the piazza of St Angelo, an agglomeration of very black dwellings on the very bank of the Tiber. The exterior of these tenements is distinguished from the other mean habitations of the neighbourhood, by festoons of certain objects that look like paper sausages, guiltless of that garlic which poisons, like an unwholesome mephitic as it is, the

whole Roman population, and stinks in the nostrils of those that stand among them at church ceremonies and elsewhere; capable, however, of being very highly peppered and seasoned by *metal filings* and *gunpowder*. We had long glanced at these empty paste-board cylinders, and at wheels, and tubes, for gerbs, and Roman candles; and had begun to admire their construction, and half determined to visit the *fuocisti* and learn to make some crackers of our own. "The greatest of the gods is *Opportunity*." Having stayed in Rome until a second Girandola had revealed to us the true spirit of gunpowder, we found an irresistible impulse to put our imperfect thought into execution; so that, after various *pour-parlers* with the different fuocisti of the quarter, (for they all live here, and might be blown up at once,) we addressed ourselves seriously to an old man and his son, (to whom we gratefully make our acknowledgements for whatever proficiency we may have attained in this art.) It was just after the Girandola—we remember the day well, it supersedes all the artificial distinctions of the Julian year—that in our way to St Peter's this interesting acquaintance began. The moment was propitious. The aged pyrotechnist (who naturally expects to be removed, like *Edipus*, by Zeus Chthonios, springing a mine under his feet, or sent at once to Olympus on the lid of a barrel of powder) stood at his door. We looked up the street and down the street, and following our instinct, or the smell of powder, bolted, we trust unseen, into his shop. After the indispensable salutations, "That was a fine Girandola last night," said we, in pure ignorance that we had begun quite on the wrong key, for he immediately shrugged his shoulders, and looked a very intelligible "*Do you think so?*" We saw at once he had not mixed the ingredients. At length he broke ground with a wish that we had seen *that* of two years ago, when the Tiber ran like liquid gold—when over the whole castle of St Angelo there rained a heavy rain of different colours, (*frioggi di diversi colori*), shower upon shower! when St Peter's shook as if the French, or the devil, was come against it." "Indeed! who conducted it then?" "*Noi!*" said the jealous artist, rising like Pasta in Medea, and pointing to

his son. *Noi!*—the monosyllable was really sublime, and required a moment's pause, after which he began, with a *train* of eloquence (which did not misbecome a maker of fire-works) to insure us, if we should be at Rome on St Peter's day, such "*rockets*," and such "*brillantini*," and such "*fontanoni*," rains of such variety, such *serpents*, and such *palle*, as would indeed surprise us! We expressed our confidence in his skill, and a wish that he would make us understand *some* of those things. "As many as we liked." "When?" "When we liked?" "Adesso! adesso!" so we sat down and took our first lesson in fire-works. "Fine cartridge paper this," said we, cutting up a sheet of *hospital reports* from the *Santo Spirito*, for our maiden squib; and rolling it, in imitation of our master, round a wooden cylinder. "It ought to be," said he, (pasting the end of the roll to prevent it from unravelling,)—"We pay nine baiocchi for it at first hand at the hospital." "Nine baiocchi!" said we, in astonishment, at the price of waste paper. "Yes, for that of the first size; but *revisi sacri editti*, and all the smaller *fulminations* of the reverend apostolic chamber, cost only four baiocchi a pound. These are good for squibs, and crackers, and fountains of smaller size; but for our *pezzi grossi*, our important pieces, rockets and their congeners, there is nothing like your *large stiff sheet of Santo Spirito reports*." Meanwhile, we had finished our tube, and it remained to tie and to charge it; for this purpose we put, as directed, a tight ligature (just like what, in surgical euphonism, is called *securing an artery*) on one end, and wound it round the body of the missile. The patients of the Santo Spirito now lay very close together, and were put upon a new system of dietetics, consisting of six parts gunpowder, and one of charcoal. The worst fever cases found us inexorable Brunonians; yet we rammed down their throats (like other doctors of that school) all sorts of inflammable materials, till we had filled them to the mouth. "Bravo!" said our black-fingered adjutant, handing our accomplished rocket to his father to inspect. The old man looked approbation through his horn spectacles, and having *pinched* it, to ascertain the solidity of our charge, said something very flattering indeed as

he coupled our name with the girandola of St Angelo! "Will you *try* your work?" said the young man, fetching us a long reed from a corner of the room. "Oh, certainly, but must it have all that length to drag after it?" "The longer our legs are, signor," said our patriarch, "the quicker we walk, and so it is with a rocket." "But it must not be all legs either," interposed the son, who began to fasten our tube into a slit which he had made in the reed. "A rocket's head and shoulders," pursued he, "should just balance the rest of his body—see here," and he poised our newly made aeronaut on his finger. We eagerly took our own fire-work out of his hand—the first fire-work we had made. How proudly we held it, first perpendicularly, then horizontally, then diagonally, which, as a reason against matrimony, my uncle Toby alleges to be the most comfortable position in bed. We poised it as he had done, and a strange *storgé* came over us—a creature whom we had moulded and brought into existence, only to leave us the next moment in its mad, headlong career. On what errand would we wish to send him, asked the Fuocista, bringing his light to the window where we stood, our rocket and ourselves, each on his legs looking over the Tiber. At this moment we felt elated beyond what we could express, buoyed up as if we too were charged with gunpowder, and could mount upwards from the earth as it was going to do. The angel Michael stood high on Adrian's tomb, sheathing his sword, as is his wont; watchful sentinels paced on the rampart beneath; it was indeed a bold conception to surprise the Pope's for-

tress; but we would send our rocket right over his at any rate, and see if it would capitulate quietly. So we depressed his head a little, (like ours it was too elate,) and placing his shoulders in the window-sill, moved back while our friend advanced, and, at word of command, brought the long black fringe in contact with his candle. It caught with alacrity, the fire ran rapidly along. The wooden leg spurned the brick floor against which it rested, and in less than a second was nearly over the Tiber, and in a fair way to do our bidding, hissing and smoking away like a young dragon, or a steam-engine when it stops to water. Midway, however, his courage failed him, as mere physical courage sometimes does; he felt that his force was not sufficient to carry him through; he had not studied the *quid valeant humeri*. St Michael, in high disdain, was evidently watching his progress against the castle wall, and the sentinels wondered what next! All this, however, his hesitation, (and he that hesitates is lost,) and our anxiety, were but for a moment, for finding he could not reach his point, he detonated with a great explosion of wrath, and, in another second, his lifeless carcass was carried smoking down the river towards Ostia, in the midst of mud and sand, and all the floating feculence of Rome. Now, sir, don't sneer—after all, we venture to say, we are the first Englishman who ever thought of firing a rocket against the Castle of St Angelo! One failure was nothing—and rockets were not the only fire-works we learned to make during our apprenticeship with Signor Baptista Bolliogni!

THE CATHERINE WHEEL.

Rt. Sulphuris Loti, dr. i.
Nitratis potassæ, dr. ii.
Pulv. Pyrii, dr. iii.
Misce in mortario simul, dein optime tere.

Satisfied that the principle in our first experiment was correct, we became inflamed with still greater love of firework-making. We next wondered audibly whether we could make a *Catherine Wheel*! When you know the composition, you will soon make the wheel, insinuated Filippo, reminding us that our contract was just so

many pauls *per mixture* or per fire-work, and had terminated for the day with the abortion we had just let off. As we went home, we met one or two lanky friends, the precise purpose of whose existence seemed not to have been hitherto satisfactorily ascertained, and, full of *our* subject, thought they would make excellent *legs to*

rockets. Next day we returned to our *didascalus*, on whose table we found a quire of very creditable letter paper, and two small wooden ramrods lying on a plate full of a grey-looking powder. "*Ecco per la girolette.*" This is the stuff for the wheels—said Beppo, who had been pounding and compounding the various ingredients out of which Catherine wheels are filled, and by the combustion of which their rotation ought to be infallible. We took a pinch of the impalpable powder betwixt our fingers, (for the due composition of which, the receipt above was imparted to us, per contract,) and in pure abstraction, were about to use it like Fribourg mixture, when the lecture began. "Remember, Signor," said our master, "that your paper can't be too *thin*, provided it is of a fine quality. Thick paper don't burn quick enough, and paper of a loose texture is apt to catch fire in the wrong place; whereas, with fine paper, the cartridge and the charge burn out, and are consumed together." In illustration of his meaning, Philip recalled to our mind those ill rolled cigars, where the internal leaf being of a different consistence, the fire is apt to canker the inside, leaving the envelope unignited, to the disappointment of the maker. "To make good girolette, then," recapitulated Beppo, "get fine paper." "And then," said we, eager to advance a step further,— "But, resumed our pyrotechnic friend, cut the sheet into six or eight slips, according to its size, *thus—Cospetto!* what has my *binedetto* father done with my scissors?" "Here they are," said we, discovering and drawing out a huge pair of shears, which had been hidden by the paper. The shears closed five times in Beppo's hand, five long slips of paper fell on the table under them. Each of us then took up a slip in one hand, and a ramrod in the other. "Now, look at my hand," said Beppo, presenting one of the black paws which he complimented with this name, and resting it upon the ramrod over a slip of paper, "Look!" The smutty phalanges made the necessary inflexions, and in that instant, behold, the white paper instinctively left the table, and coiled itself round the ramrod! "Two turns and a half, sir, and then touch the edge with paste," said Philip, suiting the action to the word, and withdraw-

ing the paper tube and presenting the result to our admiration. When we had made five or six between us,— "Enough;" said Philip, "let us now charge!" "*Caricamo,*" said we; and observing that he had doubled down one end of the paper tube, and was filling it at the other with the powder in the plate, of course we did the same. "Let the charge be equally distributed, signor, and take care not to *cram* your paper, or we shall not be able to *crimp* it;" and having passed his practised fingers along our tube, to ascertain if it would bend, the crimping was immediately accomplished by running a toothed cylinder from end to end; now we must wind it round something solid—yes, but what? "*Aspetta,*" said Philip, who proved himself a man of resource beyond what we should have supposed, for the *aspetta* was scarcely uttered when the shears moved across his abdomen, and two out of the three button-moulds of his trowsers were at our service in a twinkling. We were too intent upon our wheel, either to stop his rashness, or offer him any condolence on the inconvenience of losing so essential a part of male attire; so we wound the crimped paper round the piece of bone, and eagerly completed our wheel by a little pasting, and tying, and tipping the extremity of the coiled cartridge with an inch of touch-paper,—greatly expanded at this so far happy issue was our self-importance—none of our friends, we were sure, could make *Catherine Wheels*. Knowledge of any kind is power! Catherine wheels made by a gentleman and a scholar might be wheels of fortune; some Kate at home might become the victim of them in another sense, and be quite unable to resist a suitor who promised her a *whole life of fire-works!* Agreeable qualifications carry further than attainments—all this train of thoughts was as quick—as gunpowder. What a prospect! The storming of forts, the springing of mines, the explosion of congreve bombs, were but larger fire-works. Quick! the candle—it kindled and it burned, and it phizzed and it sputtered, but, alas! alas! in place of charming us with concentric circles of all kinds of coloured light, the provoking wheel stood still, and was as sulky as the rocket had been. Philip gave it a curse and twitch, but it only went round once or twice on hearing

the adjuration, as if it had got the rheumatism, and then stopped for ever. "It don't go round at all," said we, breaking silence in a tone which showed how disconcerted we were, while Philip, who had made the composition, brought up another auxiliary saint against the wheel, and endeavoured, while there was still life in it, to coax it round the pin. "The devil was in the nitre," said Beppo; "and some moisture too," said we, relying on our chemistry; so we dried our nitre, and our next wheel went as if it never would have stopped—it was real rail-road travelling, twenty miles an hour. The work of the day was now over, and the man of squibs became digressive and anecdotal. The last Pope but one, said he, was a Pope indeed! Ay, he was a secular before he was a Pope; and no man loved the fowling-piece better than good Leo XII.; he let every man make his own powder, and there was no restriction, and we got it for seven baiocchi a-pound. Rome had the best powder that could be made for seven baiocchi a-pound! Our powder *now*, begging his Holiness's pardon, is a *vergozna*. "Think, Seigneur! of a monopoly in such a necessary of life as gunpowder! or if you venture to transgress, and furnish yourself with better, think of having the ditch and moat of St Angelo for sporting-ground, and six pounds of iron over your stockings for the rest of your days?" "Are there many kinds of powders, Beppo?" "Per Bacco, *che vi pare?*" Many! There are at least eight different sorts, and only one of them fit for *fire-works*. Neither the Polveredi Sparo, (the eight baiocchi powder,) nor the *Miner's* powder, (which costs twenty,)

nor even the *cannon* powder, which bangs away on a benediction, and costs twenty-five baiocchi, will do; nay, of the remaining three sorts, called Polveredi Caccia, only the first, *al uso Inglese*, and costing three times the price of the others, is fit for the use of the *Fuocista*. And there his voice dropped again into the didactic. Always pound your powder *fine*, for all manner of fireworks *except crackers*, for which the grains cannot be too large." And the precept—When you make your wheels be careful (to prevent accidents) to pass the mixture through a sieve. Accidents! Oh! did *you* ever meet with an accident? We had now another affair of buttons; he answered the question by the exposure of a hideous cicatrix. Was it a Catherine wheel that did that? "No! a Chinese fountain." We begged not to be instructed to make Chinese fountains. His present Holiness is, in Philip's opinion, by no means beloved by his subjects in general; and to the certain knowledge of the same excellent observer, is positively disliked by his neighbours of St Angelo in particular. "Two days before his recent progress to visit Loretto and other places, I and my son were ordered by the Cardinal Secretary (Tosti,) to set off at once with stores of fireworks to announce the Pope's arrival at Spoleto, Assisi, or elsewhere. As we had a job on hand of a lucrative kind, we said so, on which the *Eminenza* suggested the contingency of our having to *complete it in St Angelo*. On so agreeable an invitation we did as we were bidden, and went blazing away before the Pope till he was tired of fireworks and of processions!"

THE VILLA MEDICI.

We do love these gardens; and never walk in them without feeling our sensibilities aroused in a way we can scarcely explain; but if scenery does much, unavoidable associations do more, in giving to our pleasure a tinge of melancholy. The front of this villa is far too eminently French to please any but a Frenchman: the clipped trees, and the poor brattling fountain, the liveried and mustached porter, with the fleur-de-lys stamped on his button, and the absurd display,

under the arms of France, of a huge ledger lying open, of which the title-page is "*La Charte Constitutionnelle de 1830*," to be read at rifle distance from the road, give no promise of the opposite or garden front. Here now the picture is changed; how the unrivalled terrace ever delights the eye! what a scene for a young poet, or a young painter, is that soft landscape between us and the Borghese villa in the back ground. English eyes may even discern something like a farm-house,

poultry clucking before its door, and enough of cattle to make a Paul Potter or a Breughel within one Borghese inclosure. The cottage where Raffaele painted; beyond it the arches of the aqueduct; every where those glorious pines, the spreading and the towering *parapluie ouvert et ferme*, as the French call them, and here and there large stretches of the wall of Aurelian. Turn your back on all this, and you have *Monte Mario*, and St Peter's, (the ubiquitous object of the Roman landscape,) and the Janiculum, and all Rome's roofs, and domes, and columns, and the largest of her fountains. The first time we trode those gravel walks, or lost ourselves amid these green walls of box, was before the battle of Waterloo; since that time five monarchs of the fine arts, five directors of the academy, have each had his five years' story, and one hundred artists (painters or sculptors) have been launched, after their three years' study and domiciliation here, on the French capital, to make their fortune, or to find their ruin, and be lost amidst a host of competitors, perhaps of superior claims, or equal perhaps, for whom the cards of life have played better. Since we were here, how many of them must have died prematurely of that fatal disease which may have been averted for a season by the genial climate to which they had been providentially sent! With what sad forebodings of the future must many of them have left this beautiful and entrancing scene! With what dejection did they lean their backs against the base of that colossal Minerva, and survey, for the last time, a view which, though none can paint it in words, must have been a favourite study to many an enthusiast of the fine arts! How sadly, on the evening preceding their departure, would sound the music of the fountain before their bedroom window, or the nightingale's plaint heard almost close to their pillow! How they must have watched

the last sun set over St Peter's, or stole out once more to see the dark shade of the Borghese pines lit up to them for the last time by the bright moon of a Roman sky! How the last sight of the Niobe and her children—how those little bits of sad monumental antiquity, let into the garden wall, with every line of which they must have been familiar, must have made their hearts ache, as they returned solitary from the terrace, or smoked a last cigar with an old friend in the room which they were called upon by inexorable destiny to leave, after four years' enjoyment, and when they would have gladly said *esto perpetua!* If last times be always sad, how much more so to those who here formed their earliest friendships in a common pursuit; who here together frequented the studios where they dreamt of a success or reputation, which they mutually encouraged each other to expect, who sat at the common table, and were ready, with mutual assistance, to go where stern reality must crush the hopes of most of them in the selfish vortex of Parisian existence! And, if in after life they ever *do* come back to enter the gates of the *Villa Medici*, no longer as alumni, but as visitors, how must the unchanged loveliness of all around lacerate them with vain reminiscences and regrets; even the sensibilities of every new director must be powerfully touched, when he revisits, no longer young, these scenes of his now accomplished hopes, honoured though he be, and rich; how much that gave a peculiar charm to the Borghese landscape, the society of his early and warmest friends, is necessarily no more! He returns, and it is to *govern*, but he returns *alone*—every thing but himself unchanged, even to those little *studios* in the grounds, where he chiselled and modelled, and where, when his first bust was exhibited, or his first picture uncovered, flattering strangers came in and predicted that he *must* succeed.

THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

No. II.

CHAPTER I.

It would not be becoming in me to mention the many flattering remarks that were made by various members of the circuit on my humble efforts to do justice to the merits of the kiddy-swell. With the exception of a few grammatical observations from Mr Lindley Murray Brown—which, however, were checked in the kindest manner by Mr Mullins ordering him to be kicked out of the room—I may say that my attempt was hailed with universal approbation; as a proof of which I will only state, that on the evening on which it was read I was invited to an elegant supper of trotters and cow-heel, at the expense of the society. The table groaned with boiled greens and roasted potatoes, and every other delicacy of the season; and it will perhaps be sufficient for me to say that it was with unaffected truth, and from the bottom of my heart, I assured the company on that most gratifying occasion, that it was the happiest moment of my life. It was, indeed, the most gratifying tribute I ever received; and I shall cherish the recollection of it as an incitement to fresh exertions in the arduous though delightful task I have undertaken. I have seen it observed, that many warriors of great courage and abilities probably existed before the times of the Duke of Wellington, but that, for want of a chronicler of their deeds, their fame was lost to posterity. In the same way it is to be feared, that many gentlemen of our profession, of the highest respectability, have disappeared from the knowledge of mankind for ever. Be it my humble endeavour to prevent this loss to future generations, and to hold up to all succeeding times the bright examples of a Hogginbuck and a Spriggs. For by the kindness of Mr Mullins—whose stores of traditionary anecdote are inexhaustible, inasmuch as they come out every evening with all the freshness of novelty—I am enabled to produce a concise and plain narrative of the causes which induced that much

esteemed member of this circuit to withdraw to the shades of private life. I might take the trouble, if it were worth while, to investigate the causes of the absurd rumour which so long has had currency among us, that he is spending the remains of his existence on the fertile shores of a distant country, to which I will not further allude than to describe it as a settlement to which the principles of forcible colonization have been actively applied by Government, and to which it is probable that the propounders of another scheme of colonization would be much benefitted by being sent—to that colony, I will simply say, Thomas Spriggs was never conveyed. In a remote village, in honourable obscurity, in the enjoyment of an ample competence, the last days of that injured gentleman are gilded by the sunset of a well-spent life. His niece—but of that I will speak when I come to the particulars of my own experiences. The contents of a note-book, in which I jot down all the remarkable occurrences of my life, will form an ample fund of materials for my own biography; and will save to my successor in the noble office of historiographer to the circuit, the painful task of collecting facts from uncertain and sometimes contradictory sources. For it is not to be hoped by every holder of my appointment, that his labours will be cheered by the kind co-operation of such enlightened and disinterested friends—by the skill and accuracy of a Simpkins—the inquisitive investigation of a Humphries—and the unfailing memory and descriptive powers of a Mullins. Of all these I have availed myself in the following sketch of the latter gentleman's predecessor,

THOMAS SPRIGGS.

Even in early life the character begins to be developed. At the school at which Mr Spriggs finished his education, when he was about fourteen years of age—for a genius so rapid as his looked with astonishment

not unmixed with contempt on the progress of the students at the universities, whose studies, I understand, are seldom concluded before twenty—his peculiar qualities were already fully appreciated; his steadiness had recommended him to the teacher; his good nature had endeared him to the boys. Even his bodily form had shared in the early precocity of his character; and, between fifteen and forty, there was no perceptible alteration. His features, originally small, seemed to be propelled outwards by some inherent power of expansion, till his cheeks appeared as if he was constantly blowing a trumpet; his nose, as if it had grown (like the heart of Mr Macready, in *Coriolanus*) too great for what contained it. His body also experienced the effects of the same tendency to enlargement, and as unfortunately it was precluded from gratifying its propensity by adding to its stature, it made up for it by a more than ordinary development of breadth and thickness. With a pleasing allusion to his configuration, as well as to the sterling good qualities for which he was distinguished, his companions called him by no other name than the *Dumpling*; and as the *Dumpling* he was known and cherished in this circuit.

Twenty years ago, there was a large gig standing at the door of a house in Water-Lane, one fine night in June. The horse seemed accustomed to be left to its own meditations, and accordingly sank into a deep reverie about chopped hay and beans; or, if it occasionally pricked its ears, as if recalling its attention to the actual realities of its position, it was probably when a loud laugh in the well-known tones of its master made it aware that that gentleman might naturally be expected sometime or other in the course of the evening. It was from a window on the second story that the sounds proceeded; and the two gentlemen who were seated at a small table with several bottles and glasses before them, seemed at that moment to have succeeded in shaking off a considerable portion of the ills that flesh is heir to; a feat the more to be admired in them, as, if the said ills are distributed in proportion to the quantity of the flesh, the heritable property of both must

have been very considerable. One of them was Mr Bolt, the junior partner in the celebrated wine-house of Brewin and Bolt, and the other, the one with the radiant countenance, now distended to the utmost limits of the human skin, his yellow buff waistcoat filled, to the imminent danger of all the buttons, with philanthropy and port wine, was Mr Spriggs. His great-coat on a peg, and his whip supported against the wall, gave tokens of an immediate journey; and in rolling his eyes round the apartment, the sight of these monitors reminded him of his poor old black mare.

"Now, raily, Mr Bolt, you must let me go. I ought to have been gone this half hour."

"And so you *have* been, man—you've been pretty far gone this last bottle. But another green seal will set us all right again."

"Not for the world!"

"By no means," replied Mr Bolt, who was well known to be the wittiest man between Temple-Bar and the Canonry-house of St Paul's; "who do you think meant to treat the world to a bottle of green seal? It was ourselves, man."

"You're such a man, Mr Bolt—you're funnier than any fool I ever saw—him at Astley's is a joke to you."

"So he ought to be—he's paid for it. But come, what do you say—another bottle or not?"

"Then really, sir, not on the present occasion. I ought to get well into the country district by Thursday, and now it's Monday night."

"Well then, Spriggs, you're a steady fellow, and few men could resist the offer."

"They could better resist what we send them, sir, than what we drink ourselves," said Mr Spriggs, with a knowing look.

"Ah, to be sure—except, perhaps, the samples—tell the customers that we have some exquisite old claret ready to send them in about three weeks; it will be thirty years in bottle by that time, as Mr Brewin has luckily found a great supply of cobwebs. We shall also have some 1812 port brewed in about a month; so good luck to you, and a happy return—By-the-bye, have you had your gig widened?"

"No: why do you ask, sir?"

"Oh, never mind—only if you should happen to hit it off at Derby, as I heard you were very near doing last journey, you can't carry Mrs Spriggs on your knee you know, and you nearly fill the gig yourself. You ought to have got a breadth put in."

"Ah, now, there you go—well, you're such a man!" said Mr Spriggs, a little confused, and trying to cover his confusion and his umbrageous shoulders at the same time in his great-coat, "who can have spread such silly stories?"

"Silly!—'pon my word, I don't see any thing silly in the matter; fine girl, I hear—clever, accomplished, pianoforte, worsted work, French velvet drawing, and four thousand pounds—Well, good-bye. Get the gig widened—and, I say, get the mare a little enlarged at the same time—She's really handsome, is she?"

"Handsome!" exclaimed Mr Spriggs, seating himself, after various twistings of the coat over his knee, and contemplating the mare, to which he considered Mr Bolt's polite enquiry to refer; "there aint such a stepper in England; and though she's lost an eye, and puffs a little up hill, and is a little odd-tempered at times, she's a reg'lar-built angel, especially if you tickle her in the flank."

"She must be a charming young lady," said Mr Bolt, as he stood looking after his friend, "and the Dumpling has an odd way of courting; but perhaps Miss Podds has as peculiar a taste in the mode of wooing as in the choice of a wooer. The Dumpling ought to make love to a seal—egad, and so he does too," added the wit retiring to his room, "especially when the colour of it is green."

Mr Spriggs was not one of those excitable men who make any violent display of their hilarity when under the influence of the patron saint of his profession—if indeed Bacchus has ever been canonized; his steadiness and decorum, which were at all times his characteristics, assumed a deeper shade of solemnity every fresh bottle he imbibed; till at the end of a social evening, it was with extreme difficulty you could overcome the impression that you were in the society of a bishop. It was only, in fact, the lustrous rubicundity of his counte-

nance, and the extraordinary and unexpected explosions of laughter during pauses of the conversation, whereby he gave a more easy vent to his satisfaction than by indulging in long speeches, that you were recalled to a knowledge of his actual position in life, and divested of all ideas of his episcopal dignity. On the evening of his departure from Mr Bolt, many and loud were the bursts of irrepressible satisfaction as he passed at a quick pace through the suburbs; and any one, from the tone of his laughter, would have been apprised that the subject of his meditations was extremely agreeable; and no wonder, for his thoughts at that moment, and many moments before and after that, were fixed on Julia Podds. Mr Bolt's description was by no means overcharged—she was clever, beautiful, and accomplished; and had a clear four thousand pounds at her own disposal. Many people, ignorant of the latter circumstance, might have perhaps disputed her claim to beauty; as her hair was very red, and there was a charming uncertainty in her mode of looking at any object, which led the ill-natured to say she had a squint. She was very tall and very thin; and altogether a very graceful creature. Mr Spriggs hurried his mare, as if by dint of extra trotting he could get nearer the object of his contemplations; he laughed long and loud as he passed through Highgate and the intermediate villages; and had wound himself up to such a pitch of joyous anticipation by the time he reached St Albans, where he had to remain for a day or two, that he sat in the gig for a long time after the hostler had taken the reins, and gazed at him with a most benignant and jovial expression; every now and then giving utterance to a chuckle of ineffable enjoyment, greatly to the edification of the aforesaid hostler, and one or two of the waiters who had rushed forward at the sound of wheels. All that night he sat in the coffee-room, smiling as if for a wager; and after a glass or two of brandy and water, betook himself to his couch in the midst of a fit of laughter, which led the surrounding spectators to fancy he was a grandson of Joe Millar. So powerful were the effects of Mr Bolt's allusions on the susceptible bosom of Mr Spriggs.

CHAPTER II.

Mr Pidsley was an ironmonger in Derby—one of the most eloquent men in his parish ; and blest in a wife, who was the politest lady of any age or country. They were both made happy in the presence in their house of their niece, Miss Podds, on whose education no expense was spared, and who set the fashion to a considerable number of the most elegant young maidens of the town. If Miss Podds got a green bonnet, there were at least a dozen bonnets of the same colour in church on the very next Sunday ; she very often introduced a French phrase into her conversation, and half the spinsters in Derby spoke as if they had been educated in France. In short, she was the leader of the circle of which her uncle was the orator—his speeches were listened to with delight, and the little supper parties he gave to his supporters were looked forward to as the dinners of a great parliamentary leader were anticipated by his admiring partizans for months before. Whether from the principle of creating eloquence in others, as well as in himself, by the oratorical effects attributed to flowing bumpers, or from some humbler and more selfish motive, Mr Pidsley had for some years united the wine trade with his other avocations, and received his principal supplies from the stores of Brewin and Bolt. It was on a Tuesday evening, about three weeks after Mr Spriggs had taken his departure, as we have seen, from the hospitable apartments of Mr Bolt, that a small party was assembled in the large room above the shop in the house of Mr Pidsley. That gentleman was standing with his back to the fire-place—supporting his coat tails in a most fashionable manner on each arm—and in earnest conversation with a very deaf old individual in pepper-and-salt ; and here it may be stated in a parenthesis, that Mr Pidsley, whenever he had the opportunity, always addressed his observations to the most deaf or most distant person in the room. Some people said he did this from a desire of being heard by the whole party ; a most malicious interpretation of a very praiseworthy action ; but great men at all times have had their detractors, and Mr Pidsley did not escape the

common fate. On a sofa was seated a dark-faced man, with immense whiskers, and eyes so prodigiously bright and cunning, that you saw at once he was a man of extraordinary genius. His mouth also was a very noticeable feature. It was very wide and very deep, and yet, in spite of its advantages in respect to size, it seemed to feel some difficulty in accommodating the longest, the broadest, the whitest, and strongest teeth that ever were fitted into a mortal's jaws. When he smiled, there was something awful in the display of ivory, and as he was almost always smiling—for he was one of the most captivating men in the town—you need not wonder that all his acquaintance felt the full force of Mr Pidsley's eloquent observation, who remarked, "what a haweful dispensation of Providence it would be if Mr Nokes was inflicted with hydra-fobia—what an everlasting bite he would give." But on this occasion, Mr Hilary Nokes—who was an attorney rapidly rising in his honourable profession—seemed in no danger of exercising his unexampled powers of biting, except on the elegant supper which was now expected every moment. But his eyes, glowing with intense light, were fixed on the fair performer at the piano, who was enchanting the company with most eloquent music. As she finished each verse, she half-turned round as if to assure herself that the attention of the fascinating Mr Nokes was undivided ; and on being certified of this gratifying fact, she turned round once more to the instrument, and proceeded with the song. Her voice was very high and rather shrill—her form—but why should I waste words in description ? Let Mr Bolt's panegyric be sufficient. It was Miss Podds herself.

"Juler, my love," said Mrs Pidsley, "that's a charming air—I am so fond of them Italian songs."

"It's a French chanson, aunt," answered the young lady, throwing a glance of ineffable disdain on her honourable relative ; but if the company wishes it, I'll sing an Italian piece."

"Oh, by all means," said Mr Nokes, advancing to the piano. "Do sing that beautiful thing you sung the other night at Mr Grambler's."

"Mr Nokes means that charming song I like so much," chimed in the aunt, who was always amazingly proud of her niece's performances—"that sweet thing—I don't recollect the words, but it's something about tea, or perhaps coffee, for I never can recollect."

"Oh, you mean *Di Tanti Palpiti*. Do you like it, Mr Nokes?"

"Don't I? Ah!—" and an expressive glance concluded the sentence.

In the very middle of the song, while Miss Podds's voice was soaring almost out of hearing, in the agonies of the bravura, exciting great alarm in the deaf old gentleman, who turned round, expecting from the screaming that somebody had set fire to her clothes; while Mr Nokes was looking up to heaven, wondering if St Cecilia ever had a voice like that—the door suddenly opened, and a little fat gentleman toddled into the room, and created an astonishing sensation by his abrupt appearance. The song suddenly stopped, and the fair form of Miss Podds was agitated in a very extraordinary manner. Her face grew first red, then deadly pale. Mr Nokes looked round at the intruder, and displayed a row of ivories that would have astonished a hyena. The deaf old gentleman got up in a fright, suspecting that Miss Podds had burst a blood vessel; but Mr Pidsley rushed forward and shook the stranger by the hand—"Ha! Spriggs, I'm delighted to see you; you've just hit us off at the right time. Collops, my boy, and a hearty welcome to you. Jula, you ain't forgotten Mr Spriggs, have you?"

"No—I have—not—forgotten—Mr Spriggs," replied the young lady in a tremulous voice.

"Nor never will, I hope," said the Dumpling, shaking her hand; "if you did, Miss, I should find it quite impossible to repay you in kind—."

At that moment a cough, or something pretending to be a cough, but which in reality was a sort of growl or bark, proceeded from Mr Nokes; and when the unsuspecting Dumpling looked up at the author of the extraordinary sound, he saw fixed on him such a scowl of hatred and disgust, and caught a glimpse at the same time of the fearful teeth grinding against each other in such a very uncomfortable manner, that he fell into a state of

the greatest agitation, and could scarcely command himself sufficiently to go through the forms of introduction, when Mr Pidsley, in a long and flattering oration, presented him to Mr Nokes, and professed himself happy in making two people acquainted who were so worthy of each other's friendship. Mr Spriggs bowed, and held out his hand, a fat stumpy hand, making up in breadth any deficiency that a sculptor might perhaps have discovered in its shape in other respects; but when the lawyer slowly, and with apparent reluctance, held out a hand to meet it, so gaunt and long, and of such an alarming size, that the little paw of our friend lay in it like a string of short sausages on a frying-pan,—he began to repent having trusted his fingers within such a prodigious instrument; for he felt in a moment that it only needed a slight exertion on the part of Mr Nokes to mash up his five soft digits into one large and very useless thumb; in fact, into a mere continuation of his arm; and it was with a feeling almost like gratitude that he withdrew himself in safety from the grasp of Mr Nokes. That gentleman, so far from giving him a friendly squeeze, made no demonstration whatever, except that there was something in his look which, in spite of the smile he assumed, told the astonished Dumpling that his new acquaintance would have great satisfaction in putting him to death upon the spot. While these things were going on, the supper was brought in, and Mr Spriggs was delighted beyond measure to find himself by the side of Miss Podds. "I 'ope you've been tolerable well, Miss, since the last time I had the pleasure of seeing of you?"

"Oh, merci, Mr Spriggs," replied the lady, "when was it you were here last?"

"Have you forgotten it, miss?—It was on the spring journey. Don't you remember the drive I took you to Belper; and don't you recollect what day it was? I've thought of it very often since then."

"No, I don't recollect what day it was—What was it?"

Mr Spriggs laid down his knife and fork; and when he had got his mouth clear, whispered in her ear,

"It was Wallentine's day. How pretty the birds was asinging."

The lady stooped down her head,

and tried to hide her confusion, by filling her mouth with as much collop as she could carry on the point of her knife.

"I think birds must be very happy animals," pursued Mr Spriggs; "don't you think so, miss?"

"What makes you think so?" enquired the lady, in the same confidential tone as her companion.

Mr Spriggs, in reply, entered into a disquisition on certain peculiarities of St Valentine's day, introducing very pertinent allusions to the custom of pairing, or choosing a mate, on the 14th of February; but before he could make any practical application of his remarks, he was struck dumb by another fiendish grin from the tortured Nokes, who was not quite near enough to hear the conversation, but saw, from the mode in which it was carried on, that it was growing more and more interesting to the parties principally concerned. Miss Podds looked all round to discover if possible the cause of the sudden cessation of the Dumpling's eloquence, and she just caught the last glimpse of the diabolical scowl of Mr Nokes, before it softened away into something nearly approaching the human, when he saw that he was observed.

"A very odd man, miss," said Mr Spriggs, almost in a whisper, "that Mr Nokes. I'm afraid he's taken a dislike to me; for I never see no where such a angry expression of face."

"He's a perfect gentleman," replied the lady, "with a delightfully peculiar look, an air distingué—he's so foreign-looking; you would never take him for an Englishman; would you?"

"He's the exact picture of the Saracen's head," replied the Dumpling; "and sich scowls and frowns as he's been athrowing on me all this evening, has put me into a cold sweat. I think I'll ask if he's offended at any thing I've done."

"Oh, no," interrupted the lady; "I'll explain it all to him in the morning. He's an esprit-fort, and might make an émeute."

"He might make any body mute, for its impossible to speak before such a fierce-looking hannibal. He would eat a man as soon as look at him."

"Do you think so? now, tout au contraire, it strikes me his expression is parfaitement charmant. He has a most captivating sourire."

"Rear or front, he's the most hor-

rid looking feller I ever see; but p'raps he looks different at the ladies from what he does at us men."

Whether Miss Podds would have told Mr Spriggs the result of her experience in this respect, cannot now be found out, for her honourable uncle, who had now concocted the first bowl of brandy-punch, broke in on the conversation.

"What's all that whispering about down there, Julia? Are you getting the London fashions out of our friend Mr Spriggs? Come, Spriggs, send in your glass, I'll give you a toast. Gentlemen, sitting as I now sit in the honourable position of president of this large and influential society, and looking around me as I now look, and seeing beside me as I now see, several individuals, either by themselves or through others, interested in the toast I am going to propose, I have no hesitation in calling on you all to fill a bumper. Gentlemen, I am not agoing to propose to you any statesman, or warrior, or king, or other gentleman in a public situation in life; no, gentlemen, I will propose to you a set of individgials to which we are more indebted than to any warrior or statesman that ever lived; a set of individgials whose whole endeavours is ever to sweeten the cares of life, and cast a bright halo of comfort and satisfaction—to mollify with its 'soft oblivious anecdote,' the thorny paths of our existence. I will, therefore, propose to you 'the Ladies!'"—It is needless to say with what enthusiasm the toast was received. The Dumpling, whose face had once more become radiant with good humour, looked in a very marked manner into the right eye of Miss Podds as he put the glass to his lips; while on the other side of the table, Mr Nokes tossed off the bumper in solemn silence.

"I should like very much, miss, to have an hour's talk with your uncle the day after to-morrow, for on Wednesday I must go to Burton, and have promised to dine with my friend Mr Weaver on my way home. When do you think I can see him?"

"Oh, any time—especially on business," replied Miss Podds.

"It is on business—very particular business," continued Mr Spriggs.

"Indeed!—oh, I'm sure he'll be delighted to see you. We dine punctually at two; you would be sure to see him then."

"But it isn't about wine I want to see him; no, nor spirits neither."

"Indeed!—nothing disagreeable I hope?"

The Dumpling managed, under the table, to get hold of Miss Podds's hand, and gave it a very intelligible squeeze.

"Oh no, quite the contrary. The agreeablest business in the world—if it all ends well."

"Come, Spriggs," interposed Mr Pidsley, "you're quite silent to night; and you too, Nokes, you don't say a word."

"One of us seems better employed, sir," replied the lawyer—"but Miss Podds appears quite satisfied, so it's all right I suppose."

"Ah, it's too bad in Julia after all, to take Mr Spriggs entirely to herself. Come, Julia, you've got all the news by this time; do let us come in for a share. What's the state of public affairs, Spriggs?"

But fortunately for Mr Spriggs, his eloquent host was one of those agreeable conversationalists who seldom wait for a reply to their questions; and, accordingly, without pausing till our worthy friend the Dumpling could collect his scattered thoughts, he took the opportunity of answering his enquiries himself.

"As for me, I look on them as very bad; and I think I may safely say so, for I am no party man. I hate party—it's not English, nor constitutional, in no sense of the word to be a party man; for then you deprive yourself of the power of finding fault with your own side. Now, I think it's a privilege, and I maintain it accordingly, for a free-born Englishman to find fault with all parties alike. Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, are all bad. Not one of them ever offered me the smallest employment in my life. The Tories have principles—very good, stout, steady, principles—there's no doubt of that; but then they never sticks to 'em. The Whigs have no principles at all, and sticks to that through thick and thin. The Radicals have principles, but carries 'em a great deal too far. Two of my journeymen are Radicals, and wanted to divide my stock."

"Why didn't you get them hanged, sir?" enquired Mr Nokes.

"Hanged! how could that be? I don't like hanging."

"Few people do, sir, except in the

case of a third party. You might easily have encouraged them to go on, sir; and on their laying hands on the first watering-pot or stew-pan, if you had just stepped up to my office, I would have had them hanged in a couple of months."

Mr Nokes grinned with such a malicious bitterness as he revelled in the anticipation of the prosecution, that Mr Spriggs was horror-struck once more. The rest of the company, however, applauded Mr Nokes's fondness for his profession, and anticipated a rapid progress in it for a person of so much zeal and ingenuity.

"Once put a man into my hands," continued the gratified attorney, showing his tremendous clutches as he spoke, and closing them with the force of a smith's vice—"and leave it to me to settle him. I got a young man transported for life at last assizes for stealing a pair of boots. If it hadn't been for a quaker on the jury, I would have hanged him."

The lawyer concluded his anecdote with a sigh over the absurd scruples of the society of Friends; but was cheered by the admiring looks of all the listeners, who were loud in their compliments on his skill and cleverness.

The tide seemed very much disposed to run in favour of Mr Nokes, even in the sentiments of Miss Podds. Ladies of talent are always so partial to intellectual men, especially if endowed with such corporeal advantages as Mr Nokes; and it is rather a remarkable circumstance that, in exact proportion as that gentleman's spirits rose, the Dumpling's fell. He even summoned courage to endeavour to fix his eyes on the triumphant lawyer, with a scowl in some sort resembling the glances with which he had been favoured in the early part of the evening. But the Dumpling's eyes were not adapted to excel in the diabolical; on the contrary, his features were so stuffed out with round and glistening flesh, and his eyes so expressive of hilarity and enjoyment, that Mr Nokes actually included him in the number of his admirers, and was a little softened towards him in consequence. Miss Podds now favoured the company with another Italian bravura, and also took the first part in the duet of "All's Well" with Mr Spriggs. The party became very lively and

agreeable. Mr Nokes gave many illustrations of his professional skill in furthering the ends of justice, by getting several persons executed whom he declared on his honour as innocent as any gentleman in the room; and getting others honourably acquitted who were really the perpetrators of the crimes imputed to them. The deaf old gentleman, Mr Grambler, joint guardian with Mr Pidsley of the person and property of his fascinating niece, also contributed various anecdotes to the amusement of the evening; and when the third bowl of punch was introduced, the bland countenance of Mr Spriggs again assumed the appearance of intense satisfaction which it had exhibited at Mr Bolt's; and during some short pauses in the conversation, he gave vent to a succession of chuckles, which, as they seem-

ed to arise from no particular cause at that moment, were attributed by each member of the party to a different origin. Mr Pidsley took it as an approval of his eloquence; Miss Podds, as arising from his delight in her conversation; and even Mr Nokes felt pleased, for he thought it was a compliment paid to the narratives of his achievements. Yet at the bottom of his satisfaction lurked the most unqualified hatred of the unfortunate Dumpling; and on parting at a late hour that night, he conveyed a polite intimation into the ear of that gentleman, that he was by no means pleased with his behaviour, and felt himself grossly insulted by his impertinence. He also added, that "if there was law or justice in England, he would punish him, if it cost him fifty pounds."

CHAPTER III.

Mr Spriggs betook himself to his hotel, thunderstruck and alarmed—what was it he had done to bring him within reach of the law? If—as he suspected—the man was jealous of his attentions to Miss Podds, was there any statute against making love to a girl with four thousand pounds, that could by any ingenuity be twisted so as to send him to Botany Bay? In the midst of these agitating cogitations, he fell asleep, and dreamt all night of standing on the top of a wooden platform, with a rope about his neck, with the savage eyes of Mr Nokes fixed on him in pitiless triumph. It is not very wonderful, therefore, that he awakened in the morning feverish and unrefreshed; and he has often said since, that all that day there hung about him a fearful presentiment of some great evil impending over him. All the time he was at breakfast, he expected to see the gigantic lawyer come into the room to say something very unpleasant; and though Mr Spriggs, with the courage of a hero, had determined to defend himself to the last extremity, and even went so far as to keep a cudgel of remarkable size by the side of his chair, he could not conceal from himself that if it came actually to a personal contest, there was not the remotest chance of his escaping annihilation. The enormous teeth rose freshly to his

memory, and the sinewy, bony hand from which his fingers had at first made so gratifying an escape, was by no means forgotten. His apprehensions had finally settled down into an anticipation of assault and battery; for the more he considered the language of his adversary, the less possible he thought it that it could refer to any legal proceedings. But when a considerable time had elapsed, and Mr Nokes had not made his appearance, the Dumpling's spirits began to recover; he ordered his gig to the door, patted the black mare with the air of an exquisite judge of horse flesh, and several times looked in a surprisingly bold and audacious manner towards the end of the street where the lawyer resided. He had rigged himself with great care, in preparation for the dinner at Mr Weaver's, and certainly was a fine specimen of the effects of a true and simple taste in dress. He had a bright green coat, with rounded brass buttons of a rose pattern—light Prussian blue trousers, with a narrow black seam down the legs, and ending at the ankle in a row of mother-of-pearl buttons; white cotton stockings and clean polished shoes, with a large flower in the breast button-hole of his coat. He took the whip, and fixing his grey beaver on his head, set off on his journey—his thoughts strangely divided between

his designs on Miss Podds, and the perplexing behaviour of Mr Nokes. But the hedge-rows were in full leaf, the birds were singing, the flowers were growing, and the universal happiness of nature extended gradually to the breast of Mr Spriggs. He whistled a lively tune; he hummed the second part of "All's Well," and recalled the thrilling tones of Miss Podds—he also thought of the four thousand pounds, and of applying a portion of it to buy a share in Messrs Brewin and Bolt's concern. "Brewin, Bolt, and Spriggs"—he imagined a neatly-engraved card containing those words, and it could not be denied that the names looked uncommonly well—then he thought of a delightful villa at Brixton or Streatham, and a piano sounding through the open window of the drawing-room as he returned from business; and it is even said—so powerful was his imagination—that he fancied two or three little creatures playing about the front garden with the slightest possible tendency to a squint, and the most beautiful auburn hair—in fact, miniatures, delicately executed, of Miss Podds herself. He had arranged to send his gig home when he got to Mr Weaver's, which was only a mile and a-half from Derby across the fields, and enjoy a delicious moonlight walk home at night. Filled with bright anticipations of the future, and by a great effort, banishing all remembrance of the truculent Mr Nokes, he went on his way rejoicing. The very turnpike keepers were struck with his appearance, and felt sure he had gained a prize in the lottery. At a turning of the road he saw a pretty gable-ended cottage standing on a little knoll in an orchard. The fruit was just beginning to show; a streamlet ran at the foot of it—and made a merry noise as it jumped over the shining pebbles. "That's what I call a reg'lar nest: pray, old fellow," he said to an old man at work breaking stones on the road, "whose cottage is that?"

"It was mine once, sir."

"Yours?" said the Dumpling; "and how did you come to lose it then?"

"Why, ye see, sir, I was a farmer in a small way, and had this little place of my own besides; and I was doing very well till I offended a gentleman."

"Ah, there you were very wrong,"

said Mr Spriggs; "you were uncivil, were you?"

"I only told my landlord, sir, that his tenants would be far better pleased if he changed his steward; and the steward vowed vengeance against me, and told me he would have me in the poorhouse afore he died; and I really think," said the poor man with a sigh, "that he'll do as he said."

"So he sold you out, eh?"

"Oh, lord, yes, sir; he raised the rents, and sent in such bills for expenses; he borrowed one of my plough horses, and put his own saddle on it, and rode it into Derby, and got me fined for not paying tax for a riding-horse. He prosecuted me for not doing exactly as he had written down in my lease, and though I gained the plea, the expenses ruined me."

"And who the devil was this horrid rascal? I should like to know the villain's name."

"Hush, sir," said the man, looking cautiously round, "I advise you not to speak so loud. He may be within hearing for any thing I know. He is Mr Nokes, the lawyer in Derby. Sir, do you know him?"

Mr Spriggs turned as pale as paper; and whether it was a delusion of fancy or not, he thought he heard behind the hedge the same growl or bark which had electrified him at Mr Pidsley's; and without taking any more notice of the broken farmer, he applied the whip in a style of unexampled cruelty to the old black mare, and continued the same flagellating activity till the astonished quadruped came to a stand-still from sheer want of breath. "I'm a gone man!" he soliloquized; "the fellow will have me in the poorhouse to a certainty before I die. What a dreadful life it must be to break stones all one's days on the road!" In the midst of these miserable reflections, he reached the village of Durslop; and in spite of the increasing beauty of the landscape and sunniness of the weather, the countenance of the Dumpling continued to wear the most dismal expression it was possible for such hilarious-looking features to assume. The friendly anxiety of his principal customer in the district was awakened by his disconsolate appearance; but to all his enquiries Mr Spriggs gave evasive answers; till at last the good-natured questioner, giving it up in despair,

asked him to walk up stairs to lunch. Cold meat and strong ale always exerted a wonderful influence on the spirits of the Dumpling. Gradually the clouds disappeared from his brow, and he even indulged in a remark or two closely trenching on the facetious, especially when his hospitable entertainer produced a bottle of port wine, under pretence of giving a considerable order for some more of exactly the same flavour.

"'Pon my word, you're very comfortable here," said the Dumpling, looking through the first bumper, and recognizing the crust he had seen Mr Bolt engaged in making about half a year before;" trade must flourish in these parts."

"It does indeed, Mr Spriggs," replied the friend. "Last time you were here, I had a rival in the profession who sold real good wine about ten shillings a dozen under our fifteen years in bottle."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Dumpling, "who was his manufacturer?"

"He had no manufacturer," replied the other, shaking his head; "he actually imported it himself from America, or wherever port wine comes from; paid the duty and all; was contented with very little profits, and got away all my best customers."

"And what's become of him? Has he made a fortune?"

"Fortune! why, he's in jail. It's a capital story. I've laughed at it ever since; but you don't help yourself."

"Yes, I do," said the Dumpling, "let's hear how this fellow got into prison. It's devilish lucky he's there. He would have ruined us all."

"Why, you see, when I saw he was carrying all before him, I goes and consults a friend. He immediately goes and gets acquainted with this here rival of mine, and in about a week comes to me and says he's lent him a thousand pound. Well, said I, that's a very odd way of doing *me* a service, that is, lending such a sum of money to my enemy; and very angry I was, you may be sure—but, Lord bless ye, it was the cleverest thing you ever saw! He called up the money in about three months, for he had put a clause into the bond enabling him so to do; he seized on all the stock, and made a very good thing of it too, and got my friend the importer

snugly lodged in stones. He's one of the cleverest men in England, and if you please, I'll give you his health."

Mr Spriggs filled up a bumper—his friend did the same, and then proposed, with every appearance of esteem and admiration, "Mr Nokes of Derby." The glass fell from the hands of the Dumpling as if he had been shot: his face turned all manner of colours: and at last, casting his eyes to the ceiling, he leant back in his chair, and said, "I'm a gone bob! I'm blow'd if it won't be the death of me!"

"The wine hasn't agreed with you," exclaimed his friend. "It sometimes makes *me* sick too, but it soon goes off again." A little brandy brought the unfortunate Dumpling to a knowledge of his situation. He apologized as well as he was able, and in a very short space of time was rejoiced once more to find himself in his gig, at liberty to think over his situation, and determine how to proceed in this alarming conjuncture. The only two anecdotes he had heard of his gigantic adversary did not by any means tend to give him confidence in the issue of the contest he knew was before him; and in a dreamy sort of stupefaction he proceeded for many miles figuring to his mind all manner of horrors, particularly sitting all day with a small hammer pounding pebbles by the road-side, and lying all night on the stone floor of a miserable room in a prison. At last, however, he sat, bolt upright, as if a new thought had seized him. He even pulled up the mare, to be more at liberty to examine the plan that had suggested itself. Despair had filled his heart with a courage foreign to his ordinary nature; and clapping his hat fiercely on his head, and giving a magnificent cut at the flank of the black mare, he exclaimed, "The infernal scoundrel! I'm hanged if I don't call him out! If I am shot, why that's better than being imprisoned or sent to the poor house; and if I shoot *him*—ah!"—But the thought seemed too delicious for words; he looked round with the air of an Alexander the Great, and at that moment was the most blood-thirsty individual in the king's dominions. "I'll practise all this night at Bill Weaver's, firing at empty bottles: Bill, himself, shall carry the message in the morning before I get

out of practice again; and I'll settle his hash in no time." Impelled by these heroic thoughts, he drove on as fast as he could persuade the black mare to trot, and in due time arrived at Bill Weaver's door. The hostler from the Red Cow was in waiting, and led off the mare to Derby, leaving Mr Spriggs, according to his original plan, to walk home across the fields. At Mr Weaver's he met five or six gentlemen of the same honourable profession with himself, whom his host had been kind enough to invite to meet him. They were all jolly happy fellows, such as the Dumpling had been two days before; and before the cloth was well off the table, conversation was in full flow; and Mr Spriggs, without mentioning the name of his antagonist, had informed his companions, that on the very next morning he intended to fight a duel.

"With fists?" enquired Mr Weaver — "I hope he's a little chap with the asthma."

"No, sir," said Mr Spriggs, with a look of considerable disdain; "with pistols. I wish to heaven it were with blunderbusses, that I might send two or three balls into him at once. He's the greatest rascal in England, and

it would be a pleasure to be hanged for murdering him."

Mr Weaver looked horror-struck at such sanguinary sentiments, and began to think the intellects of the usually pacific Dumpling were a little impaired; but, luckily for the maintenance of the last relic of chivalry left among us, there are always gentlemen to be found in every society, who encourage the slightest propensity in other people to an appeal to arms; and in the present instance the warlike resolutions of Mr Spriggs received the warmest support from Mr Harrington Belmore, a dashing haberdasher in the neighbourhood, who, after a course of ringing bells, and wrenching off knockers, and knocking down the more decrepit among the watchmen, was now extremely anxious to conclude his sporting education by being concerned in a duel. In the most friendly manner possible, he offered to be the bearer of the message; and as the Dumpling had kept up the resolution he had come to in the morning, by a rapid succession of bumpers, he seemed perfectly delighted with the obliging offer of his new acquaintance, and swore eternal friendship with him on the spot.

CHAPTER IV.

The conversation flowed in military channels the whole evening. The heroism of Mr Spriggs seemed to be infectious, and every individual of the party had some anecdote to relate, illustrative in the highest degree of his own personal bravery, and the indispensibility of occasionally dropping an ounce or two of lead into an impudent fellow's bread-basket, merely to keep up one's respectability. Harrington Belmore, by his own showing, had pulled, on a long average of years, about twenty-four noses, and broken ten or twelve heads; and so great was his reputation in smashing lamps, and other achievements of a similar kind, that he was universally believed; but when Ephraim Woolls, the most quiet and orderly of men, began to relate adventures of a similar strain, as happening to himself, Mr Harrington Belmore created great amusement, by making minute enquiries as to whether his mother was acquainted with his having

taken a walk; and also, whether the report was really true that she had disposed of her mangle. Mr Woolls fired up, and proposed to settle the matter at once with fowling-peices loaded with tenpenny nails; but by the interposition of the company, matters were adjusted without proceeding to such dreadful extremities. But the indignation of Mr Harrington Belmore, at being thus apparently bullied, although prevented from displaying itself in an assault on the nose of the offender, rankled deep in his heart; and in spite of all the wine he drank, and the jollity that was going on, and the songs that were sung, he resolved to have revenge. And accordingly, when the meeting broke up about twelve o'clock, and the rest of the party departed in their respective gigs, to their several homes, he determined, as in duty bound, to accompany his principal, (who, however, for several hours before, had got into so universally philanthropic a frame of

mind, that at that moment he would have lent half-a-crown even to Mr Nokes,) and execute vengeance by the way on the insolent Mr Woolls. For this purpose he hurried the smiling Mr Spriggs across the fields, by a very short cut towards the first milestone, feeling sure, if they made good use of their legs, they should get to that point of the road before Mr Woolls could arrive at it in his gig, as he had a considerable round to go. Over stiles, through hedges, and across banks, accordingly, he hurried the Dumpling, who conjectured that it was probably a steeple chase in which he was engaged.

"Now, then, my fine feller," said Harrington Belmore, "we'll have some fun with that boasting blackguard, Ephraim Woolls. Luckily, there ain't no great shakes of a moon, so we can't be recognised; you let me tie your handkercher over your hat, button up your coat, and go up to the man in the gig. I'll hold the horse in the mean time, and you'll see what a prodigious fright the wretch will be in. I'll teach the fellow to talk about fighting with tenpenny nails."

Mr Spriggs, after a night of deep excitement, had a peculiar habit of speaking as little as he could. He therefore suffered his companion to muffle up his head, and executed all his other directions with the most submissive alacrity possible. They had not long to wait. "Now, then," said Harrington Belmore, "here he comes. I know his horse by the roaring—out on him,"—and Mr Spriggs, assuming as majestic an air as his muffled condition would allow, went up to the occupant of the gig, and held out his hand, while his companion at the same moment laid hold of the horse's head.

Without saying a word, but evidently in a state of the most intense alarm, the little man delivered into the hand of Mr Spriggs a purse, a pocket-book, a handkerchief, and a bunch of keys. Mr Harrington Belmore, who knew by the jingle of these various articles that his object was gained, loosed the horse, and gave it a kick at starting that made it spring rapidly forward, bringing the wheel on Mr Sprigg's toe.

"Hurra, my boy!" said Mr Harrington Belmore, "we've done him. By George, what a laugh there'll be against him to-morrow. Here, give me the spoils. Wasn't it capital?"

"By no means," said Mr Spriggs; "blowed if he hasn't pinched off my shoe; see, here's my stocking. How the deuce can I walk so far without a shoe?"

"Poh, cuss your shoe," said the victorious Belmore; "lean on my arm. You can't possibly find it in this dusty road. Come along."

Mr Spriggs allowed himself to be persuaded; and, after some difficulty, he found his way in safety to the commercial room of the Red Cow. Here a glass of brandy and water recovered him from the fatigues of the walk, and restored him in some measure to a consciousness of his position. Mr Harrington Belmore laughed him out of his fears of the superhuman energies of Mr Nokes; and kept him up to his original intention of calling that gentleman out, by a threat, very distinctly enunciated, that if Mr Spriggs hesitated on the subject, Mr Belmore would call out Mr Spriggs.

When with the morning cool reflection came, accompanied by an unquenchable thirst, and a tremulousness in the hand which rendered shaving a service of great danger, Mr Spriggs exerted all the ingenuity he was master of, to devise a mode of escaping from the necessity of challenging Mr Nokes. But the Scylla and Charybdis between which he was placed, left him only a choice of evils, and he resolved to choose that of risking himself against the lawyer. By this arrangement, he had a double advantage—that of stopping the machinations of an enemy, and getting quit of a rival; for he had some lingering hopes, that if Mr Nokes showed the white feather, he should have no further difficulty in obtaining the hand of the rich and fascinating Miss Podds. Accordingly, when Mr Harrington Belmore made his appearance at a very early hour, bearing a large blue bag, which he deposited on the table, and extracted therefrom a pair of gigantic horse pistols, from which it at once struck Mr Spriggs that his enemy could have no possibility of escape—his courage called forth an enthusiastic compliment from his friend.

"That's right, my boy—you should have been a grenadier—never saw any body cooler in my life. How do you think these will do?"

"Oh, uncommon!"—said Mr Spriggs—"I think one of the slugs is sure to

hit him—that is, if he comes to the scratch.”

“But he *must* come, my dear fellow; if he doesn’t, I’ll knock his teeth down his throat.”

“I beg you won’t—not on my account,” replied the Dumpling; “but it’s impossible. Did you ever see his teeth? You can’t get ’em down his throat; there ain’t room for one of them.”

“Never mind—you’ll see I’ll bring him to the field, my boy; so finish your breakfast in peace. I shan’t be long.”

“Well, but hadn’t I better write a note to him?”

“God bless ye, no! He’ll charge you six and eightpence for reading it, and thirteen and fourpence for writing the answer. Leave it all to me.”

“Very well,” said the Dumpling; “but I say, Belmore, I should like to have an hour to prepare. I’ve a good deal to do. I’ve a person or two to see.”

“Oh, by all means. I never hurry on occasions like this. It’s now half-past seven. I won’t fix the meeting till half-past eight. That’s a whole hour; good-bye; take a go of rum and milk—it’s an excellent thing in the morning, and steadies the hand amazingly.”

Whether or not Mr Spriggs followed his friend’s advice, cannot now be discovered. He went out and saw his black mare fed; he patted her on the neck, and told her—though that was probably in confidence—that if she was only seven years old, he wouldn’t sell her for thirty pounds; he then, in pursuance of a resolution he had come to at breakfast, hurried rapidly to the house of Mr Pidsley, and, with trembling voice, asked the maid, who was busy sweeping the stairs, if Miss Podds was dressed, and visible. He opened the drawing-room door, and saw before him the object of his admiration, in an elegant *deshabillé*, consisting of a long flannel dressing-gown, tied with red ribbons, sitting at the piano, and practising the very tune he had praised on the Tuesday evening!

The Dumpling looked pale and hot. He took out his red silk handkerchief, and wiped his brow. Miss Podds started up in alarm.

“Gracious! Mr Spriggs! who would have thought of seeing you at this early hour! In this dress, too! dear! —comme il est drole!”

“Not by any means droll, if you knew all,” replied the Dumpling, sadly. “I’m come to bid you adieu, miss, perhaps for ever.”

“Brewin and Bolt haven’t failed, have they?” enquired the lady; “if so, you can soon get another situation; a gentleman of your address”——

“Ah, Juler!—if you will allow me to call you so—you speak of my address—it’s uncommon civil in you so to do; but at the same time, circumstances have occurred, since I came to this town, which makes it possible that I may die a sudden death.”

“La! does the doctor say anything about apoplexy? You should lose a little blood.”

“P’raps a great quantity,” said Mr Spriggs, in a mysterious tone. “In fact, miss, I came here to take a solemn leave of you, in case I never see you again; and, under present circumstances, to tell you that what I do is for your sake—yes, Juler! it’s all along of you that I put my life in jeopardy.”

“Oh, how agitating! What is it all about? You said you wanted to see my uncle.—What has happened? —comme je suis affreux!”

“If I am all right at two o’clock, I will dine with you to-day; but I couldn’t leave you without preparing you for what may occur.”

“But you don’t tell me what may occur?”

“Perhaps,” said the Dumpling, “Mr Nokes may be the happy man to explain it all.”

“Mr Nokes!—happy man!—What are you talking of? You frighten me.”

But at this moment the head of Mr Harrington Belmore was pushed in at the door with a very ominous meaning.

“I see,” cried the Dumpling, “my time’s up; farewell, Miss Juler!”—he took her hand, and was just going to do something very romantic, when old Mr Grambler entered the room by another door, and, on seeing Mr Spriggs and Mr Belmore, rushed like a demoniac towards the fireplace, seized the poker, and, roaring lustily for help, stood on the defensive, as if in instantaneous dread of an attack.

“Help! help! send for Mr Nokes! —William! Thomas! seize them—Catch the villains!” While the old gentleman was vociferating in this astonishing manner, Mr Spriggs was

hurried into the street by his companion.

"Well—will he fight?" enquired the Dumpling.

"No," said Mr Belmore, quite crestfallen. "I believe Mr Nokes to be the devil, and no mistake. I'll tell you all: I went to see him—civil fellow, showed no end of teeth—half a yard of smile, and the rest snarl—told him you wanted to have the pleasure of shooting him—he said you were very obliging, and would get you bound over, of course. 'I've a friend in the house,' says he, 'and I always like to do things before a witness;' and who do you think he gets in from his back office but Ephraim Woolls. 'Oho!' says I, 'Ephraim has been consulting the lawyer about our lark last night'—"

"The devil he has!" said Mr Spriggs; "then it's all up. That fellow Nokes will hang us both to a certainty."

"It's a bad business, certainly," pursued Mr Harrington Belmore, "for there's no passing it off for a spree."

"Why not? When Woolls knows all about it, we shall only have a laugh."

"Hush, man," said Belmore; "it wasn't Woolls we stopped"—

"No!"

"No, I tell you. It was a deaf old fellow of the name of Grambler, who was coming into Derby. His horse is a roarer"—

"Then we're done!—that was old Grambler that attacked us this moment. He knows us.—We shall both be hanged."

"They've no proof against me," said Mr Belmore; "but as for you, my dear fellow, I'm afraid there's no chance of escape. Old Grambler immediately drove to Nokes's.—Nokes went out that moment to the spot, and found"—

"My infernal shoe!"

"Just so. And a word in your ear—as I wish to save myself from any disagreeable consequences, I intend to go directly and turn king's evidence. I advise you to get out of the way for a while; perhaps they'll see it was all a mistake."

The Dumpling was entirely floored; he felt sure of Newgate and the gallows if he staid an hour in Derby, and at a turning of the street, he let go the arm of Mr Harrington Belmore—he was enquired for at the Red Cow by multitudes of people—some with red cuffs on their coats, and one gentleman was peculiarly active, distinguished by remarkably long teeth—but the waiter had not seen him since eight o'clock. Miss Podds was examined about his conversation. She said that he had told her circumstances had occurred that made it probable he would die a sudden death.

"Hanging," said Mr Nokes.

"That it was entirely for her sake he had put his life in jeopardy."

"By robbing an old gentleman on the king's highway," was the running comment of Mr Nokes.

But at last, as the Dumpling was nowhere to be found, his black mare was sold to defray its keep, and fetched seven pound ten—a new representative was appointed by the house of Brewin and Bolt, who is an honour to our society—and a very stout gentleman, who had assumed the name of Black, and had settled as a most respectable grocer in a beautiful village on the borders of Wales, was reading the *Times* one morning behind his counter, and saw the following line,—

"On Wednesday, the 10th, Hilary Nokes, Esq. of Derby, to Miss Julia Podds of the same place."

"The rascal!" said the fat gentleman, "he has got the four thousand after all."

The fat gentleman was no other than Mr Spriggs.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

PART X.

LONDON RECREATIONS.

"What is a gentleman without his recreations?"

SPORTS and pastimes form part of the character of a people, and are in a degree evidences of the turn and bent of their character: the serious business of life is reflected in the gay: the child is the father of the man at play as well as at work: there is a business in the idleness of a people from which the attentive observer will not fail to form a pretty fair estimate of their peculiar habits of life, tendencies, and characteristics. No description, therefore, of any particular class can be considered complete without some observations on their methods of amusement: the picture displeases the eye where all is the deep shadow of worldly business and care; the sunshine of relaxation must be allowed to fall strong upon it, and we must exhibit the sunny side of life together with the shadowy. Sports and pastimes are parts, and no humble ones, of history: rude and barbarous, in rude and barbarous ages, they refine as we refine; and in their transition from exercises of brute force, from feats of arms, and vulgar debauchery, to pastimes in which mind participates, and the pleasures of the understanding mingle with the gratifications of the senses, you mark the successive epochs of advancing civilization. But it is not only the past history of a nation that is thus assisted by pursuing against the current of descending time these shifting scenes of their amusements, but the present: nothing in the character of a people is so distinctively national as their amusements: take a Frenchman for example, or rather French boy; the first implement he is taught to handle is a penny pop-gun, whence he dischargeth pith balls with deadly aim against the noses of his tutor, nurse, or maiden aunt: the first *franc* he lays his hands on is expended at the shooting ground, where his ambition is gratified with the sight of a *real* gun, the smell of *real* powder, and the lingering of *real* bullets: his first "long tail blue" is a mimic uniform

of the National Guard: his earliest song, and his latest, is some rattle-trap jingle, every line ending in "*gloire*," rhyming with "*victoire*!" his hand is ever on his musket or his sword, and he carries the warlike tastes of his infancy to the grave. Then, as to dancing: he dances into the world, pirouettes through life, and makes his exit in a caracole; existence to him is but a long-drawn *contredanse*, and whether it go well or ill, rough or smooth, he takes it easy, laughs and bows if every thing goes right, laughs and shrugs his shoulders if any thing goes wrong, and has a knack of making himself happy despite philosophy.

"Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
Alike all ages, dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-score."

Then the Spaniards—would not a man utterly ignorant of the melancholy history of that romantic and chivalrous, but unfortunate nation, after beholding one of their barbarous bull-fights, the arena reeking with the entrails of ripped up men and horses, yet *graced* by the presence and plaudits of nobles and dames of high degree, predicate, from the blood-thirsty *gusto* exhibited by old and young, high and low, rich and poor, at these national entertainments, a people distinguished throughout Europe for pre-eminence in the elegant accomplishment of cutting each other's throats? And the guitar, too,—is it not the instrument of intrigue?—are its chords not made to blend their doubtful tones with the warbling of the gay serenader in ambush beneath his mistress's window? In the dances of Spain, how much of the national character is there not

portrayed? How much stately pride and subdued voluptuousness are there not developed in the inimitable *Cachuca*? How much romance in the erratic, capricious movements of the *Gitana*?

Germany has her heart set upon strong beer, tobacco, and the *valtz*—strange combination; the slaves of all nations, white and black, find their pride and solace in a fiddle, and what fills better than a fiddle the arms of a slave? Scotland has her bagpipe, her toddy, her golf, her curling matches, and her reels. Ireland her hurling matches, jigs, wakes, and football playings. England her cricket, her rural dances, sports, and fairs. Recreation is the sleep of worldly care; every where, and with every class, the bow must be sometimes unbent. With all its power, glory, wealth, unhappy is the land that cannot afford to be a little idle, and miserable the man who despises or disdains the small extravagances of time or money by which the wheels of life are oiled, and we are enabled to bowl merrily along in our pilgrimage from this world to the next!

The enjoyments of the Londoners are, like themselves, chiefly of a solid and reflective cast,—

“ Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band : ”

their very recreations have an air of business: their mirth is not boisterous, nor their recreation devoid of gravity; active or athletic sports their inclination is averse to, and that comparative privation of great bodily strength attendant upon town life, sedentary habits, and advanced civilization, precludes their participating in these generally, yet there is no people in the world so fond of *beholding* athletic exercises. The wrestling matches of the Cornish and Cumberland men at Chalk Farm in the summer is an exhibition of the most exciting sort; forms of muscular strength are there exhibited that would not suffer by a comparison with the *torso* of a Hercules; while the extraordinary and apparently impossible feats of strength realize, to an active imagination, the Olympic games of Greek and Roman fame. Now that the demoralizing and debasing spectacle of men pummelling one another to a jelly for a purse of sovereigns, is shocking, only from the recollection that such things have been; now that

the exploits of the “fancy” are confined to bruiseless, bloodless exhibitions of its professors, in the National Arena in the Westminster Road, we may calmly reflect whether or not one advantage has been gained from the encouragement, in bygone days, of what some call the “noble,” but which may be fairly denominated the *manly* science of defence. The vulgar of all nations must, we suppose, have quarrels, and some weapon or other must needs be used in their encounters; some are notorious for the use of the knife, others fling stones, others again fracture skulls with sticks: we do not know whether we ought to pride ourselves in settling disputes by any sort of violence, but we do think the weapons wherewith nature has furnished us are those most fitting for defence in any ordinary emergencies; nor can we imagine that the education of the fist, for the purposes of protection from ruffianly violence or insult, if the disgusting spectacle of mercenary combats be strictly prohibited, can be more objectionable than the more gentlemanly, but certainly more deadly accomplishments of the fencing school or shooting gallery. The poor, like the rich, have their differences: they have, too, their pride, resentments, and points of honour; they give and receive satisfaction in their own off-handed way; and if any are disposed to put down poor devils of the fisty-cuff school, we say, let gentlemen mend their manners, and set a good example.

When wandering about the streets of London, catering, as in duty bound, for the entertainment of the indulgent reader, we sometimes observe a little knot of wranglers, senior and junior, at the corner of some unfrequented street: no snowball propelled along the playground by the lusty lads of Westminster School or Harrow, accumulates with half the rapidity of the encircling crowd: our superior altitude enables us to behold in the midst two fustian-coated artizans interchanging short and sharp phrases of magnanimous defiance: declaration is followed by plea, replication by rejoinder, rebutter by surrebutter, with all the ingenuity, without the tediousness, of a special pleader; at last, the *lie direct* is given, and issue being joined by a couple of “facers,” right and left, the parties proceed to trial, and the en-

circling crowd impannels itself into a special jury to try the fact—which is the better man. The ground being slippery, or the ring indifferently kept, the combatants usually close, after some hard hitting, and roll together into the kennel. The uppermost buffer, in the heat of passion, and probably unconscious that he is grossly violating the rules of the ring, deals his prostrate antagonist a thump on the head; now, mark the moral of the tale—a yell of execration rises from the mob, as from one pair of stentorian lungs—*fair play* is the cry—the little urchins, who have deserted Punch and the hurdy-gurdy to swell the crowd, peering between the legs of their seniors, to catch a glimpse of the combat, squeak *fair play* round the periphery of the ring—the waterman from the neighbouring coachstand, who is an amateur, deals the delinquent a lusty kick in the ribs, as a broad hint to mend his manners, and four or five cabmen simultaneously take off their coats, and offer in a breath to “take the conceit out of the *cove* what offers to larrup a man *when he's down*.”

Up and at it again—foul play is no longer thought of, and both men prove themselves trumps; but, warehawk!—a policeman turns the corner, and in a twinkling the game is up; the combatants put on their jackets and caps, their friends, slapping them on the back, make them shake hands to show that they bear no malice—some rude words of apology are proffered and received, and a gallon of beer makes the combatants better friends than ever.

One fine day, after a heavy fall of rain, we were sauntering down Piccadilly on our way to the Park for an airing, when we observed a gent with a fast-trotting horse bowl a lady along in his gig: we call him *a gent*, for a gentleman, who is a horse of another colour, is never seen bowling ladies along in gigs: however, be he who he may or what he might, a scavenger's cart, employed in its daily avocations, was, contrary to all established rules and regulations, drawn up across the street: the gent, after a few words of remonstrance, which were replied to by a volley of abuse from the scavenger, gave the lady the reins, and descended for the purpose of pulling the filthy encumbrance out of his way; a fistful of mud was instantaneously

projected at the gent by the refractory fan-tail; whereupon, to the great consternation of the by-standers, the latter coolly took off his coat, hat, and gloves, and tackled the fan-tail, demolishing his beauty in a handful of rounds, and finally leading him by the nose to the head of his horse, and compelling him to remove his obstructive nuisance to its proper position in the kennel. The cheers of the populace, who are ever admirers of what is vulgarly, but expressively, called *pluck*, and the smiles of the lady in the gig, rewarded our hero, who pursued his way rejoicing, leaving behind him in the minds of the spectators a lesson of manners more practical than any to be found in Chesterfield's *Letters*.

Another instance of the corrective influence upon ruffians, of the impartial administration of the fist, we had an opportunity of witnessing not long since in Tavistock Square. A poor aged foreigner, encumbered with bird-cages which he was offering for sale, was surrounded by four or five drunken butchers, who were taunting and abusing him, and injuring his little property; the fellows were evidently drunk, for even a London butcher in his intervals of sobriety is not exempt from that instinct of fair play which pervades all classes of Englishmen. The poor old man was in tears, imploring, in his broken English, permission to be allowed to proceed peaceably on his way—but in vain. At this instant, two gentlemen entered the square—they looked like father and son: the younger stopped, and quickly handing his cloak to the elder, demanded of the ruffians a cessation of their unmanly persecution of age and infirmity. The reply was in the untranslatable language of ruffianism, and the rejoinder was equally prompt—levelling the most brawny of the butchers with the ground. In his fall, a tray filled with meat, carried on the shoulder of one of the party, was overturned, and in an instant the contest was decided; the blue-coated fraternity, perceiving their legs of mutton, sirloins of beef, and fillets of veal, scattered here and there, forgot their kindling wrath, and instantly abandoned the field to the benevolent victor; who, putting a piece of money into the hand of the astonished foreigner, accompanying him a little distance from the spot to prevent fur-

ther insult, resumed his cloak, took the arm of his friend, and quitted the square amid the acclamations of the spectators. We mention these trifling incidents, not because they have any particular connexion with our present subject, but because they serve to elucidate part of the character of this people—a prompt redress of insult or injustice, without lurking ill-will, or heart-cherished, enduring hatred; the love of fair play, which finds its way even into the blackguard's code of honour, are not unworthy observation in forming our estimate of the spirit and courage of any nation whatsoever.

We have witnessed a few *impromptu* sets-to; never a prize fight—we never shall. We have had the pain of being compelled to assist at a few combats of the silver-fork school, called duels; but we honestly confess, with profound deference to the silver-fork school, that we think a short “turn-up” in the heat of blood on the spot, and at the time, with the object of our resentment, and no malice borne when it is over, infinitely more satisfactory to all parties interested, than exchange of cards, foolish friends, Wormwood Scrubs, cold frosty morning, twelve

paces, Mantons for two, a bullet in the thorax, and Rhadamanthus Wakley the coroner. So long as the exercise of the manly science of self-defence is prohibited as a disgusting display of mercenary gladiatorship, and encouraged as an exhibition of science and strength, under the proper restriction of the “muffler,” so long, we may rest assured, the atrocities of the knife, the dirk, the paving-stone, or the shillela, will never be the weapons of Englishmen, and fair play will ever be, as it ever has been, their jewel.

But to return to our subject—from which we have digressed, just as we take up the gloves now and then, when we are brain-worn and weary, to promote the circulation of the blood—the robust and athletic sports are not encouraged about London as we could wish. The gradual inclosure of the open spaces and exercising grounds has contributed in a great degree to bar all opportunity of pursuing the more manly exercises; while the advancing tide of civilization has deprived them of much of their pristine power to please, and carried the popular mind towards modes of relaxation better adapted to a forced and highly artificial condition of society.

SOCIAL RELAXATIONS

Form almost the only enjoyment of a vast number of the inhabitants of London—the fireside, the pipe, the pot, and the paper, are their amusements: the latter affords them a reflection, as it were, of whatever amusement is going forward, without the crowd, fatigue, or trouble of assisting there: in the paper, sitting quietly by his fireside, the Londoner, after the business fatigues of the day, can form a better idea of the merits of the last new comedy, opera, or farce, than if he had put himself to the trouble and inconvenience of attending the performance: whatever of procession, ceremony, or such-like, is going forward, is marshalled upon the broad sheet of the newspaper, as it was marshalled by the master of the ceremonies: the many good things that have been eaten, and the few that have been said, at a Mansion-house dinner, are recorded for him in the paper with an accuracy no enquiry of his own could ever approach: the names of the fashionables who at-

tended at Almack's in the west, and at the Chimney-sweepers' Benevolent Annual Ball in the east, are catalogued by the newspaper with scrupulous fidelity: in the newspaper, the most intimate affairs of his neighbours at large are laid open through the medium of police reports, law reports, and Parliamentary reports, as it would seem merely for his especial amusement: kingdoms change masters, empires rise and fall, dynasties are undone, battles fought, and long lists of killed and wounded published, merely to entertain him: accounts of expeditions sent out, at the instigation of oily-tongued Pharisees, to civilize, by means of new rum and small-pox, the nasty, rancid, bow-legged, lark-heeled, baboon-faced, abominable, black niggers, wherein our brave countrymen perish by wholesale unpitifully, for the entertainment of the philanthropic reader and Buxton the brewer of Whitechapel: accounts of banquets at Stafford House,

and death by starvation in Spitalfields ; statements of accidents, offences, bankruptcies, singular occurrences, and sudden deaths : not only the mere record of passing occurrences, but the spirit of the events of the day, retrospectively considered, and prospectively, by able men, entertain the worthy citizen in his dressing-gown and slippers, with his heels on the fender : the world, its cares, business, amusements, is brought into his breakfast parlour, and having been well-aired, is laid upon the table in the *microcosm* of the newspaper.

It is nowise wonderful, therefore, that the Londoner, whose soul and body are absorbed in his avocations, should find his chief amusement in perusing this wondrous daily mass of the revolving world ; he would indeed be enamoured of fatigue who is not content to find all that is interesting, exciting, or amusing, within the broad sheet whose treasures are daily unfolded before him. The intense concentration of body and mind upon the business of the day, is another reason why the Londoner finds his greatest relaxation in complete repose ; his clean-swept hearth, his comfortable wife, his prattling little ones, and the evening paper, make the best and most heartfelt pleasures—at least we imagine as much—the laborious citizen can enjoy. Then there is the blessed Sunday, when the mire and dirt of mind and body is washed off, and the brain cleared of the cobwebs of the week, and put in order for a day of peace and quiet : when those who are impressed with a sense of their religious obligations, delight in discharging them, and those who have no sense of religion whatever—and in London their number is not few—cannot help thanking God, in their hearts, that there is one day of the seven, when the shop is shut, the workmen discharged, ledgers, journals, and petty cash-books put to bed, and customers forgotten.

We often think—Heaven help us !—that on Sunday there is a sabbath in the air—we think the spirits that preside over the harmony of Heaven walk upon the viewless winds, and hush them to repose in reverence of the sacred day ; the sun himself shines placidly upon the tranquil earth : the clouds hang in graceful forms from the vault of the firmament ; the little choristers of the groves, to our ear,

have something hymn-like in their sabbath song of praise : peace visibly descends upon the brute creation, and nature arrays herself in robes of brighter green : the heart of man participates in the holy calm of the day of rest, forgets tempestuous passions and worldly cares, and expands beyond itself, as it would taste, ere death, somewhat of the peace of a promised immortality.

Among the Sabbath virtues and pleasures, hospitality with the Londoners is not forgotten ; the added pudding, and the supererogatory joint, are not produced for the purposes of solitary gratification,—cousin Tom and his wife and child are expected to join their friends on that day, from the unexplored territories of Bayswater, or the *terra incognita* of Camden Town. Aunt Martha, punctually at two, expects her favourite nephew and niece, who will take good care to be there to the minute, as they also, like aunt Martha, have *their* expectations. The miscellaneous Mr Smiths engaged in the city, where they reside, with partial board, during the week, join their respective “governors” and anxious mothers at the suburban villages of Islington, Kensington, or Clerkenwell. Bank directors and eminent city merchants entertain a few friends at their country-seats round the metropolis ; the fat fowl, now twirling suspended before the fire from a bit of string, hooked on to a fork stuck in the mantelpiece, and which, while we read a sermon of Jeremy Taylor, we take care to preserve in a rotatory motion round its axis, basting at intervals, is the subscription dinner of ourselves and Frank Standish, who is to be here punctually at five, to eat his share of the aforesaid circumrotatory capon, and to entertain us with a full, true, and particular account of the splendid success of his last article in the Infernal Magazine, yclept, “The Spectre Tom-Cat, or the Haunted Wash-house,” with the episode of the rat under the tiles. At eight o’clock, D’Orsay, Sam Rogers, Moore, Edwin Landseer, and a sprinkling of titles, will sit down to a quiet dinner in one of the mansions of the nobility at the west end, and have an evening afterwards heathen gods and goddesses might envy.

There are some, however, who exercise the Sunday virtue after a different fashion. Our friend Dick Dis-

mal is of the number. Dick, who was as gay as a lark, though not quite so early a riser, in our younger days, married into a serious family, and a very serious business the marriage turned out for Dick. We encountered him the other day, emerging from the Religious Tract Depository, with a parcel under his arm; we enquired what he had got there—the poor fellow blushed, and said something about a small purchase he was making for Mrs D. On enquiring what day we could take dinner with him, he regretted to hear that Sunday was our only open day, but finally, summing up courage, he hazarded a provoke for Sunday.

On Sunday we went, accordingly, with the intention of spending the day; the door of Dick Dismal's handsome house in Tabernacle Place was opened by a maid of such melancholy face and mien, that she might have sat excellently well for the Virgin *a los dolores*. Our first enquiry, stimulated by her funereal aspect, was whether all the family were well; having received a satisfactory reply, we were ushered into a cold formal parlour, the walls painted Quaker colour, and decorated with portraits in mezzotint, of prim-visaged, square-cut, black-aviced fellows, whose physiognomies alone would have found them guilty in any court in Christendom.

Dick Dismal and his lady, entering the room, put an end to our investigation; Dick was glad to see us, especially as we could have a seat in his pew during the morning ministrations of the Reverend SOUR KROUT, while the lady congratulated herself that we should have an opportunity of comparing the pulpit oratory of the Reverend RASPER HELLHOLES, who was to preach in the afternoon; but cautioned us not to be led away by his apostolic elocution, until we concluded the day by bestowing our best attention upon the Reverend FEROCIOUS HOWL. In the mean time, while she went to prepare for chapel, she

put into our hands a volume of the "Missionary Martyrs," containing an account of the ceremonies observed by the Catawampa Indians, in cooking the Reverend JABEZ SMEDDUM, with the miraculous combustion of the body, evolving a supernatural smell of rum, by which the cannibals were deprived of their feast, and by the assistance of a fresh importation of new tracts and old Jamaica, were finally converted to Christianity. Of the sermons we shall say no more than that they were impressive in the extreme, if howling, cursing, ranting, thumping, and convulsions, could make them so. There were three collections in the course of the day, for the purpose of diffusing primitive Mugletonianism among the natives of Boothia Felix. Between the acts—we beg pardon—the devotions, we returned to dinner: a loin of veal roasted the day before, and untouched, a ham, and other substantialities, composed our meal; there were also a couple of dishes or so of *hot* vegetables; and although Dick Dismal and his lady assured us of their abhorrence of Sabbath cookery, we could not help thinking this was blowing hot and cold, or cheating the devil in the dark: we were content, however, to make our dinner on potatoes and greens hot, and veal and ham cold, saying nothing on the subject. But imagine, truly Christian reader, you, whose dishes are as warm as your welcome, a loin of veal, choicest of good gifts, that should smoke in a red sea of delicious gravy, roasted the day before! reflect, if you can with fortitude, upon the fate of the exquisite kidney, that should come to table nestling in its layers of semi-liquid fat, being suffered to congeal in untasted blessedness, and sent to table petrified in suet, like a toad in a cold stone! imagine the accompanying potables, parsnip wine and bad Teneriffe, and avoid, as you love your peace, the Dick Dismals of your acquaintance!

GOING IN STATE.

Processions, parades, and reviews, form one of the principal sources of innocent recreation to the Londoner. He is a perfect child in his admiration of *spectacle*; if you doubt it, borrow

a drum and beat a *tattoo* at the corner of a street; in a couple of shakes you will collect the whole disposable force of the vicinity. Going in state is, however, what mainly delights your

true-born Cockney; his soul is in arms, and eager for the show. When her Majesty or the Lord Mayor go in state, holidays unnoticed in the Almanacs are observed by him with religious scrupulosity; and although one of these shows is as like another show, as one egg is like another egg, yet your Cockney is the most miserable mortal in existence if he behold not all. What a day is Lord Mayor's day! what crowds assemble all along the line of procession, from the Mansion-house to the Bridge of Blackfriars! gorgeous is the advanced guard; spirit-stirring the flourish of trumpets from the Horse Guards' band, borrowed for the occasion; magnaminous the City Marshal in his scarlet uniform, jack-boots, and cocked hat; magnificent the glass coaches of the sheriffs, decorated back and sides with the plasterers' or curri-comb-makers' arms; the coachmen and footmen far surpass in gilding the gingerbread of Greenwich, and with the whiteness of their silk stockings and breeches, what among white things can compare? solicitous is the face of the City Solicitor, and that of the Remembrancer full of remembrances; but when the gilded rattle-trap conveying the Lord Mayor, and which looks as if it were long since broken down, heaves slowly into view—what shouts—what a rush to catch a momentary glimpse—what multitudinous echoes rend the answering skies! There the mighty man sits enshrined, bowing now to this side, now to that, like the Mandarin in his own china shop, the Recorder in his big wig staring his Lordship full in the face; the mace-bearer and sword-bearer poking their awful emblems of civic authority and power, sitting *dos à dos*, their state faces perked out of either window; the portly coachman, too, and the bunch of rapiered footmen hanging on behind, fat with scrapings of venison and turtle, must not be forgotten. Let no profane spectator imagine the great civic dignitary, now filling the eye of countless thousands with embodied emanations of glory, a little, squab, duck-legged, four-square, pudding-faced ensample of humanity, with an eye for a hard bargain, and a paunch for a pail-full of turtle soup: if his eyes insist that it is so, don't believe them, but let him run along at the heels of

the procession to behold this Jupiter of the city metamorphosed into the Neptune of the Thames. O, for a taste of the quality of honest John Taylor the water poet, or of Elkanah Settle, last of city laureates, to furbish forth to the fancy of the reader the gilded pomp and magisterial circumstance of the aquatic procession from Blackfriars Bridge, where his Lordship, teetotaller-like, *takes water*, until, after diving under the arches of Waterloo and Westminster, he emerges, amphibious as a turtle, at Palace Yard Stairs, where he takes wine. People talk of the Doge of Venice in his state barge going to wed the Adriatic: did they ever see the Lord Mayor of London in *his* state barge going to ask the Judges to dinner? Going to wed the Adriatic! all mere romancing, trumped up by those good-for-nothing fellows the poets, for a night's lodging or a bit of dinner—we don't believe a word of it! We have heard of marriages sending a man to the dogs, but surely entering into the bonds of wedlock with a gulf is an infallible method of going to the fishes! No, no; there never was any such thing; it is all nonsense—an imagination of the poets, typical and mystical, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. The Doge of Venice, we take it, represented an old bachelor, the Adriatic may have been emblematic of the lovely bride, lit up with smiles and sunshine—pale, tranquil, and interesting to-day; to-morrow lashing herself into a devil of a fury, and breaking all the china and crockery. Would any poet of common sense compare the Doge of Venice to the Lord Mayor of London—the campaigns against the Turks to the exploits of the artillery company and lumber troop—Othello the Moor to the Lord Mayor's black footman in the yellow plushes—the Bucentaur to the Maria Wood—the isle of Cyprus to the Eel-pie island at Twickenham—the Bridge of Sighs to the bridge of Southwark? We wish poets in future would learn manners, and look for materials for epics, tragedies, and sonnets, leaving the Doge of Venice and the Adriatic, in the Lord Mayor's show.

But, to return: the parapets of the bridges are crowded to repletion with the show-loving populace; the barge of the worshipful company of sta-

tioners, by virtue of superior intelligence—mind ever taking precedence of matter—sweeps proudly up, stemming the receding tide with twenty pairs of oars, band playing and colours flying, making its way to Lambeth, there to receive a hamper of wine, from time immemorial the dole of the archbishops of Canterbury: next come the fishmongers, the paten-makers, the barber-surgeons, the skimmers, the ironmongers, and many more, in their barges, as like one to another as golden pippins floating in a pail: last of all comes the guardian angel of the Thames, the Doge of London, in a barge burnished with gold, and filled to suffocation with men in uniform, men at arms, and hogs in armour; now do the *pateraroes*, planted by the wharfs along the river side, shake the air with their reverberations: on high, like incense, ascendeth the unbought acclaim of the mob—loud and long, trumpets proclaim the happy consummation of the dangerous voyage—his lordship, tucking his robe over his left arm, trottesth up the stair, under the shadow of his cocked hat, with the grace and dignity of an old fishwoman with a peck of oysters on her head emerging from a Rochester smack upon the wharf at Billingsgate. Thus far have we conducted the equestrian order of procession, and the aquatic: now is formed a pedestrian array, marshalling his lordship into the awful presence of the Judges of the Queen's Bench and Barons of the Exchequer—"Make way there for the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London," shouts the crier of the court—"Make way there for the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex." Dense is the mob of briefless barristers pushing their way to catch a glimpse of the civic functionaries, and "Make way there for the gentlemen of the bar," shouts the crier, whereat is much laughter. Now is the Lord Mayor presented, in a neat speech from the Recorder, to Lord Denman, who, on the Queen's part, confirms the city's choice: now are hob-nails well and truly paid down upon the nail by Hobler: now are tenders made of horse-shoes, and the citizens, in lieu of certain lands, tenements, and hereditaments, cut sundry sticks. Now doth his lordship, in his choicest phrase, respectfully request Lord Denman and the rest of the

Judges to take pot-luck with him, the which that learned lord, on behalf of self and fellows, duly acknowledgeth, stating what pleasure it will give him and his brother big-wigs to cut his lordship's nut-ton; now the two lords, having smelt at the same nosegay, like the two kings of Brentford, exchange a profusion of bows and smiles, the former retiring in a crustaceous or crab-like manner from the court, followed by mobs of the admiring briefless, whose elongated phizzes sufficiently indicate their regret that their anxious parents had not the good sense to have bound them 'prentices to some reputable trade, by which they might have got an honest living, and perhaps attained to the dignity and state of the truly great man who waddles before them—the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, Conservator of the river Thames, and top-sawyer of every thing and every body between the inside of Temple Bar and the outside of Mile-End. The procession is re-formed in the same gingerbread order; his lordship, undaunted by the dangers of the sea, boldly attempts a second time a voyage to Blackfriars—bells ring a merry peal—*tang—ting—long—tang—tung—ting—tang—tang*—trumpets sound—cannons rattle—bands play—away they go—all alive—mob shouts as if it was hired for the day—they land as before, proceed to the Mansion-house as before—and, thank Heaven, there we have done with them.

But what is all this to that auspicious day, when rumour bruits abroad that her Majesty is graciously minded to go in state—where?—no matter where—for what purpose?—what's that to you? it is sufficient for London to be informed that to-morrow her Majesty will go in state. Let no philosopher, cynic, or patriot, who has failed in getting a place, say, that going in state is nothing but a show, a procession—that he would not go out of his way to see a dozen goings in state, or the like. Never mind, the world of London—our dear, little, densely-populated, good-humored universe, will assist at the going in state—it is excitement for the day—it promotes the circulation of the blood—London likes going in state, and is determined to be there; it is good for trade; makes folks thirsty, helps the revenue, makes

the money fly, gives the dear girls talk for a week, pleases the children, makes the publicans fat and life-guardsmen lean, and every body pleased and happy: there are countless thousands of happy human faces gazing on a show: what's the odds whether the show is a show not worth showing, if multitudes are gratified in beholding it? truly to be pitied is that man who cannot, now and then, be tickled with trifles.

To-morrow the Queen is going in state—in the coffee-houses, taverns, tap-rooms, from Mile-End gate to Hyde Park corner, from Islington to Marsh-gate, from Paddington green to Bermondsey church, nothing is talked of but the promised occurrence of her Majesty going in state.

The line of procession—the hour—the which way, and wherefore—who will be permitted to go, and who will not—who is to stay at home to mind the house and cook the victuals—who is to have the ungracious duty of mounting guard over the shop—all this, and much more, is the subject-matter of discussion at every fireside in the metropolis. Now do over-worked apprentices prefer their earnest request to their masters to be permitted to take a forenoon's relaxation in seeing the procession—pale-faced dressmakers purchase the same privilege at the expense of their dinners—the mechanic is content to lose half a day's work—the little son of our landlady, at this moment, is heard to declare he will go without dinner, and have a bit of bread and cheese, sooner than miss the chance of seeing the King of Prussia—our landlord, a hard-working poor man, whose baker's bill amounts to eleven shillings a-week, devotes a day—that is to say five shillings sterling, and his expenses—to treat his wife and family to a sight of the King of Prussia; his eldest daughter, little Mary, is now sobbing bitterly below stairs, having been appointed housekeeper for the day, and utterly refuses to do her copy, or read her lesson, until we have kindly promised to answer the door for her, and let her have the unspeakable felicity of beholding the King of Prussia, with the rest of the family. The love of royalty is assuredly an “ultimate fact” in the constitution of an Englishman—an innate principle of his nature; he is independent of monarchy,

yet he respects and loves the monarch; he has placed the law above the king, yet he loves the king above the law. The reason of this is obvious; acknowledging no “right divine of kings to govern wrong,” he fears not their despotism, for he knows that over him there can be no despot; his tribute of respect is spontaneous, and bestowed from the overflowings of his heart: if the monarch be personally disliked, your Englishman pursues him not with huzzas, nor delights in his appearances in public, but he respects the monarch, as the chief magistrate appointed under the law; if, on the contrary, the reigning sovereign be a personal favourite, then there are no bounds to his enthusiasm, it is the free-offering of an undemanding privilege—a homage, given because it cannot be compelled, and received in the spirit in which it is given.

The eventful day appears—but dismal, dark, and foggy—looks like rain, or sleet, or snow, or all three together. Many are the misgivings about going to see the going in state—many the doubts of the propriety of putting on best bonnets, and spick-and-span new hats. But the day has been gazetted, and if the clerk of the weather office is determined to put a damper on the festivities, more shame to him. The earliest intimation the morning peripatetic has of the intended going in state, is a continuous line of poor creatures carrying forms, chairs, three-legged stools, old baskets, and every thing that can possibly confer a temporary altitude upon the purchaser, along the intended line of procession. Battalions of police of all the divisions, from A to Z inclusive, issue forth, marshalled by their respective superintendents, distinguishable by silver embroidery upon their slatternly cut coats, and file through St James's Park, to the great amusement of the guardsmen upon duty, who delight in ridiculing the mock-military evolutions of the awkward squad. These important functionaries are stationed at short intervals, all the way from the triumphal arch at Buckingham Palace to the entrances of both Houses of Parliament, baton in hand, and girths encircling the cuffs, to show that they are on active service. The fashionable, getting up at noon, and looking from the window of his dressing-room,

observes an unintermitted current of human beings, setting strongly in one direction—the direction of the going in state.

And now the courtier sun, like a trimming politician, comes over to the court, dispersing the demagogues of fog, and compelling the clouds to fly before him, like an aggregate meeting on the approach of the yeomanry cavalry; now he smiles, and shines, and looks his best, for all the world as if he expected a place under government.

Dense and more dense becomes the accumulating mob. A little while ago there was space to move about, but every body now is taking a place, and running about to look out for a stunted spectator, over whose shoulder they may have a peep to greatest advantage. Now mounted equeuries and commissioners of police gallop hither and thither, preparing the way for the coming cavalcade. The artillerymen are at their guns in the enclosure, linestocks in hand, and all ready to announce, with mimic thunder, the moment the royal *cortège* leaves the Palace. Now the mob begins to be impatient, jostling its fellow mob at either hand, undulating to and fro in one compact mass, and pressing hard upon the police, who struggle to repress it, like so many King Canutes or Mrs Partingtons. At length, so compact is the substance of the crowd, that it ceases to move—the tide is at the flood—you can move neither backwards nor forwards, to the left or to the right. There is a substantial street of mob. For a little while all is still, but anon the Horse Guards clock, whose undisputed right to regulate the sun extends as far as Temple Bar, there resigning his empire over time to the orthodox time-piece of St Paul's, hums *ONE*. The Royal Standard on the triumphal arch flutters, and is lowered—a low murmur like the distant sound of a mill-tail runs along the line—the cannons open their fiery throats—*THE QUEEN IS COMING*—and all is noise, hurry, bustle, and confusion.

First come, trotting slowly, a detachment of Life Guards clearing the way—their sabres glisten in the air—their bearskin caps flout the sky—ladies are in raptures—such divine men, such lovely coats, beautiful swords—fascinating mustaches—handsome horses; and then the officer,

covered with gold lace—divine, love-inspiring man!—tremble now, ye unwhiskered beaux, for the affections of your fair ones, and assure yourselves, that however your belles may regard you, at this moment that dear delightful officer is the god of their idolatry; and whatever sweet smiles they may condescendingly bestow on you, 'tis of that Adonis of the household troops they are thinking all the while. But the ladies have no time to fall desperately in love, for the beef-eaters appear—remarkable old files, in the fashion of the days of Elizabeth, with embroidered frocks, and little porringer velvet caps, bedizened with red and white ribbon, halberts over their shoulders, tottering and shambling along, like pilgrims of the unboiled peas;—next following, behold several preliminary carriages and four, containing lovely ladies of the bed-chamber in lappets and diamonds, and fair-faced, elegant gentlemen of the *ditto*, in blue embroidered coats, and elegantly fitting primrose tights:—a little pretty-faced page, in a military uniform, lolls carelessly in the lap of a lovely lady, like a sucking Mars nurtured by one of the Graces: next, in a carriage and six splendid bays, comes the Master of the Horse, a grand and awe-inspiring personage: after him, in a carriage with half-a-dozen beautiful blacks, the gracious-looking Mistress of the Robes: and *then*, heralded by another squadron of horse, moves past us, more slowly than the rest, a pale, fair form, of youthful grace and beauty, her brow encircled by a diadem, and thoughtful, as if the weight of that glittering but uneasy burden pressed upon the brain; each heart, as she passes, is upon each lip, and a burst of enthusiasm heralds the youthful Monarch in her triumphant way. A cloud of horse closes the procession, but unheeded and unremembered: we turn away, oppressed with the weight of reflection that crowds upon us, contemplating the form of her upon whose dominions the sun never sets, and whose sovereignty a hundred millions of human beings cheerfully obey; whose councils influence, directly or indirectly, the interests of the civilized world.

How awful, and how grand, the responsibility and position of that delicate young creature! The homage that surrounds her, the sincere and unre-

strained enthusiasm with which she is every where received, the good fortune that attends her public, and the happiness that crowns her domestic life, how gratifying must these not be to the feelings of one in the bloom of youth, when all the feelings of hope and love are worn in their newest gloss! Never did monarch, in the history of the world, before inherit so proud and happy a condition; never, in the history of the world, reigned a monarch, round whose person and throne was banded a more devoted people; never, even in the sequestered vale of lowly life, existed a woman more truly beloved and happy. When we reflect upon the fates of former princes of our nation, and remember some beginning a career of promised happiness and glory, sinking, after a dreary day of life, into clouds and storms, turbulent and dark: others, from the day of their accession, contending with foreign and domestic foes, and spending all their energies in disastrous and unproductive war: others, again, wretched in family feuds and domestic misery—how gratifying is it to us to see in the happiness, social and political, of our sovereign, the political and social happiness of our country: to know that her reign promises to us that long career of prosperity and glory so auspiciously dawning upon her opening day! Her sex, which might be supposed to be a monarch's weakness, is in her an element of strength. No personal feelings, save of unbounded love and admiration, can approach her. She is removed, not merely by the law, but by her own bearing, far above the whispered breath of faction. Her own body-guard, sedition dreams not of plots against her peace. She is of our British Queens, and with them we have historical associations, rich in national prosperity and glory. The days of Elizabeth and Anne re-

mind us of the days of Sidney and Marlborough, of Burleigh and Bolingbroke—of statesmen, warriors, poets, men of letters, and, more than all, of high national spirit—of industry, enterprize, exploit;—days when the man of lofty birth delighted to raise himself above his rank by the association with himself of lofty intellect—when the arts, that make peace glorious, were not less cultivated than those that make peace secure, when power and talent worked together for the public good. Such were those glorious days, but days still more glorious are yet in store. All that bound us in homage and respect to Elizabeth and Anne, bind us to Victoria in enthusiasm and love. SHE is not merely our Queen, our chief magistrate, arbitress of the destinies of nations—in her we behold the dutiful daughter, the affectionate and happy wife, the tender mother. We are bound to her by ties, not so much of the law and the constitution, as of fireside sympathies and unpurchasable affections of the heart.

Nor marvel, then, that the diadem-encircled brow is clouded by not unpleasant care, but rather rejoice that ye behold not there smirking self-complacency of conscious beauty, or haughty regards of selfishness wrapped up in royal state. There is matter for thankfulness that something of saddened thought illumines that face, towards which a nation turns in bright anticipation of the future. There is a consciousness in that face, less of congratulation in the echoing plaudits of an admiring people, than of thoughtful tenderness of their welfare; and it is well for us that it is so—for giddiness were madness on a throne, and happy is she upon whose head descends, with the diadem, the careful solicitude of a mother for her children.

THE PARKS AND GARDENS.

Fresh air is a luxury of the Londoner. He drinks it up, when he can get it, as a coalwhipper imbibes strong beer. The air of the densely-populated parts of London—and what part of London is not densely populated?—surecharged with smoke and dust, and vomited forth once and again from a million and a-half pairs of human bellows, becomes substantial vapour,

gross and palpable. Sometimes you can smell it, oftener you taste it, and at intervals you may cut it with a knife. When you get into the Parks, clear of the dusky town, your lungs at once inform you of the obligation you have conferred upon them by changing their diet; your muscular fibre, braced by the current of pure air, becomes endued with unwonted

activity; your brain is exhilarated, and a pleasing intoxication stimulates every nerve; your impulse is to run until you are tired, and then to repose at length on the green grass, inhaling at every breath, with supplemental sniffs, Dr Reid only knows how many cubic feet of the limpid atmosphere. Therefore is the mere sight of open spaces and greenswards a recreation to the townsman, and much more to the town's wife and town-bred children; and if all quarters of London were as nobly provided with "respirators" as the West End, there would be no reason to complain of want of opportunity to indulge in this cheap, innocent, body-and-mind-recruiting luxury. People have queer notions of property at times; we hear people talk of Royal Parks, and Royal Rangers, and Commissioners of Woods and Forests: Be it known, then, by all to whom these presents shall come, greeting, that we, the author of this series, are the proprietor of all the Parks—St James's, Green, Hyde, Regent's, Primrose Hill, Kensington Gardens, with all pastimes, recreations, disports, thereunto appertaining; together with all that and those, the fresh air, bright sun, rippling waters, greensward, graveled walks, sweet breath of milking cow, savour of new-made hay, chirruping of cock sparrow, whistle of blackbird, song of nightingale; moreover, all blossoming of trees, berries green and red for gratification of sight only, bough of fragrant hawthorn for entertainment of mine nose, all vernal and autumnal hues of leaf on shrub or tree, are ours: held by us of her gracious Majesty and her royal predecessors in perpetuity, as tenant in common, at a rent of one penny roll, payable half-yearly on demand, to the biggest of the outlandish Muscovy ducks in St James's Park! We challenge public reprobation, if any landed proprietor ever exercised a more liberal discretion in the admission of the public to his delightful demesne. Our gates, to not one whereof have we ostentatiously put our name, stand, from morning until night, hospitably open; so far from feeling annoyed at the intrusion of strangers, we never enjoy a stroll through our grounds so much as when there are thousands similarly enjoying themselves; we do not insist on visitors putting their names down in a book,

or giving fees to the gatekeepers, or touching their hats to ourselves when they happen to encounter us any where about the grounds: our foresters, who may be recognized by their green frocks and gold-laced hats, have orders to behave with civility to every one, and never, by any chance, to use ratans against little children and nursery maids. We observe boards stuck up here and there throughout our demesne, signed "*SUSSEX, RANGER*," and finding that they exhibit no wanton restrictions, but are merely intended to preserve our property in good order, though not consulted on the subject, we are rather pleased than otherwise: we are compelled to inhibit fishing, otherwise there would be no fish, and to prevent bough-breaking, otherwise there would be no boughs; but every facility for innocent and harmless recreation any casual visiter to our Parks is permitted to enjoy, with no more let, hinderance, or molestation than ourselves. We delight in the pleasure our outlandish poultry in St James's Park gives our visitors; and though we cannot sometimes help regretting that the larger water-fowl, or what we may appropriately call the aristocracy of goose, should monopolize all the loaves and most of the fishes, while the lesser tribes, or what may be denominated the democracy of duck, hang upon the outskirts, picking up at intervals unregarded crumbs; yet when we consider that the same thing occurs on land, and is common to bipeds with and without feathers, we can only conclude that this partial distribution of good things is a law of nature.

The enclosure in St James's Park is the shrubbery, as it were, or ornamented portion of our demesne; we are sometimes censured for excluding from hence persons not dressed, as the phrase is, respectably; but upon consideration, we think this little prerogative of ours may be as well retained,—there is a moral in it—a premium, as it were, held out to the humblest man in society, to keep his wife and children decently dressed, and to equip himself with a suit of passable clothes, wherein to participate in the diversions of the ducks. To walk in the enclosure is as much an object of ambition to the milliner, the nursery-maid, the artizan, the 'prentice, as to waltz in Almack's is to the young

aspirants of *ton*. The enclosure is a little paradise of exclusives out of doors, and if it stimulates any one to better the appearance of their condition for the purpose of entering it, there is thus an additional pleasure added to the actual enjoyment. Besides, the place is so crowded at times, that if raggamuffins were indiscriminately admitted, visitors would stand a good chance of carrying away specimens of natural history not alluded to in the catalogue of the Ornithological Society's choice collection.

We have heard, once or twice in our lives, animated vegetables talk with rapture of the country: luckily we know nothing of the matter ourselves, and never intend to enlighten our darkness by experience; but we *have* heard from an adventurous friend, who set out one morning on an exploratory excursion to Edgeware, but only succeeded in reaching Harrow On the Hill, where he lost his way, and could get nothing but eggs and bacon for dinner, that he was up to his knees in mud half the way, which, he conjectures, congeals, and by the action of the atmosphere turns to dust in the summer time. This enquiry, as our friend is writing a communication to the Royal Society upon the subject, we shall not anticipate. Now, look at our Parks; we will suppose you entered at the Horse Guards, walked through the enclosure, and round it; taken out at the gate opposite Cleveland Row, and carried round the corner of Stafford House into the Green Park; insinuated through the triumphal arch at Hyde Park corner, promenaded along the sandy shores of the Serpentine, admitted to the shady penetralia of Kensington Gardens, finally emerging through the Bayswater Gate, turning up Westbourne Row, and making your way, by an intricate and somewhat circuitous route, not clearly laid down upon the maps, through St John's Wood and Paddington to the Regent's Park; which having circumambulated, you ascend thy hill, delightful Primrose; thence directing the magnetic needle of thine nose to the northern pole, you behold the sister hills of Hampstead and Highbgate, and far beyond, the hitherto unexplored Arcadia of eggs and bacon: turning your delighted optics towards the dear delightful town, you regard complacently the immensity of

extended streets, with their everlasting canopy of fog, and the great St Paul's looking down with protective dignity upon the myriad of habitations clustering round his feet: with thoughts intent upon the good dinner that awaits you, in which eggs and bacon have no share, and rejoicing in the sharpness of your appetite, you hasten your descent, and passing rapidly through the semi-barbarous suburbs of the north, and the *parvenu* locality of Russell Square, you are once more at home in your comfortable tavern, full of pleasurable recollections of your day, and luxuriating at your ease over the interesting details of the Sunday paper. But our rural swains will say, this is not the country; good gracious me! is not the pure, sweet, appetizing air we have inhaled to-day, the country? are not those trees and shrubs, infinite in their variety, and whose names you who have lived in the rural districts all your life, cannot tell us—the country? Are not those rare and curious ducks and water-fowls not only of the country, but of all countries? is not the song of the nightingale in Kensington Gardens, of the country? the bright green fields, the shady elms, waters glittering in the holiday sun, blue over-arching sky, glowing happy faces, browsing flocks and herds—are not these of the country?

But, in addition to this, we have all the appliances and means to boot the country can borrow from the town: we have the sweet security of gas lamps and police; the *agrémens* of nicely graveled walks, where all is as dry and comfortable under our feet as the flagged causeway; and, what alone makes the country endurable, close proximity to town. What is it that makes a mile of rural walk equal in *apparent* length to three miles of street-walking? palpably, because the eye and mind, excited and engaged at every step, and continually stimulated by the unintermitted succession of new objects, cheat the way of its weariness, and make us forget the actual distance we have travelled; whereas, in the country, as we have been told, the only enjoyment of the pedestrian is in anticipating with many a groan the probable proximity of the next succeeding mile-stone. In our parks, on the contrary, all the pleasure derivable from the observation of dress, man-

ner, deportment, and the infinite varieties of human character, is superadded to the enjoyment of charms of merely natural beauty: our way, pleasant as it is, seems never long; successive groups of various orders and conditions of life keep us employed in amusing speculation. We are pleased when we behold the affectionate husband lead forth his wife and little ones, catering to-day for the innocent recreation of those who have been his solace and comfort during the busy week: the wife repays with placid looks of motherly content the attentions of her husband; and as the little prattlers make their droll observations upon all they see, their parents interchange smiles of unalloyed delight, which, though we dare not envy, we would wish to share.

How decent and respectable, for example, seems that private gentleman of the Life Guards!—lest any body should cavil at the word *gentleman*, we beg to observe that all the private soldiers of the Life Guards are enlisted as gentlemen, and as such entered on the muster-roll—carrying in his arms a chubby infant, although already encumbered with his military appointments, and accompanied by his genteel-looking wife, to whom he pays as sincere, though not such marked, attention as he did when he was courting her for his bride: what a fine, manly, soldierly fellow he looks, and good-humoured withal: it is difficult to believe that he would not make a good officer, and we regret that our interest with Lord Hill is not sufficient to enable us to recommend him for a commission. Then there is that gentleman in black, sedulously tending the steps of a lovely, prattling girl—alas, we fear he is a widower, for he looks into the face of his little one as if he recognised in her at once an image and a pledge of a dear one he may have lost: then behold that fat and greasy citizen from the east, his frowzy wife and dowdy daughters, all glistening in silks, imitation precious stones, and Brummagem jewellery, satisfied that they have attained by dint of mere outlay, without the assistance of a particle of taste, the whole art of dress: contrast with them that young lady, dressed scrupulously plain, attended by the thin, erect, white-haired old gentleman in top boots and buckskins: the former is the wealthiest

heiress in Europe, and might have purchased the crown of Poland in ages when that bauble was set up for sale, and voted herself a civil list and subsidies afterwards—the latter is one of our most distinguished public characters. Turn we from them to contemplate a modest young man in a brown frock and grey pantaloons, with an umbrella under his arm; you see nothing remarkable about him: probably not, but look at his dogs—dogs that have been painted by Landseer: that gigantic bloodhound, spattered, as it were, with gory drops, is worth running a mile to look at; and that exquisitely formed little spaniel of the Blenheim breed—what a love it is! the modest young man, owner of the dogs, is conjectured to be in possession of landed and other income to the amount of between two and three hundred thousand pounds a-year; but it is more than probable that he has no knowledge, even in himself, what is the exact annual value of his vast possessions. Next pass in review before us a *trio* of dapper, smirking, 'prentices, with cigars in their cheeks: did you ever see such stunted little miscreants in your life? the smoke of their cigars is much less intolerable than their conceited airs and arrogant assumption: they are evidently out for the day, the counter claiming them for the rest of the week. But how shall we describe the infinite varieties of character and costume that pass before our unwearied eyes? they come like shadows, so depart: they are to us mere apparitions of flesh and blood—the human ephemera of the day: their faces are unfamiliar to us, nor do we ever expect to recognize them on this side the grave: yet there is pleasure in beholding so many enjoying themselves; and when we reflect that, after all the privilege to stroll through a green field is the spring of their enjoyment, does it not read us a salutary lesson with how little human beings are made happy? Many and many a delightful day have we spent within the precincts of our parks in contemplative recreation; nor, until we incur a forfeiture by bad behaviour, are we inclined to exchange their semi-rural pleasures for aught the country has in its power to bestow. Brinsley, the celebrated engineer, is reported to have said, that the use of rivers is to feed canals; the country, in like manner,

is of use to feed the town. For what do fields whiten with the bending corn?—for London; for what do the broad green pastures fatten countless flocks and herds?—for London: for what do ships traverse the stormy main,

returning from the corners of the earth with teas, silks, spices, wines, all, in brief, that the never-satisfied vanities of citizens require?—for London. London hath stomach for them all.

FAIRS

Make up, at periodical intervals, another source of recreation to the Londoner. In provincial towns, fairs, as every body knows, are places where horses, cows, sheep, are bought, sold, or exchanged, and where commodities of all sorts are exposed for sale—business forming the principal entertainment of the fair, and fun only, as it were, incidental to the evening's amusement. But in the suburban fairs of London, and in that of St Bartholomew, of glorious memory, business is little thought of; fun is the article in greatest demand, is of almost every pattern; and every body going to the fair provides himself with money to spend, as they call it, which means purchasing to the extent of their capital a greater or lesser quantity of the commodity aforesaid. Easter and Whitsuntide are the great fair seasons; and Greenwich is the great monarch of all Easter and Whitsuntide fairs, although Camberwell, Croydon, and Fairlop fairs, are not to be despised. To Greenwich, however, at Whitsuntide or Easter, every body must go, for one day at least; 'prentices are absent without leave, charity boys abscond, inmates of union work-houses scale the walls at imminent risk of their necks, sooner than not have a share in the festivities of Greenwich; go every body must, and will. We have been assured by an intelligent foreigner, who had travelled much, that the most astonishing sight he ever beheld was the fleet of steam vessels conveying holiday folks to Greenwich fair. Truly it is a surprising spectacle—the boats removed from other stations, for the purpose of supplying the demand during this festive season, succeed one another at intervals of five minutes throughout the day, absolutely alive with men, women, and children, perched on the paddle-boxes, swarming on the deck, and hanging from the rigging; the boat sways to and fro with its animated cargo, nor is it possible to contemplate, without feelings of alarm

amounting to horror, what might be the result of an accidental collision with another vessel under such circumstances.

We have seen, more than once, when the vessel has been cast off, thus alive with human beings, from the wharf, and the master has peremptorily declared he cannot take one more, the "touters," as they are called, or persons who attend collecting passengers, seize upon a robust gentleman by the arms and legs, and lifting him off the ground, fling him bodily among the living mass on board, to the infinite gratification and enjoyment of every body, except the robust gentleman aforesaid. Arrived at the scene of action, every one makes the best of his way to the Park, resisting the blandishments of eating and coffee-house keepers who assail them by the way, and reserving the attractions of the booths for the evening's entertainment.

Although of small extent, comprising little more than two hundred acres, the Park of Greenwich is one of the most beautiful of our royal parks, having an agreeably undulating surface, great diversity of hill and dale, and a profusion of fine old trees, firs and chestnuts especially. From the hill whereon is erected the observatory, and from another eminence called One-Tree Hill, the spectator has delightful prospects of London, of the river winding and turning at his feet, and of the distant wooded hills of Essex. Here are stationed, with telescopes and other optical instruments, not a few of the venerable pensioners of the Hospital, around whom is always collected a crowd of admiring gazers: adown the slopes are hundreds of foolish young people risking their necks, clasping their fair ones round the slender waist, and, rushing with all possible velocity, not unfrequently breaking their noses or necks at the bottom of the declivity—a custom much more honoured in the breach than the observance.

In the valleys and on the level sward, circles are formed for the purpose of enjoying a primitive amusement, called "Kiss in the ring," the most attractive of all holiday sports to the young people. A brief description of this pastime may not be uninteresting, and will serve, at least, as an annotation to the next forthcoming edition of the "*Basia*" of Joannes Secundus. The circle having been completed without any incantation, or other mystery, than simply catching hands, an amateur steps forward, and planting his stick in the sod, and his hat on it, volunteers the laborious office of clerk. A glove is then procured, or, in default thereof, a bit of glove leather; and the possessor, usually a gentleman, walking round the ring, drops his signal at the feet of the lady he most admires; she immediately takes to her heels, her swain following at the top of his speed, like a greyhound pursuing the timid hare, and after a series of windings, doublings, and turnings, secures, and leads her captive triumphantly into the centre of the circle, where his privilege, from time immemorial it is to print a kiss upon her crimsoned cheek: the clerk demands another as his fee, which is sometimes granted, and the damsel, arranging her ruffled plumes, resumes her place as spectator of the flight and capture of others. It must not be understood, that in this amusing play, the gentlemen have it all their own way: on the contrary, the ladies are at least as active in selecting their favourites, which they do in the same manner, dropping the glove at the foot of their favourite, and running as far as they are able or willing, reminding us of the love-making as far back as the days of Virgil:—

"Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante
videri."

Love-making is the same in all ages and all climes: an apple, a handkerchief, a flower, a pebble, or, as in the Island of Saints, a potato, is the missile of Cupid; at Greenwich fair, the fragment of a glove answers the purpose. We might fill a volume with the holiday amusements of the fairs, among which fortune-telling is not forgotten. Encamped on the outskirts of the heath, you may observe a number of swarthy, athletic, and fre-

quently not unpleasing-looking women in scarlet cloaks, stuff petticoats, and gaudy handkerchiefs bound round their raven locks: these are gipsy fortune-tellers, and near them may you observe *green* young gentlemen, and romantic milliners, hovering about for a favourable opportunity of penetrating the darkness of futurity. We have ourselves often crossed the palms of these swarthy destinies with a sixpence, for the purpose of penetrating, if we could, not the doubtful future, but of ascertaining upon what principle, if any, was based the art and mystery of fortune-telling. We never could make out more than that the secret of their skill consists in dealing out vague and barren generalities, like all other prophetic humbugs from the days of the Delphic Oracle to our time: they have got a knowledge of a few fixed and inviolable principles of human nature, and upon these they are accustomed to trade upon human credulity: they know, for instance, that it is an almost invariable law of man to place his affections upon objects differing in physical and mental attributes from his own: or, as that first-rate fellow, Sheridan Knowles, nobly expresses it—

"In joining contrasts lieth love's delight,
Complexion, stature, Nature mateth it,
Not with its like, but with its opposite."

Thus they assure ourselves, who are as black in the muzzle as a Scotch terrier, that a fair lady (Heaven bless her!) is dying for love of us; that a dark man (perdition seize the dark man!) is our rival, and that we must have a care of him: that there may be crosses in our love (crosses *will* come over things, we know,) but that all will go well, if we never despair—[hope is the parent of success]: that we will, in the end, cut out the dark man, become the happy husband of the fair lady, and the fond father of an unlimited number of beautiful brindled babies!

The same rule is applied, with the requisite variations, to the fair sex; those that are dark are destined to the arms of sweet fair gentlemen, and those that are fair will become the brides of darling gentlemen in black, and so on: there is always a rival of whom we must have a care, and crosses we must expect, but in the end all will go well: this, we protest,

is all the value we ever could extract for sundry sixpences from the fortune-telling sisterhood. We must do them the credit to confess, however, that they profess minuter particulars than the above for a shilling; half-a-crown will inform you the exact number of loyal subjects you and the fair lady, or dark gentleman, as the case may be, will contribute to Queen Victoria; but half-a-sovereign!—half-a-sovereign will do more with the gipsy sisterhood than we choose to dilate upon at present. The invention and originality that formerly distinguished this oracular class seems to have been forgotten; or rather the times in which we live are unfavourable to the encouragement of prophetic art: who would believe any thing in days when encyclopædias are to be purchased for a penny? There is a tradition that a gipsy, upon a time, applied to the unfortunate King Charles I. for alms, and being refused with expressions of ridicule and contumely, is said to have drawn from her bosom a mirror, which presenting to the monarch, he beheld therein his own figure decollated, upon which he was seized with much alarm, and liberally assisted the swarthy prophetess: now, it is by no means unlikely that, in times of trouble, and when few men of rank could calculate with certainty how long their heads might be their own, a trick of this sort, so easily contrived, might have been the source of a very considerable revenue; especially if we reflect that in those troublesome times the belief in astrology and palmistry had by no means passed away, even from the minds of the higher classes. The traveller, however, is now tired of the gipsies, donkey-riders, and kissers in the ring: he has played a little at all the ridi-

culous games of the fair, and, as a matter of course, lost a trifle to all: the shades of evening are beginning to fall, and he descends to find a new source of entertainment in the canvass town, sparkling with toys, gim-crackery, and gilded gingerbread.

What noise, tumult, and excitement is here: beating of drums, whistling of fifes, grunting and groaning of trombones and serpents: to the right the Swiss giantess may be seen for the trifling charge of one penny sterling: to the left, for a like sum, you are invited to visit "the very littlest dwarf man and woman as ever you did see:" a little farther on, you are arrested by a lively representation of the live crocodile, together with "that beautiful little animal, the spotted lynx:" Richardson's show in all its glories occupies the post of honour: every where you are informed at every minute of the evening, that the performance is "just exactly agoing to begin;" and it is only when, beguiled by the antics of the clown, the buffoon oratory of the showman, and the dancing girls in trousers with triple frills, you pay your money, and enter the booth, you discover to your sorrow that all the performances worth seeing have been exhibited out of doors. Then you have the Crown and Anchor—an apartment of canvass, a furlong at least in length and broad in proportion: a thousand couples at the same moment are footing it on the light and heavy fantastictoe: fiddlers scraping, waiters hurrying hither and thither: laughing, talking, joking, theoretical and practical. What could have induced Captain Ross to undertake hazardous expeditions to the north pole? here, we will engage, he might have discovered the genuine *Boothia Felix*!"

THE DERBY DAY.

There are, as we have said, holidays not mentioned in the Almanacs, which are, notwithstanding, very rigorously kept; the Derby day is one of them. This eventful day is one of the very few days in the year when any difference can be detected in the throng, noise, bustle, and confusion of London life; yet you can detect on this day a palpable diminution of the population. There is less appearance

of business in the city, and the West End is almost altogether deserted: a going in state hardly concentrates a greater multitude in one spot than the great race for the Derby. There is something in the pleasures of the turf peculiarly gratifying to an Englishman: the race for the Derby is not merely an exhilarating sight; there is a speculation in it: for nine months previous, every hotel, tavern, and

public-house, has a list of subscribers to the Derby: there are among all the young men about town Derby clubs, and even the waterman of a hackney coach stand would fancy he had lost caste if he did not sport half a sovereign or so upon one or more favourite 'osses' in the Derby: those who can hazard no more than a quartern of gin, take care to have a quartern of gin betted upon the result of the Derby. The Derby day, too, is a favourite day for cold fowl and champagne subscription parties; those who do not care to see the race go to see the crowd, to eat, drink, and be merry; some go because friends are going, others because they are not; one goes for one reason, one for another; but the contagion seems to take hold of half the town, for every body who can go at all, any where, goes to see the running for the Derby. The west-enders, and all who can afford it, go in style—four-in-hand is the favourite; and from the doors of Limmer's, Long's, and all the fashionable west-end hotels, you may observe a quick succession of elegantly appointed vehicles, crowded with young men of fashion, setting forth for the Derby: city people stage coach, gig, and chaise; humble folks go in caravans, costermongers in their carts, and chimney-sweepers on their donkeys; some go by railway, others the best way they can. A very pleasant route is by the Croydon rail, thence, either by omnibus, coach, or on foot, to the scene of action; we prefer the latter. The walk from the railway terminus lies through pretty, retired villages, by the sides of clear, bubbling streams, and over airy, healthful downs; the distance, some three or four miles, is easy, and there is much amusing character and incident to beguile the way. Or the pedestrian may take advantage of the Southampton railway, as far as New Kingston, whence he has a less agreeable walk along the high road to Epsom, a distance of somewhere about four miles; or he can go by one rail and return by the other.

The downs of Epsom, or more properly of Banstead, are situated at a considerable elevation, and the view from the roof of the grand stand is magnificent, embracing London on the one side, the royal towers of Windsor on the other, and all around

a rich, wooded, and beautifully-undulated country.

Over the downs are spread numerous tents, those immediately in the vicinity of the Grand Stand collected into a village, or rather town, with streets and lanes between, enclosures for horses, and every possible accommodation for the multitudes expected on the eventful day; gaming booths, too, are in profusion, and, in short, every contrivance that can be imagined for assisting those in spending their money who come hither to spend the day. The crowd accumulates with extraordinary rapidity; carriages are now collected on the rise of the opposite hill, into a compact mass, and the downs are alive with equestrians galloping to and fro; round the betting post, within an enclosure set apart for the purpose, the speculators on a great scale are collected, making up their books, as the term is, and the coolness with which hundreds and thousands are offered and taken upon the issue of the race, is truly astonishing. Little do the noble animals now reposing in their stables, know the interests, fears, and expectations, that depend upon the exertions they will soon be called upon to make in behalf of their respective backers; and as little do some of the backers themselves dream of the sinister influences that may be at work to falsify their hopes, and prevent the race being to the swift, or the battle to the strong. A bell rings, the signal for saddling, and the horsemen gallop *en masse* to see the horses led from their stables, and to make their remarks upon their various presumed excellences and defects, in which—as we know nothing whatever of the matter—we shall not attempt to participate, further than to express our admiration and delight at the symmetry of form and high blood exhibited in the noble animals, whose forthcoming struggle with each other forms the grand attraction of the day. We are more in our element watching the crowd upon yonder hill-side—a crop of human beings, waving to and fro like a field of corn agitated by the breeze; as the moment of starting approaches, the *salon* of the grand stand is deserted—the ladies, blooming upon the balconies like a collection of rare exotics, the gentle-

men, crowding the roof, head above head, in one impenetrable mass; the minor stands are crowded to their utmost capacities, with well-dressed persons of both sexes; a broad ribbon of richest green, extended along the living mass that covers the sides of the course, marks the line of the racing ground, from Tattenham corner to the winning post; now are eating booths, drinking booths, and gaming booths all deserted; now do "pick-a-backs," poor creatures who let themselves out by the head and shoulders, take up their positions along the rails that limit the course, and sustain the living burdens, who have engaged them for sixpences and shillings; now every ear is erect to catch the sound of the signal for the start: *they are off, they are off*—no, it is a false start, and only serves to double the excitement; every eye is now strained upon the roof of the grand stand, and it is truly a wonderful sight to behold a sea of expectant human faces, all turned upward in the same direction, as if they were having their portraits taken by the photogenic process; at length, after telescopes have been taken up, and put down for the fiftieth time, a humming sound ema-

nates from the grand stand, and a general craning of necks follows; at last they *are* fairly off, some "outsider" taking the lead for a few seconds, with pitiful ambition: now they gather into a cloud, setting to their work, and faster, faster, faster still becomes the pace, though as yet nor whip nor spur have done their work; now you see those that have got speed stretch a-head, pulling the jockey between their ears, while others are held back by main force for the last grand push: now the favourite creeps towards the inside with long, steady, and determined strides; now the outsiders tail off, seeing their chance is gone; like a gust of wind across the unruffled waters, see them sweep round Tattenham corner, spurning the ground with their heels. *Who has it? Who has it?* is the cry; now one, now another, head and head, stretch and stride; they are a hundred yards from the winning post, yet it is any body's race; the favourite is half a length a-head, but "blue and yellow" shuts him from your eye; now, whip, now, spur;—Lord! What a beautiful race!—the last stretch gives it to "blue and yellow" by a head, and the favourite is the favourite no more!

THOUGHTS UPON THE MODES OF ORNAMENTING THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THERE seems to be a very unnecessary fear that foreign artists will be employed in the decoration of our new Houses of Parliament—unnecessary, because it seems to be settled by the very terms upon which the commission for the purpose was formed, that such decoration is desirable as a means of promoting the fine arts in this country—so that preliminary to their report the object is defined. If that is well understood at once it will save unprofitable discussion, unworthy jealousy of foreign artists, and misapplication of the studies of our own. Our own artists will assuredly be employed; and if the terms upon which the commission has been formed did not guarantee so much, the acknowledged talents of many of our painters would demand it. On both grounds, therefore, we may set aside this fear, fruitless of good, and direct our attention

rather to the modes of decoration. There is here ample field for thought, and more difficulties will present themselves than perhaps have been as yet admitted to exist.

By modes of decoration, we mean both the designs, and means or vehicles by which they are to be executed. Upon the nature of designs little has been said, though that is perhaps by far the most important part of the subject. Upon the vehicles, means, or materials, much has been said, and much written. We were ourselves inclined to decide in favour of fresco, bearing in mind the perfect effect of the Heliodorus of Raffaele, until we learned, in the course of the controversy, that the work which influenced our opinion was in fact only kept together upon the wall by innumerable nails. And as to the beauty of effect and finish, it must be

observed that the Heliodorus almost stands alone in excellence. If we remove, then, from fresco, the supposed advantages of durability, what remains? A picture in fresco, as in distemper, from the nature of the surface, is more immediately, and in all its parts, visible. It is the polished surface of the oil picture which, though its peculiar beauties are the result of it, renders it less obvious to the eye. Every picture should, therefore, be examined by itself. Works in combination will not tell with unity of effect; consequently, the power of uniting with architecture in design or colour must be much circumscribed. Still, oil may have so many and great advantages as to counterbalance this defect. We here speak of these methods as applied strictly to pictures, not to the merely ornamental parts; for the mode of doing which the practical decorator may be safely consulted, there being no need of deviating from the common method. Oil painting the walls, however, we entirely set aside; unless oil be in such instances merely used to attach the pigment to the surface, and the effects be produced by flat or dead colouring in turpentine or similar vehicle. We have so many specimens of attempts to paint pictures as oil pictures on walls, and nearly all failures, as at the British Museum and Hampton Court, where inharmonious black and dingy discolorations disgust, not please the eye, that we can scarcely think a repetition of such a mode could be seriously entertained.*

We are inclined to ask, setting aside fresco, what possible advantage there can be in the surface of a mortar wall which will not be found in canvass or wood, which possess this additional desideratum, that they can be removed with ease, in case of danger, or for purposes of repair? Whatever, then, be the vehicles used—and we know not why new may not be tried, and improvements made in our methods, if we really have any that may be called *our* methods, where every artist is almost confessedly a dissatisfied experimentalist—we would certainly have the works removable,

which cannot be, if they are to be painted on the walls. But whilst on this subject, we would say that it is *in limine* of the utmost importance to secure some durability, something approaching to permanence, to the efforts of the painter; and we, as every one else must, have lamented in many cases the total destruction of works a very few years from the easel, the brilliancy of which, and temporary splendour, was obtained by the admixture of perishable varnishes with the oils. There has been of late some discussion and stir among our artists upon the subject; so much the better; we should say it comes at a good time, did we not too much admire the founders of the English school, not to regret that it was not of earlier date. Leaving, however, this part of the subject to artists and chemists, whose accurate knowledge ought to be more readily applied to the arts, we will make a few observations upon the more important part, the nature of subjects or designs, which should be the principal decorations of the Houses of Parliament and other public buildings. And here we are inclined to differ with those who have as yet written or given evidence upon the matter. All seem to agree not only that British artists should alone be employed, but that the subjects to be painted should be British history, and British history only. Now, though we would not exclude our own history, we think it the most unfit for the decorations proposed, at least to any great extent. We do not envy the purveyor the perplexity he will inevitably find in making his selection. It has always appeared to us that "historical painting" has assumed a pretension much above its real claim; and to support this pretension, it is left as vague and undetermined as it well can be. It is nearly exclusively applied to the figure, to scenes above familiar life, and even to conventional costume. The wardrobe is indeed generally as limited as in the formal drama. Descending from sacred subjects, the choice and test of the greatest talents, historical painting took a wider but less

* Rousseau was no common painter; his works have always a beauty of design; nor was he a bad colourist. It is not fair to judge of his powers from works that have evidently suffered from the material upon which they were executed. An inference has been unfairly drawn against the introduction of foreign artists.

elevated range ; seldom originating a subject, it has deemed it not inglorious to illustrate ; as if fearing the daring of throwing off oracularly poetical conceptions of its own, it has been content to be the painted mask, the visible mouthpiece, to the greater and the really speaking genius behind it. From ceasing to tell its own story, it has lost no small portion of its power in telling effectually that of another. From the day it threw off its enthusiasm, the divinity of its own poetry, it has deteriorated, yet arrogantly claimed the pre-eminence, in title if not in performance. It has talked of the grand, and practised the little. With very undefined aspirations and assumptions, the college of "grand art" have rejected from their class very superior talents to their own. Few will even yet admit Hogarth to have been an historical painter, and have singularly placed this most tragical and pathetic painter of manners among the "painters of drolls and low life." Yet is he the most really historical painter the world has seen, since the great era of art terminating before the time of the Caracci. Hogarth's genius took up historical painting in the human walk to which it had descended, and was the first to treat it humanly and naturally. He brought to it a new and vigorous power, an awfully moral power, sufficient to invest it with a new grandeur, for the old it had quitted. He created histories wonderfully pathetic, daring to teach by an art that was only expected to please. He at once discarded all the conventional trumpery, as all unfit for the play of the strong passions of erring and suffering human beings. Yet was this man not appreciated, and styled a painter of drolls. Historical painters spoke slightly or sparingly of him—of Hogarth, as much a master of the terrible (and more of the pathetic, and therefore of the grand) as Michael Angelo. Yet because there was satire in his works, he was treated as a caricaturist—satire, yet incidentally satire, not purposely ; we can imagine Hogarth shedding bitter tears of sympathy over the dire miseries he represented. He did not delight in the satire, for his truly satirical works are not his best ; and there is an awful, grand power that keeps down the satire ; his human nature triumphed over all that. So bewil-

dered were people, however, with ill-digested notions of grand art, and conventional costume and attitude, that they could not give Hogarth the place due to him ; and many would yet deny it to him. But if satire abound in his works, it is grand satire. Juvenal was indeed a satirist ; but who ever thought his tenth satire a "Painting of Drolls?" We know not if, out of the divine walk of Art—that taken by Raffaele, Corregio, and Domenichino—we have ever been so affected by any historical picture, as by that scene of "Marriage à la mode," where the adulterous wife is kneeling to her dying husband. The grand moral effect is instantaneous—the story told, as it should be, at a glance. You cannot afford a moment to be diverted from that dying figure ; your attention, your whole mind, is riveted to that single figure ; you feel an impulse to support the dying man ; and how dying ? So wonderfully is that figure conceived that there is a history in it ; the naturally awful mystery of death made more mysterious. The very act of passing from such a life to such a death, the motion incomplete, half death, half life—the dress of a vain and vicious world to be exchanged for that which the face indicates it must so soon wear—and all this appearing but as the accident of the scene, but in reality each part brought artfully into notice, and only its due notice, nothing, at the same time, interrupting the great impression of the fainting, falling, murdered man ; the light so thrown upwards as to give a greater strangeness to the countenance—the unusual light, such as might best illumine death ; and such a countenance ! so thoroughly tragic—are we to think all this consummate skill the product of a great historical genius, or of a painter of drolls ? Is it not complete in itself, a story, a most pathetic story truly told ? Is there one figure you could exchange for another, or one you would wish to make more prominent ? The subordinate figures, as they are called, are all studied for the piece ; they do not fill up, in look, character, attitude, and artificial arrangement of lines ; they all point to the dire catastrophe, bringing the outer and common and indifferent world to break in upon the outrages of the higher and more vicious. The moral shock is not forgotten. If

this be facetious or "droll painting," we might as well be called in to laugh at Raffaele's cartoon of the death of Ananias, or to mark how much there is of "low life" in the deformed beggars at the Beautiful Gate. Raffaele delighted not in deformity, nor did Hogarth: much of it was essential to the story of the Beautiful Gate; yet the divine artist will not allow you to scrutinize and dwell upon it; for the act of creating perfect stature from deformity, is at the instant of operation, and your eye and mind are at once taken off to the superior figures and incomparable beauty. We doubt if the conventional rules would not have debarred Raffaele from this boldness.

We speak of these cartoons of Raffaele in comparison with the picture of Hogarth, because we think them not dissimilar in character, equally historical, and that of Hogarth the more deeply pathetic. Works of such character we do not at all times like to see. In the glitter and intrusion of an exhibition, we are not in due mood to learn moral and severe lessons; that we should derive a pleasure from them is the purposed gift of our nature, but to receive that pleasure, we must put off the frivolous. There is a pleasure in reading Juvenal, even a dignifying pleasure, and, strange to say, dignifying through disgust; and, to enjoy Hogarth, we must be in such a mood as that in which we would read the Roman satirist. Nor could we enjoy the cartoons of Raffaele in one very different. The new walk of historical painting, struck out by our own original genius, Hogarth, has yet in it more of the true principles of the art, and more congenial similarity of feeling and intention with the best old masters, than any thing which, since his day, has assumed the title historical.

We have made these observations, and entered upon this seeming digression in the praise of Hogarth, because we think there is not yet a true and certain idea among our painters of really historical painting. We doubt if there is any idea, beyond its power of illustrating books, and passages of books, as they are given in history, that its purely originating power is denied or abandoned; and until that legitimate source be re-opened, we do not augur well of our national school in that line of Art. If it be said in reply, that the old masters were illustrators, and took

their scenes from books, we do not deny, that in a great measure they did so; but not entirely; they made, by a superior power, those histories original; the hints were furnished, not the pictures. And then again, mark how they filled up the outlines supplied with entire poetical machinery of their own, blending matter-of-fact of text with the purely imaginative; and then the subjects they chose were mostly above human, so that they had to strive, to aim at, and to invent, a purity and grandeur, which they could not find existent, and such as minds inspired, and in noblest moods, could only conceive, so that they were inventive beyond the subject given. Other historical painters must work up to their subjects, not beyond them. Now, it is a fit time for our artists to revise their notions respecting this grand style of painting, as it is the style which they seem to have impressed upon the public as the only one fit to be employed in decorating our new houses of Parliament. But in its proposed application to our own history, there are such difficulties staring us in the face, that it is surprising they have not been noticed. These difficulties arise from our national history, in connexion with our habits and modes of thinking—and from the art itself as limited in its means. First, with regard to historical events, they should be such as would in themselves form an historical connexion; such as would be fit to be represented by a general consent, and so represented, that each should have its due importance, and no more; so that there should be still one whole and uninterrupted history manifest when the work shall be completed. It should be true as a whole and in its parts; and here, perhaps, lies the greatest difficulty.

The chain of events might, with great care, be observed; but, to do this, the most picturesque incidents would perhaps be omitted. Then *how* subjects are to be represented raises at once a host of cavillers and objectors—for general consent in such a matter seems utterly impossible to obtain. There is no event in which political opinions are not involved; the good and the bad of every fact are variously viewed. The painter must take one view, or his work will be weak, without aim, without its end and moral. But in such a country

as this, where the "wisdom of our ancestors" is made a matter of mockery and scorn, and more especially the very Houses of Parliament in which the events are to be painted, one half of the representatives of the nation may condemn the moral given; and in so changeable an assembly as our House of Commons, opinion is so unsteady, that the glory of one day may be the shame of another; and we doubt if it is in the character of modern times, parties, and persons, to bear with equanimity a "handwriting up-the walls" against themselves, or that it would be quite consistent with national conceit to honour by representation what they would imagine to be the "folly of our ancestors." Our diversity of public opinion is such, and takes so large a range, that we cannot conceive a subject in our history that would not in some way or other touch upon extended sensibilities. Take no other than the bare regal and democratical principles. The very term of a "mixed state" implies the more and the less of each in large masses, and the minor individual distinctions; yet touching all, events are nearly infinite. Jack Cade may be thought calumniated in effigy, and a motion made to have the picture obliterated; the representation of Magna Charta itself, only viewed as a humbling of royalty, in which the English barons may not be magnified. The martyrdom of King Charles, though still in our book of Common Prayer, may only be admitted after much discussion. Cromwell and the Puritans have their partizans who demand for them respect. And what is to be done with insurrections, that many think ought to have been successful?—shall alleged treasons be admitted treasons? And since the Roman Catholic emancipation, will not the Papists demand "justice to papacy," and craftily run back the thread of history, and find insults not to be repeated in picture, in large or in little? Let us take, then, such subjects as our most celebrated painters have in recent times taken. There is West's "Cromwell"—take away that bauble; Wilkie's "John Knox," or the popular one of "The Trial of Lord Russell." Cromwell is the hero, and must be the hero of that scene—an usurper honoured in a royal house, for such must still be the Parliament House of England—so that

work must be excluded. John Knox may be no great favourite with more than half the House, and here the Papists would cry out against their unseemly position. The "Trial of Lord Russell" would be an insult to law—an encouragement to rebellion; for however it may be the fashion to sympathize with the house of Russell in this passage of history, the man *was* guilty of treason; nay, we know not if, in the morbid tenderness of these times, we must not only not touch upon things and scenes that may offend each other, but must be careful to maintain a general philanthropy, an universal *liberality*, that shall embrace the interests of our national enemies, as if we had never known any; and it may be thought a disgrace to us that we should insult even the Spaniards with a picture of the Armada; and the open protection—may we not say encouragement?—given to "sympathizers," may demand a caution how we offend the United States. Poor General Wolfe may not be allowed to die in peace even on canvass. Then again, with regard to the difficulty of subjects, that they have their connexion and due importance—where are we to begin—where to be sparing, and where to crowd events? Painters would marvellously like the uncivilized Picts, the first painters; they would admit, too, some of those gothicized severities of the German school, injudiciously, we think, held up as patterns. The Romans, the Druids, will be in high request with the academic or non-academic lovers of grand art. The heptarchy, with its subdivisions, would indeed furnish semi-fabulous subjects; Alfred would delight the painter-biographer—but, alas! the general purveyor would not allow him to proceed. Even that hero must not occupy too much space—for a series must be duly observed. We doubt if the severe purveyor, or the committee of management of this national affair, would not be as curtailing to the painter as to the dramatist, and brush off the whole fine "description of Queen Elizabeth and her side saddle." And whatever the painter may think of the era of pageantry, however Maclise may sigh and petition for the "Cloth of Gold," and "Entertainments for the Virgin Queen," more modern events would press on, more flimsy and bare paper-

hangings must supersede the gorgeous tapestry. The demand for "modern instances" would, we fear, be too urgent; and perhaps a vulgar Reform dinner, require no less than the whole side of a Parliament House, and a few years back would had what it required; though the wiser part of legislators and public, if they could have viewed the representation as a reality, would have earnestly wished that every mouthful would have choked a reformer, the principal actor in particular, and the painter, just after he had been enabled to particularize that desired finale. Saturn has been fabled to have swallowed up his own progeny. The progeny of Time now, are like the Spenserian dragonets that swallow up parent and all. The more modern events come open-mouthed into the world, to swallow up and pass into their oblivious maw all that went before them, themselves to be devoured in turn. Truth and prejudice are against the genius that would arrest from destruction any facts, and arrange them chronologically and morally; in fact, in the better sense of the term, historically. More gladly should we see such a collection, than such as the skilful geologist affords us of the material world, where we see this swallowing up destruction systematically exemplified. But we are not, in the case of history, furnished with *exact* detail, undisputed data upon which to proceed; and if we had them, and they could be brought within the grasp of the Fine Arts, we still doubt if the Fine Arts would gain any thing by the acquisition. But this is another part of the subject, and must be separately considered, when we may have more space for a view of the true province of art. We would now treat of the means within the reach of art, for the proper exercise of its powers upon history—that is, real historical events; for no other do we think worthy a place within the walls of the Great National Council. We take from the preface of the first history of England that comes within our reach, the following passage marking the historian's duty. It pertinently describes the artist's duty as the pictorial historian:—

"The business of an historian is to be *faithful, impartial, perspicuous, instructive, amusing, and exact*. These

relative duties we have endeavoured to perform, by giving a *faithful narrative* of events, an *impartial account* of actions, a *perspicuous detail* of occurrences, an *instructive display* of characters, an *amusing relation* of things, and an *exact relation* of facts. To be *faithful*, we have compared authorities; to be *impartial*, we have divested ourselves of prejudice; to be *perspicuous*, we have aimed at *conciseness*; to be *instructive*, we have omitted nothing essential; to be *amusing*, we have inserted nothing *unnecessary*; and to be *exact*, we have strictly attended to *dates*. In fine, our end is improvement; our means, entertainment; and our guide, truth." To enforce this display of duty, with a little sanction of poetry, the ingenious author winds up with the following lines:—

"When dust shall eat her brass, when
time's strong hand
No more shall suffer palaces to stand;
When sumptuous temples, lofty towers, decay,
And mouldering pillars piece-meal fall
away;
Still, still shall live th' historian's useful
page,
The faithful mirror of each various age;
While Britain's annals to succeeding times
Shall praise our virtues, or reproach our
crimes:
And as we pry into events of yore,
Our own transactions others shall explore.
Then o'er Britannia's head may cloudless
skies
And white-robed peace in bright'ning
prospects rise;
That our successors may not blush for
shame,
And children mourn their fathers were to
blame."

We are not here disposed to dwell upon this announcement of evil days, which have certainly come when "children mourn their fathers were to blame," for they have called their ancestors by very hard names, and even grave history, of which the author is so proud an old almanac. Nor do we stop to show the folly of expecting white-robed peace, when palaces are not suffered to stand, and *sumptuous temples are suffered to decay*; or that, in such a case the "*faithful mirror*" will not represent things a little distorted; and though we feel confident that if our *successors* shall resemble ourselves, they will not *blush* for any *shame*, we are content to pass on,

transferring as we go these duties to the pictorial historian, especially the duties of exactitude and truth, nothing doubting that he can be amusing enough, if he will sacrifice these great requisites. But the very words, "Exactitude" and "Truth," show how inadequate are the painter's means of truly representing historical events and personages, particularly the latter; for however bold he may be to take in hand events, "*celebrare domestica facta*," the records totally fail him as to personality; and here we maintain that it ill becomes the historian, whether he uses words or pigments, to falsify a feature; and it would be more derogatory still to the dignity, the sacred dignity of truth, that should, in all it outwardly represents, sanctify the temple of national councils, to admit one stroke of unfaithful portraiture. We hope not to see truth in masquerade nor in harlequinade—neither prince or minister of the day complimented "in the character of Alfred," or Julius Cæsar,—nor would we take the Kembles off their proper theatre, to place them in their improper, to enact as in dumb show the kings of England—we would not have our national depository of fact and feature, by one single falsification, have to dispute its authenticity with your waxwork shows. Let us not pollute the sacred place with unproved evidences, with undocumented mimes. If we cannot have our Alfreds and Edwards, let us grieve in soberness that we cannot, and not, like children, put ourselves off with "make-believes."

If we *know* we are looking really at the man who ground the colours, set the painter's palette, or swept his room, and are told we are to suppose we are looking at King John; or if we are supposed to see the barons of England, when in fact we are looking at a nightly club of artisans, borrowed, at a pint of porter each, from the "Hole in the Wall," we shall have less respect for the place in which these shams would be palmed upon us for truth; however artistically they may be shown, their very magnification would only remind us of the rampant paintings of the Fair which are suffered to stand for a while when the real lions are departed. We would not have a word of untruth in history, especially one which the na-

tion should sanction, nor would we have a stroke of untruth from history pictorial. Our objection is from the very nature of this our national exhibition, for such we should call it, as it has been proposed to make it; for it is purely documentary; its value in such a state and position, and great value it is, that it is purely documentary; that it is, as much as a court of law is in its way, documentary of fact and evidence—and this its peculiar value, though it would partly arise from the very desiredness of the thing, is made its necessity, by the certainty of our evidence after a certain era. Although, if we had no *exact* data, no undoubted portraits of the personages and places by whom and in which events took place, we should still doubt the propriety of any falsification; while we have so much correct, undisputed, true portraiture, we cannot for a moment hesitate to reject every thing unauthenticated; that here, at least, Truth should stand alone, as much as possible unimpeded in its great effect by any juxtaposition of what is false and ideal. Pythagoras said he saw Hesiod howling in the infernal regions, and bound to a brazen column, for his impious fiction on the gods. We could almost wish to see the artist under flagellation who would pass off the understrappers of his trade, idealized, for the real *bona fide* worthies of England. He may do it with impunity for himself, or a private collection, or illustration of a common book, where the thing passes for no more than it is worth as a remembrancer, but not for a national council chamber. If there be any temple of Worthies (even among Unworthies) it should be there. The great force of this our view, arises, as we said, from the nature of the place and its uses. Elsewhere you may idealize,—not there. It will be readily objected to our argument, that the old masters did falsify in their treatment of sacred history. True, but their object was different, and allowed it: and we would give our artists precisely the same liberty. They mostly painted subjects taken from such history, as individual and isolated subjects, and for altar-pieces and decorations of particular places in chapels and elsewhere; but they did not mean them to represent, as in a series, their

own national history. It was a wide history, one relating to all the world, to be propagated and enforced, as conveying the will of God, and doctrine to be taught, and precepts to be obeyed, by all mankind—the religion of the human race; and therefore it was a history at once removed from this *particular* character, which all national history must have. It was even better; it was essential to the one to lose sight of what the other should by all means strive to observe. The one documentary of mere matter-of-fact and personages, the other documentary, and only aidingly so, of principles moral and religious, in which exact portraiture became unimportant. And be it observed, that those great masters delighted mostly in those very parts of the history in which they were the less confined by even the matter-of-fact of it—and adopted, with the full play and power of their genius, all the grand, and poetical, and high conceptions of fortitude, purity, love divine, and human made more divine—taking that for their subject which could have no prototype in humanity for them; not only divinity, and chastised humanity, but the ideal of, as it would be called, the machinery of the story, the agency of angels, of beings seen but by an inspiration of divine permission, or of purified art and sanctified genius. And it is from this we think all else but the inferior scope of art—and that it has retrograded from the day it left this divine walk. It converses not with divine things—it was afraid in the garden, and it has been driven from it. To this, and such high aspirations, however, we would entice the art to return; nor do we see why it should not. Here, however, we have only introduced the subject as an answer to the argument that may be used against what we had advanced with regard to the requirement of exact truth in portraiture of historical matter-of-fact. For, in truth, sacred history is something more than history—something above it—stands on an elevation no national history can reach—and is not to be treated by poet or painter as subject to the same laws which strictly bound and confine every other history.

As to the use of history in the decoration of our Houses of Parliament, and other public buildings, we would

not have it supposed that we should encourage the idea of setting it aside. From a certain point in our history we have *certain* documents—let them be used; but for the Puritan interruption, and the tasteless times that succeeded, we should have possessed, from the time of our Henry VIII., ample. Still, what we have, let us make of true value; and, as we would not put together Bristol stones and pure diamonds, so let us keep apart in all matters of document, and in places where they are to pass as documentary, in the slightest degree, truth and fiction. In our authors of late years, fiction has sadly encroached upon history—unnatural alliance; nor does the new title, the “Romance of History,” bestow upon it a satisfying grace. Authorship has usurped, even in this, the romance—the painter’s province—if there be a romance in history. The arts, including painting and architecture, have ceased to be the great teachers. Painting, particularly, has deserted the sole ground where she might still teach and be great—the sacred. Let her reassume that, and, descending to human ways—the moral; not unrestricted from flights into the regions of fancy, not strictly connected with either the religious or the moral, and she will recover much of her powers, enlarge her respect, and have and exhibit higher notions of the historical, than judging from what we see published upon the subject, our artists now aspire to.

It may be asked, then, how would we decorate the Houses of Parliament? We say unhesitatingly, with the representation, strongly enforced and embodied, in scene and by incident, of the eternal, sure moral principles. Religion and morality, interwoven as they are very largely, offer their supplies to the genius of the artists of our time, and of all times. The Sacred History, under judicious selection, can never be misplaced where prayers are the first duty, and the guidance of an overruling Providence is acknowledged. Wars, pestilences, and famines, are the means of humbling nations, whose recovery shall be brought about by obedience, and the practice of justice and mercy to all others. Whatever pictorial representations can put into the hearts of men to be lovers of what is right and righteous, and to detest wrong and

robbery of every kind, will be fitting subjects for our Houses of Parliament. The growth and progress of all the arts of civilization will properly form another branch. We may more fairly leave our warlike propensities less encouraged than those which lead to peace. True, we would have our triumphs, our battles recorded, but apart, in places appropriated to them; not in the very place of our national councils. We should not there seek self-glorification. All that shows the growth and nurture of civil polity, excerpts from our ecclesiastical history—for civil and ecclesiastical liberty have grown together, or rather the former has sprung from the latter—may aptly embellish the walls of parliament. We would have busts and portraits of all our great men, of whatever trade or profession, and to be continued for ever. Here would be a cheap incitement in all to do well. We would have noble actions of every kind authentically represented, and appropriately placed, at public cost; for many are the public buildings besides our parliamentary that may be so embellished. There should be the proper galleries for our military and naval victories—even our honourable defeats. The worthies of England in every degree should be honoured. In a series of pictures we would celebrate the works of our greatest poets, giving the most eminent each a separate gallery, in which should be the portrait of the author, and some portion of his “immortal verse” in letters of gold. With what generous zeal would our painters honour the names of their fellow labourers in art! The English school of art would have their place, and a noble emulation would arise. So that, from first to last, we would have the decorations to be most exact and valuable; because we exact truth in all that concerns ourselves as a nation.

We mean not that there should be nothing fabulous, for that would be to exclude poetry, and illustration of our poets, and the original works of our painters, and the line of Scripture subjects; but we mean to say, we would have no historical romances—no mere matter-of-fact illustrations of passages of history without a shadow of foundation of truth in the particular mode of action, or in portraiture. What is commonly called history we would

utterly reject; it is the worst line for a painter's genius. We would open to him higher, better sources—religious and moral ends, that the painter may be the original, not the translator of other's thoughts. We would dignify him above that—above his present ambition. Infinite are the subjects. They would only appear limited to limited capacities. Give scope and room enough, bid genius be bold, daring in its own inventions, and it will do better than the world judges of it. Give it but a tame, commonplace employment, and it will not raise itself above it. Let it try, at least, to assume, to reassume, its power of teaching in so national a work; it will be able to please not the less for the effort. If the impression without be inferior to what it has been, the arts themselves will be the more refined, and, therefore, the more capable of every good.

The seasons, the employments of the people, their industry—these are fitting subjects—even their amusements. Whilst we are writing, a great authority occurs to us, strengthening our confidence in the view we have taken. The great poet of human actions, Homer, in his shield of Achilles, might have considered that as fitting an opportunity for national display as the decoration of the Houses of Parliament; but he had better judgment, though Lord Kames more admired that of Virgil, in representing on Æneas's shield a sort of Pinnock's Catechism of the Roman History; and here the critic slept, and not the bard. Homer does not think this a fit occasion to sound the praises of a particular nation, or people, or personages; and but for this sight of his better judgment, we might have asked why he did not celebrate his own hero and his ancestor's—Peleus himself was no inglorious subject, but the shield was to be a *κρηνη εις αει*, a prototype specimen and exemplar for all such “National Galleries;” teaching mankind not to seek their own praise, but to look first to the heavens and the great ocean surrounding the world, as an embracing providence, and then to the happiness of mankind, and how to be attained, by civil polity, the sanctity of marriage, by judicial rights, and by wars of defence. These are his subjects of everlasting interest—pictures that shall make man-

kind acknowledge a supreme maker and preserver of the heavenly order, and love justice, mercy, and peace. Beautiful is the shield, and Homer, conscious of its worth, and his own, puts into the mouth of Thetis its commendation, that it was beautiful, and, as such, she bade her son to wear it, such as no mortal ever wore. We could almost be tempted to go through the particulars of every separate picture in the shield; for it would very much show our meaning as to the style of decoration we would propose, but it is too well known to need the repetition. We remember an admirable criticism upon it, in a review of Sotheby's *Homer* in *Maga*, some years ago. There was the shield of Hercules, too, of the old Ascræan—more ambitious, indeed, but, with the exception of the individual story of Perseus, and the battle of Lapithæ and Centaurs, the intention was of general character—not, however, so pleasing; it is of a darker and more terrible destiny. Yet were these great works conceived in days when the arts must have attained their high, perhaps their highest, capability. All was done with a judgment, and we are persuaded what was omitted, was omitted with a judgment. Exquisite were their means of executing what they could have conceived. In *Homer* we have works of wonderful art spoken of as well-known things, not only in this shield, but in the palace of Alcinoüs, (we speak of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as the work of one mind, disregarding all dispute upon the point;) but in *Hesiod's* shield we have more detailed and elaborate description, such as Benvenuto Cellini might have worked by. Nothing can surpass the workmanship of the flying Gorgons pursuing Perseus, who himself touched not the surface of the shield; they were elastic, and shook, and, with the serpents, emitted a sound when the shield was moved.

Let us not, then, be conceited, and say we must hastily set aside the judgment of such master-workmen. They had reason in what they did. And we do opine that it was better reason, better taste, than that which directed Virgil in his imitation to adopt the catechism of Roman history; but even in Dido's palace he could do no better than make a picture gallery of the Trojan war, to compliment his own hero, by making him to see himself amidst the Greeks.

“Et sese Æneas mediis agnovit Achivis.”

The Italian poets have followed Virgil—the days of compliment succeeded those of more sterling poetry and truth.

The decoration of our Houses of Parliament, chiefly, we presume, for the encouragement and promotion of art, of British art, is now to be determined by a commission composed of able men. Among them are lovers of art in its highest taste, and lovers of history, and well versed in historical events, their objects, and consequences.

We trust the remarks we have made will not be considered impertinent. We have expressed an opinion that even our artists have imperfect views of what historical painting should be—that the sort of historical painting admired in other countries, and proposed in our own, is the least fit for the decoration intended, most likely to fail from our conflicting opinions, and not tending to promote the genius of our artists. We have endeavoured to give a few hints, very imperfect indeed, of the sort of line of decoration which we have deemed most becoming, most likely to exhibit and to promote the real glory of this country, and to open a wider and better field for the genius of our artists. And we have thought ourselves upheld in this view by the greatest authority of antiquity.

THINGS OF THE DAY.

No. II.

THE ARMY.

A LONG controversy has lately taken place in the newspapers on the system of purchase in the British army; Colonel Mitchell, appellant, and a great many others, anonymous respondents. The respondents have the best of the game hitherto. The Colonel writes showily, but wastes his strength in words—supposes capital contingencies, but avoids the provision for practice—and evidently thinks that the maxim of “letting well alone,” is only a venerable folly. He is certainly clever, but a speculator—intends to do good, but forgets that there is a time for all things. The Colonel’s position is, that, for the purpose of giving complete efficiency to the British army, purchase should be done away with altogether. Now no one can doubt that, in the army, and not there alone, but in every branch of human exertion, merit ought to be the first source of distinction. But then comes the question, how is the path of merit to be most clearly opened? In the first place, it is to be remarked, that “notwithstanding,” according to the Colonel’s conception, but by means of, the present system, according to ours, the British army is at this moment one of the most orderly, well-disciplined, well-looking, and well-provided for services in the world. Its efficiency in the field has been attested quite enough to say, that its good looks on parade have not been incompatible with service. But the Colonel will have all preferment to go *without* purchase. There are then but two ways, by seniority, or by examinations of the candidates for commissions. We must dispatch the subject briefly, and to the first point we say, that all experience is against the doctrine of seniority. Every service in Europe practically exclaims against seniority, as necessarily condemning the young officer to an utter hopelessness of rank, until his vigour is gone, and with it his ardour, his talent, and his ambition; and, at the same time, as necessarily laying on the shoulders of old men the tasks which require all the nerve of early life, and all the activity of the early understanding. It

is not meant by this language that all men are unfit for military service at fifty, or that a peculiarly strong head, seconded by a peculiarly strong frame, may not do good service at a much more advanced age. But in making rules for the million, we must recollect what the million are. Human experience says—“At forty, a man is either a fool or a physician;” in other words, that from this period the care of the health requires to become a matter of especial consideration, and that, in the generality of instances, the strength of the frame declines; and this is especially so in the professions of the soldier and sailor. Life, at least on board a ship of war, ought to last longest, and be in its highest perfection to the last, provided that perfection depended on human means. The sailor’s food is excellent, his meals regular, his time employed, his occupations active, his mind amused with constant change of scene, his hours of relaxation guarded from the excesses common to relaxation in other classes; his clothing, his bed, his lodging—every actual necessity of the human being provided for—and in addition to all, his sense of self-respect sustained by a consciousness of duty, the manly feeling of being engaged in a noble career, of being honoured by his countrymen, valued by his officers, and, finally, secured in a provision for his old age by the national munificence. There is not the slightest exaggeration in this view of the sailor’s advantages. It is true that his career may be terminated by battle, or that he may fall by disease on an unhealthy station; but these are rare contingencies; there has not been a shot fired in Europe, perhaps, during the service of any sailor now on board a Queen’s ship, and perhaps there never will. It is to be hoped that nations have at last discovered the folly even of successful wars. But of all occupations, it would seem that a sea life (if in the royal navy) was the most advantageous to the continuance of human vigour. Yet the sailor is regarded as *old* at forty. He may hold out for a longer period; and once

in Greenwich, he may live, as we see, to twice the age. But at forty he begins to lose the fulness of his strength—he is no longer fit to spring up the shrouds, or work the heavy guns, or start from his cot at his watch—he must leave it to younger men to go through all the more laborious duties of his gallant profession. All the victories of Nelson, except Trafalgar, were fought before he was 45. His last great achievement was at 47. Wellington had fought all his battles before 45. We are to remember, also, that the duties incumbent on an officer in the higher commands are a constant drain on health; that long marches in bad weather, sitting on horseback for a dozen hours together, and exposure to every change of season, independently of perpetual tension of mind, require all the vigour of the human frame; and that though the understanding may preserve its acuteness to the end of a long life, the bodily powers are essential on the deck and in the field.

At the commencement of the French war, all the continental armies were beaten by this principle of seniority—all the generals were old men. Wurmsers, who first commanded in Italy against Napoleon, was nearly seventy. He was as brave as his own sword, but he could not fight all day, and march all night. Napoleon was twenty-seven, and he could do both; and he beat the Austrians accordingly. At the battle of Montenotte, the first serious contact of the French and Austrians, the French were beaten during the day, and old Wurmsers went to his bed at night. Napoleon attacked him again in the same night, and within a week was master of Turin. At Marengo, the Austrians were commanded by Melas, a capital officer, but nearly eighty. He beat Napoleon for six hours, and then, thinking that he had nothing more to do than rest his weary limbs, the old man went to sleep; but Napoleon sat on his horse until Dessaix came up with his 30,000 *braves*, and, by daylight next morning, received from the astonished Austrian the keys of Italy.

If seniority had been the rule in the British service, Wellington would never have fought the battle of Assaye and saved India—he would have been a lieutenant in the line; he would never have fought the battles

of Salamanca and Vittoria, and saved the Peninsula—he would have been a captain in the same regiment in which he had got his ensigncy; and he would never have won Waterloo, and rescued Europe—he would have been, if peculiarly fortunate in his promotion, a major in the 39th. Perhaps by this time he would have been creeping his way among the brigadiers by the help of a brevet, and been quoted as a remarkably fortunate personage. Such has been the working of seniority, and such would be its working to the end of the chapter. If we are to be told that Nelson rose to the highest of renown in early life, we are to remember the nature of the naval service—that a man in command of a sloop, with a crew not amounting to a company in a marching regiment, may have opportunities of placing himself as prominently before the public, as if he commanded the *Hibernia* of 120 guns, and 1000 men—that Nelson started in the beginning of the war, when, from the exigencies of the service, promotion was rapid—and that, after all, if Sir John Jervis had not gallantly and wisely thrown aside the principle of seniority in the appointment of the officer to command the fleet sent to Egypt, Nelson would never have fought the battle of the Nile. But, to look to practice. In all foreign services of Europe, the greatest discontent exists with the principle of seniority. The calculation of survivorship is easily made, and the young officer knows how long he must wait, with an exactness that sours his whole life, sends him to relieve his *ennui* at the gaming-table or the tavern, and puts an extinguisher on every thing in the shape of military ambition. It is calculated, that even in the infantry no officer can fairly look to his being a captain under fifty. In the cavalry the case is still worse; and by the time an officer gets the command of a squadron, he ought, on an average, to be thinking of abandoning the saddle. In the British artillery, the most complete corps in the world, a company is looked on as a piece of rare good fortune before fifty; and except for the regulations by which, of late years, officers have been allowed to retire on full pay, the case would have been still worse. In our Indian army the principle of seniority exists; but it has

been found so vexatious, that a military fund has been established for some years by the officers themselves, for the purpose of enabling the seniors to return to Europe—thus literally purchasing their commissions, and so far getting rid of the principle altogether. Besides, there are so many occupations, half civil half military, provided for intelligent officers in India, that a man of activity in any one of their pursuits, languages, science, natural knowledge, or faculties for conducting any of the governmental departments, in almost all instances receives employment—is, in a certain degree, withdrawn from the army, and thus leaves room for the rise of others.

In addition to all these reasons—and there are many more—the principle of seniority wholly puts aside the principle of merit. Major Mitchell must give up either. Their existence is incompatible. Nothing can be less connected with personal claims than the mere fact of survivorship.

But then he tells us, that merit should be determined by service in the field, or examinations in the time of peace. We have now no fields, and consequently that mode of decision must be abandoned. And, as to the second—Are examinations, not of individual proficiency, which may be a very proper thing, but of candidature and rivalry for commissions, must be constantly going forward. The officer who had been abroad on service for half-a-dozen years, would have no chance against the officer who had never been beyond the barrack-yard, or the study at home; and thus the practice would be thrown behind the theory, and the soldier be surpassed by the professor. Or, supposing that merit, as it is called—that is to say, that the personal claims of the candidate for a commission—were to be the

declared rule—how is it possible to doubt that interest would soon have the whole of the preferment in its hands? The friends of the officer, the member of parliament who patronized them, and the minister connected with the member of parliament, would soon discover in him all the merits which *they* thought necessary for promotion, and the system would sink simply into universal patronage.

But, by the existing system, the three principles of purchase, interest, and merit, act together, though the first more widely than the second, and the second more widely than the third. And, after all, a rise by purchase is less painful to those who are left behind, than a rise by interest, which always chagrins; or a rise by merit, which always leaves a sting of inferiority in all who are thus overleaped. The notorious fact is, that of all distinctions, that of money is the least painful to personal pride; of all its rises in a regiment, the most popular is that by which an officer purchases an additional step; for he moves up all his juniors along with him. Even if they have not a shilling to purchase, they are nearer the chance of having the advantage of death, promotion, the brevet, or the various other circumstances which raise the subaltern into the field-officer. But here we must leave the topic. That the professional education of the officer ought to be made an object of greater care, is evident; and that no officer ought to be suffered to bear a commission without being examined in the rudiments of military knowledge, is self-evident. All officers, before attaining the command of a company, ought to be tried in manœuvring the regiment before a general officer, and all regiments ought to be brigaded in their districts, at least once a-year, for grand manœuvres. But still, we have the finest army in the world.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in the condition of the British empire, is the vast extent of its colonial possessions. In Australia, England possesses a territory almost as large as the whole of Europe, and though at present nearly a desert, yet rapidly filling with settlements, and those settlements rapidly overcoming

the first difficulties of locating themselves, and already exhibiting the laws, the activity, and the religion of England. In India, she has a territory of another kind, full of natural beauty, of boundless productiveness, of inexhaustible capabilities, and proverbial for wealth of every kind that can be wrought by the power of nature, or

the hand of man—a territory, too, as large as Europe, (with the exclusion of Russia,) and containing upwards of a hundred millions of souls. In North America, her dominions already under government, and partially settled, extend over seven times the space of the British Isles, and already possess nearly two millions of souls. It is remarkable, also, that England has thus advanced, while every other kingdom of the continent has gone back in colonial power. Spain has lost all but Cuba; Portugal has lost all. France has lost nearly all, and among the chief, St Domingo. Holland has lost all, except Java, which we gave her at the peace. The other powers have none, except, perhaps, a couple of little West India islands belonging to Denmark and Sweden.

We are at length beginning to exercise a moral government, as we have done a physical, over those immense regions. The Church of England is about to signalize her spirit, and give proof of her origin, by a noble effort for the truth.

A document of the very highest importance has lately been published by the English prelaty in reference to the colonial churches. It is as follows,—"At a meeting of Archbishops and Bishops, held at Lambeth, on the Tuesday in Whitsun week 1841, the following declaration was agreed to by all present. We, the undersigned Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, contemplate with deep concern the insufficient provision which has been hitherto made for the spiritual care of the members of our national church residing in the British colonies, and in distant parts of the world; especially as it regards the want of a systematic superintendence of the clergy, and the absence of those ordinances, the administration of which is committed to the Episcopal order. We, therefore, hold it to be our duty, in compliance with the resolutions of a meeting convened by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 27th of April last, to undertake the charge of the fund for the endowment of additional bishoprics in the colonies, and to become responsible for its application.

"On due consideration of the relative claims of those dependencies of the empire which require our assistance, we are of opinion, that the immediate

erection of bishoprics is much to be desired in the following places—

New Zealand.

The British possessions in the Mediterranean.

New Brunswick.

Cape of Good Hope.

Van Diemen's Land.

Ceylon.

"When competent provision shall have been made for the endowment of these bishoprics, regard must be had to the claims of

Sierra Leone.

British Guiana.

South Australia.

Port-Philip.

Western Australia.

Northern India.

Southern India.

"In the first instance, we propose that an Episcopal See be established at the seat of government in New Zealand, offers having been already made which appear to obviate all difficulty as to endowment.

"Our next object will be to make a similar provision for the congregations of our own communion established in the islands of the Mediterranean, and in the countries bordering upon that sea: and it is evident that the position of Malta is such as will render it the most convenient point of communication with them, as well as with the Bishops of the ancient churches of the East, to whom our church has been for many centuries known only by name.

"We propose, therefore, that a See be fixed at Valetta, the residence of the English government, and that its jurisdiction extend to all the clergy of our church residing within the limits above specified. In this city, through the munificence of her majesty the Queen Dowager, a church is in course of erection, which, when completed, will form a suitable cathedral.

"Our attention will then be directed to the countries named in the foregoing lists, without binding ourselves to the exact order therein followed, or precluding ourselves from granting assistance in any place where means may be found for the earlier endowment of a bishopric. In no case shall we proceed without the concurrence of her Majesty's government."

A committee was then formed, consisting of the four archbishops, and

the bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, Lincoln, and Rochester. All the bishops are understood to have since signed the declaration. The general fund for the establishment of the colonial bishoprics already amounts to £53,000; and the annual subscriptions to about £1000 a-year. This sum is small, and obviously inadequate; but the plan is yet in its infancy, its uses are scarcely known, and its power is to be proved only by time. But the effort is made in the right direction, and is not less valuable to the universal cause of Christianity than it is to the good order of the colonies of England. By establishing Protestantism in those vast countries, we do much more than establish British power; we fix true religion—we exclude the thousand rambling, ignorant, and worldly heresies which all ultimately run into infidelity—we perform the great duty for which we solemnly believe that England has been raised to power. In pursuance of these objects—and none can possibly be of more pressing interest—the several features of the plan have been since followed up with all the care due to a work which is to stamp the character of generations yet unborn, and which is, beyond all question, the most vigorous effort of the church, even in this day of renewed ardour and activity. The diocese of New Zealand having been already formed, the next bishopric is to be that of the Mediterranean. In the statement which announces this intention, it is observed, that, besides the British dependencies in the Mediterranean, there are, in almost every city along the immense line of coast from Lisbon to Constantinople, either congregations, or a sufficient number of English churchmen to form congregations, and that in many of those places churches exist, and chaplains have been appointed; yet they are still without the advantages of episcopal superior residence and protection. To remedy this obvious evil, a bishop is to be appointed, whose residence shall be chiefly in Malta, as the most convenient position for exercising superintendence over the English congregations in the Mediterranean.

But the prelate is to have the title of Bishop of Gibraltar; probably from the circumstance that difficulties might arise in case of taking his title from an island in which the religion is al-

most exclusively Romish. We have seen some squabbling on the subject among our pharisees and "something more" here, though we hope that the carpings of these childish and yet envenomed partizans can have no weight with any authority of the nation. But all difficulty is avoided by adopting the title from Gibraltar, where the Church of England has been so long established, and where, of course, no similar objection, whether solid or groundless, can be made.

The next object is the formation of New Brunswick into a diocese. It is, at present, comprehended in that of Nova Scotia. But New Brunswick deserves to come under separate superintendence. It is expanding in population, having already 156,000, scattered over a space nearly as large as Ireland. This population bids fair to increase, and yet hitherto there have been but thirty clergymen for the service of the church. It is obvious that a bishop is required there, with an increased clergy.

In the settlement of the Cape of Good Hope, we come to a gigantic colony, already comprehending a space larger than the whole of the British Isles. At present the population is but 156,000, but it is increasing, and in a few years will probably be doubled; for this settlement there are yet but *ten* clergymen.

It is next proposed to form a diocese in Van Diemen's Land. This fine island, fertile and picturesque in a remarkable degree, is not much smaller than Ireland. The population amount to 50,000: but the clergy amount only to twenty-one.

The next proposed diocese is Ceylon, one of the finest islands of the East, though not larger than Van Diemen's Land; containing about 24,000 square miles. But its population amount to a million and a quarter, and though chiefly heathen, yet intelligent, and fully capable of being brought by degrees to feel the value of Christianity.

The visit of the King of Prussia to this country, especially when we consider the man, the purpose, and the character of his connexion with England, is among the most remarkable events of our time. It is the first instance in which a royal visit has been distinctly connected with the objects of religion. His original proposal for founding the bishopric of Jerusalem,

his liberality in its endowment, and his still greater liberality in leaving the appointment of the bishop wholly to England, prepossessed the nation in his favour. His coming here expressly to take upon him the sponsorship of the future king, was in character with the intercourse which he had already commenced; and his answers to the clergy and other members of the chief institutions connected with religion, amply sustained the spirit in which he had long since announced himself as the king of the chief Protestant nation of Germany.

The royal answer to the address of the London clergy, was simple but singularly expressive.

"My Lord Bishop and Reverend Gentlemen,

"It is a high gratification to my mind to see before me the head and distinguished members of the national clergy of this great metropolis. I thank you from my heart for your Christian sympathy; and I unite in your prayers for the royal infant.

"As to the bishopric of Jerusalem, I have to thank the Church of England for having received, through the venerable prelates at her head, my proposal with an enlightened Christian zeal, and an enlightened freedom of spirit. It is in such a spirit alone that I can see a sure guarantee for the success of a project which, while it has nothing exclusive in it, nor hostile to other Christian churches, is of a general interest to all national Protestant churches.

"As to yourself, my Lord Bishop, I esteem myself happy to have seen with my own eyes the relation of Christian brotherhood and love between you and your clergy; and the success of your noble efforts for the progressive extension of the blessings of Christian instruction and worship, through all parts of the population of this immense city."

With respect to the establishment of a Protestant bishop in Jerusalem, to which so marked an allusion has been made in this answer, the public have been since informed on authority, that no *knowledge* of any impediment has reached this country. It was to be expected that rumour would be busy, and that a great deal of falsehood would be put in motion by the agents of the various corrupt religions which have so long taken possession of the

unfortunate city of Jerusalem. It was also not improbable that foreigners—who cannot conceive any thing to be done without having a political intrigue at the bottom, and suspect every thing done by this country as a mere effort of political aggrandizement—would be busy in infusing suspicions into the Mahometan mind. Thus we are told that some of the ambassadors at Constantinople have been busy, with all their means of mischief, in startling the Sultan, and making his ministers refuse the necessary firman. All this is possible enough, but no authentic notice on the subject has been received. And in the mean time, the bishop has gone on his destination, and has probably reached Palestine by this time. We shall soon, therefore, ascertain whether the honesty of England, or the craft of the common enemies of all improvement, and of all religion, will prevail.

We cannot help regarding this attempt as a noble one on the part of both Prussia and England. We are not sanguine as to its immediate effects. It is remarkable, that though physical events may be rapid, moral events are slow. An earthquake or an inundation may change the physical face of a country in an hour; to change its moral aspect has generally taken centuries. And the reason for this difference obviously is, that man's free agency is in general strictly provided for—that he is made the instrument of his own change—and that from his nature, no impression of external circumstances can be usefully made on him, except where it is seconded by the preparation of his mind. Thus the "Diocese of Jerusalem" may for a long period be apparently a useless name; its bishop may seem a supernumerary, and its functions forgotten among the idle and vulgar superstitions of monks and mendicants. But we have done a good work, notwithstanding. The great Church of Protestantism has made an effort, according to the best of its means, to act according to the best of its duty; the rest belongs to Heaven.

But may not a still more direct hope be formed from the actual circumstances of the time? It is a striking feature of all the prophetic writings with respect to the conversion of the Jews as a people, that they announce it as proceeding from the very last

agencies which human conjecture would conceive for such a work, namely, monarchs and governments, persons and powers apparently utterly unfitted by their perpetual occupation in the things of the world, the cares of human superintendence, and the anxieties of human policy, from turning their thoughts, in any peculiar degree, to the restoration of a people so fallen and so useless, in any political sense, as the Jews. Yet the prophets uniformly attribute the chief strength and protection of the rising church among the ancient people to the patronage of thrones; and those, too, the thrones of the West, the Isles, Europe. "Kings and Queens" are invariably designated as the nursing fathers and nursing mothers.

We now see a German monarch suddenly and spontaneously taking it upon himself to commence an effort of Christendom on behalf of the Jewish people, and commencing it exactly in the way in which rational men would expect it to produce ultimate good. He begins by no vulgar affectation of having all the honour of this great enterprize to himself, for the first thing which he does is to communicate his intention to this country. In the same spirit he abandons the patronage, for he leaves the appointment in its features to England; and, by a still more self-denying act, he makes no stipulation for the tenets of his own Church; he lays the peculiarities of the Lutheran discipline wholly aside, and makes over his whole influence to the Church of England.

Now all this seems so fair, so manly, and so much the opposite of what is generally called state policy—though of all policy Christianity is the most simple, powerful, and permanent—that I cannot but believe the king to be perfectly sincere, to be pure in his purposes, and to have for his primary and absorbing object the welfare of the church of Christendom. It is to be observed, too, that this is a personal act—that it has apparently sprung from the royal conviction alone; and that while he has given, without hesitation, the munificent and truly royal donation of L.15,000, as we are told, and has promised a continuance of his liberality, he claims in return no personal advantage of any kind. That he will ultimately obtain the highest advantages for himself—advantages

which no money could purchase—we confidently believe; that he will fix an interest in the English heart worth a thousand alliances, and unite the welfare of his kingdom with all the generous and sacred sympathies of England, we have no doubt whatever: but all this gives a character of Christian integrity to the whole transaction, which renders it superior to any event on record for these hundred years.

The king's coming to this country also partakes strikingly of the same character. It was not a visit for the sake of political arrangements, of curiosity, or of the love of change. It was to take a leading part in a great ceremonial of the church, in making the future sovereign of the kingdom a member of that church, and in taking upon himself the sponsorial engagement for one who is yet to be at the head of the pure church on earth, as the sitter on the throne of Protestantism.

Another circumstance, certainly of a most peculiar, and therefore of a most remarkable order, is the sudden accession of influence to England in the dominions of the two powers of Constantinople and Egypt. But two years ago our influence was unquestionably feeble. Egypt domineered over Constantinople, and France was the great authority with Egypt. The Sultan evidently trembled between the alliance of the Czar and the invasion of Mehemet Ali. England was comparatively ineffective in the councils of both powers. Suddenly all this was changed. England, forced into a most reluctant exertion, found herself conquering almost without an effort, swept the Syrian shore with a rapidity unknown in the annals of war, finished, in a three months' campaign, the dispute which might have exhausted half Europe with hostility, and instantly arose to be the arbiter of both the Sultan and the Pasha. She has scarcely done this, and been replaced in the highest rank of eastern influence, when it enters into the bosom of a foreign prince to propose to her the establishment of a Protestant bishop in the Holy Land. All this would seem extraordinary at any period of history; but coming at a period of the most singular changes in the feelings and customs of Mahometans—in the new attention turned to the Syrian Jews, by France, Austria,

Russia, and England, within the last year, from circumstances wholly unconnected with politics—in the vast distribution of the knowledge, the language, and the religious literature of England over Egypt, and even over Turkey—we cannot resist the conviction, that it is something of a *sign* in advance of events still more effective and comprehensive—that it is the breaking of the day; and though the twilight may be slow to disappear, yet that the sunrise is plainly approaching. We acknowledge, that all this may be the work of a period long enough to disappoint the more eager enquiry of those who “desire to look into those things,” and that wisdom will be best

shown by avoiding the scoffs which belong to premature prophecy. If the last of the Jewish prophets announced the coming of the Messiah four hundred years of expectancy before his presence in the temple; if, in earlier times, the sons of Israel were held back, through four hundred years of anxious pilgrimage, from the land of promise, we cannot venture to doubt the completion of the great plan of the universal kingdom, simply from its delay. But it *will* come; and, in the most cautious reluctance to anticipate the movements of the divine will, we think that at least its elements are forming to the eye.

CIRCASSIA.

This singular war continues. How it is sustained, who can command in a country of independent tribes, what can support the population in the midst of ten years of ravages, and what source can supply the mere ammunition in a contest which seems to be carried on, winter and summer—are among questions which no one has hitherto attempted to solve. That Russia has no right to be there is clear. She founds her claim on the Turkish treaty. But the Turk could not give up what he never possessed; and his slight influence on the sea border, and a few forts scattered along the shore, and kept up simply for the purpose of trade, were not sovereignty. And this Russia has found to her cost. The Circassian war has cost her thousands of lives, and treasure altogether beyond calculation. It has had the further and twofold result of lowering her military character, the necessary result of military failure—and of absorbing the resources which she might apply so much more productively to the peaceful districts of her empire.

It is a striking circumstance that the Circassians, who hate and beat the Russians, lived on perfectly good terms with the Turks. Mustapha was now and then ferocious, it is true; but his ferocity was mingled with seasons of good-humour, which made up for the past. The scimitar cut off a head now and then; but, rude as the operation was, it was seldom without a show of justice; and when the blade

was sheathed again, the survivors unanimously felt that they were the better for this summary dismissal of a savage chief, or a still more savage extortioner. The Turk, when he wanted money, often robbed the peasant; but, *en revanche*, when he got it, he dashed it about him showily in all directions. The man of Islamism followed his creed to the utmost, and was a professor of indulgence in every shape; but he was a glittering creature, a magnificent voluptuary, prodigal of his purse, superb in his horses, his shawls, his choloupes, and his breakfasts, dinners, and suppers—superb in every thing. Men could live by him—the grimness of poverty had no place in his menage, the pomp of his household caught every eye, a hundred pilgrims might live on the daily superfluities of his kitchen; and his hundred Albanians feasted like princes, looked like pashas, and therefore fought like lions with the Russian. All is of another complexion—the soldier lives on sour kroust, bad brandy, and rye bread, (when he can get them,) and rounds his day at the rate of three-halfpence English. He wears a green jacket, looks meagre, feeds scantily; has nothing to give, and yet rules with the vigour and rigour of the Turk. The experience of the war shows that he *can* be beaten; and the free-hearted mountaineer, who in all times and seasons is apt to despise the man of the plains, has a tenfold contempt for the unfortunate serf who is dragged from

the deserts of Tartary, the snows of Siberia, or the swamps of the Ukraine, to carry a musket, and starve among the pinnacles of Tehercask. Exactly the same state of things occurs in Africa. The Arabs fight the French to the knife; they spit upon the ground which the Frenchman treads; they poison him at his meals; they stab him in his tent, and they sabre and shoot him in the field. Yet the Turks were masters of Algiers for a hundred and fifty years without a shot being fired; 50,000 Frenchmen find it no easy matter to keep Algiers, where five hundred Turks once formed the "standing army" of his mightiness the Dey. The palpable reason is neither the religion of the French, for they seldom trouble themselves on such matters; nor their government, for hitherto they have not ventured to be tyrannical; nor their extortion, for the natives having all fled from their fields, they have nothing to extort but weeds, and none to fleece but the unlucky French colonists. But, it is their penury. The Frenchman loves to live for himself; what he spends never goes beyond what the Irishman calls "his own four bones," if he can help it. The Jews complain that even they can get nothing out of Monsieur Jean. Thus, he is unpopular with the whole population. The Turk, on the contrary, though a tiger by nature, yet, like the tiger, wore a sleek skin, and was a handsome animal on the whole. Wo be to the wretch who came within his claws! but when not used, they were, like the tiger's, velvet; and as neither Turk nor tiger can devour for ever, there were intervals in which both filled up their places in the grand African menagerie quietly enough. But France, with all her generals and graces, her cannon and quadrilles, her *braves* and her bulletins, after a ten years' war, has not a foot of solid possession in Africa. The first sound of war in Europe would raise the whole Moor-

ish world to consume the unfortunate soldiery; and the most fortunate thing that could happen to them would be an El Arish convention, a Cintra capitulation, a Paris treaty—any thing which would most speedily ship them off from the land of lions, and restore them to the barley bread and vinegar wine of their own cabins again.

Yet, what must be the consciousness of the governments which carry on those incessant, wretched, fruitless, and sanguinary wars? For Louis Philippe, compassion, perhaps, ought to be the feeling. He can scarcely protect his own life, how can he then protect the unfortunate peasant of Algiers? His nation are fanatics for conquest any where, at any time, and under any circumstances. The Frenchman who reads the newspaper paragraphs of a captured village, feels himself the taller for the next twenty-four hours; the sack of a farmyard fills his imagination with visions of the plunder of the earth; and the shooting of a Moor, attempting to escape with his camel and his cow, stimulates him to a sense of the sublime. This cannot be helped by government, nor cured by man, nor is it within the range of any regimen but that ultimate tamer of national vanity, the grave, whether of the people or the individual. But with the Russian emperor, the case comes more home. A word from the Imperial lips would stanch the veins of both Russia and Circassia. Tens of thousands of brave men have already fallen on both sides—they are now separated from each other only by a barrier of corpses. Yet, if Russia were to complete the conquest tomorrow, what could she gain? a range of wild hills, trackless deserts, unhealthy valleys, a pestilent shore; and this, too, when she already lords it over a space actually twice greater than the largest of the ancient empires, when her sceptre waves over twice the territory of the Roman throne.

ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.*

What can be done for English Agriculture? enquires the author of the

pamphlet now before us. Believing, as we do, that power and prosperity

* What can be done for English Agriculture? A letter to the Marquis of Northampton, President of the Royal Society, by James F. W. Johnston, F.R.S.S. L. & E., reader in chemistry and mineralogy in the University of Durham.

in any country, to be permanent must be based, and must ultimately be regulated in degree also, by the value of the produce of its own soil; we consider such a question as this, and especially in thickly-peopled countries, to possess an intrinsic importance, wholly irrespective of local history, or of the topics on which party and political contention happen to be exercised.

This will readily appear if we regard for a moment the direct influence which the gradual increase of the population exhibits over the mode of cultivating the land in every country of the globe.

In a new country, or one but thinly peopled in proportion to its natural fertility, a large excess of corn is produced with comparatively little labour, and there for generation after generation the soil is robbed without any immediate or apparent injury. Such is now the case with the inner provinces of Old Russia, where the annual accumulations of manure are carted to the river sides, or heaped upon the ice, that the descending floods may bear them to the sea—in the more northerly settlements of the Cape of Good Hope, where the land is sickened by the addition of manure—and, one after another, it has been the case with the newer territories of the United States of North America.

But when the population begins to thicken, or after the virgin soil has been spoiled of many successive crops, the effects of this long-continued robbery begin slowly to manifest themselves. The growth or export of corn and other produce cannot be kept up to an equal amount, and intelligent men ask why? The cause is then partially ascertained and recognised, and efforts are made to keep the land in its existing condition, by giving to it some return for all that is carried away. A comparatively stationary period ensues, and by strenuous exertions the soil is prevented from becoming sensibly more unfruitful—the produce which the district can raise or can afford to export, from lessening

in any striking degree. Among the United States; that of Kentucky seems to be at the commencement of such a period, in its agricultural history.*

But the consequences of the old system of exhaustion are not to be at once done away; and as the people still increase in numbers, the necessity for further efforts is perceived. It is not enough that the agricultural produce remains stationary; it must be made to advance—something must be done to bring back the land to its ancient fertility. In this position, among new states, appears to be that of New York, where the state legislature has lately voted 7000 dollars a-year in aid of the funds and exertions of the local agricultural society.

It is more easy to exhaust, however, than to replenish the soil. In all countries, indeed, whether naturally of restricted fertility; or made so by long mismanagement, the general amelioration of the land is a slow and difficult process; even in the hands of intelligent and willing agents it requires much time. But the natural increase of the people never arrests its steps. On and on it moves—peace and tranquillity favouring it—with accelerated march, till the mouths become so numerous, that the whole produce of the land barely suffices to fill them in years of ordinary plenty. Then come times of alternate famine and abundance, according as the harvest oscillates below or above the mean level; and then statesmen and landowners are at their wit's end for a method of mitigating the evil.

In this state is Great Britain at present; in this state, very nearly, is France also; and few of the populous countries of Europe do not see the same state of things rapidly approaching themselves. Hence the attention to agriculture so generally excited at the present moment over nearly the whole civilized world.

There are three methods by which this state of things may be in a greater or less degree provided against. The first is the old and natural method of emigration—which already takes place

* The Honourable Chilton Allan, in a late address to the Kentucky State Agricultural Society, expressed his conviction, "that two-thirds of the arable land of the State were annually becoming poorer by unskillful husbandry; that both the arable and pasture lands might be made to produce twice as much as they do at present, and that the value of all their stock might be increased in an equal proportion."

spontaneously from this country to an enormous extent—which Government might wisely encourage, as of inappreciable importance both to the mother country and to her colonies, but which can never be made commensurate with the present increase of the population. The second is that of admitting the more or less free importation of foreign corn—a measure we have already frequently discussed. The third is that which forms the subject of the pamphlet now before us—the adoption of means, namely, for accelerating the existing progress of British agriculture, and for more rapidly developing the capabilities of the British soil.

If ever there was a time when the full capabilities of the soil of our island ought to be specially investigated, it is the present. The increase of the population demands it; the state of parties urgently requires it; the stagnation of trade and the calls of the trading interest press it earnestly upon our attention; while the permanent prosperity of the agricultural body itself, renders it necessary that their capabilities should be made clearly manifest, and by every possible means more fully and more rapidly developed.

"It is true," says our author, "that both practical men, like Mr Smith of Deanston, and eloquent writers, like Mr Alison, unite in asserting that the soil of Britain has within itself the means of producing an abundant supply of food for double or triple the numbers of our existing population. But, on the one hand, many reject these opinions as mere fanciful speculations; while, on the other hand, those who assent to their truth appear slow in adopting any decisive measures by which the desired results may be effectually or speedily realized."

The most inattentive observer of the main lines along which the development of the material resources of Great Britain has for the last half century proceeded, must have observed that the mechanical and manufacturing arts have taken the lead by far, leaving the art of culture at a great distance behind. Yet agriculture has not been stationary. On the contrary, it has advanced at a more rapid rate than ever it did before.

"It is creditable to the farmers of England, that, though the actual produce of the land has for many successive years been less than the annual consumption of food, yet the increased quantity of corn

grown every year has kept wonderfully near to the increase of population. Waste lands have been enclosed, and the more simple and obvious improvements of the soil have been extensively introduced, so that an enlarged supply of English grain has been yearly brought into the English market."

By what means, then, have those other arts been carried forward with such excessive speed, and how is the rate of agricultural progress to be still further accelerated?

If we visit the work-shops of the machine maker, of the manufacturer of any kind of fabric, of the dyer, or printer, or dresser of it, in any of its stages, we observe alterations and improvements continually in progress—simplifications of machinery—abridgements in the time of manufacture—prevention of some hitherto unavoidable waste—general or special ameliorations of processes by the applications of chemical skill. We have seldom been more struck in our tours through the manufacturing districts, than by a fact we became acquainted with, some years ago, on a visit to the flax-spinning mills of the Messrs Marshall at Leeds. Much improved machinery we saw in process of being erected—several incomplete contrivances, to overcome difficulties of various kinds, under trial—all very interesting and full of ingenuity. At length we came to the winding frames, where two single threads are twisted together, and the doubled threads wound upon bobbins. Here an existing difficulty was pointed out to us, and an embryo contrivance to overcome it, both of which we could clearly comprehend. Many of these double threads are twisted on the same frame, and sometimes two of these frames are superintended by one individual. If one of the plies of a thread happened to break, the other ran on to the bobbin single, and if not speedily noticed by the attendant, a certain waste occurred, since all that ran on single was pulled off and thrown aside. This, to the visiter, appears a trifling waste, and by the ordinary hand-spinner, is considered such; but where thousands of spindles are worked, the aggregate loss becomes of considerable consequence. The problem then was to invent a machine, or an appendage to the frame, or to each pair of single threads, of such a kind as should im-

mediately cut the second thread also when the first happened to break. We saw three different contrivances in operation, all of which effected the purpose, though it was yet undecided which was to be preferred. One of these methods was the invention of the Mr Marshall who accompanied us; the second of a foreman; and the third of the CONTRIVER, a person engaged at a handsome salary, for no other purpose but to contrive.

Here was the secret of the rapid advance of the mechanical and manufacturing arts. Not satisfied with appropriating all published knowledge and known applications of science to their several arts, the minds of those who direct are kept continually on the stretch, to perfect and to increase the numbers of such applications by their own individual exertions. Persons previously well instructed in all the necessary theoretical knowledge, are employed for the sole purpose of furthering each special branch, by the discovery of methods, shorter, easier, and cheaper, than those previously known either to themselves or to others. The *contriver* of the calico-printer is the skilful chemist he engages, and it is his chemical discoverer who enables the English master-dyer to bring his dye-stuffs from India, and yet to undersell the blue calicoes of Hindostan in their native market. The reader must visit Sheffield, to see how wonderfully the same contriver has perfected the methods of extracting, separating, refining, and working the various metals.

It is, therefore, by availing themselves of all the aids of modern science, by laying hold of and giving a practical direction to every new scientific discovery, that the manufacturing and mechanical arts have so rapidly advanced in Great Britain. It is a common saying in Manchester, that such and such firms have received or are in want of an accession of new blood, when the knowledge and skill of the founders of the establishment, gradually dying out in their sons and successors, has acquired or is supposed to stand in need of an admission of new partners, who should bring with them a knowledge of the existing state of science as applied to their special branch, and the power of giving that knowledge a practical direction.

Agriculture, slow and deliberate in her movements, looking backwards rather for counsel and direction to the times and ways of her forefathers, than either to the opinions and demands of the present, or to the hopes and prospects of the future; agriculture has availed herself but little of the enlargement of modern knowledge; she has not only not encouraged the devotion of scientific skill to her cause—she has even rudely repelled the cultivators of science when they presumed to intrude upon her domain.

But, is it true, we may fairly ask, that science can do any material good to agriculture? Past experience—a safe and unerring guide to appeal to—past experience, says our author, shows that science has the power of doing much good to this fundamental art. Those great improvements which Scottish agriculture has already made, which English agriculture is now making, *have all been suggested by sound scientific views, are defended by scientific reasons, and are successful only in so far as they are in accordance with known principles of mechanics, chemistry, and botany.* And the change which has thus been made to come over Scottish agriculture, he thus describes:—

“There was a time, my lord, when the agriculture of Scotland crept timidly along the banks of rivers and lochs, or sunned herself in the bottoms of valleys and in sheltered glades and nooks, and reaped her scant and sickly crops beneath the protection of armed men;—a more peaceful time came, and she still for many generations lingered out her unfruitful years by the sides of many streams, or wandered idly around the skirts of wild moors and morasses;—now we see her, ‘with ample harvests crowned,’ planting her firm footsteps on the quaking bog—boldly climbing the steep mountain sides—and exhibiting on the tops of the highest hills her countless flocks of sheep and her sheaves of golden corn—rejoicing in her industry.”

If, then, the art of culture may derive from science as much aid as other arts have done, what obstacles stand in the way of its application? The great obstacle we believe to be, that the value of the article is not generally known—that there has hitherto been in consequence too small a demand for it—and that the state of the demand has also regulated the kind

as well as the quantity of the supply.

We are persuaded that the superior intelligence of the agricultural population in Scotland has had much to do with the superior progress of agriculture in the north of the island—and that the gradual diffusion of sound agricultural principles among the middle class of farmers and landowners from the agricultural chair of Edinburgh, and from the chair of chemistry, so long filled, and in so popular a manner, by Dr Hope, has led more generally to the recognition of scientific principles, and to the adoption of scientific suggestions in the cultivation of the land, than among our southern neighbours; yet, even in Scotland, we fear the following questions would in many—in most cases perhaps—be answered in the negative:—

“I would not on this point, my lord, affirm what is not consistent with my own personal knowledge; but I would suggest, for the consideration of such of my agricultural readers as know better than I do the actual condition of their own class, whether the respective grades attached to the art of culture, are as well trained and as *specially* instructed for their several occupations as those who are employed in the mechanical and manufacturing arts—whether the foremen or superintendents in each line are equally conversant with their own special branches—whether the landowner of five thousand a-year has any thing like the same knowledge of the art by which he lives, as the master spinner, or manufacturer, or calico-printer, who derives an equal income from his trade—whether he can, with equal skill, direct and regulate the application of his capital, or discover as easily the mismanagement of his subordinates?”

The further argument of our author is, that were this special instruction more generally given, the applications of science would then be more generally and more skilfully made, and the progress of the art of culture in consequence much accelerated. To the labouring classes and small farmers, this special instruction is to be imparted by the diffusion of a cheap, purely agricultural literature, and to the middle classes, among other easily available means, by the establishment of an English agricultural college. In this school, all the branches of a systematic instruction are to be given at such a cost as to place its entire advantages

within the easy reach of that middle class for which it is specially intended.

The value of such a school to English agriculture, may be in some measure gathered from the benefits we know to have followed from the limited agricultural instruction now long given in the University of Edinburgh. Even here, however, the system is too incomplete to meet the demands of the present time. With the chair of Practical Agriculture should be connected lectures also on special chemistry, with the elements of geology and botany. The farmer who sends his son to college, should consider it necessary to have him instructed in the elements of these several branches at least, and the course of study should be made to extend over two winters.

Yet the good we have known to be derived from a single winter's study in Edinburgh, is such as to incline us to press very strongly upon the English landowners the propriety of taking speedy measures for the purpose of securing the establishment of so desirable an institution. The demand for Scottish gardeners in the southern part of the island, is familiar to all; and as far, perhaps, as Warwick and Northamptonshire, Scottish bailiffs are also in much estimation; but more to our present purpose is the fact, that wherever, on this side of Stafford, we have met with a land-agent of greater intelligence than usual, or who knew or could explain any thing about the principles by which he was guided in his general practice, we have almost invariably found, that, if not a Scotchman, he had spent a winter in attendance upon the agricultural and other lectures in Edinburgh. This observation is decisive, in our mind, as to the good that might be done over the broad lands of England, by placing such special instruction within the immediate reach of the wealthier classes of English farmers.

We have spoken of the latitude of Northampton and Stafford, as if it were a kind of limit beyond which Scottish land-stewards cease to be esteemed; and this reminds us of another fact, which bears closely upon this point of special education. It is a matter of general remark when you get a little further south—into Oxfordshire, and especially into Berkshire and Hampshire—that northern farmers seldom succeed, and rarely thrive,

in those districts. And when we look at the soil, and ask about the usual course of husbandry, we learn something of the reason of this failure. Both are so different from what prevails in the north, that the farmer who is acquainted only with the most improved practice of a given district, without knowing familiarly the principles from which that practice is deduced, must necessarily fail in localities where the same principles would indicate a totally different practice. Let the farmers of Scotland and England be armed generally with a knowledge of such principles, by means of a sound special education; and scatter them where you will, over the length and breadth of the land, they will nowhere fall amiss.

Could the university education of Oxford and Cambridge be obtained at so reasonable a cost, that the sons of the English farmer could avail themselves of it, still agriculture would benefit little by the greater facility thus afforded for a higher classical and mathematical education. This arises from the fact, that the kind of knowledge which would benefit them in after life, has hitherto formed no part of the course of instruction to which their attention would be almost exclusively restricted by the tutors and heads of houses in the universities.

"One would have thought that the names of Buckland and Daubeny, of Sedgwick and Cumming, familiar as household words wherever modern science has spread, would not only have been equally honoured within the walls of their own colleges, but that the reputation of such men would alone have led to the adoption of some measure, by which the students of their several universities might have had the benefit of their valuable instructions;—but when it was further known that the sciences of Geology and Chemistry were specially fitted to prepare and qualify for the pursuits and destinies of their after-life—if not in every respect the most important, yet to the material prosperity of England certainly the most important class of pupils—I mean the future landlords of the country—it appears still more surprising that not only should these branches of knowledge not have been included in the course of study which such young men

were required to follow—but that they should actually be discouraged from devoting any portion of their attention to them, during the ordinary triennial period of their college education."

We are far from being of opinion that the want of this special instruction is so great or so general among any class in the northern as it is in the southern end of the island; yet how many of our largest landowners are educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and how much have they afterwards to learn! how completely are they at the mercy of their agents, when they come to reside on their paternal estates—how little qualified to superintend the development of the latent resources of the soil—how little likely soon to acquire a taste for what they are not prepared to comprehend!

And yet how much more valuable to the state is he—how much more worthy a citizen—who knows to expend his money in improving the land he inherits, than he whose highest ambition is to add field to field, and farm to farm, as fast as his superfluous capital may admit! What matters it to the state, that this man or that man add yearly to his rent-roll by the purchase of new estates? The mere change of hands adds nothing to the national resources; but he is a public benefactor who, by the prudent and skilful outlay of his money in bettering its condition, shall make a single field yield permanently a double crop; and he who does this over a square mile, virtually adds a square mile to the national territory—nay, he does more, he doubles to this extent the territorial resources of the country, without giving the state any larger actual area to defend.*

All hail, then, to the improvers of the soil!—health and long life be their fortune—may their hearts be light and their purses heavy—may their dreams be few and pleasant, and their sleep the sweet repose of the weary—may they see the fruits of their own labours, and may their sons reap still heavier harvests!

He who increases the fair rental of his land by a hundred a-year, necessarily raises from that land additional

* "Conquest and good husbandry," says Fuller, "both enlarge the king's dominions—the one by the sword, making the acres more in number—the other by the plough, making the same acres more in value."

food enough to give corn to a hundred men.* Is he not then a valuable citizen?—in times like these, whom should we so much delight to honour? Tell us not that A and B improve their land with a view to their own profit only—that they never think—that they care nothing for the national good. It is a wise and beautiful arrangement, that in every virtuous calling, the good and profit of each individual who pursues it is consistent with, nay, if we may so speak, is part and parcel of, the general good of all. In what is the general good, but the sum of such individual advantages? Like rays of heat from different sources, the single profits of many individuals are made to converge into one centre, in which abide the warmth and comfort of the whole. Reader, dost thou still sneer at this species of patriotism? then, we pray thee, buy honour cheaply—go thou and do likewise.

In the present state of the science of agriculture, it appears that well-devised, and carefully conducted experiments—not made in gardens or experimental farms, but under the ordinary conditions of agricultural life, so to speak—are likely to be productive of important benefits; and we are glad to find that in this branch also, the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland are taking the lead, as they have always done in every thing immediately or remotely connected with the improvement of the soil. A powerful rival, however, has now sprung up in the field they have hitherto trodden almost alone. The larger means, and the more numerous heads and hands of the English society, give them great advantages; but the long start which Scottish agriculture has enjoyed, will, with ordinary exertion, maintain for generations to come the superiority of northern tillage. A spirit of generous emulation has already, however, been awakened between the two societies—begun on the part of the Royal English in sincere respect and admiration, and in a desire so far to walk in the steps of her northern sister, and reciprocated on the other hand by the kindest feelings, and the heartiest good wishes, on the part of the Highland and Agricultural Society. Such an emulation

will stimulate both to greater exertions—will lead to the encouragement, we hope, of something equivalent to *agricultural contrivers*, and to the production, by the efforts of such, of a larger measure of more extended good.

To the members of local and country agricultural societies, we recommend a perusal of the remarks contained in this pamphlet as to the means they respectively possess of hastening the improvement of the soil in their several districts. After some observations on the lifeless state of these societies for the greater part of the year, and the generally exclusive direction of their efforts and funds to the encouragement of stock, we have the following summary of the objects they ought fairly to contemplate.

“Such societies have much in their power. They can indicate those parts of their district in which improvement is most required;—they can show how such improvement may be best and most economically effected;—they can use their influence for the introduction of a better rotation, for the abolition of the old universally diffused three-course system which still lingers on thousands of our most improvable acres—they cannot merely recommend, they can urge and press upon both landlord and tenant the necessity of draining—they can publish and encourage the best and most economical methods of doing it—they can stimulate to a higher style of general farming, and to the growth of better crops of corn, in hitherto unproductive localities, or of new kinds of crops, or new varieties better suited to the soil and climate—they can suggest experiments—they can expose deficiencies in the ordinary practice of preparing manures, and illustrate the advantages to be derived from a more judicious or careful management, or from the introduction of new manures altogether. They have many opportunities also of directly diffusing information—they can circulate agricultural tracts—they can encourage farmers’ clubs—and they can co-operate in endeavouring to secure a better education for all.

“These and many other objects are within their reach, as they are within their legitimate province,—and all this, without withholding from the encouragement of stock that due share of attention which its relative importance demands.”

Are there any agricultural societies in the county of Dumfries? We be-

* If 20s. of rent imply 60s. of produce, the price of a quarter of wheat.

lieve there are. Gentlemen of Dumfries-shire, what a field does your county present for such exertions as are here indicated,—how vast an increase to the produce of the county might your portion of the island be made to yield! On the one hand, you have Netherby among you—the estate of Closeburn,—and on the other hand, the enterprising landowners of Ayrshire. How slow are men to follow in the footsteps of great improvers, how apt to fancy that what is buried in the soil is necessarily and for ever lost! “I sink a thousand a-year in my farms,” said a Yorkshire friend to us lately, “and my neighbours laugh at me; but I am increasing the marketable value of my property in a greater degree; so I am only putting my money out to interest, and in a safe investment, for the benefit of my heirs.” All spending upon land, however, is not improving; and that vast sums have hitherto been unprofitably wasted upon the soil, is only, as we conceive, another argument for that higher and more special instruction, by which such waste would be in a great measure prevented.

But we will address ourselves to the author of the pamphlet now before us; and we say to him—Mr Professor, have you any agricultural societies in the county of Durham? If you have, where are the signs of their existence, and what are they at present particularly encouraging? Yorkshire beats you out and out for short-horns; and you know the prize for the best short-horn bull, at the Berwick meeting, went to an Aberdeenshire breeder. But if you are no longer famed for your cattle, what are you doing with your land? We have occasionally trudged across your county on foot, and we have often passed right through it on our way to the south; but we have always thought it a weary ride from Chester-le-Street to Darlington. Lands so neglected, farms so improvable! Are your landowners and capitalists so busy grubbing for coals that they cannot spare a thought for the capabilities of the surface? Have you no agricultural societies, no spirited improvers, among you? If you have, permit us to ask again what they are particularly doing—how long they have been wide awake.

The subject of leases is a very im-

portant one in connexion with agricultural improvements, to which they at once apply a stimulus and afford a reasonable inducement. Of the practical effect of yearly tenures in retarding the application of new methods of improvement, we have the following illustration:—

“I lately conversed with such a man, the occupier of a farm in the county of Durham. While walking over his fields, I drew his attention to the capability of improving them. ‘If the land were my own, sir,’ he said, ‘I could make it produce double.’ ‘But your father and grandfather have been here before you, and you have no reason to expect that the farm will be taken from you.’ ‘That is true; but it is unfair that I should run the risk, if the result is to be a permanent improvement of the land, of which another tenant may reap the benefit, or for which I may have to pay an increase of rent. If I had a nineteen years’ lease I should be sure of being repaid.’”

We have not time to follow Mr Johnston through even the entire outline of his argument. His object throughout is to give an answer to the question, “*What can be done for English agriculture, independent of fiscal regulations?*” and this answer virtually is, *apply to the art of culture those means by which other arts have been in our time so greatly advanced.* This art, he says, is equally within the reach of artistical skill and scientific knowledge, as they have been proved to be. And, certainly, whatever may be the precise extent to which this predicted result is likely to be verified, it certainly does appear that by giving higher special knowledge to the agricultural classes, and by removing every obstacle which lies in the way of the application of this knowledge to the art by which they live, the landowners of England would only be doing what, in the mean time, is fair and reasonable towards their dependents, and what in the end is likely to prove highly advantageous to themselves. A more enlightened attention to the *internal* economy, so to speak, of the agricultural body, will not make it the less qualified strenuously to fight for, and to enjoy, if obtained, those *external* advantages in the state to which it supposes itself to be entitled.

We recommend the statements of this pamphlet to the attentive consideration of all the sincere friends, not

merely of English, but of British and of Irish agriculture; for if, by a more enlightened and scientific system of tillage, those evils, which are the source of our present political distractions, can be only partially removed, it would be difficult to state a money price at which the benefit would be too dearly bought.

Or to view the subject in another light. Kind heaven sends down upon us the bright sunshine and the balmy dew, not only to cheer our hearts and refresh our fevered spirits, but to fertilize our lands, and gently to incline them to yield an ample harvest to industrious man. Science says, that, in despising her aid, we make these

kind blessings only half useful; we rob the intended bounties of Providence of half their value, unknowingly permit them to run half to waste. If this be really so, why not call in the aid of proffered skill; that, instead of thwarting, we may be found co-operating with the gracious purposes of Him who, though he has ordained labour to be the lot of man, has yet made this labour the instrument of the highest happiness; and the source of the greatest comforts to our race? Is it to be the reproach of our age, also, that wisdom lifteth her voice at the corners of the streets, and that no man regardeth her cry.

THE CORN LAWS.

The Queen's speech announced, with a clearness rare to the public hearing during the days of Whiggism, the decision of the Cabinet on the great question of the day; the general purpose of a Ministerial "Speech" being to say nothing to the purpose, to acquaint the country with the fact that every thing was to be scrupulously concealed till the hour of debate came, and to recommend it to the legislature to take every thing for granted, because every thing was to be guessed.

On the great question of national subsistence, Sir Robert Peel's plan declares three objects—the primary one is to afford the necessary protection to the agriculturist, the next to check frauds in the traffic, and the third is to obtain a more satisfactory knowledge of the state of the market at all times.

That the plan will *not* satisfy the Chartist, or Socialist, or "Leaguer," we have no doubt. It must be something of a very different nature from a peaceable provision for the community, that will please those growlers against what they call the "bread-tax." Those itinerant operators on the follies and passions of the multitude, promise food for nothing, and idleness to all. There are individuals among them who see the full length of revolution, and who perfectly know that the inevitable consequence of six months of this *régime* of riot, would be a revolution. The plan of the Minister has evidently held this desperate hazard in view; and this is the first praise which we give to his plan—it protects the farmer.

The next principle has been, that of preventing the exorbitant profits made by speculators on the fluctuation of prices. We have no hesitation in saying, that fraudulent as all trade may become in fraudulent hands, there is no branch in which a system of more determined fraud may be practised than in the corn trade. To hope that any "scale" will wholly prevent the knavery, is idle; but the present plan evidently places new obstacles in the way, makes fraud less profitable, and concealment more difficult; and, by this double operation, secures the fair trader.

The plan proposes, perhaps as far as can at present be done, to fix the *maximum* duty on wheat at 20s. when the price is 50s. and under. The duty is to be 19s. at 51s., 18s. at 52s.—the descent of the duty stopping here, and continuing at the same rate until the price has reached 55 shillings the quarter. From this point it again begins to descend, a shilling being taken off the duty for every advance of a shilling in the price. But when the duty reaches 6s., and the price 65s., the duty remains fixed until the price reaches 69s.; from this the duty again descends, until, at 74s., it sinks to one shilling a quarter, the *minimum*. But we must allow Sir Robert himself to show the advantages to the consumer.

"When corn is at 59s. to 60s., the present duty is 27s. 8d. The duty I propose at this price is 13s. At 50s., the existing duty is 36s. 8d.; increasing as corn falls. Instead of 36s. 8d., I propose in this case a duty of 20s., without increase. At 56s., I propose

to fix a duty of 16s.—the existing duty is 30s. 8d.; at 60s., the existing duty is 26s. 8d.—the duty I propose is 12s. At 63s., the duty I propose is 9s.—the existing duty is 23s. 8d. At 64s., the duty I propose is 8s.—the present duty is 22s. 8d. At 70s., the existing duty is 10s. 8d.—the duty I propose is 4s.; and so on, to be reduced, as I have already stated, until it reaches one shilling. Therefore, it is impossible to deny, on comparing the duty as at present imposed with the duty which I propose, that there is a very considerable decrease in the protective duty on corn."

The second object, that of preventing the knaveries of a sudden combination to raise prices for the purpose of obtaining a sudden remission of duty, is met by making the remission of duty slower than before, and making its connexion with the increase of price less profitable. On the former scale, a rise of price so slight as from 67s. to 68s., a thing easily effected, a rise of one shilling gives the speculator a reduction of two shillings duty. But the scale went on at the same rate of two shillings diminished duty for one

shilling of rise in price up to seventy-one shillings, when another shilling, namely seventy-two, gave the sudden premium no less than four shillings fall of duty. With this temptation to urge prices upward, we can feel but little surprise at the practices which are alleged to have occurred. But the present plan, instead of making the fall of duty thus dangerously exceed the rise of price, makes the former much the more tardy of the two. Thus, for instance, when the price is fifty-two, the seller must be able to raise corn to fifty-five—a rather difficult operation—before he can obtain the remission of a single shilling of duty; and so on, according to the scale. It is obvious that those *intervals* put the corn trade more beyond the power of combination than before. For though a trick of the market, a rumour, or any of the common artifices of low speculation might push up the price one shilling, a rise of three at once is a difficult affair, and even, perhaps, beyond the power of any combination.

The following is the tabular statement of the scale:—

WHEAT.				
Price.			Proposed duty.	
s.		s.	s.	
At 50 and under 51	...	...	20	For every quarter under 51s.
51	—	52	...	...
52	—	53	...	...
53	—	54	...	...
54	—	55	...	...
55	—	56	...	...
56	—	57	...	...
57	—	58	...	...
58	—	59	...	...
59	—	60	...	...
60	—	61	...	...
61	—	62	...	...
62	—	63	...	...
63	—	64	...	...
64	—	65	...	...
65	—	66	...	...
66	—	67	...	...
67	—	68	...	...
68	—	69	...	...
69	—	70	...	...
70	—	71	...	...
71	—	72	...	...
72	—	73	...	...
73 or above	...	...	1	...

BARLEY.				
Price.			Proposed duty.	
s.		s.	s.	
At 25 and under 26	...	...	11	
26 — 27	...	...	10	
27 — 28	...	...	9	
28 — 29	...	...	9	
29 — 30	...	...	9	
30 — 31	...	...	8	
31 — 32	...	...	7	
32 — 33	...	...	6	
33 — 34	...	...	5	
34 — 35	...	...	4	
35 — 36	...	...	3	
36 — 37	...	...	2	
37 — ...	...	...	1	37s. and upwards.

OATS.				
Price.			Proposed duty.	
s.		s.	s.	
At 18 and under 19	...	...	8	
19 — 20	...	...	7	
20 — 21	...	...	6	
21 — 22	...	...	6	
22 — 23	...	...	6	
23 — 24	...	...	5	
24 — 25	...	...	4	
25 — 26	...	...	3	
26 — 27	...	...	2	
27 — ...	...	...	1	27s. and upwards.

Another feature of the plan is that of forming the averages from a larger number of market towns; thus increasing the accuracy of the calculation, and rendering combination more difficult. The returns, too, are to be collected by officers responsible to government—those already employed in the Excise. On the whole, the plan has been received with favour among the classes best qualified to comprehend its practical value. With us, the first great question is, simply, whether it affords sufficient protection to the agriculturist. This must be decided only by the event; but we believe that the decision will be for the Minister. As to the probability of ultimately giving the artizan a loaf at half price, we regard it altogether as theoretical. We must only hope

that his profits will increase, that his temperance in the matter of gin will enable him to buy more bread, and that the growing prosperity of the country, though it never can make corn grow for nothing, will make money more abundant. We tell the people that those who harangue on the facility of plundering the farmer, take the direct opposite of the way to the comfort of the artizan; that plenty consists not in the penury of the grower of food, but in the wealth of the purchaser; and that if the loaf were raised at this moment to five shillings, and the artizan's power of paying for it to ten, the country would be in five times a higher state of prosperity than with a shilling loaf, and a two shilling consumer.

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THE WORLD OF LONDON.

PART XI.

WE left the amusement-hunting reader, if we recollect rightly, on Barstead or Epsom Downs, enjoying the pleasures and excitements of the Derby day: he must now return with us to town, and prepare to take his pleasure upon the river. Aquatic amusements are much in vogue with Londoners: their majestic river,

“Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o’erflowing full,”

is their glory and delight: they look upon Father Thames as the parent of their mighty city, and they love to disport themselves, like children, upon his bosom.

The incurious observer sees in Father Thames only a broad, clear, silvery stream, sustaining many ships, and much frequented by swans, gudgeons, watermen, and poetasters; but men of mind look upon the old gentleman in a totally different point of view. Reverting the eye of the mind, we look along the distant horizon of the past; and, as we gaze, churches, houses, wharfs, towers, palaces, all the massive piles raised by the laborious arts of congregated man, fade from our sight. We stand upon the naked bank of the bridgeless stream, or avail ourselves of the rude canoe of a solitary fisherman to convey us from shore to shore; yet even thus, as we are borne along upon the tidal stream, we prophetically exclaim, “Behold, in these marshes, and upon those little

hills, the future site of a mighty metropolis!” See how the river hereabouts, like some monstrous serpent, coils upon himself, twisting and twining as if he would indicate the spot where he wished his name associated with the glories and magnificence of future ages. Here he invites, by eloquence more powerful than words, the merchants of all nations to resort: and mark with what forecast of wisdom the venerable father makes his arrangements to secure himself the undisputed sovereignty of floods. Removing his urn far from hostile or rival nations, whose wars and contentions might stain with blood his translucent waters, or whose mutual jealousies might interrupt his peaceful labours, he sits himself down in a sea-girt isle, choosing, with an eye to the picturesque, the most pleasant valleys through which to recreate himself in his devious journey to the sea: *there* he drags old Ocean from his inmost depths, and, twice in each revolving sun, compels him to carry upon his brawny shoulders the wealth of nations, and, as he retires, the venerable father politely shows him to the door: his broad bosom is a highway, independent not only of the winds but of steam: he goes and returns, never empty-handed: he opens his capacious mouth in the face of Europe, and equally welcome to him are the navies of the west and east: he grasps with his lengthy arms the remote country, and compensates for the narrow limits in which he is compelled to move, by

wandering in a devious course: he is a benign monarch wherever he appears, bestowing beauty and blessing; a kind parent, bestowing all upon his children, nothing upon himself: though lending himself now and then to adorn and enrich the demesne of nobles and kings, his chief glory lies in assisting his dear daughter, London, in her business; he fetches and carries for her like a common porter, and nothing comes amiss to him, from the spices and silks of Hindostan to the coals of Newcastle: though usually calm and tranquil, in bad weather he sometimes blusters a little, as what old gentleman does not? Truly Father Thames is his name, London is his offspring, and when we consider that the old gentleman must have been at least four thousand years of age when his bantling was born, we cannot but allow Miss Augusta London to be a wonderful baby of her years!

Whenever the young lady wishes to go to play, Father Thames is ready and willing to carry her upon his back. There is in aquatic amusements a combination of most of those recreative enjoyments in which London delights: sailing and rowing matches not only give opportunity to enjoy fresh air and healthy exercise, but there is a speculation in it, and the spirit of gaming, so prevalent among the city population, may be indulged in without other limits than the resources of the adventurer. On a day named for the great annual rowing match, for example, between Cambridge and Oxford, you would imagine, looking at the river between Westminster and Putney, that Thames had retired from business, and had nothing to do but amuse himself; indeed, at all times the number of pleasure-boats is considerable, but on occasions like the above the river is alive with every variety of craft. There are, first, the club cutters from Whitehall stairs, beautiful specimens certainly of the boat-builder's art, manned by officers of the Guards, or young men of fashion about town, and steered by "nobby" watermen in scarlet coats, with yellow facings, and silver badges on the arms: then there are the four-oared gigs of the Templars, the Westminster youths, and numberless subscription-boats, such as the Dolphin, the Byron, the Leander; wherries, funnies, and skiffs innumerable, are launched from Searles's, Lyons's, Ro-

berts's, and the other boat-builders in Stangate, where city barges lay up in ordinary; every variety of ship's boat from below bridge—jolly boats, long boats, captain's gigs, pulled by sturdy apprentices, come up to see the fun; barges with awnings, streamers, and valuable cargoes of elegantly-dressed ladies, are not wanting. Nor less animated are the shores than the river; Vauxhall Bridge is monopolized by stylish equipages; every window, balcony, and house-top, commanding a view of the river, is occupied by crowds of well-dressed persons of both sexes.

The *coup-d'œil*, as may be supposed, is highly animating, and the struggle for the prize not a little exciting, though wanting that intensity of interest, that alternation of hope and fear, that gives so much exhilaration to the spectator of horse races. Regattas, from the days of Virgil to our own times, have been comparatively *slow* affairs; in these, as in many other amusements, the accessories are the real pleasures after all—the match being more an inducement to go than an end of our going.

Below bridge, sailing matches are in vogue, to match the rowing matches above bridge—the ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB, headquarters Greenwich, is the chief patron of these river entertainments. It is a remarkable fact, that in the regattas of this club, whenever a match comes off between JINKS, STOGGINS, BAGGLEBOTTOM, and LORD ADDLEHEAD GULLET, the only lord belonging to the club, his lordship is always safe to win: on the last occasion, his yacht, the "LITTLE UNPAID," sprung her mast and carried away two gaff-topsails, while the contending vessels, instead of cracking on to take advantage of the accident, luffed up in the wind's eye, until his lordship chose to repair damages and go a-head again. We have heard various causes assigned for this curious phenomenon, of which that nearest the truth would seem to be, that Lord Addlehead, if not allowed to win, might retire from the club, and so put out the light of its gentility: some insist that the reason the "Little Unpaid" is allowed to win all the cups in succession, is because of the delight Bagglebottom, Stoggins, Jinks, and the other members of the club, take in being allowed to touch the tips of the fingers of Lord Addlehead, of wishing his lordship joy, and of drinking wine with

him upon the occasions of presenting the noble owner of the "Little Unpaid" with the silver cups. We happened to accompany our dear friend, Mr POLAR BEAR'S yacht, *URSA MINOR*—since expelled the club for saying he didn't care a curse for Lord Addlehead—to the great room of the Trafalgar at Greenwich, upon one of these interesting occasions: there was a very pretty *dejeuner à la fourchette*, pretty fair allowance of wine, a pretty cup, the fourth or fifth Lord Addlehead had done the club the honour of winning, with a dead silver sailor dancing a hornpipe on the top, and several silver yachts, among which the "Little Unpaid" was not the least conspicuous, careering round the side; and to conclude all, a very pretty speech from Bagglebottom, yacht "*AURORA SAL*," congratulatory and tuft-huntatory. When the speech was over, Lord Addlehead addressed the club in an intermittent style of oratory—as

thus, "'Pon honour—flattered—friend Bagglebottom—too much—fast boat—next time—handsome cup—club's health—say no more—think the less—aw—aw—'pon my life—he! he!—forget—going to say—drink your health—much obliged—very!"

After the applause with which this oration was received had subsided, his lordship, advancing with a bastard smile, a sort of sneer-begotten grin, took leave of the assembled Thames yachters by an almost imperceptible bend, and the insertion of the tips of two fingers into the thrilling palms of the much-honoured clubbists, beginning with the treasurer, Bagglebottom, and ending with our friend Polar Bear, who electrified the company, upon his lordship extending to him his digital extremities, by shouting out, "Shake my hand, man, *shake* it: you know we sha'n't get another these seven years!"

EXHIBITIONS.

The late Lord Stowell, who was in many respects rather an eccentric personage, was said to have confined his recreations in London to the exploration of such shows and exhibitions as might be visited at a cost not exceeding one shilling. His lordship was supposed to have compiled a *catalogue raisonnée* of these cheap entertainments, during a period of fifty years. If this were really the case, we might venture with confidence to affirm that few works would furnish the town with more entertainment than this, if the respect due to the memory of a grave and learned judge would not suffer by its publication.

We propose to go to work even cheaper than Lord Stowell, and to make a superficial examination, in the good company of our readers, of such exhibitions, regretting they are so few, as are thrown open to us for nothing. The subject is far from an unimportant one, unless the education of the popular taste, and its elevation from low and sordid subjects of enjoyment to those which lift up the meanest man in society, and give him a better and higher estimate of himself, in the exaltation, by works of art or industry, of our common nature, be considered unimportant.

Exhibitions, galleries, and museums, are part and parcel of popular education in the young and the adult: they stimulate that principle of inquisitiveness natural to man, and with the right sort of food: they instil knowledge, drop by drop, through the eye into the mind, and create a healthy appetite, growing with what it feeds on: they make the libraries of those who have no money to expend on books, and are the travels of those that have no time to bestow on travel: they are schools in which the best and only true politeness may be taught—politeness that refines the manners by ennobling the heart: they are the best allies of despots, beguiling even slavery of its bitterness; and the surest aids to freemen, since they inculcate tastes and habits that render even freemen still more free. We have often thought, while wandering over the despotic states of the continent, and observing with what studious and paternal care, pleasures, especially those that educate and refine, are flung among the very lowest classes, how profound has been the policy which thus diverts men from the serious cares of life, and invites them to play indolently with its pleasures. Men are apt to forget wants they do not feel, and

we verily believe the existence of despotic dynasties depends less on force of arms, than on the liberality, interested though it be, that bounteously supplies not merely the animal wants of nature, but those cheap and simple intellectual pleasures the poorest, most ignorant, and most simple, are endued with capacities to enjoy. For this it is that the doors of continental exhibitions stand wide open, and where all that is required of the visiter is, that he shall enjoy his treat in quiet: for this, the gates of their churches, containing pictures, sculptures, and treasures, are never shut against rich or poor: for this, music is popularized, and has become part of the patrimony even of the serf: and the results are evident—we have a simple, and it may be ignorant, but a happy and contented race: people with whom toil and moil, unintermittedly from youth to age, is not the sole end of life, and whose faculties are not absorbed in the one unceasing effort to keep the wolf from the door—people having vested interests in those cheap

amusements, which those who deprive them of their liberties dare not touch, if they would run the risk.

Why is it that these cheap, innocent, and elevating sources of recreation are not proffered with liberal hand to the citizens of a free country? Because those who wield the destinies of a great people think these things beneath them, except inasmuch as they may minister to their own exclusive gratification: employed in great affairs, and great in their employment, they altogether overlook the importance of little pleasures to little people—that is to say, to the people at large: extending, consolidating, securing our vast possessions and gigantic interests abroad, our popular education is neglected at home: our rulers resemble ignorant tradesmen, whose lives, devoted to the aggrandizement in wealth and power of their children, leave them without the capacity of turning to purposes of intellectual recreation the vast resources with which they are so prodigally supplied.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Stands first in point of interest among our national exhibitions, as well as in the judicious liberality displayed by the trustees in throwing open its varied treasures to the public gaze. Whether we regard the variety of objects of interest there collected, their rarity or value, it is impossible to imagine the amount of good effected by the late regulations, affording greater facilities for their inspecting, and rendering the place an intellectual bazar for the profit of the whole of our citizen population. We visit this exhibition frequently, not to observe the curiosities—for with these we are long since sufficiently familiar—but as a spectator of the spectators. In holiday time especially, it is a truly exhilarating sight to follow the inquisitive groups from room to room, to pause with them before the wondrous marbles that once adorned the *PARTHENON* and the *ACROPOLIS*, to listen to their unlettered criticism and quaint observations, or to attend them through those apartments that bring before them, as it were, the world at one view: where the products, manufactures, natural wonders of polar, tropical, and temperate regions of the earth, are exposed to

sight; where, surrendered from the depths of the sea, are rare, curious, and monstrous fishes—shells wantoning in every variety of form and colour—minerals of all kinds that contribute to the adornment, or minister to the wants of man—birds, infinite in species, form, and plumage—the insect tribes, in countless varieties, glistening with metallic lustre, and adorned with pencilling of nature's hand, which even tolerably to imitate, is excellence—antediluvian monsters of marvellous proportions, yet adapted, with accurate consistency, to the mingled chaotic mass of mud and water, in which, by the law of Providence, they were ordained to live, and move, and have their being, are restored to us in their integrity, and preserved to our admiring gaze from the wreck of elder worlds. It is delightful to observe the effects of the contemplation of the objects of curiosity congregated in this wondrous ark, even in the ignorant spectator; we are amused with the play of feature in the face of a smock-frocked countryman, called up by the alabaster sarcophagi and porphyritic idols of the old Egyptians; the idea of utility is the first

that strikes his untutored mind, and whether the former may have served to contain oats, or the latter are great stones rolled away from some outlandish foreign farm, evidently puzzles him exceedingly; the rustic beauty who accompanies him, drops her nether jaw in unaffected wonder, and whispers her astonishment in COLIN'S inattentive ear: there is a bold dragon, who, having passed with an air of military stolidity through the marble galleries, is suddenly arrested in his march by a bust of Minerva, and is pointing out to his sweetheart, with great minuteness, the superior beauty and convenience of his helmet, which he has taken off to illustrate the comparison, over the helmet of Minerva, wondering who the colonel could be who would serve out such a helmet as that, and what regiment he belonged to: a *connoisseur*, in black gaiters and green spectacles, is pointing out, with evident *gusto*, the perfection of the dancing Fauns to a group of young ladies, who stand looking every where but at the object of attraction, as if they imagined the contemplation of undraped forms, save in the unobserved seclusion of their bedchamber, a horrid crime: a newly-married pair, the bride easily recognised by her lace-trimmed satin bonnet, veil, and French silk dress, the bridegroom by his spick-and-span new blue body coat, with brass buttons, wander through the rooms in all the ecstacy of honeymoon, arm in arm, looking at every thing, yet seeing nothing save themselves, and thinking of nothing but of each other. In a corner, "the pale artist plies his sickly trade," transferring to his portfolio gems from the chisel of Praxiteles or Phidias: every variety of life and character may be studied here to the best advantage; fashionable people alone are absent, for the British Museum is no longer exclusive, and whatever is no longer exclusive must needs be vulgar, low, intolerable—so much so indeed, that we feel it our duty to make an humble apology to the exclusive reader for noticing a place where every body is permitted to enter. Seriously, however, the pleasure and enjoyment this exhibition affords, are nothing in comparison with the good effected through its instrumentality: out-of-doors recreations in use among our populace, such as suburban fairs and the like, are schools of folly, licentiousness, gluttony, intemperance, and

every sort of vice; so much so, that the legislature, or at least the executive, has been called upon to interfere, for the purpose of limiting their demoralizing influences: but this exhibition is a school of mind and manners, and it is only by contemplating the faces of those who are engaged in recreating here, that you can form an adequate idea of its beneficial effects upon society at large.

The NATIONAL GALLERY is the only other purely gratuitous exhibition we are aware of in London; nor can this be called an exhibition purely gratuitous: to be sure, we are admitted for nothing to see the pictures, but to gain any information about the pictures costs us a shilling. What are pictures to the many? so much paint displayed upon so much canvass. Even to the educated, pictures have not one tithe the interest when merely seen, as when *known*; when we are able, by the help of a catalogue, to gather into one *focus* all the associations of subject, treatment, time, place, and circumstance, of a particular work of art, and to become acquainted, not only with the work, but with the master.

Now, if we are right in the supposition that the National Gallery owed its institution to a desire on the part of Government to popularize art, and lay its treasures open to the millions, surely this system of taking out the price of the exhibition in the indirect tax of a shilling catalogue, is in contrariety to that expressed and understood intention: the catalogue of the gallery now lying before us, containing forty-eight pages, large type, illustrative of the subjects of only one hundred and sixty-three pictures, adding the names of the masters, and the dates of their births and deaths, and all this, costing one shilling—a prohibitory price to the many, and a price which is paid with repugnance by all, knowing that the article is not worth a fourth part of the money—could be printed on a sheet of paper no larger than an ordinary play-bill, and distributed to all who want it, leaving a reasonable profit to the printer, at one penny each copy. The sum to be gained by this small extortion, at the doors of a National Institution, is so paltry, that it is surely not worth while to persist in it, especially as the public are so completely disgusted with the imposition, that threepenny reprints of the same catalogue, by ex-

tra-official persons, are daily selling at the gallery doors.

We presume that this extortion is a job for the exclusive benefit of some small officials—an obscure somebody makes something by it: we hope so, for sure we are it is in the highest degree discreditable to the trustees, if they are cognizant of it; to permit the institution to gain, by the paltry sale of a penny catalogue published at a shilling, which every body wants, which is half the attraction of the gallery, because opening the treasures of the other half, but which nobody will knowingly buy, simply because it is a small cheat, a poor extortion, a pitiful imposition.

Here we are reluctantly compelled to close our account of gratuitous exhibitions. WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, THE TOWER, may be visited only on payment of a small fee at each place. Not long since, a visit to the Tower cost somewhere about four shillings—to Westminster Abbey, half that sum; these extortions are now considerably diminished in amount—a shilling will cover the expense of fees at each place, and if fees are to be paid by the nation for admittance to national institutions, then we cannot quarrel with the moderate sum now exacted. At St Paul's Cathedral the system is much more objectionable; there you are extorted in detail—there is a fee for the body of the church, a fee for the choir, a fee for the whispering gallery, a fee for the library, a fee for the clock-work, a fee for the great bell, a fee for the little bell, a fee for the ball at the top, and a fee for the vaults at the bottom; wherever an Englishman would put his nose, in any corner of this his own National Church, built by the contributions of his ancestors, he is met by a mob of money-takers, cheque-takers, and the like, vociferating fees—fees—fees! If a man leave his horse at the door, and enter the church booted and spurred, there is a fee for that; if he has a cane in his hand, there is a fee for that; and if he have on an upper benjamin, there may be, for aught we know to the contrary, a fee for that too. The demands of the money-takers are studiously regulated so as to extort the greatest possible amount of money from the visitors. When you enter the gate, the show is as cheap as the live codile at Greenwich fair; “twopence,

sir,” is the price to get inside. Well, what can you expect for twopence? You get a twopenny walk through the body of the Cathedral, see naked walls, and tasteless, spiritless, clumsy monuments, erected at your own expense; look up to the dome, and see the interior in a state of dirty dilapidation, and find, after having paid your twopence, that the best part of the show is to be seen outside. Then, if you would penetrate the interior, the demands rise in an accumulated *ratio*, from sixpence to a shilling, from a shilling to half-a-crown, in arithmetical progression; the money-takers will not part with you under a crown, and if you give them half-a-sovereign they will expect another. Only imagine an intelligent foreigner coming to the gate, hat in hand, requesting to be permitted to have the pleasure of seeing the Cathedral, and being addressed through the half-closed entrance by the money-taker, with a demand for twopence—TWO PENCE!

A gentleman informs us, that upon one occasion, having paid the twopences, sixpences, shillings, half-crowns, and all that and those, the tolls, dues, fees, extortions, and so forth, he ascended into the ball, attended by one of the officials, who, having got his man in that elevated and critical situation, incontinently poked him for a gratuity, which being refused, the scoundrel decamped, leaving the gentleman, who had paid for his show, to grope his way down to mother earth in solitary darkness, and at the eminent risk of breaking his bones or neck. Is not this sort of thing highly disgraceful? Is there not something indecorous, not to say worse, in converting the house of the Most High into an arena of extortion? If the public cannot be gratuitously admitted at least to the body of the church, without danger of injury to the building, or the monuments it contains, let them be excluded altogether; but if, on the contrary, they can be admitted, as it has been proved in the case of the British Museum they may be, without the slightest danger, then, in the name of common sense, let these twopenny, and sixpenny, and shilling extortions be done away with. We readily and willingly admit, that wherever there is additional trouble given to the keepers or attendants of our national institutions for the gratification of mere curiosity, a

small fee may, without impropriety, be demanded. On the continent, there is a fivepenny, or at most a tenpenny fee to the attendant who accompanies visitors to the summits of church-towers or monuments, who is not permitted, notwithstanding, if he cannot get an additional gratuity, to leave his customers in the lurch; but the body of a church should not be converted into an exhibition at any price, and the doors should be sacred from the profanation of money-changers. We were rather surprised on looking over the works of the facetious and venerable SYDNEY SMITH, the uncompromising antagonist of ecclesiastical abuses, (those of Deans and Chapters only excepted,) to find not one solitary letter to Archdeacon Singleton on the subject of St Paul's Cathedral exhibitions; no topic that we know of, would afford that jocose canon-residentiary a more fertile theme for ridicule, remonstrance, and invective; and with a sprinkling of puns, a brace and a half of Latin quotations, and a fling at the bishops, would make an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, more spicy and amusing than any old "Blue and Yellow" has favoured us with for many a long day.

To return—if there is one thing in which we fall below foreign nations, it is in the circumscribed and limited utility of our purely national, which should be purely gratuitous, exhibitions. In this we are positively shabby, and more than shabby—we are unwise. From our public exhibitions, we must be estimated by the great mass of foreigners who may not have opportunities of gaining access to select society, and who can see nothing of us but our streets, and the outsides of our houses. The courteous liberality with which they fling open to us their churches, halls, and galleries, we do by no means reciprocate; and whatever estimate they may form of our power, grandeur, and wealth, they have but little to say in favour of our generosity. But this is not the worst: we not only lose in the estimation of foreigners, but suffer in our own: we hear a great deal of cheap food, but nobody thinks of affording cheap pleasure to our population. The opportunity of diffusing popular education in this, the cheapest, simplest, and least objectionable way in which that great object may be accomplished, is altogether lost sight of. This is one

of the reasons, and not the least cogent, why your Englishman, in the gross, is liable to the taunt of being little better than a boor. All work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy indeed; and who shall venture to say, that whatever inducements could be held out to him to desert the eternal pipe, pot, and skittle-ground, and to associate himself with his wife and family, in recreations of which they may with propriety partake, would not be a great, substantial, and practical reform?

The way in which such a reform might be brought about, we would suggest in something of this sort—Four times in every year, say the holiday times of Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Michaelmas, let the Tower, the Monument, Westminster Abbey, St Paul's, the Zoological Gardens, be thrown open, say for a week, without let, hindrance, or molestation, to all who may not be objectionable in dress or deportment. Let Parliament grant a sum equivalent to any loss or compensation that may be considered just, where individual interests are prejudiced—the amount would be a mere trifle, and the good that would result from an expenditure so small would be incalculable. In addition to this, if the aristocracy, who now so kindly lend their treasures of art to the exhibition of the Royal Institution, would extend their liberality so far as, once a year, for a few days to throw open their contribution of pictures to the masses, we are convinced that there would not be an humble man who might feast his eyes upon the priceless works the nobility might choose to lend for this purpose, who would not go away obliged and grateful to those who had thus materially contributed to his amusement and instruction. Nor can there be the slightest fear, grounded on reason, that the pictures thus lent would be sixpence the worse for such exhibition. The conduct of the people, now so liberally admitted to the collection at HAMPTON COURT, is a sufficient guarantee that the privilege thus accorded would in nowise be abused. A few additional policemen, to preserve order, is all that would be requisite. It is perfectly incredible how much the aristocracy would gain in the esteem of the people at large, by identifying themselves, in this or any other way in their power, with the harmless pleasures of the humble. Social distinctions are now

pointedly marked and widely severed. Too much familiarity, on the one hand, breeds contempt—too little, on the other, engenders aversion; and

the possession of nothing is so little envied as of that which is liberally shared.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

Exhibitions connected, in a greater or less degree, with science, are, perhaps, the most attractive. Of these, the Polytechnic Institution, in Regent Street, and the Adelaide Gallery, Lowther Arcade, Strand, are the most frequented. No better test can be applied, to determine the degree of refinement, intelligence, and education of a people, than the avidity displayed by them for places of instructive amusement, where not only are shows to be seen, but ideas acquired, and whence visitors retire, not only more happy than they entered, but more knowing. The establishment of the Zoological Garden was a source of great and rational recreation to the world of London. Indeed, the success of the institution has abundantly proved how essential to the enjoyment of Londoners is a place combining much natural beauty with a great deal of what is curious, rare, and beautiful, in animated nature. The strange and exotic animals we see here, are so many lively aids to the imagination. In regarding the GIRAFFE, for example, we see much more than a creature with a fine small head, elongated tongue, swan-like neck, long fore and shorter hind legs. We see more than this—we see in him a map, as it were, of the countries he inhabits. His organization is geographical, and he is a delegate, sent among us to describe the peculiarities in the botany and geology of the deserts of Southern Central Africa. He is very communicative, too, in his own way: his figure is sufficient evidence that he is a denizen of plains: his hoofs inform you, as distinctly as if you had seen them, that those plains are sandy and sterile: his configuration expounds, as plainly as if the animal spoke Arabic, that his food is derived from palms, and such other trees as have high-branching leaves, abounding in inter-tropical regions: so, of all the other creatures in this modern ark of Noah, themselves are the least part of their information. They are exponents of the condition of the countries they inhabited before the period of their capti-

vity: they are fixed results of our travels by book through dangerous and distant lands, and they are means furnished us, to fix and realize that which was, until we had seen them, purely ideal. Then, again, what food for the metaphysician is there in the contemplation of the monkey tribes, their shockingly human jealousies, thefts, over-reachings, battles, tricks, and schemes—their anatomical structure, too, so marvellously similar to our own, that dissection has been able to exhibit no other essential anatomical difference between the monkey and the man than in the conformation of the thumb or fifth finger, which in the former is unilateral, or acts on the same side with the other fingers, while in the latter it is opponent, or antagonizing. You see, vain man, whatever you may think of yourself, comparative anatomists determine your difference with the monkey, after all, not by the divine faculties of speech, reason, or the power "*erectos ad sidera tollere vultus*," but by the rule of thumb!

Look at the elephant marching about with his trunk reverted, and his gulf-mouth gaping for apples or biscuits! Is he not a history of India in one volume folio, bound in leather? Why, he is better to us, who never travel except by the fireside, than a hundred histories of India: looking on, we multiply him in our mind's eye, and in a twinkling before us stand caparisoned elephants *ad libitum*; upon their backs we put *howdahs*, and fill them with turbaned Mussulmen, veiled beauties of the seraglio, warriors, and the thousand followers of an Indian rajah; we picture the procession passing through almost interminable jungles, watering by the Ganges, and resting for the night amidst the natural arcades of the baobab-tree. All that we had read and had forgotten, in "*Mill's History of British India*," and elsewhere, the sight of that animal recalls vividly to our memory—so much more descriptive is that which appeals to the eye, than that which recommends itself only to the mind—so much more faithfully does the thing

itself remain recorded in the memory, than descriptions of the thing or likenesses of the thing can ever do. Demonstrative knowledge is in every way above that which is illustrative: nothing is so lifelike as life itself; and a thousand ideas may be gathered from the living inhabitant of foreign lands, whether vegetable or animal, for one that can be acquired by poring over the dusty pages of a "*Hortus Siccus*," or the stark, staring, stiff, stuffed mammals, fishes, and birds, in the British Museum. Behold that BOA-CONSTRUCTOR coiled up in a corner!—what a horrible reptile it is! One nearly as large as himself he dined on a few days ago, after lunching heartily upon a couple of rabbits. Great was the consternation among the officials of the gardens on the disappearance of the second BOA, intense the anxiety of the inhabitants around the Regent's Park, lest the serpent should have found its way into the inclosures. For a week no elderly gentleman stirred abroad without arming himself with a sword-cane, and not a ladies' boarding-school dared venture to take the air, for fear of some of the young ladies falling a victim to the fatal embraces of the vagrant *constrictor*; nor, until the continuous lethargy and increased volume of the remaining reptile had attracted particular attention, was it suspected that he had devoured his bedfellow. Is not the great convoluted slimy creature, in

his own person, a history of uncivilization? Is it wonderful that man should quail before exploring, settling, or cultivating the desert that gives birth to such horrible monsters? or can there be any choice between a land redundant in spontaneous vegetation encumbered with such monsters, and climes where labour tills without fear—the happier soil where such creatures, save in the captivity we now behold them, never come?

Turn we now to the feathered tribes, and let us take lessons of order, providence, and distributive equalization in the various species. In that aviary, see the nightingale in her robes of sombre brown: contrast her who fills our woods and groves with music Silence herself delights to hear, with those vulgar cockatoos—old painted dowagers—rending the air with their horrible shrieks, and learn from hence how little gaudy dress has to do with graceful beauty. With what profusion of rich and delicate colouring has not the cunning hand of nature pencilled that little water-fowl, yet you see its shape is rotund, chubby, and ungraceful; while those crested cranes, in dresses of sober grey, have grace in every movement, in every turn of the head. In outline, expression, plumage, what infinite yet harmonious variety, from the huge-mouthed pelican to the little teal, from the gigantic ostrich to the diminutive wren?

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

The exhibitions of fruits and flowers in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, though more exclusive and expensive than that we have already noticed, is not less attractive to those whose ample means enable them to become spectators of the wondrous triumphs of cultivation, and the metamorphoses art works upon the vegetable world, displayed at those interesting exhibitions. A love of flowers, and shrubs, and horticulture generally, seems one of the leading delights of the people of the vast metropolis: their appetite for nature would seem to be whetted by their want of opportunity to cultivate her acquaintance. Every area is converted into a shrubbery, where junipers, and variegated laurels, and the classic myrtle appear. In the windows of almost every house you will see some attempt made to

cultivate such flowers as can be made to blow under such unfavourable auspices: the balconies above are devoted to the flowering parasitic plants, and to the occasional display of geraniums and other kindred tribes. Even the poor, who are unable to provide themselves with any other reminiscence of their occasional visits to the outskirts than a few roots of cowslips, primroses, or daisies, carefully preserve them in penny pots, and take as much delight in decorating therewith their garret windows as if they were the rare productions of distant countries. A walk through any of the suburban districts evidences this horticultural propensity in its highest development. We have seen as much refined taste and expense displayed upon a spot of six square yards as would have served for the decora-

tion of a small demesne; nor is there any thing about London in which the distinction between our chief city and those of the continent is more distinguishable, than the pains and cost bestowed upon the adornment of these semi-rural pleasaunces. Until the stranger has seen the exhibitions of the Horticultural Society, he can have no adequate idea of the extent to which this passion is carried by the more opulent classes of the metropolis: the grounds, though not in themselves much favoured by nature, are beautifully laid out; military bands are in attendance, and every arrangement is made to render the gardens a delightful lounge for those who take no particular interest in the immediate objects of the society. Subordinate to this leading exhibition, we have many others of more limited application:—there is the annual display of pines at Walworth; of exotic flowers and flowering shrubs at the nursery grounds of Messrs Loddige of Hackney and Knight of Chelsea, whose enterprise, taste, and skill have procured for them an almost European reputation: then there is an annual tulip show, where every variety of that exquisitely pencilled, but unintellectual flower is displayed to the curious in such matters. The prices of these roots, varying from five shillings to a hundred pounds, are enough to startle a political economist, and to delight the cupidity of a Dutch tulipo-maniac.

We may in this place take the opportunity, which indeed will occur with sufficient frequency in the course of our lucubrations, of remarking upon the immense wealth diffused throughout this metropolis, evidenced by the enormous scale of expense upon which the various exhibitions for the intellectual recreation of our public are undertaken. In fact, it would be absolutely out of the question to form any thing like an idea of these institutions becoming remunerative to their projectors, if we did not look to the vast amount of superfluous wealth gathered in this town, and lying in the hands of comparatively idle people, whose employment consists mainly in spending their money, and whose intelli-

gence, education, and habits of life lead them to the expenditure of their money in the cultivation of refined and elegant tastes and pursuits such as those, some of which we have been at the pains to enumerate, and of which many more remain, through lack of space necessarily omitted from our enumeration.

Reflecting that to London come all the estates, converted into paid-up rentals, of our landed aristocracy; all the capital revolving in the cycle of perpetual commerce, passing like a thought from the hand of one speculator to another; all the pay and allowances of public officers, civil and military; all the gigantic fortunes amassed in our colonies; when we consider that nine-tenths of the consolidated fund are paid, received, and expended in London; all the incomes, great, intermediate, and trivial, for whose expenditure this town offers such convenient inducements—we shall be led to the conclusion that the wonder lies, not in the multitude of our tasteful and intellectual recreations, but that they should not be yet more multitudinous than they are. In these, and in a thousand other modes of expenditure, money must fly: gold is an article, heavy though it be, in its own nature excursive, migratory, and evanescent: the genius of accumulation seldom survives the generation beginning to accumulate: the next begins to reverse the glass, and the golden sands are dissipated faster than they were gathered together. For the purpose of illustration, we may compare London to a mountain in which untold gold lies hidden, and our modes of dissipation to so many rivulets flowing down its sides, carrying with their waters a portion of that treasure whose bulk remains with hardly perceptible diminution: here, however, the analogy is at an end, for while the mountain parts by slow and imperceptible degrees with its embowelled wealth, it receives no new accessions of the precious treasure; while our mine, dissipating day by day, is every day recruiting its losses, and, though a spendthrift, is as rich at the ending as at the beginning.

MUSIC

Is cultivated, as a recreative luxury, by every class, above the very lowest,

of the mighty multitudes inhabiting our London. From the juveniles at-

tracted by the hurdy-gurdy of the Savoyard in our streets, to the exclusive auditory of the ancient music concerts; from the gentlemen and ladies assembled, with pipe and pot, at the CATHARINE WHEEL in Windmill Street, the MOGUL in Drury-Lane, the BOWER SALOON in Lambeth Marsh, the HOPE in Blackman Street, the EAGLE in the City Road, and a thousand and two other houses licensed for vocal and instrumental music, as the inscription over the door informs you, according to act of Parliament—to the plebeian auditories of the English, or the select *habitués* of the Italian opera: all ages, ranks, and denominations bow before the universal influence of music. Our climate does not admit with safety of musical performances *al fresco*: our Ranelaghs, Vauxhalls, and the like, are matters of history: but within doors we have every variety of concert adapted to every taste and every pocket. Our street music we have already discussed at sufficient length in that part of our series relating to foreigners in London; and if we had not, the reader who resides in town will hear more than enough of it without our dinning it into his exhausted ear. Indeed, we can conscientiously affirm, that were it not for these ear-splitting itinerants grinding their halfpenny harmony into the head of the poor author of this series, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, he would be much less confused and unintelligible than he fears he frequently must be.

To ascend, however, from the street musicians to the singing-rooms, we may take notice that these latter are the normal schools of our metropolitan populace in the delights of song. The pipe and pot divide the palm with the fiddle and flute. Bacchus has not here every thing his own way: Apollo insists on stepping in, and contributing his mite to the harmony of the evening. These singing-rooms, as they are popularly called, are specially licensed for the purpose of affording musical entertainments, in addition to the other more material and substantial inducements of public-houses, and are usually spacious apartments, fitted up for the accommodation of hundreds of individuals of both sexes, having at the upper end a platform, which is constructed also to serve as a sounding-board, whereon is a grand piano,

usually the only instrument in use, although the MOGUL, for example, treats his guests to an occasional voluntary on the organ. The singers are usually a *prima donna*, or sentimental leader, a *basso*, a *primo buffo*, (we beg pardon of the Opera for applying these high-sounding titles to the humble performers of a singing-room,) and one or two others of a nondescript category. The music is of the popular class—the songs of our English school, with few exceptions; though it should be remarked, as an instance of that instinct of good taste which seems to belong to no particular class of society, but to be developed in some by education and opportunity, and not non-existent but only latent in others, that we have observed airs adapted to English words, from the operas of Auber and Bellini, to call forth more enthusiastic plaudits from the uninstructed auditory of these lowly concert-rooms, than any thing we have heard elicited by songs of the “Woodman, spare this tree,” “Dear native isle,” or “Happy land,” category. Comic songs, usually of a coarse and vulgar class, and totally destitute of humour—an article in which the Londoners generally are remarkably deficient—are given in character; and the intervals between the songs are filled up by overtures and waltzes, thumped with more energy than good taste upon the grand piano. The merits of the performers may, perhaps, be best estimated from their pay—six shillings being the usual nightly remuneration of the instrumental, and four of the vocal performers, with a reasonable allowance of gin-and-water. Admittance is obtained at prices varying from twopence to a shilling, according to the style of the place; but the profits of the establishment are mainly derivable from the refreshments disposed of, which are usually dear, and of indifferent quality.

So much for singing-rooms above ground. But these are not all; the bowels of the earth are excavated, to afford nocturnal orgies to idle and dissipated young men about town. When all sober respectable people are in their beds, these musical *infernos*, disguised under the names of SHADES, ELYSIUMS, CIDER-CELLARS, FINISHES, and the like, commence their operations late, and about two o'clock are in the height of their glory. The host, surrounded

by a quartett or so of sweaty, clammy-looking gents, in seedy suits of black, assumes the chair, and while the guests are absorbed in smoke, gin, welsh-rabbits, chops, and conversation, the operations of the clammy-looking gents, who are no other than professional singers, are successively announced from the chair, with loud knocks of hammer upon table—"Silence, gents, if you please! Mr LUSH is going to oblige;"—whereupon Mr Lush, taking a preliminary swig at the brandy-and-water before him, throws himself back in his chair, and, turning up the whites of his eyes to the ceiling, as if invoking the aid of Apollo, roars out, with the lungs of a Stentor, "The Bay of Biscay, O!" or "On board of the Arethusa,"—the entire auditory joining lustily in chorus. Loud thumping of tables, making the glasses ring again, rewards the performance of Mr Lush, while the worthy host hammers the table again, crying out, "Order, gents—order, if you please!"—which is not to be understood to mean "order" in the Parliamentary sense, but as a gentle hint to the guests to order in more chops, welsh rabbits, and brandy-and-water. After this, we are entertained with the announcement from the chair, that we may expect a sentimental song from Mr SWIPES; whereupon that gentleman, a thin crossed-in-love looking gent, with a face the very incarnation of gin, trills out, "She wore a wreath of roses," or some such bit of maudlin sentimentality, in dulcet strains. After a decent interval, the announcement follows, that "HERR JOEL, the celebrated safflower (*siffleur*), will oblige;"—whereupon that good-humoured person, applying a walking-stick to his lips, entertains us with capital imitations of sundry wind instruments, concluding with a mimicry of singing-birds, from the nightingale to the wren, so admirably executed, that, by shutting your eyes, you may, without any violent stretch of imagination, conclude yourself in the shop of a bird-fancier. Next follows, "I know a bank," (rather surprising announcement that,) from the united pulmonary apparatus of Messieurs Swipes and Lush; after which comes, "The merry Christ-church bells," "Mynheer Van Dunk," or some other glee, madrigal, or catch, with the whole vocal strength of the establishment.

If we did not consider it our duty to notice every phase of London life, we should rather have abstained from mentioning the existence of these subterranean musical caverns. No man who loves music for its own sake, or as a refined and elegant enjoyment, can feel any pleasure in resorting to those dens, reeking with a dense atmosphere of smoke, flavoured with the mingled fumes of the public-house and the cook-shop. They are a decidedly bad style of places, and frequenting them stamps a man as a *mauvais sujet*. The worst habits, the lowest tastes, are therein contracted. We never see a young man descend into one of these infernal Shades without thinking of the lines of Virgil—

"Facilis descensus Averni;
Sed revocare gradus iterumque suprare
ad auras
Hic labor, hoc opus est."

Emerging from these low retreats, we find the pursuit of musical enjoyment spread among the middle and upper classes, in proportion to their tastes and means. We have the QUARTETT CONCERTS, under the direction of a talented young violinist named BLAGROVE, assisted by able performers whose names we at this moment forget. These entertainments are, however, exceedingly attractive, and have justified the power of our native musical talent. Rising still higher, we have the concerts of the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, latterly much fallen off, but a few years since comprising the whole musical strength of the Opera, led by MORI. Then at the top of the tree are the CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC, a highly exclusive society, of which members of the Royal family, and the first among the aristocracy of the land, are patrons and directors. Sacred music is much cultivated among a highly intellectual class, and the oratorios at Exeter Hall are well attended and respectably conducted.

It were endless to recount the multitude and variety of musical entertainments with which the metropolis abounds. Mr WILSON has indulged the town with illustrative and historical concerts—highly intellectual and refined entertainments. He gives, for example, a short narrative of the adventures of Prince Charles Stuart, interspersed with specimens of the most celebrated Jacobite ditties. These de-

lightful entertainments deserve the highest encouragement, inasmuch as they convey ideas to the mind as well as sensations to the heart. Then we have the concerts *A LA MUSARD*, as they are called, at the English Opera-House. These are afforded to the public at a remarkably cheap rate: but their cheapness does not compensate for their deficiencies; there is too much noise and too little music for the educated ear—there are too many instruments and too few performers; yet some of the *solos* are executed with considerable power; and the constant attendance of the public may be taken as a very fair test of their powers of attraction. But these concerts are not calculated to do more than confer immediate and temporary entertainment. They are not calcu-

lated to educate the popular taste; for this, simplicity and chastity are requisite. The school of Musard and Strauss is by no means an ideal school—and this is what we want. The quartett concerts of Blagrove have done more for the popularization of music in this town than any other. We do not want mobs of musicians, with drums, trumpets, triangles, and cymbals. We derive no real pleasure from having pistols fired or crackers let off in a concert-room. This musical quackery of the French school can do us no good: we wish to hear Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and Handel simply and elegantly treated. This is the course adopted by the professors of the quartett concerts, and we trust we may have more of them.

THE ITALIAN OPERA

Stands deservedly at the head, as it is the fountain, of our musical entertainments. When this refined instrument of pleasure stole into England, all the self-satisfied John Bullism of our nature was up in arms against it: every variety of insult, invective, and ridicule was showered upon it; but those who introduced the amusement, we mean the aristocracy, persevered, and in our own day we see considerable progress made in naturalizing the delicate exotic among us; so much so, indeed, that the chief ground of objection to it—namely, the vast sums of money expended upon the remuneration of foreigners—can no longer apply, some of our own fair daughters of song giving ample proof of their capacity to sustain the character and reputation of the Italian opera, in the person of an English *prima donna*. It is by no means to be wondered at that a national prejudice should have for a long time existed against an entertainment so strange and new to the tastes and habits of the mass of the people: we were going to say that this prejudice is very vulgar, but on reflection we think there was great excuse for its existence. In the first place, the opera was anti-national, or what John Bull would stigmatize with a sneer as a *foreignering* concern; then, to homely, plain matter-of-fact people, who had no preconceived ideas of the opera save those of a sort of irrational, and therefore more con-

firmed dislike, there did appear something supremely ridiculous in *OTHELLO THE MOOR* jealous in an *adagio maestoso*, *IAGO* demoniacal in a *bravura*, and the gentle *DESDEMONA* imploring a few moments' respite from her ruthless husband, for the purpose of indulging the sympathizing auditory with an *encore* of her last dying song and recitativo. Then the *ballet*—flesh-coloured tights, and a plentiful scarcity of drapery: how horrid, shocking, shameful, and so indeed to the impure mind it is. We recollect that Mr John Bowles, one of the leading members, upon a time, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, exerted himself so successfully as to have a resolution passed at a public meeting, called for the purpose of considering this great enormity, when it was gravely determined that the opera-dancers should be breeched; and such was the outcry against them, that they were actually compelled to invest their graceful limbs in lawn, for the propitiation of the pious Mr John Bowles and the Suppression of Vice Society. In those Gothic and Vandalic days, the good people of England had no idea that an opera is not intended to be an acted play; that its end is not appealing to the understanding or the heart by its dialogue; that it is merely a dramatic concert in character; and that the dialogue and plot, or, to speak operatically, the *libretto*, are merely vehicles for the

variety of expression capable of being elicited by the composer. They did not take the trouble to reflect that the music is the essence, the drama only an accessory of the opera. Of the merits of the former they were utterly unable to judge; of the defects of the latter they were perfectly sensible, and upon them they showered all the force of their ridicule and contempt. The best exponent of the feeling respecting the Italian Opera in England at this time, may be found in the almost unparalleled success of the *Beggar's Opera* of Gay—a performance which not only hit the public taste to a nicety, as a burlesque of the new-fangled entertainment, but justified at the same time the capabilities of our native composers.

This vulgar prejudice against the Italian Opera has now passed away; the gradual taste for music, developed by slow and imperceptible degrees in the public, has descended, filtered as it were, through the successive strata of society; and that entertainment for which we are indebted to the highest circles, has now become popularized amongst us, is now translated from the Italian Opera-House to our patent theatres, and has become an intellectual recreation to thousands of the middle and lower classes.

THE OPERA, however, properly so called, by which we are understood to mean, of course, the QUEEN'S THEATRE, or ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, is the undoubted temple of fashion and exclusion—it is the place of *reunion* of

“The twice two thousand for whom earth was made,”

the neutral ground of fashionable society. Here all political differences are merged and for the time forgotten, and the duty of every one belonging to the various *sets* or cliques, into which even the world of fashion is divided, is to be agreeable as possible. There is not in London a finer sight than the Opera-House on a drawing-room night, when plumes, lappets, and diamonds among the ladies, and full dress with the gentlemen, form part of the etiquette of the place; turning your back to the orchestra, and looking round the theatre, tier above tier of boxes, rising one above the other like the broadside of a double first-rate, if there ever was such a ship of war, the countless boxes

so many port-holes bristling with a very different artillery—the artillery of a thousand pair of eyes of the brightest, fairest, noblest, of the land. When empty, or half full, the house looks positively shabby; a wide waste of gaping empty boxes, with here and there one occupied, each tier looking like a mouth denuded of three parts of its natural ornaments: the decorations, too, if decorations they may be called which decorations are none, are so gloomy and sombre that the wilderness of the Colosseum itself is preferable; but when the house is full, on a drawing-room night, or when Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache—names that embody the genius of song, wreathed with a thousand exquisite remembered harmonies—grace the scene, then we acknowledge the propriety of taste that has dictated the studied plainness of decoration; the groups of youth and beauty in the boxes are seen in high relief from the dark ground in which they sit as it were impannelled; the eye is undisturbed in its contemplation by factitious ornaments, and can wander at will over a maze of various loveliness.

Yet plain and unadorned as are the outward forms of these boxes, the inward box of these music-houses of the *haute noblesse* is delightfully commodious, and tastefully simple: the pretty morning paper, flower-painted chairs, and *tele-a-tete* settees, lounges, hassocks, and soft Persian carpet, make a little paradise of luxurious ease.

“There eke the soft delights that
witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the
breast,
And calm the pleasures, always hover
nigh;
But whate'er smacks of 'noyance or unrest
Is far, far off expell'd from this delicious
nest.”

And now, when you are wearied with gazing on unknown and unapproachable beauty—when you turn from the loveliest face you ever sighted at beholding, to behold a yet more lovely face in the stage-box at the opposite side—when you have determined that you would be the happiest man in the opera of life, if blest with one approving smile of that fair pensive girl with the long flaxen ringlets, delicately shading a neck whiter than—no, not than snow, or alabaster, or white

lead, or any of those poetical used-up whites we are so familiar with, but a warm, living, breathing, white, whiter than any other neck you ever saw; or that brilliant beauty with glossy hair worn simply *à la reine*, and eyes flashing light from the depths of lustrous darkness; or that full-blown *blonde*, breathing good humour and good feeling from every feature of her native Saxon face; or that sylph with pendant curls, now bursting into unconscious womanhood; or——Where the devil are we running to? We thought we were young again, and were haunted by the apparition of our prime; take off your hat, sit down and compose yourself, for see Mori (poor Mori!) is on his throne, violin in hand; there is Puzzi with his French-horn, Cook with his hautboy, Nicholson with his flute, Lindley, too, the worthy representative of a family distinguished in the annals of British musical talent, leans on his violoncello, soon to discourse most eloquent music; now the conductor, with his ivory baton, taps thrice—there is an anxious pause, though but of a moment, and hark—the overture to the Don Giovanni of Mozart.

As subdued tone and repose are the characteristic features of the subscribers to the Opera, you will not be surprised to find the music there of a subdued and *reposito* character; there is no noise at the Opera, no thrashing out sounds as one thrashes oats with a flail; the expression of the music to be performed is more attended to than even the execution, and taste reigns supreme. A vulgar ear will be infinitely more pleased with the crashing, stunning, blasting noises of the concerts at the ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE, but nothing of that loud talking upon catgut is understood here; the object of the performers *here*, is to make their instruments speak, and in speaking to make them say something, as it is of the singers to make their songs *act*, and in acting to *do* something. This is precisely, and concisely, the difference between the music at the Italian Opera and the music every where else about town, and this expressiveness it is that gives to the former its deserved superiority.

The *ballet* is but the music of motion—somebody has called it the poetry of motion; it is all the same, it impresses the mind through the eye, precisely as music through the ear, though in a lesser degree; its motions and *pas* are but so many cadences; what are its slow, expressive, minuet-like movements but *adagios*? what its *pas de deux* but delectable duets? what the *cachuca* but a magnificent motive *bravura*?

The analogy that associates the *ballet* with the opera, is founded in nature; they are the same thing, appealing to the sensations through eyes and ears.

Touching the accessories of the OPERA and *ballet*, we regret to be obliged to confess that they have been for a long time most shamefully neglected; it seems to have been considered by the management sufficient to engage a limited number of the leading opera singers and dancers of the day, and to have the choruses, supernumeraries, and all that contributes to the illusion or attraction of the scene, cared for as if such things were supererogatory, and not worth a thought. This is a vital error, and one, if persisted in, very likely to injure permanently the interests of this great establishment; if the accessories are neglected as they have hitherto been, we may as well dispense altogether with the theatre, and have the operas performed in a concert room.

Now that operatic performances have become leading attractions at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, and are doubly attractive from the sedulous care bestowed upon the scenery and decorations of the scene, the management of the Italian Opera-House will be compelled, for their own interest's sake, to attend to these apparently trivial, but really important matters; the eye, gratified by *spectacle*, is an assistance to the mind, which dwells with more gratification upon the essentials of the entertainment; and nothing certainly can be more offensive than the poverty of scenery and decoration, the inadequacy of the chorus singers, and scanty parsimony displayed in the introduction of supernumeraries at the Queen's Theatre.

THE THEATRES.

While the Opera is the chosen place of resort for the great, our patent

theatres stand at the head of those entertainments that lie more open to the

upper, middle, and lower classes. Going to the play, is a favourite recreation of the Londoner; his convenience is suited in every possible way as to price and variety of amusement; almost every class has its theatre, with performances adapted to their several tastes and predilections; theatres for the east, and theatres for the west; theatres for this side the river, and theatres for that; theatres for performances equestrian and aquatic; theatres legitimate and illegitimate; each and every of these theatres having a character peculiarly its own, and an auditory that appertains to no other theatre, as characteristic in its own way as the performances. Thus, for example, while at the little GARRICK, away in the oriental regions beyond Whitechapel, three dozen crews of Indiamen, the captains with their ladies in the dress circle, the mates with their wives in the pit, the fore-castle men with their doxies in the gallery, are being entertained with the *FLYING DUTCHMAN*, interluded with naval songs and hornpipes, and concluded by the *WRECK ASHORE*, a select auditory at the St James's Theatre in the far west is delighted with the performance of *Monsieur Perlet*, in the inimitable "*BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME*" of Moliere; at the same moment that rival operas, *NORMA* at Covent-Garden, *ACIS AND GALATEA* at Drury-Lane, are being executed before admiring audiences, burlesque imitations of these operas are giving unalloyed delight, on the same evening, to crowded houses at the *ADELPHI* and the *SURREY*; at *SADLER'S WELLS* in the north, and the *VICTORIA THEATRE* in the south, melodramatic performances, extravaganzas, and domestic tragedies, entertain the company; at the little theatre in the Haymarket, comedies of the old school alternate with plays by Bulwer and others; then there is the *PAVILION* in the Whitechapel Road, the *CITY OF LONDON* in Norton-Falgate, and many others too tedious to mention, of the fire-and-brimstone, blue-light, and extra-melodramatic character.

High or low, rich or poor, the theatre is a supreme delight of your Londoner: he is not, it is true, like the Parisian, a habitual play-goer, but when he does go, he enjoys himself the more; play-going is not his business but his recreation.

The play's the thing; it is always

prepared, and may be enjoyed without previous arrangement, or any other trouble than that of paying your money at the door; then the price of the amusement is studiously adapted to the condition in life of the customer: again, it is an enjoyment which may be had after the day's work, and is the more pleasantly taken because not interfering with business; and lastly, which is of no small importance, play-going is a highly thirst-provoking affair, greatly promoting the imbibition of gin and beer. Then, there is always something new at the theatres—something to give a subject for talk to the world of chat and gossip; there is a perpetual rivalry among the managers to outdo one another, and every playhouse is no more than an enormous rat-trap, baited with some savoury cheese or other nicety, studious to capture that long-tailed animal the public. Our theatrical adventurers are left altogether to themselves; no such thing is known among us as Government patronage, of caterers for public amusement; no accounts-current between the house and the Treasury; no official intercourse between statesmen and comedians; no diplomatic relations between opera-dancers and officers of state: our amusements, like our industry, are allowed to hang by their own tail, and we get on all the better for it. Not that we are without restrictions in matters theatrical: the Lord High Chamberlain exercises, within the limits of London and Westminster, the office of dramatic censor; the beauty and harmony of this wise restriction, will be obvious to every reader, from the fact that on the one side of Oxford Street no dramatic performance can be exhibited except by leave of the Chamberlain, while on the other his jurisdiction is altogether superseded; for theatrical purposes, therefore, there is a licensed and an unlicensed side of the street. How far, in our day, restrictions upon theatrical entertainments are requisite or advisable, may be matter of question; we cannot help considering, that restricting the performance of the legitimate drama to patent theatres, and giving them a monopoly within the limits of London and Westminster, is a very indifferent mode of encouraging dramatic talent, whether of author or actor, while there is no power of compelling the managers of our patent

theatres to give that encouragement. We can recollect the time when our Theatres-Royal—old Drury in particular, who, recollecting John Kemble, Siddons, and Kean, should have been ashamed of himself—rivalled the Victoria and Astley's in their wild-beast attractions, and deserted Shakspeare, Jonson, and Sheridan, for the panthers, lions, and tigers of Van Amburgh's menagerie. It is to this monopoly by the houses twain, "of Covent-Garden and of Drury-Lane," that the town is indebted for that degraded taste in the drama, of which the bills of the play at all our minor houses are sufficient evidence; instead of playing up to the public taste, or soaring above it, they are compelled to descend to the low level of melodramatic trumpery, and to become instruments, not of instruction but of mere unintellectual entertainment. The drama suffers under the effects of this blighting monopoly as much as the public; authors who live to please, must please to live, and the low tastes thus generated, must be pandered to; actors, in like manner, have no opportunity of holding the mirror up to nature at these minor houses; even nature is never thought of, so that to keep up the old monopoly of theatricals within a circle of a few miles round Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane, all hope of converting the minor houses into places of rational entertainment is lost sight of. Perhaps it may be said, that these illegitimate houses, if we may call them so, are not in arrear of the popular taste, but on a level with it; we know the reverse of this to be the fact. At the SURREY, for example, which is a transpontine house, wherein melodramatical, nautical, and mock-heroic pieces are ordinarily enacted, we have attended when "LA SONNAMBULA" and "L'ELISIR D'AMORE" were performed. Lord love you! the auditory seemed quite another class under the refining influence of an entertainment in which the hand of genius and taste is visible: the pit becomes select, the gallery polite, and the boxes exclusive. Let the same auditory assemble on the following night to witness "THE BLOODSTAINED LEATHERN APRON," or the "DEED OF THE BROAD-AWL," and you will think you see an amphitheatre of cannibals grinning around you, gloating over horrible details of love, jealousy,

and revenge, disguised in every variety of double-milled fustian.

At the little GARRICK, too, the most delighted auditory we ever recollect to have seen, assembled to witness the performance of Colman's "HEIR-AT-LAW;" they seemed even capable of comprehending the humour of Pangloss, and quite alive to the absurdities of Lord and Lady Dubberly: yet this is an auditory considered capable only of relishing Jack Ashore, Long Tom Coffin, or some such other egregious absurdity. The truth is, we are in the habit of underrating very much, too much, the capacity of the masses for intellectual enjoyment; we step in between them and their tastes with the wand of a Lord Chamberlain, motioning away every dish that is good for them, like another Don Pedro Positive Snatchaway, and *then* we cry out—"Dear me, what low creatures! what tastes, what habits, what vulgarity!" Sir Walter Scott was accustomed to say, that no mistake could be greater than to make boys and girls' books, or create a nursery literature written down to infantile capacities; he desired that "they should have something to chew, something to puzzle over, something to exercise their reflective faculties," and he was right; the very same course should be adopted with grown children. Instead of having a bastard progeny of melodramatic theatres sprinkled over the town, why should we not study to have little Drury-Lanes, little Covent-Gardens, and little Opera-houses? why not have the superior tastes now gratified within the walls of those privileged establishments, diffused to the uttermost ends of the town, to the elevation of our popular tastes, feelings, and habits?

All this the Lord Chamberlain, however, forbids, for no other reason that we can see than this—that formerly monopoly was every thing, and every thing a monopoly; and that, although other monopolies have been discontinued, it is still fitting that there should be a monopoly of intellectual recreation. This might be all very well if the theatre were a mere vehicle of amusement; but the end of theatrical entertainments is not so insignificant: they have exercised, now exercise, and will continue to exercise a potent influence on the formation of national character for good or evil: their edu-

cative tendencies are very great and highly important, and it is in this point of view that we are led to consider all attempts at restriction worse than useless.

Poets, and suchlike, talk of first love—what an event in the life of man, or rather boy, is first play! Not real gun, flesh and blood pony, *bona fide* watch that ticks and will go, not primal breeches nor original “long tail,” not promised Christmas box, nor holidays enjoyed in anticipation, equal the longing expectation with which adolescence regards the near approach of the first promised play.

From that momentous day when Pa or Ma promise the young hopeful, that if he does so and so, or does not do so and so, he shall stay at home and be whipped, or go forth to play and supper, as the case may be—little first steps to bribery and corruption on the part of Pa and Ma, which young master turns to excellent use upon his own account, when he comes in the fulness of time to vote at elections—there is neither peace nor rest in the mansion: night after night, the urchin reiterates his demand to be introduced to the presence of her majesty's servants on the boards of the theatre: Pa and Ma, worn out, wish in their hearts they had whipped the boy and said nothing of the theatre. At last, however, they give it up, and what they promised at first in jest, are teased into performing in earnest. Who can describe the delight of young master, as he draws near the magic portals opening to his inexperienced eyes the scenic world: with what a light and agile step he skips up stairs before Pa and Ma, nor pausing till he is stopped by the cheque-taker: the lights amaze his untutored optics, and, when he beholds the lobby, he imagines himself in the theatre, until pulled into a box by Pa or Ma: he looks round, as if enchanted in that magic circle: he sniffs the mingled odours of saw-dust, train oil, and orange peel, thinking it a most delicious odour: the green curtain is a mystery, and the knocking of carpenters behind the same, seemeth

something like goings on in another world: the altitude above to the sky-scraping galleries, and below to the abysses of the pit, amaze the juvenile: much wonderment doth he express at the emergence of the musicians from beneath the stage, and likeneth them to rats popping out of holes: he grineth with delight at the growing aggregation of humanity in the pit—

“At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,

Distant as near, they settle where they please;

But when the multitude contracts the span,

And seats are rare, they settle where they can.”

The rise of the foot-lights, day-dawn of the stage, strike him with greater wonder: he supposes, in Ma's ear, that the sun rises in that manner: Ma says that it is so, but that there is a difference in the machinery; the boy enquires what difference; Ma rebukes the boy for being inquisitive, directing his attention to a fiddler with a red face, who is regarded by the boy as an orchestral phenomenon.

Now, the leader emerges from his hole with an air, hastily making his way through the vulgar herd of fiddlers as if he was afraid of catching something: now he taps with his bow, and looks round like Apollo in a fit: now squeaks, scrapes, grunts, and tootle-tootles resound through the house, notes of awful preparation: now a black twinkling eye, (you are not to suppose it an odd one belonging to Vestris,) peeping through a hole in the green curtain, takes the measure of the house and the fulness thereof: now a self-acting carpet crawls out from beneath the green curtain, disposing itself over the stage in a mysterious manner, indicative of the forthcoming enactment of that description of comedy called genteel, of which it is no treason to say that the carpet is oftentimes the best thing in it: now the overture begins—sit down there in front, take off your hats: and now, as Mr Puff observes in the *Critic*, “Up curtain, and let us see what our scene-painters have done for us!”

THE NATURAL IN ART.

ON the discussions of art there is no greater obstacle to the setting forth principles, than the unsettled terms nature and natural. They are indeed the limits of art, beyond which there can be no legitimate exercise; but the boundaries remove themselves out of sight, or contract themselves within the smallest space, according to the fancy, perhaps we should say the genius, of the disputants. To those of the contracting system, the art is considered as nearly entirely imitative of external visible nature, with a power (scarcely of creating) of combining, of putting together things that are, exactly and no other way than as they may be, and have been, though not so seen, perhaps, at the moment of any incident to be represented. Others, again, by nature, admit whatever the mind, in its most sane, healthy, imaginative, comprehensive state, can conceive. As we believe the latter is the highest and best sense in which nature, as applied to art, is to be understood, so do we believe it is the truest. It is the highest, because it is the most creative; it is the truest, because, with regard to its general reception, it carries with it a spell not to be denied, enforcing a general credence, if not conviction. In the best and healthiest state of the most discursive imagination, there is an intuitive knowledge, instantly forming a judgment and decision, as to that particle of the natural, in even the least imaginative minds, which will unite itself, as by a chemical affinity and attraction, to the natural portion in the created and fanciful, and by that amalgamation make all be, or at least appear, as natural. The true creator never loses sight of this—the judgment is ever with him; he decides by it, and this judgment, presiding over creative power, constitutes genius. Genius, then, or art—for consummate art is genius—not only has the power of creating a world for itself, but of creating in the minds of spectators and hearers a belief in its existence. It is very strange that this should be so generally felt; and it can scarcely be unacknowledged with regard to poetry, particularly the drama, and yet be denied in reference to the art of painting. Because painting is the visible art, it must, with some, be merely the imitation of things seen:

whereas poetry and music are, in the same sense, imitative as painting, and in no other—unless, indeed, we speak of the lowest kind of painting, that deadweight fastened to art by an indissoluble chain, but which was never intended to keep it from rising. It should rather be the ballast, to keep steady the aeronaut in his upward course. Let us exemplify this power of genius by its effects in poetry, and then let the fair inference be drawn, “*Ut poesis pictura*,” as well as “*Ut pictura poesis*.” Let there be to both arts the “*Quidlibet audendi æqua potestas*.” Try the power by Shakspeare’s most imaginative plays—the “*Tempest*” and “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*.” In both these plays we have a new creation—new beings such as none ever saw, and such as none ever believed to exist until they saw these plays acted, or read them. We say such as none ever believed to exist, because we must not deceive ourselves, and take advantage of the wonderful power of that belief created in us by the poet, to fancy we have imagined such beings. We never did—the exact creations of Shakspeare, *his* Caliban and *his* fairies, had no prototypes in our belief; but we have naturally a vague particle of belief, which instantly seizes upon and appropriates the creation. There is nothing more natural than the fear and feeling of the preternatural. Shakspeare worked upon this nature, and spun and wove from the tangled, unformed materials in the human bosom, the fairest and most hideous creatures—not simply the two, the fairest and foulest, but many and infinitely varied in their characters. Caliban and Puck are not less distinct than Ariel, and Oberon, and Titania. And how different are their provinces!—how unlike their powers over the elements, the air, the earth, and the sea! Now where, in external nature, do we get all this? It is purely creation, and shows the illimitable province of art. The world, then, from which art is to make its pictures, is not only the external visible world of nature, but the world of imaginative nature, a portion of which is inherent in all mankind, and which makes them love and fear, in cases of their own predilection or terror, a little beyond reason, but not

a little beyond truth, for the very nature is truth. If it be in the nature of our minds that thought should travel and shift its ground, with instant and wonderful rapidity, from east to west, and yet then not be bounded by the limits of the world, may not art in this imitate nature, or rather take advantage of this ubiquity of fancy's nature, and, with nice arrangement and rapid delusion, hurry us over space and time, and place us when and where it pleases, without violence, as the drama does in its shifting scenes, and as Shakspeare has done in his "Winter's Tale?" Be it well or ill done, is the only question. If with a judgment and power, it is the work of genius; lacking that judgment, we make a mock of and deride the attempt, and point to it as a palpable cheat. In the theatre we hiss the poor actor—we should condemn the author. Is not Burns's "Tam O'Shanter" a pure creation? Here, too, we have fairy creatures of another "kith and kin;" and do not let any one fancy that, before reading Burns, he has had any knowledge of them. The poet spun them out of that common material which was in his and every one's mind; and as the thread is drawn out in the poet's mind, so, by his electric power, is it drawn out in all, and the same forms created, and being created thus within every mind, it is felt and acknowledged to be natural. And in this of Burns, there is another natural instinct called into play—the humorous; so that, however dressed or undressed in its vagaries, the phantasma is still natural, still in itself a truth. The forms "of things unknown"—unknown till called into existence from the dormant materials of general nature, by the head of genius—thereby acquire henceforth a local habitation and a name. And thus it is that genius confers an everlasting benefit upon mankind, present and to come, continually enriching it, creating treasures for every one's enjoyment—doing that out of the mind which cannot be done out of the material world, adding to that which was; for, if with matter, there is not since the creation of world one atom more than there was at first, it is the very contrary with the world of thought, of intellectual invention, of mind, which is continually enlarging, multiplying itself, becoming more. Nay, the painting it takes possession of matter, gives to it thought, and makes a new thing of it. That it may

not appear we are arguing without an adversary, it may be as well here to give some account of a discussion we had with a professed lover of the natural, and which originated in a conversation on "schools of design."

We will put it in the form of a dialogue, if not according to the exact words, correct as to the substance of what was said. We will designate our opponent NATURALIST, ourselves IDEALIST:—

NAT. The advantages of studying from nature alone, will be manifest in the truth that will be in every department of art. In our ornamental manufactures, you will see nothing represented that is not.

IDE. And that you consider a great advantage; and are you not confounding two things a little incompatible with each other—art and manufacture?

NAT. No, I consider them one; there may be higher excellences in some departments of art than others, but I consider ornamental manufactures a department of art; and it is because you have seen such bad things in patterns, that you would separate them. Art altogether arises out of the love of ornament.

IDE. Yes; and, like a magnificent river, may rise from a very insignificant source. You may sport and play at the fountain-head what petty gambols you please; kick it with your feet and splash it with your hands, like wanton children;—but further on it will become deep and resistless, and though people build their pleasant villas upon its banks, they do so not without a fear of its power, and carefully fence themselves against its inundations. So art, if you will still call it so, while it is confined to the narrow and shallow ornament, is a thing of mere sport, may have rules of its own play; but when this art in its progress enters upon the territories of thought, of mind, it takes another name and character—it is genius—is grand and fearful, of every beauty. It commands—but we shall get out of our depth. Sufficient difference is shown to justify us in separating them: so that, when we speak of art, we will only speak of it, as the higher quality, wherein it is invariably in the province of mind.

NAT. I will not quarrel with your distinction, if you will make the exact study of nature the necessary foundation of both.

IDE. If we can first agree what is nature. I fear, in your sense of it, we shall not agree; for I think you are adverse to the representation of any thing and every thing in higher art and design in manufactures, that has not the exact delineation and character of some visible, palpable thing.

NAT. Yes, I have an aversion to vagaries—my sense of truth is shocked.

IDE. Your sense of truth need not be shocked. You have limited yourself to a particular truth, and finding not that, look not for the truth that may be.

NAT. I do not understand you.

IDE. Well, then, put it thus: we do not always think in syllogisms. Fancy hurries away the mind frequently, so that we cannot connect thought with thought; we run into unrestricted "vagaries" as you term them, and refresh ourselves in the freedom of undefining idleness. This is a character of our minds; and in art, whatever accords with that is a truth; force upon that mood an exact similitude, and in your attempt to establish perhaps the minor truth, you have destroyed the greater. Let us exemplify it by the vagueness of some *ad libitum* movements in music, that delight from the very scope they give to this idle indulgence. The artist, the musician, nay, even the manufacturer of ornamental design, that shall succeed in drawing you into this vein, does so by touching a chord of truth existent within you—of nature, if you please; for in the sense we now speak of truth, it is one with nature.

NAT. There may be something in your view, but it is new to me, and I must consider it. I fear it will not bear the test of strict examination. Your argument would, I suspect, admit impossibilities as legitimate subjects of art.

IDE. I do not see why art should not employ itself about impossibilities, if there be the genius to make them credible. For genius has

"Exhausted worlds, and then created new."

NAT. That is the creation I fear: surely where there is so much of beauty in the world that is, an inexhaustible source, would it not be better first to work in that mine?

IDE. It is very good to do so, I will not say it is better, if you mean to confine the operator to that mine; every mine should be worked, and some workmen have an irresistible im-

pulse to try new, and if they dig out treasures we ought to be satisfied.

NAT. You are losing the thread of the discussion. Now, look at that frame to your pier-glass, it has been offending me this hour, and attracts my attention to its absurdity. This is, I believe, of the taste that is attempted to be revived, the ornamental of the time of Louis the XIV. Can any thing be more silly deformity? You have flowing lines that, as far as I can judge, mean nothing, for they are neither stem, leafage, nor feather; and how ridiculously is the upper involution terminated in what is meant, I suppose, to be a dragon's head, with the dress of a fury! Yet never was there, never could there be such a creature, or part of a creature. You will not pretend to call this abortive absurdity a truth?

IDE. Yes, I do—the sort of truth just referred to. It is the very unlikeness makes the vagary; the impossible metamorphosis, with its easy flowing infinity of lines, that draw away the strict judgment into a maze of wonder, from which it cannot and would not escape; this impossible, which is made half credible in the dream-like condition it engenders, I would term the "magic of ornament;" and indeed, in my pleasure, I am almost disposed to retract the distinction I have made between art and design in manufacture; at least, it draws me away further from your view of exact representation. How could you alter it? imagine instead of it a sheep, for it is its opposite, a cow, and, if you please, the maid milking it, carved according to most exact life; you might admire the thing, but it would be turned out of this room.

NAT. And why, for I really think it would be an alteration for the better?

IDE. The why is, that I do not want the fatigue of comparison with the reality, where ornament, not picture, is intended; and while in this room I would shut out the farm-yard and all its pigs and sheep, delvers and diggers.

NAT. Now you turn from sober argument to wit, and throw an air of vulgarity into the representation, that need not be a part of it. Why not represent things in themselves more elegant; flowers, for instance, and fruit: you know the value of Gibbon's carving?

IDE. Gibbon's work is beautiful in-

deed, and he knew well how to manage his lights and shadows, to give boldness and delicacy too where required: you have brought a giant in that line of art to combat for you; but I will pit the dragonat against him; and in all that ideality, I can fancy that though he cuts off one head, another will peep out from some of the involutions of lines, and soon thrust out the perfect head, and hiss *secundum artem*. Besides, the whole thing is delightfully fantastic, and the depths and hollows and mazziness of the lines are all of ornamental magic, to be converted *ad libitum* to any magical meaning: and, strange to say, fancy will do what comparison will not, and invest with life, understanding, and meaning, and purpose, those, to your view, unmeaning lines, more readily than the nicer judgment will admit those living qualities in things meant to be exact similitudes. We are ready to deny what is arrogantly assumed. "Are those pictures like the lions?" said the boy to the showman. "Like!" quoth he, "so much so, that you would not know one from the other." "Then," said the boy, "I will save my money." He had nothing left him to wonder at. Had the dragon been really like any thing, we should never wonder; now, you may look yourself into a maze of wild metamorphosis, and find truth and impossibility linked together to give you pleasure.

NAT. You really magnify the ornamental greatly—you surprise me; I should have thought you would have reserved all your ideality for the higher art—picture; but now, I find that, if imagination be the test of genius, there must be more of it in ornamental design.

IDE. No, by no means, I do not even intimate so much. Pictures have more distinct, more defined objects; their ideality is of a precise purpose, and must be united at the same time more closely to the exactness of nature, while they have an aim above it. Design in ornamental is best where little is done; in picture, where much. The mind must be in the picture—in the other, the mind is in yourself—if mind it should be called,—rather say fancy, which the character of ornament surely enables you to indulge in.

NAT. Now, then, I am glad to find you are coming round to my opinion. In art, then, in picture, you

will at least call the artist to a strict account of the natural in his works—you will make him study nature, and nature alone, in all forms, particularly the human figure, the most beautiful of forms. Let us confine ourselves to picture, I will consider "schools of design" for our manufactures at another time. Let us have exact drawing from real things, and exact colouring too, perfect nature in the arts, meaning picture-painting; for where, as you say, there must be a more definite object, there must be nothing but precise truth.

IDE. But you forget this was agreed, if you would define precise truth correctly, and thus it is we argue in a circle; for as I expected, or as such was my meaning, precise truth may be more than the first visible and obvious truth. Exemplify it thus by a truly ideal painter in one respect, and not at all so in another—Rembrandt. Often, in telling his story, his object is mystery, his figures may be ill-drawn, ill-conceived; no matter, he wishes not to draw you to them as to beautiful objects, but they tell as parts to throw into light and shade, and on which to vary his colour, so that you think not of them, but of the mystery—that is his object, he is *true* to that. His work, therefore, establishes the truth of mystery, to which he has occupied the minor truths—minor with him with regard to his object, though every thing in another painter of another aim. So you will see here, by your precise truth, perhaps you did not mean to include this ideal truth.

NAT. But do you not think Rembrandt's pictures would be better, if, in addition, there was the beautiful and correct drawing of the figure?

IDE. I fear to incur the charge of inculcating bad taste, but if compelled to decide, I must say—no. Perfect music may not be without a sacrifice to discord. A Venus and Apollo in their utmost beauty would offend in one of Rembrandt's deep mysteries—they would divide his subject. Where they are, they must have absolute dominion.

NAT. Well, there may be something in that—but you are flying from the purpose. I am not of a new opinion—the controversy is an old one. The Caracci first set up the school of naturalists. They saw in nature all that was wanted in art.

IDE. In obvious nature, did they?

They presumed to do so, but in their better works stepped beyond the limits they professed to confine themselves within; and their predilection has even made their high fame and name of uncertain duration. The fame of the Caracci is not rising. But were not Correggio and Raffaele naturalists? Certainly they were, and idealists too—the great painter must be both; but I doubt if you do not, in referring to that controversy, somewhat leave your own ground. You widen the discussion. You forget, too, that your Caracci painted tritons, and sea gods, and wood nymphs, dryads and hama-dryads, which they did not find in their academies—and, where they made them too human, they lacked genius, and were shackled. The fact is, the art is universal; too wide is the field for these limits. We agree perfectly, if you assert that nature should be studied intensely, and with utmost accuracy; but when nature's forms leave you, that is external, shrink not from the ideal daring.

NAT. It is not that nature's forms leave you, but you leave them; and the examples you give, though from the naturalists the Caracci, are to my view absurdities. Who ever saw, or in a sane state imagined, tritons and mermaids, and *id genus omne*?—the impossibility of their existence is shocking. There cannot be physically, anatomically, such a being as half-man half-fish; our actual knowledge rises up against the fabrication, and proclaims the cheat.

IDE. Not so fast—you assume too much; who ever saw is one thing, but who ever, in a sane state, imagined is another thing. I will tell you the sanest who imagined he saw

“A mermaid on a dolphin's back.”

Nay, the all-sane Shakspeare not only imagined he saw, but called the testimony of another sense; he heard her

“Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.”

You must not pass over the last line, the idea beyond the visible nature, giving, endowing with the anatomy of brain, and feeling, and sense of civility too, that which hath none. Nay more, the very stars are mad to hear the music—

“And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.”

So that you perceive that not only did

Shakspeare imagine the mermaid, but gave the sea and the stars life, and understanding, and delight to hear her. I see you yield—be sure that, if you bring poetry into the argument, you are lost; for the art is poetry, only for words it uses forms and colours.

NAT. No, not quite the same—words hurry over the absurdities, but painting fixes them.

IDE. Painting only fixes what it selects, so that it must bear the blame, or assume the merit.

NAT. Even in poetry does not Horace deery the practice of imagining impossible conjunctions?

IDE. Certainly he does not—he only condemns the incongruous in character—the tigers and lambs—*non ut placidis coeant immitia*. The monster he called his friends to deride, was indeed an absurd jumble of odds and ends, that never could be imagined to be one being. The horse's neck, and the woman's head, and what beside?

NAT. You will not defend a Centaur, that worst of impossibilities; would any painter of sense nowadays perpetrate such a subject?

IDE. Why not? I have seen a very beautiful picture, by Rubens, of the Centaur Nessus—the wounded Nessus; nor did Rubens think it a vile perpetration to paint the half-bull half-fish monster, rushing from the sea to destroy the chaste Hippolytus; nor do I think you would, upon reflection, disdain the beast; but Centaurs surely are a poetical conception, and of admitted, recognised fable.

NAT. Poetry run mad, and painting too, that adopts the fable. Do let me show you the absurdity. Here is a creature with two stomachs, the human and equine, and one mouth to maintain them both—the one body lives on hay, the other on flesh, and there cannot be, physically speaking, any union or communication between them. Is it possible to look at a picture of a Centaur, and not see and laugh at the folly or ignorance of the artist?

IDE. Well, you have put a very strong case—you have put the dissection of your own natural in a very striking, startling way; but if, notwithstanding that, I can make out a case for the Centaurs, the greater will be the triumph of art.

NAT. Admitted.

IDE. We hear a great deal of ignorance—it may be asked if knowledge,

too, does not produce its morbid disease; and, be not offended, it may happen that your imagination is infected by it; and as one in the jaundice sees all things of one hue, so one under the knowledge of disease, may see, by too scrutinizing a view, through the beauty-covering to the bones and sinews, and anatomize a Venus. It has been said, happy is he that does not know he has a stomach; we may say, doubly unhappy is he who, in looking at a picture of a Centaur, should discover that he has two. You are disenchanted by your knowledge, it has deadened your imagination. You would be incredulous of any fruit but pippins, in the fabulous Hesperides. You would bark in return at all Cerberus's heads, and pass on, never believing that you would meet the ghost of Achilles in the Elysian fields, and converse with him on glory. The waking dream of poetry must not be for you. You must always pass condemnation on our best poets and painters, if you cannot so master your mind as to throw it into a belief. What to you would be Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne, and the young Satyr-god dragging the captured head? What Raffaele's Archangel treading upon the Great Enemy? Would you not see the impossibility of make and muscle to support his wings, as you do that of the two-bodied Centaur? Poor Ovid! and all the poets and painters that have followed him, you would burn all their metamorphoses. The beautiful Circe, too, you will not acknowledge a swine of her making. You can pass with an unpalpitating heart between Scylla and Charybdis. But you are not to be envied. The fact is, in the better half of poetry we are not called upon to know but to believe—to believe even against knowledge; a belief that borrows more from our feelings, and perhaps our better ones, than from our understandings. You cannot love truly with this ever-vigilant, prying knowledge, for to do so you must take something for granted, and borrow a few fascinations from imagination. So, my good friend, if you go on at this rate, you will strip yourself bare indeed; you will have no confidence in hidden virtues. Go not to a theatre, for if the fit lasts, you will see nothing but the actors; you will not shed a tear over Lear and Cordelia, for you will know they are but mimes. Nay, you must hourly call yourself to task for the very lan-

guage you use, lest you deal in hyperbole, in trope and figure. Now tell me, is not all this abandonment against your nature? you have really not considered the subject sufficiently. Are you prepared to give up all that is shown, from the drift of your arguments, you must give up? Knowledge makes even charity cold; you had better give your pence to a good actor than discover every cheat. But be consistent; burn every work of imagination that demands of you a prior belief, (and you shall have a small library,) or admit even Centaurs within the pale of credibility.

NAT. You have lectured me finely, and have said as much for your Centaurs as can be said.

IDE. By no means. There is much more to be said—the better half is unsaid; for even courts of justice bow to precedent—there is authority in their favour. Do you really forget the great statuary—the noble battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs? even, you see, in hard solid marble has the great idea been perpetuated. But I will give you an example in painting. Let us look for Lucian's description of the copy of a picture by Zeuxis, which he saw at Athens, of a female Centaur. Here it is—ΕΙΚΟΝΑ ΤΗΣ ΕΙΚΟΝΟΣ.

NAT. And, with the original, hand down the translation. Franklin's, I see?

IDE. I shall read it.

NAT. By all means.

IDE. Thus, then, saith Lucian:—"I will tell you a story of Zeuxis. That famous painter seldom chose to handle trite and common subjects, such as heroes, gods, and battles; but always endeavoured to strike out something new, and exerted all his art and skill upon it. Among other things he painted a female Centaur, with two young ones. There is an exact copy of it now at Athens; the original was said to have been sent into Italy by Sylla, the Roman general, and lost at sea with the whole cargo, somewhere, I believe, near Malta. The copy, however, I have seen, and will describe to you; not that I pretend to be a judge of pictures, but because when I saw it, in a painter's collection there, it made a strong impression on me, and I perfectly recollect every part of it. The Centaur is lying down on a smooth turf; that part which represents a mare is stretched on the ground, with the hind feet extended backwards. The fore feet"—(Stay a moment, the good Dr Franklin has omitted to trans-

late—"το δὲ γυναικεῖον ὅσον αὐτῆς, ἥρεμα ἐπεγνηγερταί, καὶ ἐπ' ἀγκωνος ἐστίν.

But that which is woman is gently raised, and reclines upon the elbow."

Why did he omit it? Did he think it contradicted, by the action of holding her young? But to proceed—"The fore feet not reaching out as if she lay on her side, but one of them as kneeling, with the hoof bent under, the other raised up, and trampling on the grass, like a horse prepared to leap." (That won't do, Dr Franklin—καὶ τὴν ἑδαφους ἀντιλαμβάνεσθαι, οἷοι εἰσιν ἵπποι πειράμενοι ἀναπηδᾶν—holding the ground, as horses do that try to rise up, to leap up, if you please, when lying down. But to proceed)—"She holds one of the young ones in her arms, and suckles it like a child at her woman's breast, and the other at her dugs like a colt. In the further part of the picture is seen a male Centaur, as watching from a place of observation, supposed to be the father," (supposed to be the father! for shame, Dr Franklin, who would doubt?—no supposition at all; Lucian says, thinking of the subject, the female Centaur—ἀνὴρ ἐκείνης δηλαδὴ τῆς τα βρεφὸς ἀμφοτέρωθεν τιθηνόμενης—"The husband of her thus in both ways, nursing her young.") "He (the husband, and, of course, the father) is behind, and discovers only the horse part of the figure, and appears smiling, (smiling, γέλων: Centaurs don't smile, more likely uttering a good horse laugh, and ἐπιγινύπτει γέλων, describes an action. But thus let it be smiling)—showing a lion's cub, which he lifts up as if to frighten the young ones in sport. With regard to correctness in drawing, the colouring, light and shade, symmetry, proportion, and other beauties of this picture, as I am not a sufficient judge of the art, I leave it to painters, whose business it is to explain and illustrate them. What I principally admire in Zeuxis, is his showing so much variety, and all the riches of his art, in the management of one subject, representing a man so fierce and terrible, the hair so nobly disheveled, rough and flowing over the shoulders where it joins the horse, and the countenance, though smiling, amazingly wild and savage. The female Centaur is a most beautiful mare of Thessalian breed, such as had been never ridden or tamed. All the upper part resembling a very handsome woman, except the ears, which are like a satyr's: that part of the figure, where the body

of the woman joins to that of the horse, incorporating as it were insensibly, and by slow degrees, so that you can scarce mark the transition, *deceiving the sight most agreeably*. The ferocity that appears in the young ones, is moreover admirably expressed; as well as the childish innocence in their countenances when they look towards the young lion, clinging at the same time to the breast, and getting as close as possible to their mother." Does not this description reconcile you to the Centaurs even more than the Phrygaleian marbles? How admirably does Lucian criticise the picture, feeling every beauty! The Hippo-Centaur, looking on at his infants, and holding up the lion's cub to frighten them—his βλέμμα καίτοι γελωντος θηριώδες ὅλον, καὶ ὀρεῖον τι, καὶ ἀνήμερον. The look, all wild and savage, of the laughing mountain man-beast. How well the man is defined, and the brute! How beautiful the female, and how well the human body blends with that of the horse ἡ μίξις, καὶ ἡ ἀρμογή των σαρκῶν καθ' ὁσυναπτέται, καὶ συνδέεται τῷ γυναικεῖ τῷ ἵππικον, ἥρεμα καὶ οὐκ ἀβροῶς μεταβαίνονσα, καὶ ἐκ προσαγωγῆς τρεπομένη, λαμβάνει τὴν ὄψιν ἐκ ὕατερρα εἰς τὸ ἕτερον ὑπαγομένη. Lucian, and of course Zeuxis, you perceive, saw, as well as you and all other naturalists, the impossibility of the junction of the two bodies, and directs your attention to the wonderful art with which you are cheated into a belief of it. Lucian claims as a merit what you would make an objection. How nicely he notices, particularly as being most wonderful in effect, the expression of the infants at the breast, still feeding, but looking παιδικῶς μάλα πρὸς τὸν σκυμνον τοῦ λεοντος, which the father is holding up to terrify them, and to observe the effects. Does not all this variety, the infants, and the incident of the lion's cub, avert your attention from any impossibility?—and how artfully managed? Zeuxis, Lucian tells us, was disgusted that the novelty of the subject only was admired, and not his mode of treating it. τὸν πηλὸν τῆς τέχνης ἐπαίνουσαι. The mud, the dirt, of the art they only admire—the dregs says Franklin. Lucian winds up both with a notice worth your attention. "All else but the novelty did Zeuxis in vain; yet not in vain, for you are judges of painting, and see every thing with a knowledge of art, provided it be worthy an exhibition"—which we think

Franklin mistranslates. "I hope my productions will be worthy your approbation." "γραφικοί γὰρ ὑμεῖς καὶ μετὰ τέχνης ἐκαστὰ ὁράτε, εἰς μόνον ἀξία τὸ θεῶτες δεικνύνειν." An excellent motto to be placed over the door of a national gallery. Franklin has some whimsical notes—"Zeuxis," says he, "if we may credit our author, must have been the Stubbs of antiquity."

NAT. The description is at any rate beautiful, and I know you will take advantage of that admission, and say the description is the picture; so I must yield myself up, at least for the present, to believe any thing to be natural.

IDE. That is more than I ask;—but come, Lucian had a sane judgment, loved pictures, and has given descriptions of a few—shall we look into them?—you will be called to believe more impossibilities. We will take his dialogue of Zephyrus and Notus—his picture; and Paul Veronese never painted better. "*Zephyrus*. Europa wandered to the sea-shore, to divert herself with her companions, when Jupiter, putting on the form of a bull, came and sported with them. Most beautiful did he appear, for he was milk-white, his countenance mild and gentle, and his horns turned back in the most graceful manner; he leaped and played about the shore, and lowed so delightfully, that Europa ventured to get upon him. Jupiter immediately ran off with her as fast as possible into the sea, and swam away. She was frightened out of her wits; with one hand laid hold of his horn that she might not fall off, and with the other took up her robes that were tossed about by the wind." "*Notus*. It must have been a charming sight, Zephyrus, to see Jupiter swimming and carrying his beloved." "*Zephyrus*. But what followed was still more delightful. The sea became placid, and, lulled as it were into tranquillity, resembled a smooth and unruffled plain; we, as silent spectators only, accompanied them. The loves, hovering round them, and sometimes just touching the waves with their feet, bore lighted torches, and sung hymeneals. The nereids, half-naked, rising from the water, rode on the backs of dolphins, and joined in the chorus of applause. The tritons and sea nymphs, all that the element could produce of grace or beauty, sported and sung around. Neptune himself, ascending his chariot with Amphitrite, led the way rejoicing, and

was bridesman to his happy brother. Above all, two tritons carrying Venus reclining in her shell, and scattering flowers of every kind in the way before the bride: thus they proceeded from Phœnicia quite to Crete. When they arrived at the island, Jupiter appeared no longer in the form of a bull; but, in his own, taking Europa by the hand, led her blushing and with downcast eyes into the Dictæan cave. We returned to the sea; and, according to our several departments, moved the waves of it." "*Notus*. Happy, thrice happy art thou, Zephyrus, to have seen such a sight, whilst I was employed in looking at griffins, elephants, and blacks." Here are pictures that many have painted after this description, in words and colours, and not the least worthy the fascinating Ariosto. There is, by-the-by, a pretty little Greek idyll taken from this tale of Europa, that Gibson the sculptor would make much of. It is of Cupid turned ploughman, and, while sowing, he sees and knows Jupiter in his bull form, looks back and threatens him, that if he doesn't mind what he is about, he will put his neck in the yoke. Is not this a subject for sculpture, the god-bull, what a form—and the arch-god love?"

But you remember Lucian's picture of Luna and Endymion, in the dialogue between Venus and Luna. The Greek is all gentleness of most moonlight sleep, and silver-shaded light.

"You think Endymion then, said Venus, beautiful?"

"Oh yes, particularly when ὑποβαλομένης ἐπὶ τῆς πέτρας τὴν χλαμύδα, καθέουσα, τῇ λαίᾳ μὲν ἔχων τὰ ἀκοντία, ἥδη ἐκ τῆς χειρὸς ὑπορεόντα, ἢ δεξιᾶ δὲ περὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν ἐς τὸ αὐτὸ ἐπικεκλασμένη ἐπιπρέπει, τῷ προσώπῳ περιχειμένη. οὕδε ὑπὸ τοῦ ὕπνου λελυμένος ἀναπνεύει τὸ ἀμβροσίον ἐκεῖνο ἀσθμα. Τότε τοιούτῳ ἐγὼ ἀψοφῆτι κατίσσει ἐπ' ἀκρῶν τῶν δακτυλῶν βεβηκνυῖα, ὥς καὶ μὴ ἀνεγερόμενος ἐκταραχθῆναι—οἶσθα.

Franklin thus.—"*Luna*—To me, I confess he appears charming, especially when, throwing his garment on the rock, he goes to sleep, his arrows in his left hand, that seem dropping from him, (no 'that seem,' there is no seem at all—already now slipping out of his hand, yet that has not the beauty of ὑπορεόντα,) and his right supporting his head, and giving new lustre to his beautiful face. His breath, as he sleeps, is sweeter than ambrosia. (Oh! Franklin, Franklin! It is 'he, dissolved in sleep, breathes out that ambrosial

breathing.") Then come I down, as softly as possible, and treading on my tip-toes that I may not wake and disturb him. You know the rest, in short, I am dying for love of him." The latter part, in particular, is viliely translated. The Greek has the very softness and caution of the gentlest footing. Albano painted this, and sweetly. It was soft moonlight, and sleep, and love, and Dian's beauty.

NAT. But this is Lucian's picture of words, not his description of a picture actually painted.

IDE. True—and if you are not tired of Lucian, we will turn to his description of a picture, which he says he saw in Italy, *ἔστιν εἰκὼν ἐν Ἰταλίᾳ κατὰ εἶδον*. The picture is by Ætion—the marriage of Roxana and Alexander. Raffaëlle was so pleased with this description, that he painted a picture of it, which was hung in his own room. The only alteration made by Raffaëlle being, that he transferred the scene from an inner chamber to a camp. Lucian's description is perfectly graphic *παγκάλου τι χρεῖμα παρθενοῦ εἰς γυνὴν ὄρασα*.

Such was the perfection of the picture, that Proxenidas, the chief judge, was charmed with it to such a degree, that he gave Ætion, who was a stranger, his daughter in marriage.

"The scene," says Lucian, "is a handsome inner chamber, with a nuptial bed in it, on which Roxana, a most beautiful virgin, is reclining, with her eyes fixed on the ground, as ashamed of looking up to Alexander, who stands by her. She is attended by several smiling cupids, one of whom is behind, lifting up her veil, and discovering her beauties to the bridegroom; whilst another, in the character of a slave, pulls off her slipper, that she may lie down; another lays hold on Alexander's robe, and seems drawing him, with all his strength, towards the bride. He has a garland in his hand, which he offers to her. Hephæstion stands close to him with a torch in his hand, and leaning on a beautiful youth, whom I take to be Hymen, though there is no name inscribed over him. In another part of the picture are a number of cupids sporting with Alexander's armour, two of them—like porters sweating under a burthen—carrying a spear, with two more at a little distance, one lying upon his shield, and borne, like a king in triumph, by several who take hold of the handles of it, whilst

the other gets into his coat-of-mail, and conceals himself, as if with a design to frighten the rest if they come that way; nor are these sports without design, as the artist meant by them to point out the hero's passion for war, and to show that how much soever he might be in love with Roxana, he had not forgot his arms. The picture, it may be observed, had something nuptial in it, which might recommend Ætion to the daughter of Proxenidas, as the marriage of Alexander was a type of his own, and the hero, whose wedding was represented, a kind of bridesman to the painter, who went away equally happy." This of Franklin's is not the most elegant translation; but does it serve to reconcile you to the machinery of cupids, which, unless you have advanced, are a step or two beyond your limits of the natural?

NAT. I see you are determined to decide for me; but has not this same Lucian a description of a portrait, and a defence of the flattery, in which there is no such cupid machinery?

IDE. "The Portrait," which is so much the work for the painter that the translator "humbly inscribed the translation to his friend the great portrait painter of England, Sir Joshua Reynolds." But are you quite correct as to the machinery? It is not a description, but directions how to paint it; and all art, all beauty, all wisdom, gods, goddesses, the most noted philosophers, and most fascinating of woman kind, are called upon to contribute, even Dædalus and his wings, which, by-the-by, offers the translator an opportunity of a far grosser flattery than could be charged against his original, and is certainly a specimen of the bathos. Thus, in a note on Dædalus's wings, he says:—"This is to the last degree elegant; the whole description is, indeed, inimitable. It is perhaps impossible for an English reader at the present juncture, to read the latter part of it without applying it to the best of women, our own amiable and beneficent Queen Charlotte." The passage that called out this nonsense runs, "and thus she also gains universal admiration, for all wish those wings may ever remain unhurt which scatter blessings on every side of them;" and by this, you, my friend Naturalist, will learn two things—that "The Portrait" does refer to things a little out of your nature, and that flattery will never want

an avenue to enter in at. And you may perhaps add, that what was impossible for an English reader at one juncture, is very possible at another; and thus you may be led to question some other of your impossibilities.

NAT. You certainly do not consider any conceptions good and worthy of representation, but those of a sound mind. For that, sanity is necessary to genius. Yet you must admit—for, as a strong case, I return to the Centaurs—that the conception of these monsters arose from terror, which is not the sane state of the mind. It is a state in which we see things not as they are. The enemy that first made their appearance descending from the hills on horseback, in the terror caused by the strangeness of the object, were taken, man and horse, for one creature. Here fear set aside reason; and it is surely doubly absurd to perpetuate, when reason returns, what could only be conceived in the absence of reason.

IDE. Well, we will say that terror was the parent of the idea; but I cannot admit that terror is not a sane state of the mind; it is the very condition of human nature to be subject to terror—moreover, it is enough for my purpose in the argument to show that it is natural. To express the ideas that the mind naturally under any circumstances conceives, is legitimate to the province of poetry and painting. Nor are you prepared to say that the mind in a state not sane, may not conceive ideas grand and beautiful, and such as might find a ready reception in all minds, and create for themselves a sufficient belief. But mark how some action given to the creature, shall bring forward the power and grandeur of it, so as at once to take out of you the conceit of your knowledge, that the creature never could be. You see it has life and motion, and you question no further.

“*Ceu duo Nubigenæ cum vertice montis
ab alto*

*Descendunt Centauri; Homolen Othrynaque
nivalem*

*Linquentes cursu rapido: dat euntibus
ingens,*

*Sylva locum, et magno cedunt virgulta
fragore.”—Virgil.*

Here you see two cloud-born creatures, from the brow of a lofty hill, descend. You know not what—you wonder, are amazed—are prepared for something extra-human, and the next word tells you they are Centaurs. Then you see them in their rapid

course—too rapid to allow you to scrutinize their forms—quitting Homolen and the snowy Othrys, they enter the woods, the woods give way as they pass, and you hear nothing but the crash of branch and leafage. Away they fly. The vision has passed; but the remembrance of it never: and will you coolly turn round, and swear you could have seen nothing, for the creatures must have had each two stomachs, and think it an impossibility?

We are all apt to yield a more ready belief to fancy, than you give even yourself the credit for doing. It is natural—we begin it with infancy, and if we lose the power, it is only in a morbid state of knowledge. Some are fearful we shall believe too much in works of fancy—you too little for enjoyment. Bottom thought that Snug, the joiner, should show half his face through his lion's mane, and advertise himself to the ladies as a man, as other men are, for “there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living.” After all, it is better to give a little credit to fancy, one's own or of others, than to stick and flounder in the mire of what we choose to term realities. It is a pleasant refuge, sometimes, from the damp dispiriting streets and alleys, and vexatious business of every-day life, to go off with fancy to the woods and wilds, to the sea and to the rivers, that are not within geographical limit, to see the pastimes of Silenus and his satyrs, wood nymphs and water nymphs; to hear, as Wordsworth says in one of his sonnets, old Triton wind his wreathed horn; and see Proteus coming from the sea and gathering his phocæ around him. Keep your fancy healthy whatever you do, and do not take every waking dream for a symptom of disease. We are, as I think Wordsworth says, too much of the world, and the world is too much with us. Come and race with that wild Bacchante, that on a Centaur's back is goading him on with a thyrsus. Do you doubt its reality, because you see it is a copy from a picture from Pompeii or Herculaneum? Then you will be happier in your dream if you can keep up the chase, and even when you wake, believe it to be one of the truths of nature. “For so to interpose a little ease, let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.”

NAT. Farewell then, you have more than half brought on somnambulism, for I feel myself sleepy.

CALEB STUKELY.

PART III.

COLLEGE.

PROVIDENCE has wisely ordained that the occupations of mankind, comprehending those of childhood, boyhood, and the more serious transactions of manhood, shall be regarded in the light of *duties*, and be invested, as they successively rise up, with an importance of the most absorbing and exclusive character. I say *wisely*, because although, no doubt, in many instances, the consequence that is attached to human events is factitious, and inversely to their actual significance; yet, if such a provision did not exist, it is greatly to be feared that a healthy regard to our moral state and improvement, and the necessary labour that is required for our well-doing and success, would both be lost sight of. It is only by meeting the exigencies of life with the juice and marrow of our energies, that we are able to satisfy the demand; and it is only by attaching momentous weight to the incidents of our condition, that we can at all hope to find strength and ability to pass onward and through them. It is a curious employment in the latter days for the eye of experience to look back upon the past, and to feign a huge surprize that so many trifling matters, now passed into oblivion, should have roused up in former years so many great alarms, demanded such heart-searching cares, engrossed so many sleepless nights. But no less curious is it for us to behold experience turn from the *contemplation* of the past to the *doings* of the *present*, and to find the wise and the aged harassed by the smallest accident, busy in contrivances, overwhelmed in careful thought, wholly taken up with the occupation of the moment, which in a night shall be forgotten, or regarded with a placid eye, but is now dwelt upon as if the only business of his life was knotted and bound up in it. What can be said of such a one, but that he, and all of us, have instincts like the meaner animals, and nature worketh wisely?

As I myself review the early days

of my career, I cannot sufficiently marvel at the engrossing nature of my college pursuits. How disproportionate do they now seem to the daily fears, the constant anxieties, the deep distresses, and the ceaseless tear and wear of spirit, that they occasioned! I cannot but think that it would be far otherwise were they to return upon me now. Alas! why should I deceive myself? The same events would to-day claim the same tribute. Let the unerring fact plead with the reader for the minuteness with which I dwell upon my Cambridge days.

I awoke from the state of syncope into which I had been thrown by the unhappy result of the contest, to be conscious of a degradation, deep and insupportable. What could I do? Whither should I go? How escape from the ridicule which every man would cast upon me? To have been beaten was now not the consideration. *To be known* as defeated—to be recognized as the man who had so modestly condescended to receive the premature congratulation of his friends—who had made sure of his prize, and missed it after all!—to live in the college, a memorable instance of disappointed hope, and vanquished self-sufficiency;—this, all this, was not to be borne. I walked about my room in a state of inconceivable wretchedness and mental disturbance. Simmonds sat over the fire, imploring me to be at peace, and raking away at the cinders to conceal his own too evident grief.

"Do not take on so, sir," said the old man; "what is the use of it? This only makes matters worse."

"Oh, Simmonds!" I exclaimed, "what will the men think?"

"Yes, and what will they think next year," asked Simmonds, with a vain attempt at cheerfulness, "when you have beaten every one of them?"

"And my poor father, what will he say?"

"Why, what can he say, sir? Every body knows you did your best"—

"No," I answered quickly, "I did

not do my best: this would not have happened if I had. I have been too careless all through, and this is the consequence."

"If you had not been so ill, I am sure you would have done a great deal more. You were knocked up before you went in."

I was appeased by the good man's remark.

"Yes, Simmonds, I was ill—very ill—and the men must have observed it. Do you not think so?"

"No doubt of it, sir; and Mr Smithson has such a constitution! I am sure nothing would bring his flesh down. Doesn't he look like it?"

"He looks more like a bricklayer than a gentleman," I answered pettishly. "Who is this Smithson?"

"Don't you know, sir? He is Mr Squareroot's nephew, and the son of a Norfolk clergyman."

"What!" I exclaimed, almost knocked down with surprize, "what is it you say? Smithson, the tutor's nephew? Squareroot's?—the tutor's?"

"Yes, sir, the tutor's."

"This then is the secret of it all." (Ah me! why was I so eager to jump at any but the simple and apparent cause of my defeat?) "No wonder that I am beaten. Newton would not have been successful. Indeed he would not. And poor Grimsley too," (this with marked tenderness,) "no wonder that your quiet spirit and cultivated mind were doomed to succumb! Is this generally known, Simmonds?"

"Oh, bless you! yes, sir. In the college all the gentlemen know it, but he is not a great favourite with them. He is not very friendly in his manner, and he keeps a good deal to himself."

"Now answer me, Simmonds. Do not you, for one, feel satisfied that favour has been shown to Smithson, and I have lost the scholarship unfairly?"

"Why, as to that, sir, I cannot say, really—I don't think"—

"Ah, poor fellow, you dare not tell me what you think! You eat their bread, and are bound to them. It is not so with me. Let them be assured the matter shall not rest here."

"I think you are wrong, I do indeed, sir," said the gyp. "Mr Squareroot is a gentleman of strict integrity, and, I believe, would rather lose his hand than let it do a dirty action. It

is Mr Smithson's constitution, sir, and nothing else, believe me."

I answered my worthy friend with a sneer, and truly happy was I to find, an hour afterwards, that I did not stand alone in the suspicions that I entertained of the justice and honour of the college functionary.

Simmonds's remark respecting Smithson was certainly a correct one. He was not a favourite in the college, but let me do him the justice to state why.

His appearance, as I have before hinted, was not of the taking character. It partook largely of that known to university men by the name of snobbish. He was a short, bull-headed person, with coarse features, and a shaggy head of hair. Ornament was foreign to his person and dress. The latter, though clean generally, was always mean and inferior-looking. So much for himself. His father was, I was about to say, a *poor* man—necessitous is the better term. He was a gentleman by birth, by education, and by profession. In his profession he was distinguished by first-rate ability, untiring perseverance, and remarkable humility. I am ashamed to add, that the revenue of this man, the yearly reward of all his honourable toil—his *wages*—amounted not quite to eighty pounds per annum. With this miserable pittance he had contrived, for some years, to feed and clothe his wife, two children, and himself. Having been fortunate enough to get his son placed on the foundation of our college as a sizer, he managed further, by some peculiar process, to squeeze out a sum sufficient to meet the charges of a private tutor; to accomplish this, however, I have reason to know that father, mother, and sister, were making sacrifices at home really beyond belief, but with a loving cheerfulness that spoke almost too well for selfish, erring, human nature. When I say that the son, with a pious resolution, strove by every exertion, and by all means, to carry out the goodly work begun at home, separated himself from all other men, shut himself up in his own ill-furnished room, joined in no pleasures, partook of no friendships, and devoted his days to the building up of the fortunes of himself and family, I need add no more to convince the reader that he was heartily hated, and unreservedly cut, by every man of

spirit and true gentleman in the college.

I must acknowledge, notwithstanding the lofty air and tone I had assumed, I was in noway easy nor satisfied of the justice of my proceeding against Smithson. The sad defalcation on the third day haunted me like a living reproach, and pricked me as often as I accused the poor curate's son and his uncle of collusion. Still I was not so ashamed of this ungenerous treatment of him, as I was of my own defeat, and the thoughts of other men respecting me. Weak and wicked as I was, to shield myself from these, I undertook to foster the dislike which I now learned was entertained for Smithson, and to suggest one fresh ground of offence against him. Unhappily for me, the men were but too ready to listen to my complaint.

It is a dangerous trick, that of digging pits for other folks. Avoid it, reader—always.

In truth, the cordial sympathy that so suddenly burst upon me from my fellow-students, was at once a panacea to my broken spirits. Instead of averted looks, or signs of triumph and ridicule, their recognitions were friendly and encouraging. As to the favour which had been afforded Smithson, they were, to a man, quite satisfied of that—and their indignation at the fact by far surpassed my own. Their advice to take immediate steps for the exposure of the "precious system," was offered in all the warmth of a brotherly regard, and urged with one consent. There was one individual especially indignant and violent in his counsel. A tall, fair-haired, dissipated youth, who had not opened any but his betting-book since his appearance in Cambridge, and who, with an income of three hundred pounds a-year, lived at the rate of as many thousands; but this I knew not at the time. As I have said, Mr Easyman, more than all the rest, was affected with choler at my disappointment.

"Of course," said he, "I knew how it would be. Why didn't I go in for the scholarship? Why do I take life easy? What's the use of reading, when every thing is settled beforehand? Upon my honour," (Mr Easyman never went higher than this,) "I believe the best men do nothing at all at college. They are wise,

and see what's what with half an eye."

The conversation, of which the above elegant extract formed a part, was held in my own room, about an hour after I had been made acquainted in the hall with the success of Mr Smithson. A body of men had flocked thither to offer me their condolence, and to assure me of their readiness and desire to make my grievance unconditionally their own. Many speeches were made on the subject, and, as every one had something important and original to advance, it may easily be conceived that our meeting became at intervals exceedingly noisy, and the difficulty of drawing attention on the part of individuals inconveniently great. At one moment, my friends would deem it expedient to fall simultaneously into a violent rage, and to discharge themselves of their anger at one and the same moment. Then bedlam itself seemed loosed into the room; afterwards there would be a corresponding silence. Every one stopped for breath at once, and then every one bellowed out again. These continued alternations of excessive violence and extreme repose could not but be very distressing to the lodger overhead. They proved so. The rooms immediately above my own were occupied by Mr Squareroot himself; and at this very time he was busy, in his capacity of moderator, in the concoction of divers mathematical puzzles, with which to tickle the brains of his friends at the ensuing bachelors' examination. Annoyed at length beyond his power of endurance, he sent his servant to us with a particular request, that we should be more temperate in the *sound* at least of our remarks; by which very natural and certainly justifiable proceeding, the tutor increased to its height the bitter feeling which was already engendered against him. Its effect, however, was decisive, for perfect silence ensued, and it was left for Mr Easyman, in these memorable words, to break it.

"Gentlemen," he said, in an under tone, and looking around him, "the right of discussion is contested with us. This only was wanting. But we will give the enemy no advantage. Let us separate now, but let me see you all in my rooms this afternoon to wine. No tutors will interrupt

us there. Stukely, I shall expect you."

Which invitation being given and accepted, and a few remarks made afterwards in a subdued and gentle voice, the meeting for the present separated.

Although I had always lived on the most friendly terms with all the members of our college, I had not been, until now, in close, intimate association with any of them. I had heard of their parties and whist-meetings, but, wholly taken up with the serious employments of the past year, I had no time for personal enjoyments. Had it been otherwise, the accounts I had received of the doings at these convivial assemblies had rather repelled me than attracted me towards them. Still I had been cautious to say nothing against them. On the contrary, I had publicly always looked upon those who participated in them with great complacency, and more than once had listened to a rehearsal of their orgies with a well-feigned delight. I have to confess that I found it my *interest* to do this, at the very time that a sovereign contempt for men thus yielding themselves to the miserable enjoyment of the present, utterly regardless of the future, was paramount in my mind; but I speak of a time when I had already assumed the airs of a patron and a conqueror. It was very different now. My defeat could not elevate my companions, but it had brought me very low. *Now* I could even feel very grateful for the invitation of Mr Easyman, and wonder how it was I had so long neglected the many kind and friendly invitations that had been offered me. Still more, I could conceive extreme indignation against those who spoke disparagingly and harshly of men whose greatest fault appeared but an excess of social love, an overflowing of human sensibilities.

The hour of Mr Easyman's wine-party arrived. I was about to set out for his rooms. I did not feel comfortable. I could not say that I was on really good terms with any one, least of all with myself. What could render me so irritable and vexed? No doubt the shameful conduct of Mr Squareroot—the impudent trickery of him and his ill-favoured relative. Old Simmonds, who was in my bed-room during the visit of my friends in the morning, as I now walked across the

room to depart, asked me, as I thought, somewhat sharply, if I really intended to go.

"Go!" I answered hastily—"intend to go! What do you mean, old man? Most certainly I intend to go. Didn't you hear this morning? This barefaced piece of business isn't to rest here. Every one is satisfied of their conduct. Others have seen through it, and have known it all along."

"It is not for me to say, sir," said the gyp, very calmly, "what is the opinion, or what are the motives of those gentlemen. You are not one of them—you have never been one of them—and you must not become one. If you do, God help you!"

"Well, I'm sure! It is a pretty thing for you to dictate to me in this way. I tell you what it is, Simmonds, I have permitted you to go on after this fashion too long. I ought to have checked you at once. A younger man shouldn't have presumed so far, I can assure you."

"Mr Stukely," said the old man, "you frighten me. I know very well where all this ends. I have not been in college sixty years for nothing."

"Do you mean to insult me? I shall not submit to your impertinence. I suppose you think you may just say and do what you please *now*—but you'll find your mistake."

"Why can't you," continued the old man, taking no notice of my violence, "why can't you sit down to-night quietly and comfortably, as you have done always? You never wanted to go out before this evening, and you have been happy enough too."

"Sit down! No, I'll not sit down, until I have made my injury known to the whole world."

"Oh, dear me!" said the imperturbable gyp, "how can you talk such nonsense? Why will you deceive yourself? Who will believe you? Do you think that Mr Squareroot's character is not too well-known? He wouldn't do such a thing to be made chancellor to-morrow. There's a dear gentleman, give me your hat, and don't tease yourself any more about the matter. There now, the kettle's boiling—do sit down and let me make your tea."

"No Simmonds, this will not do. I have promised my friends, and they will see me redressed."

"They will see you laughed at, sir. Every one will laugh at you, if you run about making this complaint."

The gyp had reached a vulnerable part. I shrunk from ridicule as the horned snail does from the finger touch. An indistinct apprehension of his meaning disarmed me in an instant. The colour mounted to my cheek. I stood irresolute. Simmonds profited by the opportunity, and slipped my hat from my hands.

"I'll write home to my father," I said at length, sighing in great perplexity. "Simmonds, fetch me some letter-paper."

"Have you none here, sir?" enquired the poor fellow, looking nervously into my portfolio, and afraid to leave me.

"None. I used the last yesterday."

"Very well then," he replied, evidently much annoyed, "I suppose I must get some;" and he walked off—very quickly for him—taking care to shut the door carefully after him.

The hour of my appointment was already past. I had resolved. Simmonds after all might be right. I would not go. I would that evening write to my father, explain the circumstances to him, and beg him at once to withdraw me from the university, with which I was already very much disgusted. It was a good resolution. The shadow of Mr Easyman shrouded me as I made it. I looked up, and lo! that gentleman was smiling at the window.

"Hallo!" said he. "Bricked up? Upon my honour, that's very clever. Open sesame, if you please. Fine animal that of yours," continued he, entering my room. "Rather groggy just now. First-rate in his time—almost ready for the knacker. I wonder what he is saying now to old Squareroot."

"Whom do you refer to?"

"Your Caliban Simmonds."

"Is he with Squareroot now?"

"Yes. I saw him as I crossed the court. Oh! Caliban is a sweet boy for his age. But they are all in one game; and I will say this for the whole tribe, they do play most cleverly into one another's hands."

"Are they really so bad?"

"Worse than housebreakers. Never mind. Come along, we are all waiting for you."

"Well, do you know, I was thinking, Easyman"—

"Oh! don't think—there's a good fellow! There's really no time for it to-day. You shall think to-morrow, and act now. You know you have given your word to the men," (and the hat that Simmonds had a moment before enticed from my hand, the wily Easyman insidiously restored to it.) "It is your own party, and they are all eager to give you the meeting. They will never leave you, my boy, until you are righted. They are the real sort, depend upon it—true blood to the back-bone."

"I really do not feel inclined—I cannot go"—

"Why, my dear fellow, consider—you wouldn't have the men laugh at you."

I plunged my head into the hat, and rushed out of the room with him.

"But is it true," I asked, when we reached his door "that you saw Simmonds a minute or two ago with the tutor?"

"As true as I see you now—upon my honour."

"Then, Easyman, that old man, is neither more nor less than a grey-headed devil."

Mr Easyman had, without exception, the very best rooms in the college. Why should they not be? they were the most expensive. The manner in which they were fitted up did credit to his taste. Mr Easyman was not an ordinary man. He prided himself upon his knowledge of the fitness of things. A stranger would discover his peculiar talent at a glance. He was a walking illustration of himself—of his own mind. His dress, his air, his gait, his very hand, were so many indices to his inner self. There was a union, a harmony, certain corresponding effects, in all of them. They all bore testimony to the innate sense of order and propriety. Walk into his abode—you were struck with the costliness and elegance of the furniture, but not so much with these as with the remarkable adaptation and blending of the several pieces. Every one was perfect; and, with reference to the others, exactly in that particular spot which it would have selected for itself, had it been endued with the powers of sense and motion. Shall I describe his bedroom? My pen halts.

It is some years since, for the first time, I read the poem of *Lalla Rookh*, (who shall read it a second time, and not grow faint from the excessive sweetness?) and the descriptions of joyous indolence in that romance, brought to my recollection the sublime dormitory of Mr Easyman. It was emphatically eastern—and admirably suited to the ambitious and extravagant notions of a man, living, as I have before mentioned, with a lofty contempt of his own poor means, in a most eastern and inconsiderate manner.

Mr Easyman opened the door, and introduced me to his company. There were about fifteen of them. They rose, their glasses in their hands—for the libations had already commenced—and, with one cheering halloo, they welcomed me amongst them. Violent applause is dangerous to the object of it—always. If the object is a fool, it is ruinous indeed. I smiled radiantly upon the assembly, and in a moment was repaid for much of my past anxiety and wretchedness. I even felt, as I sat down amongst so many ardent and devoted spirits, that if the wicked Simmonds might observe my triumph, I could forgive him still his foul iniquity. The room was a spacious one, and the table placed in the centre of it, round which the guests were seated, was well supplied with fruits, confections, and the choicest wines. The chairs were all occupied but one. This was the honoured seat, reserved for me. Amongst the company I noticed my friend the *paulo-post-futurum* Lord Mayor, and the thin drinking gentleman. There was another individual present, by no means to be disregarded in this relation. He was the connexion of a celebrated tragedian of the day, remarkable for his frequent quotation of Shakspeare, and for the pertinacity with which he insisted upon obliging his friends, during vacation time, with orders for the play. His name was Deboos. He accosted me, as I entered, with the following words:—

“ Here had we now our country’s honour
roof’d,
Were the graced person of our *Stukely*
present,
Who may I rather challenge for unkind-
ness
Than pity for mischance.”

“ That’s the fifth time you have said that, Boosey,” (so he was called by his familiars;) “ now don’t say it any more.” Thus spoke Mr Laurel, the lord mayor. “ Stukely,” he added, addressing me in a low tone, “ I am happy to see you—sit down.” His chair was next to mine. “ I have not seen you since our sell. We have been floored cleanly. We couldn’t help it—that’s a great consolation. I saw the thing at once, and cried *done* in time. You died game.”

But Mr Laurel was interrupted; for the decanters on the table had already performed a rapid gyration, and the glasses became musical, from the tinkling sounds that were drawn from them. Mr Easyman had resumed his seat, which was distinguished from the rest by being raised slightly above them, and he now struck the table with great rapidity and vehemence. Silence being obtained, he rose:—“ Gentlemen,” he commenced, “ I am no speaker; but you know my plan. Procrastination is the thief of time. It was my favourite copy at school. I act upon the maxim now—never postpone till to-morrow what you can do to-day. To business. Are your glasses charged, my boys? Stukely, you stop the bottle. Fill your glass, and pass it on.”

I obeyed, attentive to my host’s address, and watching the point of convergence to which his words were tending:

“ His Majesty—God bless him!” exclaimed Mr Easyman, after a proper pause, and with all the gravity so solemn a benediction demanded.

“ His Majesty—God bless him!” shouted with more fervour, and less ceremony, a thousand voices condensed into fifteen. As the thunder abated, the silver tones of Mr Deboos were caught lingering at the close with—

“ Not all the waters of the rough rude
sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed
king.”

There succeeded to this a quarter of an hour’s animated conversation, characterized, as indeed many of the subsequent discussions of the evening were, not so much by abstruseness or learned acumen, as by the happy facility which every one displayed in

leaping from one subject to another in an inconceivably short space of time. Not that deep and abstract matters were entirely neglected. Far far from it; but they were treated with so lively and novel a disposition, that they must have astonished a sober-minded individual who had previously taken pains to think seriously about them, or to make his head giddy with their pleasing perplexities. Opinions were offered, and difficult points mooted and settled, with a freedom and grace that were truly refreshing. Great, indeed, are the advantages of a university education! It was my nature to be shy and silent in mixed companies; but, by the very force of example, I became by degrees an impassioned and eloquent speaker. It was very gratifying, indeed, to my vanity to perceive that every word I uttered, every notion I ventured to submit—and silly enough were many, Heaven knows!—was listened to with fixed attention, and acknowledged by universal approbation. It is worthy of remark, that, before I had spent an hour with my friends, every one of them, without exception, after having done honour to the usual toasts, did me the kindness to drink my health, and to wish me prosperity. Most exhilarated did I become—most grateful for their attentive and affectionate regard. A warm glow sprung up at my heart, and unconsciously a tear or two trickled down my cheeks, as though with very superfluity of happiness. And then the grand business of Smithson was discussed, and, I must confess it, almost too soon disposed of. But the business was an unpleasant one, and my supporters were glad to withdraw themselves from the pressure of it. I cannot but add, that, as time wore on, even I could not bring myself to esteem the very occasion of our meeting as forming the chief delight of it. I had rather a peculiar pleasure from the very act of forcing all thoughts of Smithson from my mind, and giving myself up unconditionally to the exciting and animated scene around me. The never-ending, still-beginning process of the wine-bottle did not slacken with the approach of twilight. The sun went down in surpassing splendour. I looked out upon him as his eye of fire closed upon the world. "Never before," thought I, "has he

left such jocund spirits on the earth behind him." The dusky middle light of eve—the soft crepuscule—delicious as it is in little country parlours, through which, laden with pensive thought and breathless melody, it steals with a religious quiet—calls up no gladly feeling in the heart of him who plies his calling at the shrine of Bacchus. Comes it with reproach to him, or does it, from the vasty depths, invoke images of bygone innocence and peace? Is it too touching and too soft, or does the one short hour of absent glare make legible the naked characters of shame? Mr Easyman could not probably explain his motive, but the fact is certain. No sooner had the sun departed, and left the denizens of earth to stretch their limbs, and breathe cool air again, than did our worthy host desire the attendant gyp to close the shutters and "bring in the wax."

And soon hilarity became intense, and the several warm hearts then melted into one. And then the wine, that had performed its part so well, took leave, and came no more; but, in its stead, a thrilling mixture, mysterious in its power and in the union of its elements, whose luscious drops searched blood, and bone, and marrow, and lit up with fire the very seat of all sensation. I tasted, and electric pleasure started through my frame, demanding still another and another taste, until at length I revelled unresisting in delicious draughts. Nor was the revelling confined to me. The bright nectar found willing entrance at every lip, and many bowls gave evidence of untiring flavour, and enduring virtue. Twilight gave place to night—bowl had succeeded bowl with terrible despatch. Mr Easyman grew flushed. He rose to speak the praise of punch, and, in his capacity of toastmaster, he said laconically, and in Greek, of course—

"Το καλον."

"Και το αριστον," screamed out the company.

"Do you mean it?" enquired the host.

"Do we not?" was the interrogative reply.

"Woodlouse!—pipes," cried the giver of the feast to his gyp, Mr Woodhouse. "Pipes and tobacco."

The αριστον (pipes and tobacco) was brought; and a short silence pre-

vailed, whilst the room became dim with smoke, and the candles sickened in thick vapours.

"Now, lads," resumed Mr Easyman, shutting one eye, and looking knowingly with the other at a glass of the mixture, which he held in one hand, his pipe falling gracefully from the other, "Let me give you *το καλον και το αριστον*."

A tremendous cheer, and a stunning knocking upon the table, and a corresponding kicking under it, marked the welcome which the classic toast received from all.

"Come, my *νεφελιγερετης*," said the guest on my left. This was the great Greek scholar of the company, who was allowed by every one present to be the first classic of his year; but, by some unaccountable mistake, was dragged out afterwards somewhere behind the last. "Come, my *νεφελι*," said he, hitting me on the back, with a violence that made me, in the condition to which I was brought, exceedingly nervous and uncomfortable, "blow and be happy," and he thrust a pipe into my hand.

I had never smoked a pipe before. I was unequal to the task, but still more to that of sitting unmoved amidst a host of cloud-gatherers, the sole consumer of a suffocating fog. Partly to avoid this disagreeable alternative, partly to lose none of the regard that I had gained up to this period of the festival, and partly because I was so very warm and reckless, that I was ready to do any thing in the shape of a request, I took the clay without a syllable of reply, and proceeded, awkwardly enough, to the successive steps of filling, stopping, lighting, and imbibing. And, oh, what obfuscation and confusion! With the first fumes of the tobacco, my brain received a shock. The whole scene became immediately a moving panorama. The company, table, chairs—every thing passed rapidly round me, then suddenly stood still, and left me sick and tottering. I caught at the table, as I fondly hoped, unperceived; for, deplorable as I felt, I was still more than ever susceptible of shame. The sense of feebleness was more than half subdued by the mental exertion which I forced to my aid. I seized a glass of the intoxicating liquor; the nausea was for a time overcome, and my spirits flashed up with new fire.

Midnight had long since stolen away, leaving the assembly not more willing for separation than it had been six hours before. I heard St Mary's clock strike three, and, about the same time, remember to have seen a vision of my classic neighbour. He was "upon his legs," as far as it is competent for me to assert this of a staggering and reeling man, whose legs obstinately disregarded their natural duty, and left the trunk to seek support elsewhere. He was in the act of addressing the chair. His manner was oily and insinuating; but his speech, unconnected, and made up of Greek, Latin, and drunken English, cruelly betrayed the lamentable state into which he had fallen. "Mr Chairman," he hiccupped out, after having already spoken for some time, and with great eagerness; "Mr Chairman, I don't know what I am going to say, and it's no odds to nobody; two negatives don't make an affirmative—put that down. The ancients," and he made a low bow—"I always make a *kotou* to the ancients—that's pious; the ancients never knew what they were going to say; vide Cicero—'*rum bene provisam, verba haud invita sequentur*.'"

"*Rum!*" exclaimed Mr Deboos, with a contemptuous curve of the lip; "*rem, if you please.*"

"Order, order, chair, chair," proceeded from half a dozen husky voices, and a moment afterwards there issued, as it might be from my very feet, a long, loud, irrelevant groan. I looked down, and beheld clinging to my chair, foully sick, pale as death, my right hand neighbour Mr Laurel. Oh, the internal commotion that I suffered then! I forced my eyes, not slowly, from the disgusting object, and relied upon crushing the rapidly-rising physical phenomena by a tremendous concentration of all my attention upon the speaker. But the speaker had already finished. The interruption of Mr Deboos had led to a further interruption on the part of the other gentlemen, and the jovial scene unexpectedly became one of alarming tumult and disorder. Unfortunately for the general peace, Mr Deboos obstinately contended for the emendation which he had thought proper to introduce in the foregoing Latinity, and treated the judgment of the chair, who decided in favour of the orator, with no more

respect than he had listened in the first instance to the classic himself. Unhappily, too, the chair himself just now was not in circumstances to brook opposition in respect of any matter whatever. His eye had become bloodshot and furious. When he spoke, he raged at the top of his voice, and his gesticulation assumed all the violent incoherence of an uncontrollable madman. He was very drunk indeed; but Mr Deboos would talk, and would have the last word,

"You son of a strolling vagabond," screamed out Easyman at last, "if you don't be quiet, I'll smash you, so help me —."

And at the same time he seized a full goblet of punch, and held it threateningly before the unlucky Shaksperian.

"*Ah ha, boy,*" retorted the latter in derision, "*say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny? Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage;*" and then added, with more profound contempt, "*Drunk—speak, parrot—squabble—swagger—swear.*"

At the close of which apt speech, and in spite of the interference of his friends, who endeavoured to save him from what they clearly saw would be the finale to his discourse, he received on his broad forehead, and from the powerful hand of his host, the glass and its contents, which sent him bleeding and senseless to the ground.

The men rushed to the help of poor Deboos, but Easyman himself did not move from his place. He filled another goblet with liquor—drank off its contents at a draught—threw the glass in a frenzy on the floor, and, whilst it flew about in a thousand pieces, swore, with a fearful oath, that he would in like manner break the bones of any one who offered the least assistance to his victim.

Things looked very black, and I grew alarmed; but I kept my seat. Two or three men, in spite of Easyman's threat, persisted in restoring the fallen Deboos, or in an attempt to restore him, for he seemed dead; the rest crowded round the host himself, seeking by various and opposite means to pacify him, and to fix him in his chair. As may be supposed, the worrying rendered him more infuriate. He continued to swear, every succeeding oath rising more awful than the last, and to struggle against a dozen

men with the strength and passion of a giant. Amongst the choicest of Mr Easyman's many valuable possessions was a watch of exquisite manufacture. It was a repeater, the smallest that had ever been seen. It had been admired by every one; and the owner, in his sober moments, valued it above all other things. It was indeed a gem. Its price would have furnished the materials of happiness to many a starving creature. This precious ornament was now swinging in the air, and the violent efforts of so many friends of order threatened its speedy destruction.

"The watch, the watch!" shrieked a dozen voices, pulling the wearer a dozen different ways.

"What do you mean?" roared Easyman, dashing every individual from him. "You infernal robbers, what do you mean?" and he tore the miniature clock from his neck, hurled it with desperate violence to the ground, and stamped madly and repeatedly upon it, until the little beauty was reduced to atoms.

Passing notice has already been taken in this narrative of the thin drinking gentleman. For him was reserved, and in his own peculiar fashion, the task of subduing the fierce disturber. He had admitted into his small frame more than his just proportion of the liquid fire, but unremitting habit had fortified his little stomach, and made the drink innocuous as water. At the height of the affray he rose from his seat, and surveyed Mr Easyman with a steady, sober look; he watched a favourable opportunity, seized it, and then, without a syllable, felled him like a bullock to the earth. Had I not been a witness of this act, cruel and dastardly as it was, in spite of Paley, I would not have believed it possible. I looked at the aggressor, with what I intended to be a most expressive gaze of angry reprimand. He smiled upon me with contempt; and turning from me to the affrighted guests, unruffled, and in a gentle voice, he bade them carry their quiet host to bed. By his direction four of the party lifted the insensible Easyman from the ground, and conveyed him off. He followed in silence; but the rest of the men, excepting always those excluded by physical incapacity, crowded in the rear, stamping and yelling as though they were savages

dancing the war-dance, and singing the death-song, before the immolation of a sacrifice. Believing, I know not why, that the murder of my friend was the next business to be performed by the thin ruffian, if indeed it had not been already perpetrated by him, I determined to stand up (metaphorically speaking) in the defence of the poor sufferer, and to venture my life, if it were necessary, in the attempt to rescue him. Had I fallen down dead at this instant, the jury would have performed their duty carelessly if they had not written me down *insane*. Whilst I had a clear knowledge of the broad facts, I am sure that I must have been mad. My brain was whirling, and I was losing fast all power of restraint. I reached Easyman's bedroom, as the body-bearers were placing him on the fine quilt that covered his luxurious bed. He was still senseless—he moaned deeply and at intervals, with a convulsive catching in the throat that was to me indicative of fast-approaching death. But the small fiend was still unmoved.

"Now," said the latter, turning back his wristbands, as if he had business to do and it was time to set about it; "now, Woodhouse!" and he bawled with a voice that ought to have awakened Easyman. "Woodhouse—mustard—and a quart of water—warm." Turning to the bed, he loosened the cravat, and unbuttoned the shirt collar of the groaning man. Then, feeling his pulse with the gravity of a doctor, he sat quietly down, and awaited the arrival of the gyp.

Into the measure of the water, he threw a quantity of the mustard, and stirred it well. Desiring the men to raise Easyman upon his back, he himself applied his fingers to the drunken man's mouth, opened it, as you would that of an unwilling horse, and then poured down the liquid, as through a funnel, in sudden doses, and with many stops. In a short minute or two, the disturbing quality of the medicine was beautifully apparent. A violent natural effort on the part of Easyman, caused the company to retreat with great precipitation, and restored the sufferer himself to consciousness. But such a consciousness! Oh, it sickened you to behold it! no longer raving and roaring, the man appeared to have sunk in spirit below the level of a poltroon. He whined

and groaned alternately, and tears that might have had their origin in fatuity—such feebleness of mind, so perfect a prostration of soul did they evince—rolled piteously down his cheeks. He sobbed with fear, and shook from head to foot, and besought the men around him, in the most supplicating terms, not to leave him in his present miserable plight. Although he partially recognized every individual who came near and spoke to him, I could not believe that his reason was wholly given back. Who could look upon him, and subscribe to so humiliating a conclusion? He could not be sober. Drunkenness had but assumed another form. The fiend was still making merry with humanity, tricking him in another and more offensive garb, for his own sport and pastime.

"Oh, I am so ill!" cried the wretched sniveller. "What shall I do? It's a shame to treat a man so in his own house. Don't leave me—there's a dear fellow! I am sure I am dying."

"Nonsense," replied his medical attendant, "go to sleep, you fool!" and he put him on his back again, and threw the clothes in a heap over his head.

Easyman made no resistance, but whined like a beaten cur, beneath his coverings. Again and again he assured us that he was dying, implored some one to keep him company, and protested against the cruelty and ingratitude of "treating a man in this way in his own rooms."

In the midst of these protestations, by the desire of our leader, we departed, and returned forthwith to the banquetting room, where, in truth, the scene was not more pleasant than that which we had quitted. Five men were lying on the ground in different stages of intoxication. The eyes of one protruded from the socket, and with a stupid stare were fixed upon the ceiling. Every muscle of his countenance was rigid, and from his mouth oozed forth a sluggish saliva, that played about the corners of his mouth in frothy bubbles. "The last internal throes of death," thought I, "may already have taken place." Another man lay at the very feet of this one. He was fast asleep, and snored with a constancy and vigour, that no noise could conquer, no human efforts might abate. A third man sat under the

table, clinging to its legs, and smiling sottishly. He was talking aloud—to himself—to characters which his fancy conjured up—to the inanimate table—and severally to its four inanimate legs. Perfect sensual enjoyment beamed from his watery eyes. Mr Laurel, son of the civic dignitary, so to speak, wallowed like a hog in his own mire, and was, indeed, in sore distress. His cheeks were ashy pale, his lips bloodless. His head was torn with pain, it was plunged deep into the palms of both hands, and he breathed hard, and swung about like one struggling to cast off suffering. He had made a sad mistake. With the instinct of his tribe, he had, during the whole of the evening, partaken largely and greedily of *all* the eatables. These consisting chiefly of sweet cakes and sugary preparations, had kicked against rather than socially blended with the port wine and strong tobacco smoke, which not frugally had entered his weak dyspeptic stomach. Hence his present miserable state.

Connected with the room in which we were, and opening into it, was an antichamber of very moderate dimensions—a narrow slip, devoted to the reception of coats, and cloaks, and such-like gear. Into this hole, and at the instance of the little iron man, the five unfortunates were cast. The only one who was aware of the proceedings—the Lord Mayor himself—submitted to the operation with a languid resignation. The four insensibles said nothing. We saw them “safely stowed,” and—will it be believed?—drew once more round the table and the bowl.

When I awoke from a disturbed uneasy sleep, the sun was overhead. It was broad noon. An intolerable throbbing at the temples, a general racking headach, a burning throat, a fever-coated tongue, a sickness at the heart, prostrating, annihilating. Thus reduced, I rose from the carpet on which I had slept in the horrid chamber of the symposium, and, almost overwhelmed by the fumes that hung around me, by the disgusting aspect of the disordered room, loathing myself, and hating all the world, I crawled away, and slunk into my room.

With a trembling hand and with the soul of a criminal, I took from my desk a letter which had arrived by the

morning’s post. The tears dropped slow and heavily upon the hand-writing of my mother. She expected my return, daily, hourly. She was most anxious to behold me, longing to clasp me again in her arms, and to congratulate me on the happy issue of my hard study and noble perseverance. My father had communicated to her the strong assurances which I had forwarded of my strength and easy success, and she reproached herself lest her frequent motherly counsels might have interfered in any way with the perfect fulfilment of my laudable desires. These were the terms of her epistle, which had fallen fresh and unsuspecting from her affectionate heart. Oh, could she but have seen me now, how would that heart have snapped at once!—what bitterness—what anguish might it have been spared!

If shame had not made me irresolute, the dissipation of the past night would have rendered me incapable of action. It stunned me to think—to move was a sickening effort. I closed the door, and tottered to my bed. Late in the afternoon I awoke, feverish and unrefreshed, quivering in body, crushed in spirit, the slave of a triumphant devil—cowering beneath a dismal hypochondria.

As I sat silently wretched over the cold fire-place, my feet upon the fender, my head reposing in my hands, Simmonds unlocked the door, and stepped into the room.

“I am very sorry, sir,” began the old man; “but the master wants to see you. I hope it is nothing serious; but you had better go.”

The blood mounted to my cheek, my anger was great, and my hatred of the old man more bitter than ever; but I beat the fender with my feet, and said nothing.

“Ah!” continued the gyp deplorably, “I knew no good would come of it. I wish the devil would never let another drop of liquor into the world again. My heart alive! how pale you look. Well, sir, it can’t be helped now. You must make the best of it. But, pray go. This is the third time that I have been sent for you.”

“What does the master want with me?” I enquired in a surly tone and without moving.

“I don’t know, sir, and I am afraid to guess.”

“You lie, you grey-haired Iscariot,”

I replied, turning upon him like a tiger. "You know enough, too much for me. Go about your business, and never let me hear your canting voice again. Ah! you barefaced Judas."

The only answer to my abuse was a mild and piteous look, a long and deep-drawn sigh.

"I shall not go to the master."

"Pray do, sir," said Simmonds earnestly; "pray, pray go. If any thing is amiss, the master is not very hard: it's a word or two, and then done with. He forgives and forgets in a moment. But if you are obstinate, you'll force him to be severe, and I don't know what will be the consequence."

Either the advice was not lost upon me, or I had not courage to act in opposition to it. I *did* go to the master. Having dismissed Simmonds, I made a careful toilet, assumed a cheerfulness, and hastened to the lodge.

The late Bishop of — was then president of the college. He was at this time beloved for that primitive simplicity and real modesty that adorned his later life. When I was ushered into his presence, I felt confounded and abashed. The mildness of his eye—his open countenance—the refreshing purity of his whole expression, all satisfactory and soothing to a virtuous observer, were so many reproaches to a spirit conscious of recent transgression, guilty, and ill at ease. As I stood before the worthy master, "eaten by shame," my conscience forced me to contrast my present irksome littleness with the disgraceful tyranny that I had exercised towards Simmonds a few minutes before, and I was grateful that the gyp was not an eyewitness of my humiliation.

The master was writing when I entered; he wrote on for a second a two, and then he raised his head and looked at me. "Mr Stukely," he said, putting his pen gently upon the table, "I am glad that you have come, and that you see the propriety of attempting no concealment. However easily you might escape from me, you would find it a difficult task to elude the hands of justice."

"Sir?"

"I cannot express to you how thoroughly annoyed and grieved I am at this unhappy event. I will do you the justice to believe that you bore your unfortunate victim no malice, and that the act which you committed

in the moment of intoxication was not premeditated in the hour of reason and sobriety."

"Sir?"

"I have no desire to wound you with reproaches. Your mind is surely sufficiently disturbed. But I must tell you that the character which you have hitherto borne in the college, did not prepare me for this interview. Whilst it is my duty to enforce your residence in Cambridge, until Mr Deboos is pronounced out of danger, let me, as a friend, entreat you to offer up your grateful acknowledgments to that Power which alone has saved you from becoming a murderer."

"Sir?" I shrieked out, jumping back a step or two.

"Mr Stukely," continued the master, "do not aggravate your offence by this light conduct. I had hoped to find you sensible of your situation, and am sorry to see you not yet free from the influence of liquor."

Many confused ideas rushed into my brain at the same moment. They settled into three distinct: I was indeed drunk—or dreaming—or the master himself was mad. In my difficulty, I asked faintly what was the matter, and what I had done.

"Rather let me ask you, Mr Stukely, why you persist in such assurance? Do you think it possible to deceive me by this artful line of conduct? Pray take care—do not add crime to crime."

There is no doubt, that if I had been sober the night before, I should, at this juncture, have demanded boldly a full explanation from my accuser. But the drink had so mashed my intellect, had put my frame into such a novel state of giddy disturbance, that I more than questioned my right to do any thing of the kind. I therefore remained silent, and, as well as I could, called to my recollection all that had happened, in order to justify the master in the course he was taking."

"Where did you spend the past night, Mr Stukely?" enquired the principal. My attention was called to the next question, before I could find a satisfactory answer to the first.

"Was Mr Deboos in your company?"

"He *was*, sir," I replied, sighing at the general picture of the scene which the name of this unlucky gentleman vividly called up.

"Ah!" said the good master, no-

ting the deep-drawn breath, "this is more becoming. I am quite aware of it. You passed the night with him and with other gentlemen, is it not so?"

I nodded my head.

"Well, then, listen to what I say:—You must remain for the present in the town. I will place no other restraint upon you. When the medical attendant of Mr Deboos assures me that all dangerous symptoms have disappeared, you will receive your *exeat*, but not till then. I hope that the information which I have received touching this discreditable business, is not in every particular correct. It will be comforting to believe, that you did not know what you were doing at the time; and I sincerely trust that you now regret, very deeply regret, the injury which you have inflicted upon this unfortunate young man."

"I beg your pardon, sir—"

"Mine is easily granted, but you must seek forgiveness elsewhere, Mr Stukely." The master had scarcely uttered these words, when his servant entered and announced "dinner." The footman held the door open, and the master rose.

"I have nothing more to say, Mr Stukely, you will not fail to do what is necessary. Good-morning."

And the venerable principal went to dinner.

I stood stupidly still, then walked nervously up and down the room, and at last rushed out, with the intention of following the master. The man in livery hastened after me.

"That way, sir," said he in an insinuating voice, and urging me gently before him, "that way, sir;" and I went on till I reached the door, which he quickly opened, and as quickly closed upon me.

More than half-crazed, and almost blind with irritation, I sought my own abode again. What *could* be the meaning of it all? What had I to do with Deboos? What had happened to him for which I was answerable, or in any way culpable? He had received a blow—a fearful one it is true—from Easyman, and had been carried to his room bleeding and insensible. *That* I well remembered; but what was this to me more than to any other individual spectator? Had it been conceivable that the men, one and all, had falsely charged me with the crime?

The thought crossed my brain, and at last possessed it till I became frantic. Deboos was dying perhaps—who knew but he was dead already—and they had all conspired to bring me to the gallows! What was I to do if they persisted in such an accusation? Who would believe me singly, and against them all? What did they care for me, so long as they might preserve themselves? I was a stranger to them—they had been long united—might they not consider it a melancholy duty to sacrifice me for the general safety? "Oh! would to heaven that I had never gone to that accursed meeting! Oh! sweet news for my poor mother when she would hear of me to-morrow, as the drunkard and the assassin! What was to become of me *now*?"

I was not in a humour to receive visitors, and one was sitting in my room when I arrived. His back was towards me; but he rose when he heard my footstep, and looked me in the face. Were my eyes sporting with my reason? Was this another drunken vision? No, I was not deceived. My coach companion, the man who had played the first trick upon me—James Temple really stood before me.

Since I parted with him on the eventful evening of my advent, I had neither seen nor heard from him. This was not surprising. I had hitherto passed my days chiefly within walls. He was a member of another college, and his pleasures and pursuits led him into haunts with which I was unacquainted, and into the society of men with whom I enjoyed nothing in common. His presence staggered me. I could not guess his business. My experience of him inclined me to think it no good one, and my temper, roused to mischief, sprung at the opportunity which was fairly afforded me to bully and to quarrel.

"How dare you," said I, pale, I am sure, with anger and annoyance, "how dare you show your face here?"

"It required some boldness, I allow," said Temple; "but since I have come, you will hardly turn me out, Stukely, without a word?"

"Didn't you write that letter?" I continued, my flesh tingling with a cutting sense of shame, "didn't you write that letter, I say, asking me to

breakfast with the Vice-Chancellor? Answer me—didn't you?" and I was ready to burst with vexation at the bare revival of the fact.

"My sole object in coming here now," answered Temple, evidently affected and subdued by my excitement, "is to acknowledge that I did so."

"You own it then, do you?" I replied, puzzled, now that he had confessed it, as to what I should say or do next.

"I hope, Stukely, that it is never too late to confess—never too late to be sorry for doing wrong? I have not behaved well towards you. It was a boyish trick—foolish in every way. I regret it deeply. I could not rest until I had asked your pardon, and you had freely forgiven me. Will you do so now? In a few months I leave Cambridge. We may never meet again. Let us part friends. Will you take my hand?"

"It was villanous conduct, though," I replied, determined not to commit myself by any friendly acknowledgements, before I had fully decided upon the proper conduct to be pursued.

"Say no more about it. I have reproached myself a thousand times, and have suffered sharper pangs than you yourself would desire to inflict upon me. What can I do more than plead guilty to the charge, and express my unfeigned grief? What would you have me do? Tell me, and judge of my sorrow and sincerity, by the eagerness with which I attend to your wishes."

Instead of listening to him, my attention was called to my present doubtful position, and the great need in which I stood of a friend and adviser—matters of much more importance to me, than the friendship or even the life of the speaker. By the time he had finished, I was prepared, without any view to him or his motives, but with the most calculating selfishness, to extend the forgiveness which would cost me nothing, and to secure his services, which would be worth a great deal.

Yet, not without an air of wounded pride, nor without some show of dignity and condescension, did I permit the cordial grasp so eagerly desired by Temple. Once given, however, the gates of separation loosed, and a rapid stream of friendly interchange-

ments flowed. Soon I learned his college history; and, bound by the act of confidence, soon did I disburthen my own overloaded soul. I communicated every thing. With more seriousness than I had expected from my former volatile companion, he listened to my moving tale, and with a kindliness of feeling that spoke for the truth of his contrition, more emphatically than a thousand protestations, he volunteered "to pioneer" me through my difficulties, and to aid me with his counsel and experience.

"It is now late," he said, at the close of a long and confidential conversation. "Seven o'clock, by Jupiter! I must be off, and you will not be sorry to kiss your pillow after the night's carouse. Good night—to-morrow, or the next day, you shall see me again."

"Oh, say to-morrow," I replied, very loth to part with him at all.

"If I can I will, but I must not promise. I go out in January, and there is three years' work to do in nearly as many months. According to the latest calculations, I have but five hours to spare. With six months clear before me which I could call my own, I might have taken my ease. Considerate *alma mater* is not hard upon her young ones. Long may her religious and ancient foundations rest undisturbed!"

"Well, wait a little longer now."

"Don't ask me—good-by till we meet again."

He departed, and left me to myself—a hideous companion in my present mood. To my great comfort, he returned almost immediately.

"You are dull and low-spirited this evening. What say you, Stukely?—will you take a stroll? You may be the better for it. It will cool your head."

"No, thank you, Temple," I replied, "I would rather keep at home to-night."

"Well, perhaps you are right; good-by once more."

He was on the threshold, when I called him back.

"Do you *really* think that it will cool my head? Well, the fresh air may revive me. I shall be back before eight o'clock?"

"As early as you please. But do not be persuaded."

"I'll walk a little way."

As we crossed the court, I begged Temple to enquire at Deboos's rooms "if the gentleman was still in danger." *He was very bad!*

My friend's apartments were distant about a mile from the College. He rented the principal rooms of a small cottage, whose front was adorned with a thick-spreading vine, and sweet flowers rising from the ground and clambering to the windows. It was a dwelling for a hermit or a lover. I accompanied him to the door; and, as I shook him by the hand at parting, the quiet freshness of the place touched me, and started a deeply-seated sigh.

"You are cold after your walk," said Temple, looking at me; "step in, and take a cordial."

"No, no," I said shuddering, and loathing the very thought of liquor; "no, Temple, no more drink."

"Well, not for the world, unless you are disposed. I shall not persuade you; but I am not a stranger to your sensations. A bitter cordial, mark you, medicinally——"

"No; do not ask me. I will step into your pretty cot for a minute—look after your rooms, and then away."

"After you, then," said Temple, motioning forwards.

His rooms were small, but very snug. The order and arrangement of the quiet furniture—the pretty chimney ornaments—the small flower-pots, covered with green paper fantastically cut—the painted china vase, with its graceful flowers, newly culled, all bespoke a woman's hand, and the presidency of a spirit less rigorous than man's. The apartment thus distinguished was occupied by four individuals, friends of my host, and apparently not unexpected. They were about his own age, and under-graduates. Their caps and gowns were thrown carelessly over two chairs, which deformed one angle of the room, and disturbed the general harmony.

I was made known to the visitors, who bowed civilly and formally to me, evincing neither pleasure nor dislike at the introduction, and making no further effort to arrive at intimacy.

"Rest yourself there a moment, Stukely, and never mind *us*. Here's a book of drawings. Amuse yourself." And he placed a cosy arm-chair before me, and at the same time a handsomely bound book in my hand. "But stay, I have forgotten the cordial."

Before company, I had power to resist no longer. He produced from a square mahogany case a miniature decanter, from which he poured a very small quantity of creamy liquid.

"It is proper stuff, I can assure you."

It was delicious indeed—very pungent and very bitter, but so felicitously adapted to the existing state of my palate, that, if they were not created for each other, it was a splendid accident that brought them into union. I sat down refreshed, lolled in the chair, and turned over the leaves of the sketch-book. Whilst I was busy, Temple and his friends were not idle. A square table, covered with green baize, was rolled into the centre of the room, and two candles, at opposite corners, were placed upon it. Temple and three of the visitors sat over against one another in pairs. A pack of cards were taken from a drawer, were shuffled, cut, distributed, then scattered, and collected,—performing, in their various turns, the thirteen mystic acts that make up—Whist.

The players were good. I knew the game obscurely, and their skill compelled my whole attention. In spite of my good resolution to return by eight o'clock, I sat for an hour or two with great composure and delight. I might have sat for an hour or two longer, if Temple had not taken care of me. The fourth visitor at length cut in, and Temple, whose place he had taken, called me aside.

"Now, Stukely," said he, "return to college. You cannot afford at present to give them a fresh cause of complaint; you may get into trouble, and I should never forgive myself if I were the cause of it. It must not be. You shall see me to-morrow; take care of yourself."

"This is indeed kind of you, Temple," I replied, squeezing his hand; "you are a true friend."

"I shall live to convince you that I am," he answered, returning my grasp. "Good night; never mind the men—they are very busy, and we have no ceremony here."

I shook my considerate friend once more by the hand, and departed from the cottage. The night was very fair. The moon was up, and filled the earth with tranquil loveliness. The light of noon was shed abroad without the glare. It was a passionless day, and

no night. A medicinal healing softness does the moonshine pour upon a wounded heart. I knew it, as I issued from beneath the cottage eaves; and very sad was I to think how soon the moon would disappear, and the harsh day return again! As I stepped from the doorway into the open road, the casement above my head was hastily thrown up. Turning towards it, with a natural impulse, I beheld, stooping from the window, a young and handsome female. By the light that shone, her jet black hair and ivory skin were visible; just for one instant did I gaze, and then the form, observing me, withdrew. One hasty glance formed but a slight connexion with this moonlight vision; yet by this first and slender link had the great enemy secured my future misery and fall.

Daylight brought back the cares of day. Rising the following morning, my first concern was to ascertain the state of Deboos's health, and this was very satisfactory. My next to visit Easyman; he had received his *exeat*, and had gone to London! So also had all the men who had shared with me his hospitality. With this information, I turned to a more difficult task,—a letter to my mother. Temple, during our pleasant walk on the preceding evening, had strongly enforced the necessity of writing home immediately, in order to secure myself against exposure, and to save my parents needless sorrow and alarm. The plan of future conduct which my new counsellor had marked out, may be partly gathered from the epistle which I forwarded. It was as follows:—

“Dearest Mother,—You will no doubt be surprised to hear that I have determined, subject to your permission, to remain in Cambridge during the long vacation. Your surprise will cease, however, when I inform you, that the scholarship of which you have heard so much will not be tried for until next commencement. They have allowed us longer time to read the subjects. Dearest mother, how I regret this separation, you can guess. I am consoled, however, when I reflect that I am doing my duty. It is impossible to have the opportunities for reading at home which we find here; and there is no doubt that, by remaining up, I shall eventually secure what all of us have so much at heart.

Who knows so well as you, that if I were allowed to follow my own inclination, I should not remain another hour absent from my home? Believe me,

Dearest Mother,
Your dutiful and loving son,

CALEB STUKELY.

P. S.—As the long vacation will be expensive, I should be grateful for a further remittance of fifty pounds.”

Such was the letter, advised by Mr Temple, written by myself. We are generally proud of our portraits. I turn away from mine with shame!

Villanous and full of lies, however, as this precious document undoubtedly is, let me have credit with the reader for the very small under-current of virtue that runs hidden from his view. When Temple suggested to me that my father might be grieved and vexed at my failure—my mother possibly rendered frantic if she heard of my critical position, anxiety for them melted me, and rendered me susceptible of any impression. When he told me that, in a few days, Deboos would be well, and no more heard of *that*; that if I waited-up, and read determinedly and hard, I should be sure to get the scholarship given to second year's men, which scholarship I could assure my honoured parents was the one they knew of; when he added, too, that, in my case, to speak the truth was vicious, I was prepared to write as I was taught: nor did I blush to do so, and to add, at *his* particular desire, the small request that figured in the postscript.

After the lapse of a few days the post brought down the sum required, and with it a long, loving letter, that would have saved me from the precipice on which I stood, but that a new and fatal fascination lured me onwards, and kept me spellbound till I should make the final leap, and plunge headlong to ruin. A second and a third time the same whist party met in Temple's rooms, and I was there, a mere spectator, as at first. Temple maintained a steady, considerate regard, offered me on all occasions a slight refreshment, and at an early hour insisted on my taking leave of him:—so very much he feared that late hours would give offence at college, and he might be the cause of any trouble. Ever as I passed the

cottage door, curiosity prompted me to gaze above, and catch another glimpse of the fair form—but the accident did not occur again. Once I asked Temple who the lady was. He answered me with a smile, and tapped me on the shoulder, "All in good time; you shall know by-and-by;" and then, with no good reason, I coloured up and looked ashamed.

At the end of a fortnight, Deboos was able to get about again. He had received a severe wound, and had greatly suffered from pain and loss of blood. I received justice from the good Shakspearian. His first business, after his recovery, was to wait upon the master, and to exonerate me from all share in the affray by which he had nearly lost his life. Neither his debility, nor the awful termination of his last quotations, prevented him from addressing the master in his usual strain.

"I had rather," he said, "have this tongue cut from my mouth, Than it should do offence to *Caleb Stukely*; Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, master."

And, in his original fashion, he proceeded to explain the cause of quarrel, and Easyman's violent aggression. Deboos's heart was good, and in it he found something to quote even to excuse the man who had neither pity nor regard for him. He added,

"More of this matter can I not report. But men are men—the best sometimes forget, And even in rage strike those that wish them best."

Shortly after our visit to the master, I accompanied the worthy Deboos to the inn, from which he was about to set out on his way to his native town. He took his seat in the coach, and gave me his hand.

"The men have acted vilely by you, Stukely, in this business. You have been a victim, and, upon my soul, I am sorry for you."

"Don't mention it," I replied with *naïveté*. "I am grateful for what you have done for me."

"Ah, Stukely," he said, breaking out afresh,

"Thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal.

* * * * Thou hast been As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing. A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Has ta'en with equal thanks;—and bless'd are those Whose"—

The speech was not finished. The coach started in the middle of it, and I heard Shakspeare, from the lips of Mr Deboos, for the last time. Upon the day that I received from the master permission to leave Cambridge, Temple strongly recommended me to take lodgings in the neighbourhood of his cottage. He believed that the purer air of the suburb would invigorate my constitution, and that the influences of the lovely situation would be highly favourable to the reading. Nothing could be kinder than the interest which he took in my welfare. What could be more friendly than this advice? I acted upon it with alacrity. Two rooms of moderate size, in a cottage that was attached to a farm-house, I selected for my residence. My books were removed from college. I placed them on the shelves with a cheerfulness that I had not known for many months. I felt my heart new opened. A determined desire to do well, that augured promisingly for my future peace of mind, gave a briskness to my movements, and a glad activity to my thoughts. Temple called upon me whilst I was thus employed, and his spirits were as elated as my own.

"This is comfortable indeed, Stukely. Ah, we shall make all right yet! A little relaxation and proper enjoyment, to recover you from the annoyances of the past, and then you will have strength for any thing."

"I am resolved at least, Temple, to be wiser for the time to come. I have been very unfortunate; but if I have learned nothing from misfortune I deserve to suffer again. In the first place, I shall read no more with Cube. I am satisfied that he floored me! If I had read what he desired me to omit, and omitted what he advised me to read, I should have done better. It serves me right."

"Not at all. It is the fault of the place. Every thing is done in excitement. I hate excitement. You may depend upon it, Cambridge life will always be disgusting until they learn to take things quietly. No man can live comfortably in a constant sweat."

"And yet, Temple, how many men

have become immortal under this very system!"

"You mean to say—in spite of it?"

"Ah me," said I, pricked by my love of approbation, "what would I give to become a great man! It is worth something to be spoken of by all the world. But it will never be. I feel that I shall never do any good. The first failure has been a deathblow to me."

"I don't believe it."

"And I hope not. But I can never read another page with confidence. And they say confidence is the parent of success."

"Yes, as we should say at Newmarket, 'Success, got by Confidence, out of Hard Labour.' But when you have put your harness on again, and have spent a few pleasant evenings with us, you'll have a different tale to tell. By the way, you'll dine with us to-day? There will be nobody but my cousin, whom you have not yet seen. In the evening your old friends will amuse you with a rubber."

"They are first-rate players, are they not?" said I.

"Yes, pretty fair. You are not asleep either. From an observation that you made the other night when Roberts passed my king, I guess that you would be a match for any one of them. You have no taste for the game, and I am glad of it. You have nobler sport before you."

"If you really think I am able, I shouldn't mind trying them this evening. Mind, just for one game."

"As to your ability, I wish I was as sure of a living when I have taken my degree. You shall please yourself, provided that you play for love."

"As to that, I shall not play high, but it wouldn't do to interfere with the other men. Threepenny points will not ruin us. It is but for once. When I begin to work again, nothing, you know, must interfere with that. One night's whist can't ruin a man."

Temple's dinner hour was four o'clock. Shortly before that hour I had got my little rooms in order, and, as I surveyed them before my departure, I could not but congratulate myself on their genteel and scholastic look. Much reading did I mentally confer upon myself; and, in truth, more passionate love for my shelved friends did I never experience, than

when I turned my back upon them and hastened from the house.

Arriving at the cottage, I opened the door, as was my custom, and walked up stairs. I entered Temple's neatly-furnished room, and beheld sitting at the table, alone, engaged in needlework, the very lady I had seen before partially, by moonlight, at the window. Confused by the unexpected sight, and riveted by her uncommon beauty and graceful form, it was a moment or two before I evinced my unwillingness to break upon her privacy, and my readiness to retire. She rose, however, to prevent me, and with a winning smile, and in a voice that seemed to overflow with melody, she begged me to remain.

"I came to Mr Temple, madam," I said, looking full upon her, and unable to withdraw the look; "I was not aware"——

The lady answered, "Oh, he will soon be here. Pray, be seated. Mr Stukely, I presume?"

I bowed.

"Mr Temple expects you. He is very late. Something has detained him." And she went to the window as if to look for him, and displayed a figure such as I knew to exist in poets' fancies—and only there.

She closed the casement, and took her seat again. "I cannot see him. It is very unfortunate."

I *could* not think so. For I experienced all that mawkish awkwardness which the presence of lovely woman—so elegant and much at ease herself—invariably inspires in caged and college spirits; and I was glad to view, alone and unobserved, the charms that had so suddenly revealed themselves. The lady plied her needle, and kindly bent her head.

How the perception of my inferiority stung me to the quick, as I sat cowed and speechless before this gentle specimen of the weaker sex! What topic to introduce, what interesting subject to discuss, alas! I knew not. Many times my broad mouth opened and emitted air, and more than once I sent my eye abroad to catch an object that might afford me matter for a dozen words. Finding nothing, the orb too gladly fixed again upon the lady and her needlework.

The lady spoke at length, in pity or contempt.

"Are you fond of poetry, Mr Stukely?"

"Oh, very, madam! Are you a poet?"

"I scribble verses sometimes—not worth your reading."

"Perhaps you like mathematics better?"

"I might, if I understood them. Here is a volume of Cowper, my favourite bard. It may entertain you."

"If he is a favourite of yours," I said, with the recklessness of a man driven by a resistless force to say something good or bad, "I am sure he must be worth the reading. How is he for quantities?"

"He has written a very great deal, if you mean that," replied the lady; "but he never tires you. It is not like poetry," she continued, putting a volume into my hands, "it is all so natural and simple—so easy to be understood."

Had I dared, I would have begged her to point out the passages which she particularly approved; but the one brief hair-breadth touch of her alabaster fingers had taken away my speech. I longed for the time to come when I should return the book, and touch that hand again.

The volume contained the translation of the Iliad. My eyes swam convulsively over the page, but saw nothing except a fairy phantom of a narrow hand, with white and tapered fingers. "Yes, madam," I exclaimed mechanically, "it is very natural, and very easy to be understood."

"Are you an admirer of sketches, Mr Stukely?" enquired again the owner of the milk-white hand.

"Above all things, madam."

"Oh, you are a sketcher, then?"

"Not in the least. But I hope you have some drawings to show me. I am sure you can draw and paint beautifully; that incomparable hand was made for it," I added, getting delirious.

"I have a book here," said the lady, not noticing the flattery, or whatever else she might deem it, and pointing to the handsomely-bound portfolio which I had often fingered through and through. "I think you have seen it already."

"No, never madam, I can assure you."

"Here are one or two clever things by an artist, but the rest are mere

scratches. This is very pretty now," she exclaimed, putting her finger on a scene in somewhere.

"Celestial!" I exclaimed, with reference to the finger.

"And so is this"—and so—very soon we held the book between us. Now she turned over the leaves—now I. My face scorched rapidly, and my heart throbbled and sickened with, I knew not what—a painful enjoyment of the keenest pleasure never before experienced. My head bent over the book, no levers could have raised it, and I turned and turned the pages over immethodically, and almost blind. The black and glossy tresses of the lovely lady, as they streamed with the quick movements of her head, more than once assailed my cheek, and set it tingling with a wild timidity. Strangely confused, I put my hand near hers, by accident they touched, and then, from head to foot, my poor frame quivered.

Had not Temple's footstep at this serious crisis brought me with balloon speed to the earth again, what would have happened next I cannot say. Perhaps I should have fainted, or, more likely still, have thrown myself at the fair lady's feet, and vowed myself eternally her slave. The fiercest passion may be overcome more easily than is allowed. The fear of discovery, the shame of exposure, subdued me in an instant. I ceased to tremble, and began to think. Retiring a pace or two, I assumed an easy and artistic air, and was deep in the study of "a view in Venice," before Temple reached the door. I flattered myself that I was safe from his suspicion. The lady maintained her position with unaffected calmness, and criticised the compositions up to the very period of his entrance. I listened with undivided attention, until she had uttered the last word, and not till then did I aspire to return his friendly greeting.

Temple apologized for his unavoidable absence, and introduced me formally to his lady friend. "Stukely," he said, "you have never met my cousin before. Emma, this is my friend, Stukely. Stukely, my cousin Emma"—and he smiled slightly, but peculiarly, as he introduced us. I should in all probability not have noticed this, had I not recollected immediately that, in the morning, he had

smiled in precisely the same manner when he invited me to meet his cousin at dinner. I was puzzled to guess his meaning. Did he wish to insinuate that I had made an interesting impression on the heart of his beauteous relative, upon the evening that she had caught so very partial a glimpse of my form and features? Verily I believed that such was his design, and straightway I peeped into the looking-glass, and a countenance, radiant with complacency and conceit, was reflected from that faithful index.

We dined. Temple was in high spirits. But for myself, in spite of every attempt that I made at cheerfulness, and notwithstanding the help afforded by the wine—which wine, by the way, had already ceased to nauseate—I could not rise permanently from the slough of despondency into which the former excitement had effectually cast me. Heavy sighs escaped me at intervals. They would have been remarked by an observer infinitely less keen than James Temple.

“Come, come, Stukely, you must forget the past. Live for the future. All the grumbling in the world cannot alter what has happened. Take my word for it, you will do well next year.”

I permitted and encouraged his thoughts to flow in this channel.

“Fill your glass,” he continued; “and, Emma, you are taking nothing. What ails you both? Thank Heaven I have not lost my appetite.”

And to give proof of this, he dived at once into a chicken. I took that opportunity to steal a look at Emma, just to observe her true condition. Her purpose was the same. Electric was the mutual glance. Our eyes met, and she blushed crimson from the neck to the forehead. I loathed my food immediately, and eat no more. The dinner ended. Temple, throughout its operation, had been fortunately too busy to note the reason of my uneasiness and confusion. Ever and anon, as often as he reposed from eating, (and he eat with an avidity and *gout*, that were truly disgusting to me who could taste nothing,) he would still make a passing remark upon the lowness of my spirits, but referring them always to a cause by which I was in no way affected.

Later in the evening, the four inse-

parables arrived to whist, and shortly before their appearance the lady had retired. I took part in the play, according to the previous arrangement, and became the partner of Temple. But the desire to exercise my skill, which had been so acute in the morning, had evaporated. Now that Emma was gone, I became restless, and wished to go too. The hours had passed so very quickly whilst she was present, and the minutes lagged so heavily in her absence. Once or twice the men played out their three cards, and looked to me to follow with the fourth; but the door having suddenly opened on these occasions, my eyes instantly bolted thither, and I forgot the cards, the players, and every other sublunary thing, with the exception of the lovely Emma, whom I expected incontinently to walk in. A servant maid invariably destroyed the catalepsy:—Strange, that in spite of these interruptions, the men should have applauded my playing throughout! I rose from the table a loser to the extent of three pounds ten shillings.

It was on this eventful night that I became the subject of a mysterious phenomenon. *I was carried home through the air.* I have not the most shadowy recollection of walking upon the ground; nor had I that very night, when—perfectly sensible and sober, as far as drink is concerned—I put my feet into the bed, wondering how I got there. There I was at home, and certainly in my bed, but I had reached it with no species of physical exertion, without the smallest muscular energy, with no thought of active locomotion. I could call to memory no roads which I had passed, no paths that I had traversed. Invisible spirits had taken charge of my body, whilst my mind was bewildered and lost in an ecstatic reverie.

I had passed the day in a fitful fever, but “I did *not* sleep well.” I turned and tossed, dozed and started up. If I slept, I dreamt. If I kept awake, I dreamt. Were my eyes open, the image of Emma was fixed upon the retina; were my eyes shut, that image was vivid and distinct. Now I slumbered, with a conviction that I was wide awake and active. Now I looked about me, satisfied that I was fast asleep and dreaming. A deep sleep of about two hours, by which I was

overcome late in the morning, saved me, perhaps, from madness. It quieted me wonderfully, inducing, when I awoke, a decided reaction, that might have lasted, if I could have kept in bed for ever afterwards, or fixed my thoughts for ever in their present healthy tone. My bedroom opened into the sitting parlour. The door of the latter stood upon its hinges, and, as I lay on my pillow, my books, all so cosily arranged, looked in, and cast upon me a silent and reproachful look. Instinctively, and more in sorrow than in anger, I turned my back upon them; but my good genius bade me turn again, and I surveyed them with a spirit chastened by their friendly admonition. "Yes," I mentally exclaimed, "this look is providential. I will regard it. Dear friends, you call me back to duty; I will obey the summons."

I rose, I dressed myself. I took my breakfast, and then spread my books and papers on the small reading-table. I did not speak a word. The waiting servant-maid performed her work in silence, and seemed to feel that talking would not please me. It would now be difficult to describe the exact condition of my mind, if I were able to decide it. I know I was doggedly resolute—determined to read hard, and to permit no thought of *her* to rest upon my brain. I bit my lip, and frowned—deeming, perchance, personal severity to be needful for moral protection, and to secure fixity of purpose. Giving, in an austere voice, orders to deny me to all visitors, I locked the door, and, thus armed as it were to the teeth, I breathed more freely, and drew a chair to the table. For some minutes—it might be fifteen—I roamed over the printed page. I read it once, twice, thrice, again, again, and again, but I gathered no meaning—acquired no principles—imbibed no ideas. The words and syllables passed before my eyes as they might have passed before the painted orbs of a blind automaton. What triumph for the imps of darkness, if they stood by and saw the arch-fiend steal away the spirit, leaving the carcass there, intent and studious! What a yell of victory! Yes, there I sat, staring vacantly, doltishly upon the book, innocent that my mind was loose again, unchained, and far away, revelling in the luscious beauty I had sworn never to approach again. Such

a state could not last. The fluttering of the soul, its flitting here and there, its great tumultuous joy, at length disturbed and shook the fleshy tabernacle. A sudden shock awakened the clod to life and sensibility, and then hot, scalding tears poured in a torrent down the unconscious book.

The Rubicon was passed, the mask had fallen. The hours for study had gone by for ever. I would make the vain attempt no more. *I could not live without the sight of her.*

It was with no rash or passionate step I walked once more towards her dwelling. With deliberate choice I sought her now. I knew the danger and the error. I felt a punishment would come, and I could meet it cheerfully. Thus intoxicated by the fascination, falsely and wildly at ease, I made the plunge. No threat, no entreaty, no fear, no human power, could have held me back.

For the following month I was a daily visiter at Temple's cottage. The mornings were passed in her society. Whist was the usual occupation of the evening. I took no interest, had no pleasure in the game; and the society of the men was heavy and oppressive. But my daily privilege was worth a greater sacrifice. The sums I lost—for I left the table always a loser—were, judged by my means, considerable; but I noticed the diminution of my funds with apathy, if not contentedly. My own little home had no attraction for me. I was wretched and restless if I sat in the quiet parlour for an instant. Every object, in one way or another, would attack my conscience. It was generally very late at night when I reached the farmhouse, and then I went instantly to bed. No dark thoughts on these occasions rose to trouble or to check me. All was dazzling light. A sorcery bewitched me ever with a vision of the coming morrow. I anticipated the enjoyment again of her bright presence, and, in prefiguring that, I realized a present joy—a gush of pleasure—the more delicious and abiding because its fulness was yet incomplete. I rocked myself to sleep—not to forgetfulness—with blissful reminiscences of the winged day that had flown by. Her bashful smile crossed me in the darkness, as it had at noon. Her voice thrilled clearer in my ears. Her glossy ringlets danced more

vividly before the shut-up lid. Once more we walked together in the garden-plot, whence, with her delicate white hand, she plucked the coloured flower that I hugged beneath my pillow. When I fell asleep at length, sleep only painted the reality—raising the true unto the beautiful ideal.

The excitement in which I lived caused me to be unobservant of a fact, which, had I considered it at the time, must have called forth my wonder. Temple never spoke to me again on the subject of my reading, so anxious as he had been about it when he recommended me to rent the cottage. Our friendship warmed, our mutual confidence grew unlimited, our bearing ripened to affection, but we never recurred to the past, nor spoke of the future. More remarkable than this was his apparent ignorance of my state of mind. By no word or act did he once make it evident to me that he suspected the love which I bore for his fair relative. He did not remark the glaring neglect which I exhibited of every thing but her and her proceedings. He stood by unconcerned and silent, whilst to a stranger's eye there must have risen testimony and proof irrefragable of the raging fire that was consuming me.

Temple's favourite amusement, when the weather or any other thing kept him at home, was drawing, in which art he was certainly well skilled. He would often employ his pencil whilst Emma worked, and I read aloud. Her favourite, Cowper, was the book. Is it necessary for me to say that no other author pleased me half so well? I marked the poems she loved best, got them by heart, and rehearsed them at every opportunity. Often in my walks to and from her cottage; repeating the verses aloud and passionately, I excited the stare and broad grin of senseless clodpolls, who argued from my behaviour that I was mad, and did not hesitate to tell me so. There was one short poem which had become my constant walking companion, but I had not yet read it to Emma. I selected an opportunity for this purpose. It was when Temple was busy with his pencil, and consequently not in a situation to remark the expressive looks by which I hoped to convey to her how closely the narrative corresponded with my own unhappy state. It was "*The Doves*." My great prac-

tice, and the profound attention I could always command, had flattered me into the belief that I was no common reader. I began with great solemnity, intending to increase the power as I went on.

THE DOVES.

"Reasoning at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way,
While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.
One silent eve I wander'd forth,
And heard the voice of love;
The turtle thus address'd her mate,
And sooth'd the listening dove."

"Talking of doves," said Temple, interrupting me, and rubbing out a falsestroke of the pencil; "do you mean to be at the pigeon-match to-morrow, Caleb?"

We had agreed, some time before, to call each other by the Christian name. With feelings very much softened by the new friendship that I had formed, I replied, "I have no pleasure, James, in witnessing the agonies and death-struggles of innocent and unoffending birds."

"Just so," said he, "nor have I; and on that account we don't give the innocents time to struggle. But what will you do? Emma has a little business to transact in Chesterton, and nobody will be at home."

I had it upon the very tip of my tongue to say that I had a little business to transact in Chesterton too, but I could not summon courage to speak the lie. I looked at Emma instead, and permitted her to interpret, if she could, the purpose I immediately designed. A soft suffusion of her cheek spoke dictionaries. Temple continued,

"If you go, you stand a good chance of winning a little money. It will make up for past losses."

"You know, James, I never bet."

"What! not upon the trump card?"

"I mean except at whist."

"Well, follow your own inclination. It is my duty not to advise you. I should be truly miserable, Caleb, if I thought you lost your money in consequence of following my advice. It is a great comfort to feel, in whatever happens to our friends, that our own conscience stands clear and unaccused."

"Why, what can happen to me, James?"

"Oh, nothing at all in this instance; I speak generally. Had you not better finish the poem?"

I did so, sounding, as I proceeded, a touching lovelorn note, and fastening upon every syllable that alluded ever so distantly to my own condition, an emphasis that shook the words to pieces. My looks accompanied the accents; and with the aid of both, I thought it very hard if Emma could not be brought to understand that I was the dove, and she the turtle, so tenderly described in the melodious song. I became strikingly pathetic, as I concluded with an effort to bury the last words in her very soul.

"But, oh! if fickle and unchaste,
(*Forgive a transient thought,*)

Thou couldst become unkind at last,
And scorn thy present lot—

No need of lightning from on high,
Or kites with cruel beak,

Denied the endearments of thine eye,
This widow'd heart would break."

During this recitation, Temple had been desperately attentive to his drawing, and his head almost touched the paper, so strongly was it curved towards it. I had scarcely finished before he threw his pencil with some energy on the table, and burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.—I was surprised.

"Excuse me, my dear Caleb. Upon my soul, I beg your pardon. It is horribly rude, and in shocking bad taste. But I couldn't help it. It was such a queer idea. It just occurred to me what a devilish good methodist parson you would make."

The sight is not so easily offended as the hearing, or else the eye is bolder than the tongue; for it will be allowed by all, that before modesty herself we may look at what we dare not prate about. There are objects, the slightest oral allusion to which would justify a sentence of relegation, upon which we may openly gaze uncensured and undisturbed. Further than this: the eye may *talk* when the mouth must hush, and surely it is a merciful consideration that has supplied the former with the faculty of speech, when the latter is closed by prudence or by fear. I had now known Emma Fitzjones three months. At the earliest moment of our interview, I had fallen beneath the aggression of her beauty. My love

grew in proportion to the quickness with which it was at first called forth. It increased by what it fed on. I had long ceased to be master of my actions—of myself. Absorbed in her existence, I had no happiness excluded from her presence, no *real* joy but in feasting on her charms. More than any thing else, I desired to tell her so, to acquaint her with the strength and depth of my passion, and to implore her to requite my true affection—to exchange her maiden love for mine. Many opportunities I had to make this interesting communication; but I might have been dumb for any help my tongue afforded me. It would not budge. Every attempt I made to disburthen my poor overloaded heart, threatened me with suffocation—the words stuck in my throat, so sure as I called them there for utterance. In this extremity, for the same reason that the blind man applies to his sense of touch, I invoked the assistance of my eyes, and eloquent I am sure they were, if they delivered half that my flurried soul conveyed to them. I hoped, believed, felt that I was understood. Still one syllable would have made assurance doubly sure, and, till it was spoken, I was virtually as much separated from my prize as on the evening when I caught the first half glimpse of it, ignorant and careless of the value of the treasure that had lighted on my path. Determined to make a confession, satisfied that I should be able to do no such thing—alternately courageous as a lion, and shy and fearful as a lamb—on the morning subsequent to the above scene, I planted myself in a narrow lane, through which I knew she must walk on her way to Chester-ton.

It was a brisk, autumnal morning—bright, and love-inspiring. The neighbourhood of Cambridge, it must be confessed, has very little interest in the picturesque. Those mighty smallnesses, the Gog-magog excrescences, in spite of the pardonable and fond pride of the ambitious native, who would fain believe them mountains, look painfully ridiculous on the sensible horizon, as they rise there an inch or two higher than the broad and barren level. Green lanes are few, the sweet sequestered spots are none. The far-renowned Cam herself, save where she winds with unobtrusive and

scholastic grace, ripply and clear, beside some grassy college plain—what is she but a slice of muddied Thames, cut on a windy day, and at its ugliest turn, and fixed between her own two aguish banks of dripping rushes? The sun, this fair autumnal morning, shone upon nature in her lowliest attire, and still my throbbing heart, tuned to sympathy by love, looked from within, and saw all things beautiful. With what a show of loveliness can the source of light and the source of all human joy, deck and enliven the meanest spot of earth! It was a buoyant day—one that, as it passes, we would gladly cling to, or keep back—a cheerful and a cheering day. Ah! I have known many such, in seasons, too, of trial and of anguish, and they have stanchied the tear and eased the brain, and drawn with silken force the soul from evil thoughts to thoughts of kindness and love. Ah! thrice blessed giver of light and warmth! Surely it was upon a ray of sunny light that the illuminated thought of immortality first streamed into the savage mind!

At an early hour I took up my position. I was sure that I should see her. She had not told me so; but a conviction, more satisfying than mere words, supported my belief—a conviction born of indistinct, impalpable declarations; a thousand evident nothings, from which I flattered myself not only into a certainty of our present meeting, but into a gratifying belief that I had already won her virgin young affections. I must have presented a strange spectacle to an attentive observer, had such a one been present. I was ashamed to be found by her *watching* for her appearance. I desired rather to suggest the idea that chance had brought us at the same time to the spot. With this deliberate view, I marched to the extreme end of the lane, turned the angle of it, and took my body out of sight. With my head peeping round the corner, I marked the entrance into the street of every female figure. Did any one assume the most remote likeness to the lady I expected, in an instant I was out, advancing towards her with my quickest, busiest step. Many blue bonnets, and many grey pelisses, doomed me to disappointment, and sent me, drooping, back again. For two good hours had I been “a wakeful sentry, and on duty now,”

when a form, difficult indeed to be mistaken, tripped into the lane. Flushed and confused, I hurried from the point of observation, and staggered towards it—I was at Emma’s side.

We stopped, we blushed, and spoke. I made a puerile remark, to which she gave some answer, and then moved gently on. I turned to go in such good company. Oh, she would not think of that—she could not take me back again. I was growing a sad inventor. With brazen audacity, albeit with a weak and faltering voice, I said that I was walking forward when the sight of her had stopped me in my progress. Did she suppose, I marvel, that I had eyes behind as well as eyes before?

How shall I narrate the whole of a conversation which was forgotten an hour after it took place, or which, more properly to speak, never was remembered? We walked on. For the first time I had possession of her arm. I held it at a modest distance, and scarcely felt its fairy weight. Proud as a monarch was I of my prize! As we proceeded, the sensible burthen became distinct and undeniable, and my heart grew bolder. A tender pressure, hardly intended, conceived and executed like a flash, suspended me in keen and dreadful doubt. It did not offend. I gloried in triumphant love. Still we proceeded, and the arm I gathered in a closer fold, and constrained with gentlest might. We reached the water side. Upon the bank we strolled, silent and overpowered. Her arm had fallen, and our hands were clasped. Oh for a word to speak, to utter, and relieve my full and parching throat! I raised the hand—that fair and milkwhite hand—I kissed and seared it with my burning tears.

“Emma, Emma,” I cried, the awakened water-drops still pouring down my boyish cheeks, “do you love me? Say you do! Let me hear you say it!”

Her head fell upon my shoulder, and the beautiful black hair, released from its imprisonment, flowed loosely to her shoulders. I kissed her coral lips. “Tell me, Emma, that you love me. Say that you would give up every thing for me. I could die for you. I cannot live without you. Tell me, dearest Emma, could you be happy all your days with a poor

clergyman for your partner? Oh, I could be steeped in poverty with you, and still be rich! Speak, speak to me, dearest Emma!" She pressed my hand. I was answered, and was happy.

How, upon our road homeward, we chatted about flowers and birds, and every beauteous thing of life! How suddenly unreserved did we become! How very much she was pleased with objects that afforded me delight, and how interesting to me was every little matter that had a share in her esteem! How strange, how thrilling, how delicious, was this young excitement! How curious in its effects, especially in driving from my mind all thought of "honoured parents," and from the recollection of my Emma the little business that she had to do in Chesterton!

I had eaten nothing throughout the day. Before seeing Emma, I could as easily have committed murder as swallowed food. The thought of it was more than sufficient. The idea, however, lost much of its grossness when, in the evening, my appetite, no longer encumbered with the doubts and anxieties, the fears and hopes of an undeclared passion, asserted its natural and long-established claims. I ate heartily, and fortified the patient stomach with draughts of wine, that well repaid it for its previous fast. Stimulated to a high degree—my animal spirits within a hair of spoiling my better judgment—mercurial and bold, I sprang, at the close of dinner, from my own fireside, and flew to Temple's favoured cottage. I was engaged to take a hand at the eternal whist-table. The three visitors and Temple were assembled. They looked, all of them, awfully savage. Temple's gun, or eye, or hand, had failed him in the morning, and he and his backers had lost considerably. They were very spiteful, and recriminations and sour bandyings passed amongst them with a very faint reserve. My elation was all the stronger for the contrast. Mr Roberts, one of the gentlemen, the most ill-natured of the lot, affected to believe that I was laughing because he was grave; and more than once, in addressing me, he bordered on the offensive and the personal. I was in no humour for quarrelling, and I laughed the more. When the men ceased to upbraid one

another, and had talked their spleen clean out, they sat down to their usual game, but not with their usual grace. After two rubbers, I cut in. I was the opponent of Mr Roberts, and on this occasion I had a wicked desire to beat him; not for the sake of his money—I had already parted freely with too much of my own to have any keen coveting for that—it was his obstinate peevishness that I thought to irritate, his discontented temper that I wished to gall. I was not prepared for the advantage of attack which he shortly offered. I played with more than ordinary attention, or, more properly to speak, I played *with* attention. I had never done so until this evening, nor should I now, if my existing relation with Emma had not put me entirely at ease. I marked the playing well. It was the lead of Roberts's partner. I studied my own hand closely; but in the very act my eye was directed, I knew not by what incitement, to my adversary's movements. Judge my surprise when I beheld Roberts secretly displaying the front of his cards to his partner, and making signs with his fingers respecting them. He was as cool and collected as though he could not conceive the possibility of detection. He observed me, reversed the position of his cards, and said nothing. Fired by the wine, roused by the fraud, I placed my cards upon the table, and impeached him without hesitation.

"Roberts," I exclaimed, "you are a cheat! You have robbed me of every farthing that you have pretended to win."

Roberts turned pale; but asked me very quietly what I meant. Temple was astonished, and likewise called upon me for an explanation. I gave it, and he received the accusation with incredulity. He would not, he could not believe it. I must be mistaken. I was excited. I had drunk too much wine; it had got the better of me. He had known Roberts for years; he was *honour* itself, and, more than that, was one of his—Temple's—dearest friends. I had made a great mistake, and must certainly apologize. I was sure that I had made no mistake, and I reiterated the charge more warmly, and with greater vehemence. The cards were thrown up, and we all rose from the table.

"Caleb," said Temple, "you are

very much to blame. However, I shall not permit either of you to leave this room until the matter is cleared up. You have brought a serious charge against my friend. You are too hasty, and don't understand the usages of society. This is a shocking breach of good manners, and you must learn to behave better, or you'll get into trouble. I don't know what strange delusion you are labouring under; but I will take my oath that Roberts is as innocent of any desire to cheat you as I am. He must have been mad if he had been so barefaced."

"Mad, or rogue, Temple," I answered, nettled by the partiality which he exhibited for Roberts, "he did it, and I tell him so to his teeth."

"You are a liar," replied the unserved Roberts.

"I say this will not do," said Temple, interposing. "You shall not brawl here. Stukely, I request you at once to make an apology."

"Honour itself" sidled up to me, manifestly expecting my compliance.

"Temple, I can't, I won't. The apology, if apology could meet the case, should come from him. I will swear to the truth of what I assert, and I will not be bullied."

"Come, come, Stukely," said Temple seriously, "I shall not allow this language; we have been good friends, and I hope we shall remain so. Therefore, hold a rein upon your tongue. I never permit strong expressions even in jest. It is difficult to draw a line when the bounds of propriety are broken down. You understand me?"

"Why do you persist, Temple, in believing his statement rather than mine?"

"Why do you persist in believing your own heated imagination in preference to your cool reason? Does it stand to reason, that before your very eyes he would commit himself? Now, Berry," he said, turning to Roberts's partner, "you are a gentleman." (Berry blushed.) "You would not submit to the disgrace of telling a lie. I appeal to you. You must have seen Roberts if he did this. I call upon you, in the name of our long friendship, to speak the truth. Is there any foundation for this charge? Answer me upon your honour as a gentleman."

Berry blushed again, but not so deeply as before. At last, without

blushing at all, he replied—"Upon my honour as a gentleman, Mr Stukely is quite in the wrong."

"There!" said Roberts, opening his eyes, and elevating his eyebrows after the fashion of innocent and injured individuals.

"There!" echoed Temple, "what would you have more?"

Believing that I could not have less in the way of satisfaction, I took my hat, and, without another word, made my way to the door. Temple followed me.

"Stukely," said he, "you are not in a condition to be reasoned with to-night."

"Temple," I replied, "you are mistaken. I never was cooler in my life—never more sober. You will find me no easier to be dealt with in regard to this business, to-morrow, or the next day, or this day twelvemonth. I could not be deceived. I saw Roberts communicating with Berry, with or without Berry's consent, for I hadn't time to fix him. I have always lost with Roberts; indeed, I have never won at your table—the reason why is now clear. Mind, I accuse no one but him. I have no right to do so; but he is a sneaking blackguard, and I will tell him so again. Do I talk as if I were drunk?"

"You certainly do not talk as though you were sober. You have spoken a word or two, Stukely, that I must call to your memory to-morrow. I am certain that you will be too glad to make every reparation for the insult you have offered, not only to Roberts, but, by implication, even to me. I will not take advantage of you now. I will speak to you after a night's sleep, and if you are then prepared to tell the same story, and to take the consequences, rest assured that no difficulty shall be put in your way. Good-night."

It was a frosty evening. There are some thoughts that protect the inner man from all external chills. Mine were not of that character. Even the prominent image of Emma receded before the contemplation of a duel, or a set of duels, into which I beheld myself on the point of being trapped. It was no agreeable vista; but I saw no honourable way of escape, if the alternative were forced upon me. One thing was certain—I would be fooled no longer, whatever might be the con-

sequence. If it were necessary to establish my position at the muzzle of a pistol, better to run the risk, better be shot at once, than have no peace of mind—than be made the butt and sport of every knave and trickster. Emma would love me surely not the less that I had asserted my manhood, and maintained its rights. Was it not due to her that there should be nothing contemptible and cowardly in the man whom she had honoured by her choice?

How quick is thought. Restless and mysterious operation! How it leaps from pole to pole, and touches in an instant all the various chords with which the human heart is strung—eliciting now celestial harmony, and now discordant jangling notes of earth! In a moment—oh, how well do I remember it!—I had reached my cottage gate—in a moment every high and lofty fancy was disturbed! My mother's words, as she sat at my bedside on the last evening, rang in my ears, and started up a train of bitterest reflection. One true friend, to have whispered one true word, would have drawn me from the mesh that had entangled me. None was near, and I was left to the protection of a seduced conscience. Maddened by the conviction of my disloyalty, by the view of my true situation, which blazed for a brief interval before my reason, as if light from heaven had placed it there, the finest thread would have forced me back to peace and happiness—no saving hand might help me. I lived to learn that when we *will* betray ourselves we shall, and though the door of refuge stands gaping in our front, we rather turn aside, and, with deliberation, pass into perdition.

As I took my breakfast on the following morning, revolving in my mind the liabilities of the day, I was disturbed by the arrival of a visitor. A young lady entered my apartment at the same instant that a maid-servant announced her. It was Emma—in great trouble and distress. Her eyes, red from weeping, were still suffused with tears.

As soon as we were left together, I ran to her side.

"What is the matter?" I asked, in great alarm.

"Oh, Mr Stukely," replied the lady, indulging in a fresh burst of tears, "what is it you have done! You

have rendered me the most miserable of women. Why, oh why, did you call forth an interest in this aching heart, to surround and agitate it so soon with terror and alarm?"

"Dearest Miss Fitzjones, I implore you to compose yourself. I really don't know what you mean." Emma would not compose herself, and I was rendered very uncomfortable.

"Mr Stukely," she continued, "do not disguise the matter. I have heard it all. You have quarrelled with Mr Roberts, that desperate man, and he has challenged you, or is about to challenge you, to fight."

"Well, what can I do, Emma?" I replied. "If he challenges me, I suppose I must meet him. I don't know much about these affairs, but I believe that is the usual course."

"Do not talk so, Mr Stukely. You wish to break my heart."

I seized her hand, and imprinted on it an ardent kiss, in order to assure her that I wished no such thing.

"Believe me, dearest, dearest Emma, I would lay down my life to serve you. Advise me in this business. What ought I to do? What shall I do to dry those tears, and make you happy?"

"Why did you quarrel with him?"

"Because the rascal cheated me."

"Are you sure of it? Is it impossible for you to have erred?"

"Ah! I see, Emma. Your cousin has told you that I am in the wrong. He did not behave well to me last night."

"Mr Stukely," said Emma, colouring slightly—"do not, I beseech you, call Mr Temple my cousin any longer."

"Has he ceased to deserve the title?" I enquired.

"Ah! Mr Stukely, mine is a history that would move a heart of stone to pity. One day you may hear it. You may deem me then less worthy of your love—not less an object of your sympathy and compassion."

"Miss Fitzjones," I replied, moved by her melancholy tone, "I have read of such cases. I can partly guess your cause of sorrow. You have been left to the charge of your relative, and you have not experienced the brotherly affection which your dying parents looked for with confidence at his hands. Possibly he has dissipated your fortune, your little substance. Ah! Emma, you do not know me. You cannot know the intensity of my

passion, if you deem that I shall love you the less because I take you penniless. The time may not be distant when a husband's love shall make amends for all."

"Let us change the subject," said Emma, drying her tears. "I wish to spare you from these men. Are you morally certain that there was ground last night for your suspicion?"

"I will swear it."

"And will you not retract your words?"

"No, Emma—not until you bid me."

"Then, dear Mr Stukely, I do bid, and entreat you. You must not run into this dreadful danger. You might have been—I do not say you were—mistaken. Is it right to sacrifice a life upon such a doubt? And a life will be sacrificed—for Roberts and all those men are deadly shots. If he were to kill you—if your blood"—

The lady could not proceed. Her apprehension dissolved in tears—and her tears choked her utterance. She sobbed in my arms.

"Dearest maiden," I exclaimed, whilst I pressed her to my bosom, "let me be worthy of this noble heart!"

And then the door slammed open—and James Temple rushed in—his face pale—his lips frothy with rage.

He cried out, running up to me at the same time, with his fists clenched. "Accursed betrayer! Double, double villain!"

I held the furious man at arm's length, and Emma Fitzjones screamed out and fainted.

"What do you mean, Temple?" I asked in great affright.

"What!" answered he. "What! do you ask me what? Look at the partner of your guilt. Is this your boasted friendship? This your honour? This your simple-mindedness? Oh! what an adder have I nourished in my bosom!"

"Temple, be not mistaken. It will be well with you if your conscience stands as free as mine is now in all that touches that young lady. Look into your heart. Ask it how it has performed the duties that your relationship, your tie of blood imposed upon you? Whence do those tears flow but from your neglect—her cousin's cruelty?"

The lady recovered—raised herself

from the chair—tottered across the room, and vanished.

"Why is she here, you smooth-faced hypocrite?"

"I am not bound to answer that. I am no hypocrite. In due time, I should have told you all. My purpose was honourable—I have no reason to blush for the feelings which I this moment entertain for your fair cousin."

"My fair cousin! Stukely, you play your part naturally, and yet not well enough. You cannot impose upon me by this deep game. My fair cousin! Cousin! oh, most plausible villain!"

"Yes, cousin. Is she not?"

"No man, Stukely, unless he were lost to all principle and manly feeling, would stoop to this behaviour. I ask you one question. Would you have me think you an ass, an idiot, a dolt, a fool? Are you a child in leading-strings? What are you? My *cousin*! Oh! you are very simple, or very keen."

"Is she not your cousin?"

"No!" roared Temple, in a voice of thunder.

"Why have you led me to believe, then, that she was? Why have you called her cousin?"

"No, Stukely, this will not do. It is very convenient to be thought a greenhorn at times; but you may presume upon your credit, and then the trick smells. A boy of twelve years would have no excuse for shutting his eyes against conviction. The fact stared you in the face. You have known—it is useless for you to deny it—you have had a hundred opportunities of remarking the delicate connexion that existed between that lady and myself. You have taken advantage of our intimacy to seduce her affections. You have poisoned her mind. You have violated the rights of hospitality. I received you as a friend and a brother—you have repaid me like a midnight assassin."

I was about to reply, but he stopped me.

"I want no explanation—no words. There are offences so black, so heinous, that no satisfaction can meet them. I ask no satisfaction. You are below my consideration. Had the lady been my wife I would have winged you. In that case I would have honoured you with a bullet. I will not now enable you to be called a gentleman

by placing myself in the condition of your adversary. I repudiate and scorn you. Take the lady, and may she find in you a warm and faithful friend." He paused for a second, and then continued,—

"One word more before I leave your hateful presence. I came on Roberts's business. After what has happened, I promise you that he will treat your paltry accusation with all the seriousness it merits. Both it and you he thoroughly despises. There is but one step more in baseness and depravity. Take it, and crown your villany. Desert and throw upon the world the poor and credulous object of your designs. You have ripened the seeds of corruption in her heart—laugh at her—turn her adrift—and let her reap the fruit in misery and prostitution."

Mr Temple said no more. He departed; and I stood horrified and aghast. A cold perspiration hung about me, and the earth seemed rapidly to sink. I paced the room to save myself from falling.

I repeated his words—oh, what dreadful words to use to me! Surely, surely, I did not deserve them! I endeavoured to gather together all the past. I vowed, if I could discover any thing to justify this terrible abuse, he should have the benefit of that discovery; and I would on my knees demand permission to explain away his false suspicions. If not, I felt I could not bear to live without some satisfaction for this tremendous insult.

"What opportunities have I had," I asked myself, "to notice this accursed connexion? None—no, not one." But I remembered, all at once, the smiles and half expressions which had escaped him when he mentioned Emma's name, or referred in an especial manner to his *cousin*. These hints, which I had invariably taken as flattering intimations of her regard for me, were evidently intended to warn me of her character. Other little matters—trifling—scarcely worth noticing—corroborated this idea, as soon as the idea was started—and I was carried to the verge of madness. I could not reproach Temple. I pitied

him—and cursed myself. I had indeed been a child, a fool, an idiot, it was too true; but no villain—no betrayer. Blinded I had been by passion—ignorant beyond excuse; but I was free, thank God, from criminal attaint! In the broad day I could assert and prove my innocence. What should prevent me? Spurred by the consciousness of unstained integrity, I rushed from my dwelling to Temple's cottage. I reached it quickly—the desecrated temple—alas, how different did it look! Robbed of its beauty by some fell enchantment! My heart failed me as my trembling foot ascended the accustomed stair. Should she be there! I could not look upon her with an unkind eye—I could not meet her with an unblushing cheek! Stung and emboldened by Temple's hideous charge—I crushed my fears, and every thought of tenderness—and walked boldly on. I entered the apartment; and there alone, weeping bitterly, sat Emma. I glanced around for Temple, then hesitated—stopped. What should I do? She did not raise her eyes—she knew that I was present—her sobs grew louder. My heart pleaded wildly for the helpless woman, and I could not reason with that treacherous heart. It softened and subdued me. Oh, I loved her still—passionately, dearly loved her—loved as I could never love again!

"Emma," I said, "tell me, where is Temple?"

"Gone!" she replied, without moving. "Gone for ever!"

"What, left the university?"

"Yes," she answered—her eyes still fixed upon the earth.

"Emma,"—I exclaimed with an instinct of alarm—"May God bless you, and forgive me. Farewell!"

I had summoned resolution to be virtuous. I departed. As I descended, I heard a loud and fearful woman's scream, and at the same time a heavy fall—I ran back with the greatest speed. The poor girl had fainted. I raised her from the ground—she breathed hard—and bled profusely from a wound she had received in falling. She was once more in my quivering arms!

FIVE YEARS IN INDIA.

LATE years have introduced a new species of authorship to the world, to which it has been indebted for much interest, considerable amusement, and a certain quantity of valuable information. Those works are the penmanship of military and naval men—two classes of society, among whom it was once the fashion to ridicule all authorship, and not an individual of whom would have dared to lift his head without a blush, at the mess or in the ward-room, if he had been found guilty of writing the *Iliad* or the thirty-five plays of Shakspeare. But this folly has fortunately passed away, and we have now all the advantage of all the opportunities which a service spread round the globe gives to intelligent and lively men, of telling us a thousand things which we should never otherwise have known—of telling them with the freshness of eye-witnesses, and, what is scarcely less valuable, of telling them with the freedom, ease, and vivacity of men engaged in the most animating of all professions. But we must acknowledge that we greatly prefer their journals, narratives, and tours, to their novels. The construction of a clever romance is not for every man; what is more, it deprives us of the especial object which we have in view in the works of the soldier and sailor; it wants the reality, the truth, the newness, the substance which we long for in every thing, and which we expect from them *par excellence*.

The work which lies before us is one of that order which we wish to see a succession of, from the crowd of accomplished men who are now fighting the battles or sustaining the diplomacy of England throughout the world. It is the narrative of a very stirring and diversified career, in that country which is now turning every English eye upon it with such mingled melancholy and admiration—melancholy for the errors of its government, and admiration for the gallantry of those brave men who have been thrown into such formidable trials by folly or by fortune. The

writer, a man of high connexion, had every opportunity of seeing Indian life in its best points of view, and his detail is picturesque, rapid, and spirited. Yet, to comprehend its nature, it must be remembered that the writer was an *aide-de-camp*. Now, every man who knows any thing of the army, knows that an aide-de-camp is a being totally *sui generis*; that in the army he is what a *Marveillieux* is in a Parisian salon, or an *Exquisite* in a London one; that the magic of mounting the staff feather, and buttoning on him the staff coat, instantly transforms him from the thorough-going, commonplace, quiet subaltern of the marching regiment, into the most brilliant being on the face of the earth. The transformation of the chrysalis to the butterfly, is not half so rapid or the hundredth part so showy. It changes the whole nature. In some instances it operates as a total loss of memory, and the new being forgets every face it had ever been familiar with before: in others it produces the most extraordinary influx of military knowledge; and the ensign or lieutenant, who to-day knew nothing beyond keeping the step and wheeling into line, to-morrow talks of the manœuvring of brigades, (battalions are below him,) criticizes the mistakes of commanders-in-chief, and is very moderate if he does not direct his genius to the conduct of the next campaign. It must be admitted that *all* are not seized with this sudden oblivion of their pedestrian comrades; but the memory is remarkably apt to decay on bygone matters, and the military dictation to swell into prodigious magnitude. The “staff of the army,” however, are not to be confounded with this glittering species any more than the sabre with the epaulette. The quartermaster-general and his people, the adjutant-general, the chief engineer, and their departments, are a grave, hard-working, and hard-worked set—the eyes, tongue, and brains of the army; the aide-de-camp answers for the lace and buttons. However, we shall readily allow that the present

writer exhibits cleverness—that he tells his story well; and though for a tactician whose whole campaigning had been in England, and in the piping times of the world, he is *rather* quick in detecting the blunders of brigadiers and rectifying grand manœuvres, he is a lively describer of things before his eye, and does not fill his pages with that greatest of all BORES, long descriptions of palaces and pagodas.

He sailed from England with a part of his regiment, the 90th, in January 1836; they had the advantage of a good stout ship of 960 tons, teak-built, which battled successfully with the bad weather down the Channel. For some days the whole of the landsmen suffered that most hopeless of miseries, sea-sickness; but the colonel, an old soldier, applied a more successful remedy than the doctor's, by obliging every officer to keep watch strictly in his turn, and *not* to leave the deck until he saw his successor come up. Some compulsion was of course necessary, and the sick men did not much like to leave their beds; but, sick or well, they must come up: and this species of discipline was found the speediest cure. Some volunteered their appearance on the second day, and nearly all the third. The Bay of Biscay, as usual, tried them again; but even this was soon got over; and by the time they came within sight of Madeira, all were well. The voyage to the Line consisted of the usual amusement of looking out for sharks and porpoises; but they had the better amusement of getting up a play, and compiling a newspaper—the latter, however, we should consider as a rather hazardous experiment, and likely to bring the most accomplished editor into a scrape. The vulgar foolery of Neptune's visit on crossing the Line was regularly gone through—a piece of brutality which ought to be abolished, as its only effect is to make the actors insolent, the crew drunk, establish a species of dirty extortion, and disgust every body.

Their approach to the Cape was marked by the flights of birds, Cape pigeons, and the albatross. With the usual absurdity and cruelty which stimulate gentlemen where any thing is to be shot at, they brought down many of the albatrosses—fine creatures, some of them measuring nine feet from wing to wing. The flight of the

sea bird gives a higher idea of buoyancy and force than that of any land bird, the eagle not excepted. They float on the air, rather than fly; a single wave of the wing carries them along through a prodigious distance, and they seem to enjoy all the delight of movement in an element wholly their own.

In March they rounded the Cape—saw the mighty surges that eternally lash that famous promontory. After rounding the Cape, it was found that their provisions were likely to fall short, and they were obliged to run for the Seychelles, a group of islands to the north of Madagascar. They cast anchor in the island of Mahe, and were delighted with the beauty of the landscape and the richness of its tropical productions. They were charmed with the oriental forests sheeting the hills, and not less charmed with the pine-apples growing luxuriantly under their shade. It was a delightful resource after four months of shipboard. The island of Mahe is a fine specimen of Indian nature, though but sixteen miles long and five broad. It had then a little garrison, a detachment of the 99th regiment; but might easily be fortified, and ought to be, as in war it would be a tempting prize to an active enemy, and would afford an incomparable shelter for privateers to cut up our Indian trade.

Towards the end of May the regiment disembarked in Colombo, Ceylon, in this aspect, does not offer much gratification to the eye. It exhibits only a low sandy beach, beaten by a high surf, and fringed with coconut trees; but the town exhibited the work of English hands. The streets were clean, the verandahs and house-fronts looked gay, and double rows of trees in the principal street—a legacy of the Dutch—gave the fresh look that vegetation always gives to a town. Lieutenant Fane was not destined to remain long in Ceylon. General Sir Henry Fane, then commander-in-chief in India, was his uncle, and he speedily received an appointment on his staff. Before setting out for India, Sir Wilmot Horton, the governor, gave him an invitation to visit him at Candy, the ancient capital. He found the road—an English road, cut by Sir Edward Barnes, and of the best kind, passed through a beautiful country—

and regards Candy as superior in point of climate and every thing else to its younger rival Colombo. The governor's house he regards as a very fine specimen of the style of houses built for European occupation—large, airy, and handsome. The old palace of the Candian princes is a large and curious specimen of native architecture, now converted into government offices—the last king being a savage, who, turning into a madman, cut off heads, and pounded his courtiers alive. As it was impossible to endure him any longer, he was dethroned at the request of his ministers, and sent to a fortress in Hindostan. In July the young aide-de-camp reached Madras, enjoyed for a few days the festive glories of the settlement, lived at the superb garrison club, dined at regimental messes, went to balls, and after those severities of a soldier's life, embarked on board a magnificent ship of 1100 tons bound for Calcutta.

We are not to suppose that a young officer, nephew to the commander-in-chief, was likely to see the rough side of things in India. Accordingly, his whole career was a sort of pleasure promenade. He saw all the pleasantest diversities of Indian life, went every where in the train of his distinguished relative, passed through a succession of feasts and fetes; and, as there was no war, saw all the splendours of the greatest military establishment of the empire, without suffering any of the hard usage which, in actual campaigning, may reach even aides-de-camp themselves. He found Sir Henry Fane preparing to depart for a tour of inspection in the upper provinces, but, in the mean time, had some little leisure to examine the style of living in Calcutta. The general habits of the City of Palaces are of course well known to Europeans—early rising, a gallop before the sun grows hot, and then to breakfast about nine. We can scarcely wonder at the constant diseases and premature deaths of the English in India, when we see the enormous quantity and frequency of their meals. In all hot climates, the state of the stomach render temperance essential; but in India, eating and drinking seem to be the grand employment of life. The breakfast is actually a dinner, consisting of meat, fish, omelets, curry, and rice. About mid-day comes the luncheon, composed

of nearly the same materials. In the evening, at six or seven, after the drive, comes the dinner, a meal of twice the size of its two predecessors. Thus three meat dinners are the least that any lady or gentleman devours in a day. Evening parties and balls are frequent, which are followed by a supper; and thus the man, whose proper sustenance would be a mutton chop and a glass of cold water, contrives to get down four dinners within the twelve hours, with their appropriate brandy, claret, and champagne. Can we wonder at liver complaints, the miseries of bile, or the rapid course which lays those voluminous feeders under the sands of Calcutta?

In September he accompanied the commander-in-chief up the Ganges. The whole party were embarked in a vessel called a *flat*, fitted up for passengers, and towed by a steamboat—an arrangement introduced by Lord William Bentinck, by which a communication is kept up once a fortnight between Calcutta and Allahabad, a distance of 800 miles. In October, the general and his staff reached Benares, a city of great renown; and the whole party started on seven elephants to see this Oxford of the East; but the streets were so narrow that it was impossible to penetrate them with elephants, and the party were obliged to dismount and get into sedan chairs. The houses are lofty, some of them six stories high, and built of stone, each story containing a family; some of the streets built so close, that their upper portions are connected by galleries across the street. A good jumper might go over the whole city from parapet to parapet. Benares is a city of trade, and particularly produces silks and brocades, very showy, but very expensive. The Hindoos believe that it was once all gold, but that, for the sins of the people, it degenerated into stone; but the present race seem to inherit but a small portion of the riches of their ancestors, for a large portion of the town is turning into mud. Though scarcely above a mile in diameter, it is said to contain 650,000 people. They must be prodigiously piled upon each other. Still the inhabitants regard it as holy, and say that even if a Christian dies there, he may have some chance of going to heaven.

At Allahabad the general stopped at the president's house, and a Mahratta

princess sent two rhinoceroses to fight for his excellency's pastime. The brutes pushed at each other with their heads for a while, until one of them turned tail, and ran into the president's flower-garden. The victor followed, the battle was renewed, and before the combatants could be separated, the flower-garden was trampled into mire.

The number of beasts of burden and attendants required in Indian travelling, is always unaccountable to our English ideas. The aide-de-camp had for his own share an elephant, four horses, eight camels, and twenty domestics. Half the number would have carried the whole furniture of an English house.

At Cawnpore is a large cantonment of troops. Here the aide-de-camp began to feel some of the hardships of his condition. He was invited to a ball at the residence of the general commanding. "We had two or three quadrilles after the general's departure; but broke up early for the grand parade to-morrow morning." He pathetically adds, "Those said parades at daylight are great drawbacks to the pleasures of a ball—no one dancing with half the spirit, when he considers he has to mount his horse for parade in an hour." Formidable anticipation! But he flings about his criticism in a good aide-de-camp style. He thinks the troops at the Cawnpore review very well looking, but "that the general commanding made rather a mess of the matter." He is not much better pleased with the amateur play in the evening—one of the characters being represented "by a great lout of a horse-artillery man, and another by an equally heavy piece of humanity, in the person of a gentleman-officer in one of the infantry regiments. The whole was a complete failure, and I cannot say I was ever much more bored." This may be all true; but we doubt whether it will be gratifying to the "lout of an artillery man, and the heavy piece of infantry humanity."

The style of encamping on those tours exhibits considerable regularity. All the principal tents, those of the commander-in-chief and his staff, form a long street of about fifty feet wide; the general's tent being in the centre. The great durbar, or dining tents, are on one side, and the sleeping tents on the opposite. This street the quarter-

master-general takes care to see clear of all trees, bushes, and obstructions, and to have sentries posted to keep off the rabble. Behind the lines of great tents are the *roulys* (a smaller tent for breakfast) and the servants' tents; beyond which stand the saddle-horses, picketed in lines in the open air. In rear of the main camp is the bazar, where all the rice and food used by the servants is bought and sold. On the outskirts of all are the elephants and camels, enjoying themselves after the long morning's march; and near them are the lines of dragoon horses of the escort picketed near their masters' tents. The infantry escort are generally placed away from the cavalry, on the opposite side of the camp. The whole number attending the commander-in-chief on this occasion, amounted to nearly 5000 souls.

The horses are one of the bores of India. In one of his evening rides, a loose horse having frightened the ladies, the captain gave his "own pugnacious gentleman" to be held by a soldier, while he attempted to drive the other away. The soldier let his horse go, which immediately dashed at the loose one, attacked him, followed him to the lines, and was found with the other brute thrown down, and he standing over him. This pugnacious propensity, to which the country horses are all more or less addicted, is one of the great drawbacks to horse exercise in India. It often happens that one is roused from a pleasant conversation with one's neighbour, by a lion roar from either his or your horse. A kick and a fight follow, and if one escape having one's leg broken, it is often at the expense of a bad fall in getting out of the way of the combatants. Shortly before this period, at Cawnpore, an officer riding in the cantonments was attacked by an artillery horse, which rushed at him, knocked him and his horse down, and killed him on the spot. Most people, on this account, prefer Arabs to the country horses, as they are seldom troubled with this quality. India is the country of wild beasts. On the march, a wolf carried off a child out of its mother's arms. At Futtyghur they met the former prime minister of Oude, a financier of some note, at least on his own account, for in the three years he was said to have amassed a million sterling. He

was a very fine old man, with a handsome pleasing countenance, and said to be one of the most intelligent natives of India. The captain wished much to have knocked off his turban, which had an aigrette of diamonds said to be worth ten thousand pounds. His shawls were the most beautiful Cachmeres conceivable. He afterwards invited them to his house, and took them to see antelope hunting by a leopard. A leopard was brought blindfolded into the field, killed the unfortunate antelope after a run of a quarter of a mile; was blindfolded again, and the sport, if such things are sport, was over. The son of the vizier was a great sportsman; and a few years since he sent an order to Joe Manton for ten guns, inclosing at the same time an order for a thousand pounds. A long march of seventeen miles brought them into Agra, the famous city of the Emperor Akbar. The fort is supposed to be the finest specimen of Indian architecture, in the way of fortification, in the world. The gates, which are beautifully carved and painted, and the immensely high walls, not to mention a ditch forty feet deep, give it a picturesque appearance of strength, but the walls are too weak for artillery. They at length came to the famous Bhurtpore, which had obtained some degree of celebrity among the Asiatics, from its having been attacked by Lord Lake with an inadequate force of guns and troops, and was therefore repulsed. A cousin of the present rajah, about twelve years ago, formed a conspiracy, imprisoned the boy, then but seven years old, with his family, and made himself master of the place. Lord Combermere was sent against it with 30,000 men, battered down the walls after a siege of six weeks, took the usurper prisoner, and restored the rajah. The meeting of the suites of the commander-in-chief and the rajah was showy, the forest was filled with troops and spectators, and all was galloping and animation. In the evening, the general and his staff went to dinner with the rajah in his citadel. The palace was brilliantly illuminated from top to bottom, and they sat down, about forty, to a very tolerable dinner in the English style, in a hall with rows of pillars down the centre, hung

with a profusion of chandeliers of every colour of the rainbow. Five or six sets of dancing-girls made their appearance during the entertainment.

The style of taking the antelope here is curious. A large male antelope is trained to walk quietly among a herd of wild ones; one of the males of which immediately comes out to fight. The tame one, having ropes twisted in a particular manner among his horns, soon manages to entangle his antagonist; and the moment he finds he has done so, he throws himself on the ground and anchors the other, until the people come up and secure him.

The review at Merut had the good fortune to please the aide-de-camp. The station is proverbially one of the best in India, and the troops form the largest force, except that at Cawnpore. At the review, all the beauty and fashion "of the place were on the ground. The troops mustered about 3500, and, with the horse artillery and dragoons, made a fine show. There were some *faux pas*," he critically admits, but altogether affairs went off very well. The horse artillery, the finest arm of the company's service, is here seen in perfection, and is, if possible, superior to our own in Europe. Next morning he turned out at daylight to a review of the horse artillery and 2d cavalry, which he acknowledges to have been "almost worth such a sacrifice." The horse artillery are particularly well-mounted, having the second choice of horses; that is, when the young horses which are annually sent from the studs for remounting the cavalry are collected together, a committee is ordered to inspect them, and the first choice is given to the European dragoons, being the heaviest, the second to the horse artillery, and the third to the company's cavalry.

At length they reached the Sutlej, the cavalry and baggage were carried across in flat-bottomed boats, and the whole party found themselves in Runjeet Sing's dominions. As soon as the commander-in-chief landed, he was met by Shere Sing, Runjeet's son, as handsome a black-bearded gentleman as one often sees, richly dressed in silk and brocade. The dress worn by the chiefs is becoming; a turban, with a small plume in front, much in the style of the heron plume

of the Highland chieftains, a short jacket, generally made of silk, handsomely embroidered trousers, made wide at the knees, and fitting close round the ancle, of gold or silver stuff, with a dagger stuck in the belt, often covered with precious stones. On his next visit, Shere Sing wore a most beautiful tiara of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. On their approach to the ancient capital of the Seikhs, they were met halfway by Runjeet's eldest son, with his prime minister. Nothing could be more showy; the whole party literally blazed with jewels and cloth of gold and silver. The prime minister was one of the handsomest figures possible. He was superbly mounted on a large Persian horse, which pranced about as if proud of its rider. Its bridle and saddle were covered with gold and embroidery, and underneath the saddle was a cloth of silver tissue, which covered the horse to the tail. Its legs and tail were dyed with red, the former to the knees, and the latter halfway up, as an emblem of its having thus far waded in the blood of enemies. The chief himself was covered with jewels, which hung row on row round his turban, his neck, the hilt of his sword and dagger, and all over his dress, while on his breast shone a French cuirass. The escort of those distinguished personages was showy, from two to three thousand horsemen, all splendidly turned out in every colour of the rainbow.

This eldest son of Runjeet had the reputation of a learned man, he being the only one of his family who could read or write. Old Runjeet could do neither, yet he had raised himself from nothing, conquered a great kingdom, kept it against all rivalry, and governed it better than any other prince in India; of so little use is scholarship in the real work of the world. The next day they all started to pay a visit to Runjeet Sing himself, at his garden house. His party met the general about halfway, and altogether they formed a *cortège* of seventy elephants; the rajah and his court chiefly dressed in yellow, and surrounded with horse and foot, but all eyes were fixed on the Lion of the Punjaub, as Runjeet was called. His appearance gave but little indication of the daring warrior or ambitious sovereign that he was. He seemed between sixty and seventy, though

actually not within ten years of that date, his figure very small and infirm-looking. He had lost an eye, and his remaining one was bleared and blood-shot. In addition to those *désagré-mens*, he had suffered a paralytic stroke about a year before, and his countenance gave no indication of superior intelligence. But physiognomy is a trifling study where intellect is to be determined. It may develop temper; but genius is too subtle for its grasp; it never made a greater mistake than in Runjeet Sing, for if we are to judge causes by effects, India never produced a more powerful understanding. He was dressed very plainly, in a green Cachmere turban, coat, and gloves; but he exhibited the national passion for jewels, wearing rows of pearls round his arms, neck, and legs, and he had also a string of very large diamonds round his arm. The party were all covered with jewels—there was scarcely one present that did not wear them to the amount of several thousand pounds' value. But the place in which they assembled, united elegance with splendour. It was a species of tent or canopy, formed in front of the small house in which he was residing. The canopy was formed of beautiful Cachmere shawls, wrought with silver, and supported by silver poles. The floor was also covered with shawls. The rajah talked away at a great rate, and asked questions of all kinds, peculiarly, however, with respect to the Indian army, the number of officers, the casting of artillery, &c. &c.

The original occasion of the visit, was the marriage of the rajah's grandson. The native chiefs now came forward with their presents to the bridegroom. They were valued at nearly seventeen thousand pounds. The multitude assembled to see those displays was immense, and, from the calculation of the rupees distributed—for one is given to each—they could not have amounted to less than half a million; but the presents to the bride throw all European notions of marriage gifts into eclipse. First, there were a hundred and one of every sort of animal of pasture, with the exception of elephants, which numbered but eleven; of shawls there were upwards of five hundred pairs, some of them most beautiful; jewels, very handsome and of great value, and among others

a complete set of native dinner and washing things, all of silver and beautifully carved. In the course of those ceremonies, the old Lion of Lahore gave them a review of his regular troops. They consisted of twenty-eight battalions drawn up in a line, two miles long, with six regiments of cavalry—rather a long line for their numbers, however, which consisted of but 18,000. The men were clothed and armed in the European fashion, except that they wore the red turban instead of the shako—that shako being at once the most ugly and inconvenient thing ever put on the head of a soldier. In return, Runjeet was treated with a view of the general's escort, consisting of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all of which went through the manœuvres in perfection, and delighted the old warrior. He rode among the troops, examined the appointments of the men, counted the numbers and the squares, looked at every gun, and took an eager interest in every thing. One of the exhibitions which delighted him especially, was showing how a dismounted gun could be repaired on the field. A six-pounder of the horse-artillery was thrown on the ground, dismounted from its carriage, taken all to pieces, remounted, men on their horses, and all again in full gallop in the space of five minutes. Runjeet could not be persuaded that this was not a trick, so they were obliged to go through the ceremony again. He was then cured of his scepticism. The next display was the British artillery, who knocked down all the targets immediately, with case shot and shrapnels. Runjeet exhibited his delight in the whole performance by his liberality. He begged permission to send some mark of his bounty to the soldiers, and sent them eleven thousand rupees, something better than a thousand pounds; and he was so particularly charmed with the artillery, that he sent them six hundred rupees besides. In return for all the shows, they were taken to see his precious things, consisting of swords, jewels, &c. Many of the swords were of great value, the blades being in some instances reckoned at a thousand pounds, and the gold and jewels on their hilts at five times the sum. The greatest sight of all was the great diamond, called "The Mountain of Light," valued at three millions and a

half sterling. It was badly cut, and very plainly set in gold. We may learn something in our decoration from India. Runjeet gave an entertainment to the ladies, in a large apartment in his palace, fitted up all round with small mirrors, fixed in the wall with enamel, which shone like diamonds in candle-light, and had a very beautiful effect. But he had still another exhibition, of a more curious order. The general and his staff were invited to be present at a spectacle for the commencement of spring. They found him surrounded with a body-guard of Amazons, some thirty or forty females, some of them very pretty, armed with bows and arrows, which, on the arrival of the officers, they drew in very warlike style. Runjeet was plain spoken. Alluding to the skill with which the British escort had gone through their manœuvres, he said his French officers and others had told him that English discipline was nothing, and that though so much was talked of it, still it was only show, and that when they came before an enemy it would be all a very different thing. "But now," said he, "I see what liars they are;" adding, that it was now no matter of wonder to him that the English should always be victorious in the East. Runjeet, on the whole, notwithstanding the account of his bastinadoing and cutting off noses, (but those things are trifles in the East,) seems to have been a good-natured old tyrant. He lived as little as he could in his palace, generally preferring one of his garden houses. Those consisted of one or two rooms only, a small piece of ground outside, on which were spread the carpets, and chairs were placed in a circle. His son, his prime minister, and one or two others, formed the party. Three or four children, generally the sons of some of his servants who have lost their lives for him, scrambled about the carpets with the tame pigeons. Half-a-dozen favourite horses reined up, and fat as hogs, march about in front; while the few guards and attendants showed the confidence the old man has in his people and those about him. The general's party left him with great regret, as a good-natured, kind old man, whom they had begun to consider as an old friend.

But man is mortal, and politics, in all countries perplexing things, are

still more so in the east. Soon after this period, Runjeet died, and with him vanished the eminence, if not the security of his throne. His eldest son, Kurruch Sing, who was a stupid sot, died soon after, strongly suspected of being poisoned; the grandson, whose marriage had given rise to all the shows already mentioned, and who ascended the throne (charged too with being privy to his father's death,) was soon after killed in a procession, while riding out of the city gate—a beam, whether by accident, or more probably on purpose, happening to fall on his head. His father's widow then, pretending that she was *enceinte*, seated herself on the throne by the help of the prime minister. From the throne, we believe, she has been unseated again, and Shere Sing placed on the musnud. But these changes have flung the whole country into the most desperate disorder. The soldiery, ill-paid or not paid at all, wander about offering their swords to the best bidder, and live on plunder; 30,000 men are thus said to be rambling over the country, hazardous inmates, and not less hazardous neighbours. But the Sikh government, of whomsoever it is composed, have certainly kept faith with the British, in the Affghan affair hitherto, and we hope will keep it still. When the wretched mistake of scattering our battalions hundreds of miles from each other, among the rocks and snows of the north, shall have been rectified, and our troops withdrawn, and when Lord Auckland and his junta shall have been called to account for their share of this most melancholy transaction, we shall then have more leisure to consult the quiet of the government of Lahore: it has hitherto been friendly, and it will be wisdom to keep it so. The party now turned towards the Himalaya. It was now the middle of April, and the hot weather began to be felt, and the party, which seemed to have formed itself into a party of pleasure, went up the hills. The roads which connect the British stations, on the lower hills, are tolerably good as far as they go; but no carriage has ever made its way up to Simlah, the roads being too narrow to admit of more than one, and in case of being met by another, either of them must go down the precipice as a matter of etiquette. For the last three miles before coming to the sta-

tion, the hills were a blaze of scarlet, covered with the flowers of the rhododendron of such a size and colour as shame the beggarly temperate zones of the world. Simlah is the Bath or Cheltenham of the mountains, the refuge of invalids from the inclemencies of luxuriant plains, and superabundant sunshine. During the rains, which last about twelve weeks, from the middle of June to the beginning of December, it is disagreeable enough for a terrestrial animal; for it soars among the clouds, the world below is invisible, so are the heavens above, and the clouds take possession of house and home. But when this season is past, the climate is capital. The settlement is about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, the houses are built on a high ridge of mountains running east and west, terminated by a forest-crowned hill. The mountain views are superb; the ranges rise one above another, till at length the snowy range, twenty-four thousand feet above the level of the sea, forms a splendid termination of the prospect on that side; while below, successive descents and ranges of hills vary the prospect, until the eye or the imagination sees, in the distance, the glowing plains of Hindostan. Houses are a good speculation in Simlah, for they let very high, if one can remain on the spot to take care of them; but in this country decay comes on so rapidly, that the first omission of repair generally ruins the building. The Simlah season, like the London, consists in a certain number of months, always at the same time of the year, from May till October. During the latter months a general break up occurs, officers' leave, except on particular occasions, always ending at this time. Civilians, whose salaries, after a certain residence in the hills, are partially withdrawn, gladly return to their full allowances, and all the idle people, not liking to be left behind, follow them. In October, the general and his party left the hills, and descended to the warmer regions of the world. The aide-de-camp scatters a little advice on this subject through his papers; he tells us that snipe shooting, which is the favourite amusement of the young officers, is a hazardous employment of idle hours, and that very many of the diseases of India, which are laid to the charge of climate, arise from the exposure which

this species of sport brings with it. Young men, on first coming out, on asking about shooting, are told of there being excellent snipe on such a lake. The youngster shoulders his gun, finds, as he has been told, excellent sport, remains up to his knees in water—the aide-de-camp says, up to his neck, which we should conceive rather inconvenient for shooting—remains out all day, with a sun upon his head at 150°, and on the next day is surprised to find himself in his bed with fever.

In India every thing is picturesque, from its abundance, or violence, or strangeness. Even the rains have a character of their own, unknown in the monotony of European skies. The heat is first overwhelming, the sky without a cloud; the chances seem to be in favour of your being baked alive. Suddenly the sky is overcast—huge piles of cloud chase each other up the horizon—thunder growls—lightning blazes—the hills are successively covered with cloud, until all is ready for the general discharge, and the rain pours down, as if a sluice had been opened above; it then pours on from day to day, week to week, and month to month. During this period all intercourse outside the house nearly ceases; sense and soul are washed away; man and woman think and talk of nothing but rain. The houses are cisterns, the valleys are torrents, the hills are cascades, and the heavens are waterspouts. One universal deluge reigns.

Some of the native regiments are remarkably fine-looking troops. For example, the 16th regiment of native infantry, under Major Mac-laren—the officer, we presume, who has lately attempted to march to the relief of General Sale, which the aide-de-camp considers the finest regiment which he has seen in the country, and if so, we may consider it one of the finest regiments in the world. The grenadier company averaged upwards of six feet high, and throughout the regiment, every thing, clothing, setting up, and appearance in every way, shows what can be done with the sepoys by a little care on the part of the commanding officer. The general spoke in high terms of praise to their commander. The great personal beauty which exists in this class of men in India, was particularly shown in this corps; their tall and fine fi-

gure, and mustached faces, gave him a very great example of it. The general height of the corps was also greater than that of any European regiment. Under arms, the sepoy regiment has generally much the advantage of the European.

Lieutenant Fane made one of the memorable expedition to Afghanistan under Sir John Keane. February 24th, 1839, the troops marched for the Bolan Pass. From Shikarpore, they might fairly be said to have entered the enemy's country. Here Shah Sujah expressed a wish to see the cavalry. He came in a gilded litter, and expressed himself delighted at the condition of the horses, the size of the men, and their perfect state of discipline. One of his followers, as he turned away discomfitedly, said, "Ah! the days of Mahomedism are gone by. What a lord of the sword is every one of them!" This prince, of whom so much has been said, both good and bad, is a very fine, bearded, well-looking, handsome man; but is said to be not too fond of fighting, though sufficiently severe in his government. We must have no scandal against crowned heads, and as the fighting rajah is always a blood-thirsty savage, we pay due respect to the man of peace.

The first portion of their route was over six-and-twenty miles of desert. This was evidently a difficult country, although the troops at this time were marching totally unmolested; their camels began to die in numbers, it was difficult to find food for their horses, and the supplies for their soldiers began to fall off in a formidable degree. At length the failure of supplies became so serious, that it was necessary to diminish the rations for both men and horses one half. The march of armies in India is attended with circumstances curious to the human ear. A brigade of infantry was ordered to open the march up the hills. On the 2d day, when they were about to move, they were suddenly stopped—the palanquin bearers had run away to a man. However, the day after, the runaways were caught, flogged for their truancy, and all was well again. At length they came to the celebrated pass of Bolan. The entrance is grand, being between two masses of rock, about five hundred feet perpendicular, without a sign of vegetation, with a small river running

under the one on the right, the road being merely the shingle. The width varied from seventy yards to five hundred. They found the camp pitched miles within the mountains. After a night of storm and rain, they moved thirteen miles further, still in these defiles. As they advanced, the ground became more difficult, and they lost a number of horses and camels; and though it was now the middle of March, when the sun is powerful in India, they found the weather bitterly cold; the snow on the hill tops, and every appearance of severity of climate. Many of the baggage animals of the officers had by this time died, and the public camels were perishing by fifties. At length, however, towards the end of the month, they reached the valley of Shawl, where the country began to improve, where they found forage for their cattle; but they had a heavy hail storm in the evening, and before their arrival, a heavy snow storm had fallen, which covered all the tents, and half-killed the miserable Hindoos. During all this time, the hill robbers, of which the mountains are full, were killing or stealing the camels in all directions.

Their movement was now on Candahar, and they had to go through some terrible defiles still, in which they lost camels, horses, and baggage. Water was almost impossible to be had, and it was supposed that in this pass they would have been attacked by the Candahar sirdars; but they happened to come two or three days sooner than they were expected. At length, about the middle of April, a mountain chief called the Talleyrand of the east, came to offer his allegiance, with two hundred horse, to the Shah. The heat now began to be intense, the thermometer standing at a hundred. They now met a messenger from Mr Macnaghten (Sir William) to Sir John Keane, who brought a letter stating that the Candahar chiefs had abandoned the city. Candahar stands in a fine situation, in the centre of a valley formed by a very high range of mountains at the back, and two lower ranges on the opposite side; and the valley is well watered, and remarkably rich and beautiful. The scene must have offered a very striking contrast to the country through which they had just passed. As daylight broke, they found themselves in a land of cultivation and villages, Candahar itself standing

near the northern side of the valley, under a range of high rocky mountains. It seemed a very large city, surrounded with a good mud wall and ditch, over which the minarets and domes of the tomb of Ahmed Shah Dooranee rose in the morning sun. The town was surrounded on all sides by walled fruit gardens filled with the mulberry, peach, nectarine, and vine.

At length, the army being all refitted for action, the troops moved from Candahar, and on their way received a message from the chief of the Ghilzee tribe, saying that he would not molest the British if they did not attack him, and if they gave him a considerable sum of money, he would protect their march; but Sir John Keane sent out a party to find out "where he was," and the protector made his escape in good time.

We then come to the storming of the famous fortress of Ghuznee. But there seems to have been even in that brilliant instance, an extraordinary example of that deplorable want of foresight, or even of common preparation, which explains the late disasters in Afghanistan. If we had not the distinct testimony of this writer, who, from his situation, had every opportunity for knowing the fact, that the Indian army advanced, with Sir John Keane at its head, into the heart of one of the most difficult countries of Asia, to attack one of its strongest fortresses, without heavy ordnance, and even without scaling ladders. The case is so unaccountable that we must give it in his own words:—

"After staying talking with a brother officer for some little time, I rode on nearer the fort, and joined Sir J. Keane's staff, who were going round reconnoitring. He was just giving orders for driving in the enemy's outposts, stationed in some fruit gardens and under walls round the town. This was soon done by the Queen's 13th and the 48th Native Infantry. Two troops of horse artillery and a battery of foot, making in all eighteen guns, were now ordered into battery, but after firing a few rounds, and pitching a shell or two, the Commander-in-chief found, that with their *small calibre*, they had so little effect upon those mud walls, that he ordered them to cease firing." But he proceeds in this singular narrative:—

"The want of good information has

now proved how serious a thing it is to take it, on military points, from a civilian. All who have passed this road, passed lightly over this place, and occasioned the *leaving behind our battering train at Candahar*. By this, the Commander-in-chief and his army are placed in a *most perilous situation*; for we have this morning proved how *utterly useless* the small cannon we have with us, are against soft mud walls like these; and our *scaling ladders having been cut up to form a bridge* across the Helmund, nothing now remains but to attempt the somewhat perilous attack by a *coup de main*. The engineers and Major Gordon having decided that the storming shall take place on the Cabul gate, on the north-east side of the city, we wound round this evening, and took up our position on the low hills, on the extreme point of which the citadel is built.

"As my regiment forms one of the storming party, and as, from the *extreme strength* of the place, and the very *numerous garrison*, the defence is likely to be desperate, we all look forward with much anxiety to the result of the conferences among the heads of the army."

On the 22d of June the orders were issued for the assault—the four leading companies to be under the command of Colonel Dennie of the 13th. The 2d, 13th, and 17th, Queen's Regiments, with the Company's Bengal European Regiment, forming the storming party, under General Sale. The reserve, under Sir W. Cotton, composed of five regiments of Native Infantry, and the cavalry, commanded by General Thackwell, posted so as to surround the citadel, and cut off the retreat of the fugitives. At midnight the whole assembled, without word spoken or bugle sounded, and "though three large regiments of infantry were standing within twenty yards of us, so well was the order for silence obeyed, that a spectator would not have known that a man was there." The Colonel said a few words to the writer's regiment, the 17th, and the column moved forward. The night was wet, dark, and windy; and, on arriving at the foot of the heights, the men were ordered to lie down, until the time for the attack, which was an hour before daylight.

At three the batteries opened, and Captain Hay, of the 35th Native In-

fantry, made a false attack on the northern side, with his regiment, the 13th, opened out right and left, and kept up the attention of the enemy. "The excitement was now what I never before felt in my life," are the describer's words, and we can perfectly believe him. "Shot and shells were thrown in hundreds from the guns, while the fort attempted to return the fire, but its guns could not be fired above once in every three minutes, and before they had given above a dozen rounds, the gate was blown open, and the leading company inside. Nothing could be more grand than the scene: the enemy hung blue lights from every part of the gateway, cheered, and sent showers of shot and arrows among us. Three hundred pounds of powder had been placed in the gateway, and at a quarter past three one great blaze of light was seen, and then an awful explosion followed; and, with a cheer, the column charged, the four light companies under Dennie leading, but the whole directed by Sale." By some mistake, however, the train had been fired too soon, and the troops were a five minutes' run off when the gate was blown open. In the mean time, the enemy had time to recover their surprise, and to throng the gateway, which was already obstructed by beams, huge stones, and dead bodies. The light companies, therefore, had to fight while picking their way among the ruins; but this was soon got over, and the Affghans were driven in by the bayonet, which, in British hands, is always irresistible. The result of this gallant attack was the capture of 3500 prisoners, immense stores of shot and provisions, and 1800 horses; its further result being the sufficiently showy, but most unfortunate, restoration of Shah Sujah to the throne.

In a few days after, the army marched to put the Shah in possession of the city of Cabul. The valley in which they encamped in its neighbourhood was one garden; streams of the purest water meandering through gardens of the finest fruit—"a man might kill himself for sixpence, with peaches, plums, and grapes, all equal to any hot-house fruit in England."

The entrance of the Shah into Cabul was pompous. He was superbly dressed in a long coat of dark cloth, covered with jewels; his waist surrounded with embroidered *bullet-cases*

and powder-horns; and his head covered with a kind of three-cornered cap, from each corner of which hung a large emerald. His steed also was very handsomely caparisoned, and as he always looks like a gentleman, and is a very fine specimen of a native, he really looked "the king." The population of the city seemed immense; the streets, the tops of the houses, and even the hills in view, were literally *one mass* of people. All this description has now a painful interest.

After moving through the bazars, and streets for some time, the procession came upon the Bala Hissar, or citadel, in which stands the palace. They passed through a gateway and wall, and entered a kind of street of shops, which brought them to a paved court, on one side of which stood the garden-house, and on the other the palace of Dost Mohammed. Here they all dismounted and entered the house, which was very extensive, with handsome buildings at each end, and a large garden in the centre. From this they went to the Dost's palace, a somewhat ruinous building, but commanding a superb view of the country around, which was rich and beautiful.

The narrative now hastens to its close; but it leads us through a country of which all description is rendered painfully important by the present state of our Indian army. On the 5th of October, the aide-de-camp being under orders to rejoin the staff of General Fane at Bombay, left Cabul to accompany Colonel Wade, the president at Lahore. The road lay along a broken causeway for the first six miles; a useful route however, for the whole country was partially under water. He travelled with an escort of Sheiks and some irregular horse. The road was now a continued mountain pass, the ground shingle, the prospect dreary, and the way a succession of steep ascents and descents. After a long and exhausting march, they reached one of the royal residences raised by Shah Jehan, the Mogul emperor, for his summer progresses. The demesne was neglected, but large and still beautiful, full of garden flowers and fruits, which had now run wild, and intersected by streams. In the centre of the principal avenue was a zenana for the women, and near it a raised throne for the imperial durbar. Those barbarians understood magni-

ficence and enjoyment. In former days every stage had one of those delightful resting-places; but Dost Mohammed had cut down the groves at all the others for gun-carriages. This would have gone too, but for a dream in which the Prophet's anger had been threatened to him, if it was not spared. It was now one of the proverbial wonders of the country.

They at length arrived at Jellalabad, which they found a "small and filthy dirty place," situated in a very rich valley. But its chief consequence then arose from its having previously been the residence of Mohammed Akbar Khan, governor of the place, and son of Dost Mohammed, now become infamously known by the perfidious murder of Sir William Macnaghten, and the detestable and malignant insults offered to his remains. He had been the defender of the Khyber pass against the troops of Runjeet Sing. From its being much warmer than the high plains of Afghanistan, it was the resort of many of the chief people of the country as a winter residence, and was at this period fixed upon as a principal winter station for the British forces. The whole country forms a species of Indian Switzerland, in the extreme diversity of its surface, and in the rapid differences of temperature between the mountains and the valleys. About twenty miles from the town they arrived at Chardah, the spot where the heads of the three great passes into Afghanistan unite, and where Mohammed Akbar usually took up his position to watch the Sheiks, until he fled on the fall of Ghuznee.

Their next movement brought them to the mouth of the celebrated Khyber pass, the "northern gate of India." From their camp on the river bank, they moved across a barren shingly plain for a couple of miles, and then entered the pass, two mountains rising on either side to a height of 2000 feet, with a gorge for the road of about 100 feet. Beyond this the pass opens out to about a quarter of a mile, which continues, with slight variations, for about eight miles over a tolerably good road, "and then begins the work." At this spot, where a strong British picket was posted, they ascended the very steep side of the mountain on a road cut out of the solid rock. This continued about twelve feet wide for

three quarters of a mile, during which the ascent was nearly 2000 feet. It had been till lately almost impracticable; but had just then been got into tolerable order. After getting up this worst part, the road continued much the same, though not ascending, for three quarters of a mile, in which there were two short but very steep ascents, which brought them to a stockade, and a strong party of our irregulars, posted to defend this end of the pass. The whole length of this difficult portion was about thirteen miles. "To say that this pass is bad," observes the writer, "is far too mild a word. I never contemplated any thing at all to be compared to its strength; and I can only say, that if a position is wanted to depend on, this spot would be totally impregnable if defended by Europeans." But the pass still continued as far as Allee Musjid, a fort on the summit of a mountain; and the place where, from its command of the whole Khyber, the chiefs levied their passage-money on all travellers. The road was still wild and difficult for three miles more. "At first up and down the rocky mountains, and then along a pathway on the side of one, about *three* feet wide, which at length led down to a dry nullah, leading out into the plain of Perhawer; so that at last we have got into the plains, and away from those *cursed* mountains."

On the 25th of October Lieutenant Fane embarked on the Indus; on the 2d of December reached the mouth of the river, which he found obstructed with sands, and dangerous; and ultimately, after a voyage varying about thirty-five miles a day, reached Bombay.

From India, one of the Company's war steamers carried the general and his party to Egypt. Grievous complaints are made of the accommodation; the cabin in which Lieutenant Fane attempted to sleep the first night was found to bid defiance to all repose, and in future he slept on the "dining table." Yet for this cabin, he and another officer paid £160 for sixteen days' passage. This seems a heavy style of charge; but it is to be hoped that the new arrangements will put a stop to this extravagance. The route by Casseir is recommended to people coming *from* India, but the route by Suez to people going, as more easily managed up the Nile, and avoiding some uncertainties about the steamers. However, the navigation and travelling are receiving improvements every day, and we presume the "Oriental Steam Company" will soon render difficulty but a name. The expense of the whole route from Bombay, including the quarantine at Malta, stewards, and every thing connected with the passage, was exactly £171, about twice the usual expense of a passage by sea, but infinitely more amusing, rapid, and comfortable. On the whole, we must thank the aide-de-camp for the intelligence and animation of his volumes. They are by far the most *readable* on the subject that we have lately seen; for the writers on India generally contrive to exhibit the lassitude of the climate in their performances. He has given us a very striking and varied account of a country, of which all that he saw was seen to the best advantage, and though we see the *couleur de rose* a little predominating, yet we recognize the spirit of the soldier and the manner of the gentleman.

THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

No. III.

It will ever be a source to me of the highest satisfaction, that I have rescued the reputation of the amiable and respected Mr Spriggs from the obloquy which the malice of some most unworthy persons had cast upon it—I allude, of course, to the unfounded report, so long current in this circuit, of his having been condemned to transportation. The plaudits with which my narrative was received by my honoured friends at the Hen and Chickens, are a sufficient guarantee that my feelings of honest gratulation on this gratifying occasion were fully entered into; and I shall never forget the impassioned eloquence with which Mr Mullins gave vent to his ideas of the moral worth of attorneys in general, and of Mr Nokes of Derby in particular.

“Them there fellers,” he said, “I raily believe, are the lineal descendants of horiginal sin; and I’ve heerd it remarked, that it’s a very extraordinary ciccumstance that it takes a reg’lar Act of Parliament to make one of them a gentleman.”

The other members of our society were equally energetic in their observations on the inferior branch of the legal profession; and fortunately for my excellent friend Mr Black of Llandovery, dislike of the persecutor disposed us all so powerfully in favour of his victim, that his health was proposed amid the loudest acclamations.

The friendly feelings of my companions again induced them to speak in far too favourable terms of my humble efforts as historiographer of the circuit. They exhausted all the panegyrics of the language, and in some instances invented new. But though such was the reception experienced by the foregoing narrative among the vast majority of my companions, candour compels me to confess that the approvers were not unanimous. Mr Willock stated his objections, and it was soon evident from the uproar caused by his remarks, that he was in a glorious minority of one. His observations are, nevertheless, entitled to my respectful consideration, and I shall endeavour, as far as I am able, to profit by his advice. He commenced by

finding fault with the manner in which *all* stories are written at the present time, and did not limit his objections to the style of my simple records.

“There’s such a everlasting deal of talking in all them accounts, that there’s never no time for any of the characters to do any thing else. Now it ain’t a very likely thing, that the person as writes the tale has been present at all the dialogues recorded in his book, especially love-scenes, which, in my opinion, is always most agreeable without any eaves-dropping feller, with a pen in his hand to dot down how often you calls the girl a angel, or squeezes her hand, or transacts any other piece of silliness usual on such occasions; and I also think his absence uncommon good company in situations of an impossible nature, such as when a poor devil’s speeches are all set down, chapter and verse, when he’s perhaps on some desert island, or hidden in a solitary cave, or somewhere or other, where it’s morally certain he never spoke at all. Then I think all the stories I ever met with a mighty deal too long spun out; for, blowed if I ever came across one that I couldn’t have told in five minutes; whereas you see a scribbling sort of chap, like our worthy friend the historiographer of this society, filling, perhaps, twenty pages of foolscap with what ought very easily to be squeeze into one. There was a young English gentleman went down to visit an old Scotch laird, a little before the Rebellion. This old chap had a jolly little daughter, and the young feller felt rather spoony; but when he went further north into the Highlands, he came acquainted with a chief of them trowserless savages, and his sister, a fine dashing girl that sang like a blackbird; and the old laird’s daughter was soon driven out of his head. Well, what do you think happened? Why, the Pretender came over just at that time; the chief and his sister begged and prayed their young English visiter to join in the rebellion, and so he did. But after some short time, fighting and drinking, and courting and quarrelling, the whole kit of them were spificated at Cul-

loden; some were hanged—the chief among the rest—his sister went into a convent—the old Scotch laird went into hiding—the young Englishman had great trouble in getting his pardon; but before long the government grew good-natured—he went back to Scotland once more—fell over head and ears worse than ever with the old laird's daughter—married her, and had a large family; and that's what I call the novel of *Waverley*; or, 'Tis Sixty Years since. Now, out of that, the book people make three whole volumes. I say it's a reg'lar shame, and a downright waste of paper. There was my predecessor on this road, Fluffy Jack"—

Here Mr Willock was interrupted by cries of "order, order!" considerable cursing and great confusion—a stranger would have thought he was in the House of Commons.

"I say there was my predecessor, Fluffy Jack, that had a grandmother at Devizes"—

Here Mr Mullins rose with great dignity, and seized a large bottle that was fortunately within reach. "I say, old Willock," he cried, "this is too much of a joke. We can't stand

poaching on another man's manor in this here way; and if you don't stop that 'ere ugly mouth of yours, you'll never need a tooth-drawer as long as you live. This here gentleman was appointed by the whole of this circuit to put down upon paper all the information he could collect about the gents we have succeeded in our present situations; and if you have any thing to say about Fluffy Jack, or any one else, you had better tell it in private to him, and not blurt it out in this here disgusting manner. I recollect Fluffy Jack myself as if it was yesterday; and I am ready to help with all the information in my power. So I'll tell you how we'll do: you order a jolly supper to-morrow night for him and me—and I can't possibly think of letting you cheaper off after such rombusious behaviour—and between us we shall furnish him with materials for a narrative of Jack's adventures. He was a queer file, and owes me fourteen shillings."

After some little hesitation, Mr Mullins's proposition was acceded to, and on the next evening I obtained ample matter for the following account of

FLUFFY JACK.

CHAPTER I.

Somebody has remarked—or if nobody has remarked it hitherto, I beg to make the remark myself—that almost every town has some one particular object of which it is proud. Some are remarkably vain of their church steeples, because they are light and high; others of their church towers, because they are heavy and broad. Some boast of their river, as if no town was ever seen on a river before; and others are full of self-gratulation that they have not even a brook within half-a-dozen miles. Villages again have humbler objects of ambition; some that they have three public-houses, and others that they have none; some that one of their inhabitants has risen to be Lord Mayor of London, and some that three or four of their natives have been hanged; but it was left for the village of Windsley, near Devizes, to plume itself on the enormous powers of gastronomy possessed by one of its principal denizens. John Winnles—more familiarly called Fluffy Jack—was the most extraordinary performer with the knife

and fork that modern times have produced; and, in the drinking line, he was equally unrivalled. If his appetite had extended in the same degree to books, he would have eaten through the British Museum in a month. But unfortunately Jack's propensities were by no means literary. Whether it arose from the fact of his whole mental powers being absorbed in the contemplation of roast and boiled mutton, and other substantial viands, or from some other cause, I cannot say; but it is beyond all doubt that Jack's enmity to the press qualified him to be a French Censor. He hated the very sight of a book, as he often mentioned, in the most powerful language, to his grandmother; and it is supposed, upon very credible grounds, that if he had not been taught the alphabet in gingerbread letters, he would never have acquired a knowledge even of his A, B, C. But, as if in counterpoise to this disinclination to the sciences, he was endowed with almost superhuman powers of body. He could squeeze a powder

pot between his fingers ; he could bend a poker over his arm, and lift immense weights, and jump prodigious distances ; so that his neighbours in the village of Windsley were as proud of him (as I have remarked already) as if he united in his own person the qualities of the late Mr Dando and Ducrow. The only person who did not share in the general exultation was the venerable old lady at whose hospitable board his principal qualifications were displayed. Every year his fame grew greater, and her butcher's bill more appalling ; and at last, by forming a calculation from the past of what his performances were likely to arrive at in the future, she saw before her the dismal prospect of being eaten out of house and home. At twenty-two his powers were only beginning to be developed ; and impelled by her fears of what another year might make him, she summoned courage to impart to her grandson the actual necessity there existed of his looking out for a maintenance for himself. Mr Winnles was a man of prodigious courage, and could not conceal it even from his own grandmother. He accordingly told her he was not the least afraid of her, and could thrash a dozen such old women any morning before breakfast. If he had added—he could have eaten them too, he would scarcely have overstated his powers. For a whole month the negotiations were very stormy ; at last, however, it was finally settled that the young gentleman should go to London and enter into some occupation ; the old lady advancing him forty pounds in hand, and settling an annual allowance on him of the same amount as long as he staid away. As memorials of his respected relative's kindness, he also carried with him all her silver spoons ; but, out of consideration for the old lady's comfort, he left behind him a large pewter teapot. No power could have persuaded him to strip her table of such an indispensable article ; for if there was any thing besides his bodily advantages of which he was proud, it was of his kindness to his grandmother. "There ain't many chaps," he frequently said, "as would have done as I have done, taking care so many years of an old woman ; living with her ever since I was left a orphan at four year old, when father died in the Fleet—and putting up with her stinginess and plain feeding—but I was always the best

natured fellow in England, or I would have broken her neck a dozen times over. There's nothing like being kind to one's own relations." It was in a conversation interspersed with a great many similar reflections that he poured out the story of his life to a young gentleman with whom he had become acquainted in the coffee-room of the White Feathers in Holborn. His companion was very well dressed and very good-looking, and looked on Mr Winnles as a person of the greatest knowledge of life, and always felt when in his company that he was in the presence of a positive hero ; for Mr Winnles was not much in the habit of listening to the dictates of his naturally modest disposition, but availed himself of every opportunity of displaying his qualifications to the best advantage. By giving scope to a very vigorous imagination, he improved the simplest incidents in his life, and in this respect was a more estimable character than is often to be met ; for he escaped the sin of fighting duels, and breaking young ladies' hearts, and yet had all the fame consequent on those praiseworthy achievements, by a simple effort of invention. Mr Henry Bobus believed all that was said, and felt very much flattered by being admitted to the friendship of a person who had been engaged in so many extraordinary adventures, and been so triumphant in them all.

"Ah, I wish I were such a fellow as you are, Winnles," he said one day. "By George ! if I had had half the pluck you have, you would never have seen me here."

"Pluck !" said the other. "I'm all pluck—I'll eat or drink against e'er a man in England, for fifty guineas—I'll lift weights, or leap a gate, or pitch a bar—I never saw the chap that could beat me. But there's no encouragement here for a man. I see a set of little fellers making their fortunes that I could squeeze into a nutshell ; thin fellers with no strength in their back-bones, that couldn't eat a couple of herrings. I've always heard that merit's neglected in London, and now I know it's true."

Mr Winnles buried his head as he spoke in an enormous pewter pot, and after a few moments of a loud gurgling sound like the Falls of Niagara, on a somewhat diminutive scale, he thumped the vessel on the table—"There !" he

said, "emptied at one gulp! I should like to see one of your Londoners do that!"

Mr Bobus seemed struck with mingled feelings, at beholding the feat—among which was perceptible a small tincture of disappointment—as he had evidently calculated on being allowed to try his powers on the gigantic tankard.

"Ah, never fear, Winnles," he said, "you're sure to get on. I only wish I had half your energy."

"Energy, what's that?" enquired Mr Winnles—whose education I have already said had been a little neglected—"If you mean you wish you had half my beer, my dear feller, you're perfectly welcome to it—paying half the ticket, in course."

"Oh no, it wasn't your beer," replied the other, "it was your activity—your enterprize, your confidence, and all that sort of thing. As for me, I can never get on at all, I'm such a shame-faced fellow. I might have been married and rich by this time, if I had had half as much assurance as you."

"So might I, a hundred times," replied Mr Winnles;—"there were four or five girls in Devizes—beautiful creatures—rich girls, too—that were dying to have me. I ate beefsteaks for a wager, with Bill Tuckett, giving him half a pound, and his sister fell in love with me like magic. She has fifteen hundred pounds of her own—but it was no go. I beat Bill by fourteen ounces, besides two platefuls of pudding, and threw cold water on the girl's advances. I don't think fifteen hundred enough, Bobus—do you?"

"My Annie has more than five thousand."

"Ah, that's something—my eyes! what a lot of brandy and water that would buy!" Mr Winnles became absorbed in the contemplation, being probably engaged in calculating the precise number of glasses the lady's fortune could purchase at the rate of a shilling a piece. "That's what I call a very handsome fortune—why didn't you marry her?"

"She likes me very much," said Mr Bobus, "we were neighbours' children—she's told me she liked nobody so well as me—but, somehow, I never could get up courage to ask her father."

"Why should you?" interrupted Mr Winnles—"it is not him you want

to marry, is it? You should only secure the girl, and if the father's impudent, put your fist in his eye—that's how I would serve an old feller out—and I've done it too. There was old Mulker, the miller, asked me what was my intentions respecting his daughter—so his dam was providentially at hand, and I lifted him into it, by way of an answer. You never heard an old chap hollo so in your life. That was what I calls plain English, and no mistake."

"Ay, but that wouldn't do with Mr Lory—he is a very learned man—a true gentleman, that hasn't been in trade, except as a sleeping partner, this ten years, and is a great philosopher."

"Oh, by George," said Mr Winnles, "if he's a field-officer, you had better take care. Them soldiers are rum hands to quarrel with; though I recollect I licked a sergeant of the North Wilts—an old fellow that had lost an arm at Waterloo, and was lame of the right leg. The police thought I had killed him, but he was only stunned—this is a free country, and I think the military should be kept in order."

"Ah! you strong fellows," said Mr Bobus, "can do a great many things that other people can't venture on—but I think if I had had you to help me down at Darnett, I might have had better luck than it is possible for me to have now." Mr Bobus sighed as he said this.

"Did they lick you?" enquired his friend—"for blowed if I would stand any of their nonsense with fists. One! two!—how I would pitch it into the old field-officer!—he doesn't carry his sword, does he?"

"Oh no—he made his fortune in the wood trade."

"Then, how the devil is he an officer?"

"I didn't say he was an officer!"

"You lie—you said he was."

"I did nothing of the kind—I said he was a philosopher."

"A philosopher? And what sort of a trade is that?"

"A philosopher," said Mr Bobus, wishing to explain—"is a man who thinks he knows every thing better than other people; or rather, that nobody knows any thing but himself."

"Ah! that's a philosopher is it? I've met a precious sight of philosophers in my time. There was old Dick Rudge, the hostler at the Green

Swan, thought nobody could tell a horse from a cow but himself. I'm hanged if old Dick wasn't a philosopher! Many's the time I've kicked old Dick out of the stable—and it serves all those fellers right."

"But it isn't so much the father I'm afraid of," said Mr Bobus—"there's a rival."

"A rival!" that's famous! Is he a little fellow?—how we'll lick him!"

"He is an uncommon clever man: they say he has published a book, and Annie is very fond of literature."

"What the devil's that?"

"Books—dictionaries."

"Well, she doesn't want to marry them, does she? Now, for my part, I never met with a girl that said she was fond of reading that didn't like talking a precious sight better—especially with good-looking fellers. They have always sense enough to laugh at thin-legged, spoony, little rascals, though they write ever so many volumes; and admire a broad-shouldered, stout-built chap, though he's as ignorant as a horse. I s'pose the reason is, that their reading improves their mind. Lord! how I walloped a young man of genius that wrote acrostics in the *Devizes Gazette*. He wrote a ballad about Poll Stubbs's eyes. So I thrashed him. But you don't drink, Bobus."

"You emptied the jug. But as I was saying, if I had stuck up to her father boldly, I'm sure he wouldn't have refused me, for he is very fond of his daughter."

"Then, upon my word, Bobus, I b'lieve you're a reg'lar spoon. You shouldn't stay a moment here. You ought to be off to Dasnett by this very night's coach, say you've got a situation of L.500 a-year—"

"But I haven't. I wish I had."

"Well, you *are* an infernal spoon—What's the odds whether you've got it or not? Can't you say so to the old wooden ph'los'pher? If he b'lieves it, isn't it the same thing as if it was true? And if he doubts your word, wop him. That's the way I do to every body—More beer!"

"Hadn't I better wait a while, and try really to get some situation or other? As to five hundred a-year, I suppose that's more than a prime minister gets; but say a place in a bank, or some office with a hundred

and fifty. I could do very well upon that."

"And the girl's five thousand—then give some poor devil twenty pounds a-year to do all the work, and just call once a quarter or so to get the salary? That's the sort of situation I should like very well myself; but the mischief is, there's no way of hearing about them when they're vacant."

"You should read the advertisements in the *Times*," said Mr Bobus.

"I'm not fond of literature," said Mr Winnles; "but if I thought there was any notice in the newspapers that any person would give a good salary to a handsome young fellow that could eat or drink against any man in England, I think I would accept; 'pon my honour, I think I would."

"I'm afraid there's no office of the kind; but I'll tell you what, Winnles, I'm very much inclined to take your advice, and go down to Dasnett once more. I'm sure Annie will be glad to see me, and if I had only a spirited fellow to back me, I'm certain all would end well."

"Oh, if you mean to hint any thing about having a friend to back you, and think you're going to gammon me into any thing of the kind, you're mightily mistaken, I assure you," said Mr Winnles, in reply to the modest declarations of his companion. "There's a capital old saying at *Devizes*, 'Never do nothink for nobody;' and I'm the boy to act according to good mixoms. There's a great deal of sense in them old mixoms—old grandmother was full of them."

"I'm sorry you won't help me, for I'm afraid Mr Algernon Podgers will carry off poor Annie, with his acrostics and conundrums."

"With his post-chaise and four horses, you mean. 'Pon my honour, if you could stump up blunt enough for us both—or stay—will you give me five hundred pounds if I help you to get the girl?"

"With all my heart, and think your services cheaply got."

Mr Winnles emptied the remainder of the tankard at a draught, and fell into a reverie. "If the girl's a real clipper, and takes to it kindly, I'll marry her myself. I could lick this spoony fellow into fits in no time. If

she doesn't suit, and I get her for him, five hundred is an immense deal of money. I'll buy a pocket borough, and go into Parliament.—Well, it's a bargain!" he said aloud; "and in a week I will follow you to Dasnett."

"A week?" enquired Mr Bobus; "that's a long time to wait. Podgers may have her to church before that time."

"Write her a synonymous letter, saying Podgers has a wife and seven children, and that he thrashes them all. It's what I always advise; for a girl hates to marry a man that's unkind to his wife; and if she's virtuous inclined, your Annie will turn him out of the house."

"Oh no! that's a dangerous plan!" said Mr Bobus; "but I think I'll write a short note to Annie, and tell her to expect me in a few days. I'll write it this very moment, and show it to you before it goes."

While the young gentleman betook himself to another box in the coffee-room, and racked his brain for elegant expressions to convey his intentions to the bonnie Annie Lory, Mr Winnles, by way of giving any person who might have chanced to see him an idea of his being of a literary turn of mind, ordered the waiter to bring him the *Times* newspaper: and as probably he foresaw that his intellectual labours would be somewhat dry, he ordered a fresh supply of strong beer at the same time. Beginning at the first page, he spelt his way in a very careful and praiseworthy manner through the announcement of the ships that were ready to sail for Calcutta. "Them's all emigrants, I s'pose for America, and that 'ere Calcutta, I take it, is one

of the Benighted States." He then advanced through the innumerable estates that were to be sold—the interesting tales of distress told by ladies reduced from affluence—the applications for confidential situations by X Y Z, and the rest of the alphabet; till at last an advertisement struck his eye that arrested his whole attention in a moment. "Wanted, a person of gentlemanly address and great vital energy, for an employment of the most scientific and honourable kind. Apply to Hocus and Squills, patent antidote venders, at their involuntary sleep-producing warehouses, Holborn, London." Mr Winnles read the advertisement over and over again: but, from the slight defect before alluded to in his early education, he was not quite master of the full meaning of the announcement. "'Wanted,'" he read, "'a person of gentlemanly address'—that will do!—'and great vittle energy'—that's the very thing! a person of great vittle energy must mean a fellow that's a good hand at tucking in. I'll eat three pounds of mutton chops, and say thank ye for more. I'll call on Hocus and Squills the first thing in the morning, or go and offer to breakfast with them at once. Here, Bobus! only look at this newspaper! I think if my fortune ain't made it's my own fault."

Mr Bobus examined the advertisement, and advised an application early the following morning; and Fluffy Jack lay awake a long time that night, wondering what employment they would offer to him, in which his enormous appetite was so indispensably required.

CHAPTER II.

On the following morning, at a very early hour, Mr Winnles had dressed himself with extraordinary care. A bright green cut-away coat, with bright brass buttons, was drawn very much in at the waist, and puffed very much out at the chest—pepper-and-salt knees, with dark-brown topped boots; a red silk neckcloth, and a highly polished walking stick, were the chief articles of his set-out—useful and ornamental; and in full expectation of the triumphant effects of his manners and appearance, he betook himself, about nine o'clock, to the involuntary sleep-procuring ware-

houses of Messrs Hocus and Squills. He was ushered through an enormous gallery, filled with all manner of labelled bottles and pill-boxes, into a small and dingy room, where an old gentleman was seated on a high three-legged stool, busily turning over the leaves of a ledger.

"I call in consequence of an advertisement in the *Times* newspaper about an honourable employment," said Fluffy Jack; "if it's a good thing, and fit for a gentleman, I'm your man."

The old gentleman looked at the applicant, and did not seem displeased with his appearance.

"You are very kind, sir—I expect Mr Squills every minute; the business lies in his department—not mine. Pray be seated—he'll be here directly."

So saying, he resumed his labours in examining the pages of the ledger.

"That's a tremendous big book," thought Mr Winnles; "if he makes only a crown-piece on every page he'll be as rich as a Jew—'pon my soul, I think they're only immense apothecaries, and perhaps want me to do the bleeding—a very nice trade if they pay me well." But his further meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the acting partner, Mr Squills, a spruce dapper little man, with fat red cheeks, bright green handkerchief fixed by a large emerald pin, close-fitting trowsers, and a riding-cloze.

"This gentleman," said Mr Hocus, pointing to Fluffy Jack with the end of his pen, "applies about the situation."

"Ah—ha—let me see," said Mr Squills—"you wish to enter into our employment, eh?—how old are you?"

"Three-and-twenty."

"Are you strong and healthy?"

"Infernally—never was ill in my life.—('Pon my word, I'm afraid those fellows want to engage me as porter.")

"Just let me feel your arm—very fine muscle. Can you concentrate all your thoughts on any one subject?"

Mr Winnles professed his inability to understand the question, and the dandified little gentleman proceeded to explain.

"I mean, can you, by an effort of volition, fix your whole soul on any given point,—can you impinge the whole force of your intellect on a given subject?"

"I suppose so," said Mr Winnles, with less of the self-possessed manner that was characteristic of him than usual.

"What can your mind dwell upon most continuously?" pursued the questioner; "for it is indispensable to the highly honourable post we have the disposal of, that you should be in full possession of the powers of concentrating all your mental energies into one absorbing focus. Can you think the Duke of Wellington?"

"I don't quite take," replied Fluffy Jack. "What do you mean by thinking the Duke of Wellington? I think of him."

"No—no. Can you evoke him at this moment, and cast your whole intellectual substance into his image?"

"His image?" enquired the puzzled Mr Winnles. "Do you mean his image in plaster-of-Paris? or what the devil do you mean?"

"I like that. You have strength of will and condensed energy. Can you imagine vividly anything you are fond of?"

"Yes. I can shut my eyes and see a cold veal pie and two quarts of porter as if they were at my elbow." He accordingly shut his eyes, and as if feasting on the savoury steams of those imagined viands, he licked his lips in the most gustatory manner imaginable.

"Is your whole soul in it?" enquired Mr Squills, evidently delighted with the progress of his catechumen.

"Every bit of it. And now I think I see a tumbler of brandy and water—eh?"

"I think, Mr Hocus, this gentleman will do," said Mr Squills, addressing his partner; "he has a magnificent arm, a strong self-will, a powerful digestion, and altogether is as replete with animal energy as a full-charged vase with electricity."

"Really, Mr Squills," replied the sedate old gentleman, "that is quite out of my department. If you like to entrust the affair to him, I can of course have no objection; we can enter at all events on a short engagement."

"I should like to try him only once more," said Mr Squills. "Do you see that clerk? He has been sitting up all night concocting flowers of Gilead out of dockens and celery—think him as you did the pie."

Mr Winnles collected all his powers, and imagined the clerk roasted and just fit for eating, and in a short time the bodily presence of the unhappy young man disappeared from his mind, and in his stead he beheld an enormous round of beef, on which he had the good fortune to dine at the White Feathers on the preceding day. He began grinding his teeth in a most cannibal manner, under the strong influence of his imagination; and whether the clerk was alarmed at these motions, or was weakened by the previous night's vigils, he tript as he descended from his lofty stool, and fell at full length on the floor.

Mr Squills immediately shook hands

with tremendous enthusiasm with Fluffy Jack.

"My dear sir, I close with you at once. I have never seen a problem in science so beautifully resolved. I only wish some of the unbelievers had witnessed this most magnificent experiment. Mr Hocus," he added, turning to his partner, "if you feel that you can entrust *your* department to Mr Winnles's agency, I am perfectly satisfied with his powers, as far as I am concerned."

"I must explain matters a little to him," said the old gentleman, "before we actually conclude," and shutting up his book, and putting the pen he had been using behind his ear, he descended from his elevated position. "You see, Mr Winnles," he said, in a much more business-like tone than the enthusiastic Squills, "we are the largest holders in Europe of medicines of a peculiar kind, or in fact of all kinds. We are not like the common run of narrow-minded druggists, that refuse to meddle with any thing but articles recommended by the regular faculty. We despise the regular faculty——"

"We do indeed!" emphatically chimed in Mr Squills. "Brutes!"

"And open our stores for the reception of any new discovery in the healing art. Our object in engaging with you is to secure the services of a gentleman of zeal and ability, in spreading abroad the reputation of our various specifics. We shall furnish him with specimens of each, and he will endeavour to procure orders from country vendors, or introduce them, if he possibly can, into private families. Mr Squills will explain to you what he wishes done with one or two philosophical discoveries, requiring, as you perceive, a peculiar bodily organization in the practitioner; and now, if you will walk into the wareroom with me, I will show you a few of our principal articles."

He led the way into the front shop, and looked round with an air of immense satisfaction on the well filled shelves.

"Pray, have you a good appetite, Mr Winnles?" he said, taking about a dozen little pill-boxes in his hand.

Mr Winnles was a little staggered, feeling assured that the old gentleman was about to feed him with the contents.

"'Pon my honour, ir—you must

really excuse me—never take pills on no account."

"Oh, I don't wish you to set the public an example of the art of swallowing the wares you recommend to them," said Mr Hocus, laughing. "I only asked you in a general way if you had a good appetite."

Jack felt himself at home when the question was explained to him so satisfactorily.

"Haven't I an appetite? I'll eat against any two men in England—any thing—raw mutton, tallow candles, yards of tripe, Scotch haggis—any thing but live cats—I never could stand living quadrupeds, except oysters. I can eat nine hundred between tea and supper. Haven't I an appetite? I should think I had."

The two gentlemen looked with surprise, not unmixed with admiration, on the possessor of such amazing powers; but Fluffy Jack was now on his favourite subject, and was determined to inform them of a few more of the feats he prided himself on.

"There was four men as worked for grandmother when she did a bit of farming, and on Sundays, ye see, they always sent a pie to the bakers. I had such a lark once with them old fellers! I waited at the baker's door about one o'clock, and there was four little girls comes to the bakers, and says, 'Please, sir, I wants faither's pie.' 'O, does you?' says I to myself. 'Very well, my dear,' says the baker, 'here it is, and the charge is three-halfpence.' The first little girl she pays the three-halfpence, and was a-walking off with the pie. I nicks it out of her hand, and flummoxed it, gravy and all, right down my throat, afore she could say erikye. 'There, my dear,' says I, 'there's the dish. Tell your faither he's a cussed old glutton to be tucking out in that 'ere way instead of going to church.' The second little girl comes, and I do exactly the same. The third comes, and I must say it was rather up-hill work bolting the pie she brought, it was so confounded bony—nothing but scraps; but still I was determined to have out the joke; and I finished off the fourth as if I hadn't seen meat for a fortnight. I recollect it was a rabbit pie, the last one—a favourite dish of mine—and I think I never saw better fun than the four little girls going off with their empty dishes, and the four hungry old fellers blowing 'em up like mad."

"Astonishing!—my dear sir,"—said Mr Hocus, drawing him confidentially aside, "I think you have forgotten to tell us the cause of your extraordinary appetite."

"Cause!" said Mr Winnles—"There's no particular cause for it that I know of, except an infernal fit of hunger that comes on me three or four times every day."

"You are quite mistaken, my dear friend," continued Mr Hocus, in the same confidential tone; "you have forgotten that you were all your life famous among your friends for a defective appetite, till you luckily tried a box of Hocus's Gastric Diluents. Here they are. I invented them myself. You will have the kindness, whenever you sit down to dinner in any public room, to take one of those pills in presence of as many people as you can attract the attention of!"—

"Blowed if I ever took a pill in my life; no, not though old grandmother promised me ever so much sugar-candy."

"You are mistaken, Mr Winnles," said Mr Hocus, looking very cold and haughty—"you owe your appetite entirely to a constant use of the Gastric Diluents. Remember!"

"Well—I don't know—but"—

"There is no *but* in the matter. I tell you, sir, you never were known to eat more than an ounce at a time; you were a perfect skeleton—your life was despaired of, and the faculty pronounced you in a state of chronic inanition, till you luckily tried these invaluable pills. You recollect it now?"

Jack was fairly cowed by the voice and determined manner of Mr Hocus.

"Well, 'pon my word," he said, "now that you put it into my head, it's all true."

"You'll sign your name to a certificate to that effect? And above all, you'll mention it wherever you go? And now we're agreed upon that head. You have a fine head of hair, Mr Winnles!"

"They call me Samson," replied Fluffy Jack, passing his hand through his enormous locks, "after some person that was famous for his wig."

"How curious it is, isn't it, Mr Squills?" said Mr Hocus, as if calling his partner's attention to an extraordinary fact in natural history—"how curious it is, that our friend Mr Winnles was completely bald in

consequence of a dreadful scarlet fever which he had at seven years"—

"Never had a few"—

"Hush, sir!—bald sir; bald as the palm of my hand, in spite of Russian oil and Macassar, and all external applications, till he fortunately was recommended by a personage high in the peerage to try a box—here is one of them—of Squills's Anodyne Capillaries."

"Strange, indeed," said Mr Squills, "that you didn't mention it to me before, Mr Winnles. The effect arises from a vivifying influence I give by chemical combinations to the upper portion of the human brain. The power ascends through the occiput, and lubricates the roots of the hair. I am delighted to find you benefited so much by the experiment. How many boxes did you use?"

"'Pon my soul—I was called hairy Jack when a boy. I never was bald."

"You forget again, sir," said Mr Hocus in a stern voice, that brought the candidate's memory to such a pitch of perfection, that he remembered distinctly the growth of each particular hair.

"You will show your head, of course, when you mention my partner's admirable pills," continued Mr Hocus. "You talk of your grandmother, Mr Winnles. Is she very old?"

"A devilish deal too young to please me, that's all I can say. The old varmint may live this dozen years—she's not above seventy-five. A healthy old cat as ever was."

"It is very odd she should continue so well after having both legs broken, and three ribs stove in by a fall out of a three pair of stairs window,—don't you think so, Mr Squills?" said Mr Hocus, without addressing any observation to Fluffy Jack.

"Come now," said that worthy gentleman, "this is coming it too strong. I'm hanged if ever granny broke a single bone in all her old body."

"Really, Mr Squills," observed the senior partner, "this gentleman, though admirably qualified for our situation—a most honourable and lucrative situation it is—will hardly do, from an extraordinary defect in his memory. I recollect the circumstances of the old lady's fall most distinctly. The faculty as usual gave her up, till providentially a distinguished prelate, who had recently ex-

perienced the almost miraculous effects of Ginger's Concentrated Essential Bone-setting Drops, recommended a phial of them to her, and in a week there was no mark of the wounds remaining, or the slightest symptom of pain or lameness."

"That's true enough," said Fluffy Jack. "By George, she'll skip up stairs like a kitten!"

"I thought you would recollect," said Mr Hocus; "this is one of the phials—only half-a-guinea each—and I think if you take care to mention your grandmother's case as one within your own knowledge, you can't fail to dispose of many hundreds in the course of your summer journey. Your commission on each phial will be eighteenpence."

"My eyes!" exclaimed Mr Winnles, in a rhapsody of amazement at the stupidity of the two learned mediciners—"why the blazes didn't you mention that before? I'm blowed if grandmother didn't break both arms a fortnight after, and was cured in two tea-spoonfuls—and the pills and the hair—Give us yer hands—won't I touch 'em up about having no appetite, and being as bare as a milestone?"

In anticipation of unnumbered eighteenpences, he put both hands into his breeches' pockets, and jingled sundry keys and pieces of money with the air of a man of enormous fortune; and lent a willing ear to all the marvels related by his principals of the virtues of their drugs and ointments."

"You have every chance, my dear sir," said Mr Hocus, "of being a very rich man. You have many years—probably ninety or a hundred—of existence before you."

"Come now, that is a little too much," replied Mr Winnles, modestly. "I'm now twenty-three. Suppose we say, I've fifty years before me."

"You come of such a long-lived family," pursued Mr Hocus.

"Mother died when I was a baby, and father died in the Fleet at twenty-eight—a rare hand he was, I've heard say, at gin and water; but he hadn't it in him, so it killed him."

"Your commission on these pills, Mr Winnles," said the old gentleman, showing him a violet-coloured box, with the head of a very ancient individual on the lid, "is half-a-crown a box. They are compounded from a

recipe left by Methuselah, and preserved in the original by Noah in the ark. A distinguished Hebrew scholar translated it, and Mr Squills compounded the ingredients; and though they have only been in use about ten years, and therefore we can't yet say their effect in prolonging life to such an unusual period as two or three hundred years, you must be well aware that not a single person has died out of the millions of very old people who have taken them. You understand?"

"Don't I?" said Mr Winnles—"to be sure I do. Nobody *can* die that takes enough of them. I'll swear to it till I'm black in the face."

"I believe you may safely do so," interposed Mr Squills, with great solemnity; "for, as has been justly observed by one of the most illustrious of the judges, these pills, by means of which Methuselah reached his great age, will probably have the same effect on any person taking them to the same extent as he did. He lived till he was near a thousand years old."

"Ha, ha, ha! I wonder if he had cut all his wisdom teeth," said Mr Winnles, with an enormous explosion of laughter. "He must have been a fine old boy going to the Sunday school, this My toozler. A rum name to give him too; but I s'pose he was a wild chap among the girls."

"Your jocularities is misplaced," said Mr Squills, who felt his dignity offended by such a boisterous interruption. "Methuselah, sir, was an old gentleman long ago, who discovered the ingredients of these invaluable pills; and as they kept him alive near a thousand years, you may safely guarantee to any very old person who takes ten boxes per annum, a life of five or six hundred years; five boxes will secure three hundred years; three boxes two hundred years; and so on in proportion. The boxes are ten and sixpence a-piece, and your commission on them half-a-crown."

It is impossible to describe Mr Winnles's gratification at being the means of communicating such a variety of inestimable benefits among the public at large. When he looked round the loaded shelves, and heard the two eloquent partners descanting on the supernatural powers of every one of the specifics, he could not help feeling an unbounded admiration for the philanthropic feelings which prompted

two gentlemen, like Mr Hocus and Mr Squills, to bestow such care and attention on the pains and sufferings of their fellow-creatures.

"But don't you think, gents," he said, "that this is a little too hard on some sets of fellers—very nice chaps some of them? There's a undertaker at Devizes that can drink ye off fourteen cold-withouts, and never be a bit the worse. Now, what's to become of *him* and all the grave-diggers? For if people has any sense, in course they'll send up orders for waggon-loads of old Toozler's pills, and never die; and if they don't die, in course they won't like to be buried; and if they're not buried, where will Bill Boxer get employment, or money to pay for fourteen cold-withouts? unless it be of cold water without the brandy. For my part, I think it's rather a hard case on poor Bill."

"You forget, my good sir, that, for every life we save, a hundred are sacrificed by the regular faculty; and a thousand by all the other 'Specific Medicine Sellers.' Don't be the least uneasy. Your friend Mr Boxer may increase his potations as much as he likes. The faculty will pay for all."

Mr Winnles felt the scruples which friendship had inspired him with instantaneously dispelled, and applied his whole attention to the explanations that were given. When he had been duly instructed in the virtues of all the medicines in the outside shop, he was again led into the little sanctum at the back of the house, and illuminated in the art of producing sleep on the most vigilant of patients, without administering any drug to them whatever. I am not at liberty to reveal the full particulars of the secret, but will only mention, that it consisted in sundry very strange-looking gesticulations, wavings of hands, stampings of feet, blowings and puffings, and, finally, a small

wooden instrument, shaped exactly like a pair of compasses, bearing on the top an ivory ball about half-an-inch in diameter.

"This, sir," said Mr Squills, after giving his directions and explanations, "is the whole of the apparatus. The use of this, with a strong abidition of the will, resulting from the possession of great vital energy, will produce a refreshing, although supernatural, sleep, in the course of twenty minutes. Under the influence of it, the patient will be wonderfully gifted. He will understand foreign languages; he will be able to foretell the future, and clear up all the mysteries of the past."

"By George! why don't you set some conjuring feller asleep? He would make our fortunes."

"We shall make our fortunes," said Mr Squills, with a smile, "without applying to any conjurer. You will join the Northern Circuit as soon as you can get ready. We shall give you letters to all our friends, and particularly to scientific gentlemen who are in the habit of lecturing in the various country towns. You will receive every aid and assistance from our friend Mr Lory of Dasnett, near Northampton, who is an enthusiast in science, and particularly in our new discovery of the method of inducing involuntary sleep."

"Mr Lory?" said Fluffy Jack,—"how cussed lucky!—it's as good as five hundred pounds in my pocket—or maybe five thousand—who knows?"

"You've heard of our friend Mr Lory?"

"Oh yes—a great friend of mine has told me all about him. I shall be ready for a start the day after to-morrow."

"By that time you will find every thing prepared; and in the mean time, good morning."

CHAPTER III.

In three days after the arrangement so satisfactorily entered into, Mr Winnles was seated on the driving-box of the Magnet, for in those days the railways were unknown, and was impressing the coachman with the actual necessity, if he wished to live two or three hundred years, of taking unlimited quantities of the Toozler's pills. Whenever the Magnet stopped,

the guard was rigorously examined as to the safety of a certain square-shaped wooden box, which was carefully corded, and placed under a tarpaulin, as if it contained some extremely perishable commodity; and on receiving assurances of its good condition, Mr Winnles replaced himself on his seat, and said, "Mind you take care of it. By George! there's life and death de-

pending on that 'ere box." It need not, therefore, be stated, that it contained a large assortment of the choicest specimens of Hocus and Squills's skill, and that Fluffy Jack was commencing his first journey as a member of this distinguished circuit. No particular incident occurred till the course of his business took him to the good town of Northampton. On arriving at the Black Snake, he was received by his friend Mr Bobus, who had left London a day or two before him, and had been established in the coffee-room of that excellent hotel for about a week.

"I'm so glad you're come," he said, shaking his hand. "I feel as if I had an immense deal more pluck already; but I'm afraid, after all, it's too late. The mother is strong against me."

"It's just like them. I never could see the use of young girls having mothers at all: they're always so ridiculous. There was Poll Blewitt at Devizes—crikey! if a feller only looked at her, her old mother swore he was making love; and if you said but a word to her—told her it was a fine day, or some pleasant sort of speech of the kind—blowed if the old one wasn't down upon you for a breach of promise of marriage; and she had a son an attorney. And the consequence is, that Poll Blewitt might as well be deaf, for there ain't a feller as can venture to speak a syllable to her. I hates all mothers; and grandmothers is nearly as bad."

"So you can give me no hope?"

"Not a morsel of—saving that 'ere five hundred pounds. I'll have you buckled to her in a week, or my name ain't Jack Winnles."

"Ah, that's always the way you talk; but you don't know half the difficulties of my position. I tell you, the mother is entirely on the side of that disgusting little fellow Mr Podgers; she's so fond, she says, of clever men."

"Is she?" said Mr Winnles, drawing himself up. "She ain't such a stupid old girl after all," and his feelings towards the respectable Mrs Lory were certainly softened; because he felt her predilection for clever men was a compliment to himself. "And what says the old wooden philosopher all this time?"

"Very little; but he says he thinks Annie ought to be allowed to please herself."

"And if she pleases herself, you think she'll marry you?" said Mr Winnles, putting his forefinger into the ribs of Mr Bobus, "eh, my fine feller? You can keep nothing secret from old Jack Winnles."

Mr Bobus couldn't deny the soft impeachment, though, on reflection, he could perceive no great skill in divination displayed by his friend in making the discovery.

"But are you sure of it?" enquired Mr Winnles—"No mistake? The girl would really marry you if she had her own way?"

"She has told me so," said Mr Bobus modestly.

"The deuce she has! Oho! Master Bobus, you ain't quite so shy as you make yourself out."

"I assure you—'pon my word—I'm so easily put out—by old women especially"—

"And who isn't, I should like to know? There ought to be a act of Parliament putting all old women to death. There's my grandmother—a rum old file"—

"Ah, but how are we to manage about getting Annie informed of our wishes?"

"Why, you fool, I'm going to be quite intimate at the house—got letters to the old philosopher from Hocus and Squills;—I'm going to set 'em all asleep, and join all their broken bones, and make all their hairs grow—by George! you'll see if I don't do as I like in that house before a day's over."

"But, Mr Podgers"—

"Oh—I'll stuff a box of pills down his throat that will stop his mouth for some time—never mind him. But come along—show me the way to old Lory's house, and leave the rest to me."

So saying Mr Winnles proceeded along the main street of Northampton, and across a few fields, and along beautiful lanes, till he came to the pretty town of Dasnett, and was shown a great red brick house with a bright green door and a wide flight of steps—in short the best house in the town—the residence of Mr Lory.

Mr Bobus proceeded in the direction of the little river, to muse on the beauties of Annie Lory; and it happened, by an odd coincidence, that that young lady had chosen the same romantic locality for the scene of her meditations; and in a very short time there were two extremely happy young peo-

ple, lounging down by the winding current of the Dasnett, forgetting in a while every thing in the world but each other. In the mean time Mr Winnles had been shown into a small room well filled with books; and presented his credentials to a tall old man, with a very bald head, and a most solemn puritanical expression of countenance—no less an individual, in short, than the celebrated Mr Lory himself.

"I am happy to see you," he said, handing a chair to his visiter. "Mr Squills informs me that you are charged with some most interesting secrets on the subject of his new discovery. You could not have come at a more fortunate moment, for I am just preparing a lecture for our Scientific Institution, on the effect of mysterious agencies in health and disease."

"You're uncommon civil, I do declare," replied Mr Winnles; "and if you would allow me to recommend you half a dozen boxes of our Everlasting Capillaries, I'm hanged if it wouldn't add twenty per cent to your personal appearance. I never saw any body so bald in my life."

"You're very good, sir," said Mr Lory, looking somewhat surprised at his new acquaintance.

"Oh, don't mention it—they're dirt cheap, and three months tick to a friend like you; your mother wouldn't know you in a week. Don't you see how thick thatched I am?"—He went on showing his umbrageous curls.—"It's all owing to the Capillaries. Hair would never grow on my head at all, till about three weeks ago I luckily fell in with this wonderful discovery. P'raps old Squills has written you an account of it—'pon my word I'm afraid it will be a losing concern for me after all; for old grandmother has left me an uncommon sight of money in her will, and cuss me if I know how to prove I'm the same feller." No one would know me again; so unless I shave my head, I run a good chance of missing the legacy."

"It won't be quite so bad, I hope," replied Mr Lory, with a smile; "at the same time the preparation must be of extraordinary merit: is it one of Mr Squills's own invention? He's a most talented man—a very talented man indeed."

"He's up to a great many things, there's no doubt of that," said Mr Winnles; "and for such a little eater

he's an uncommon knowing little chap. You wouldn't believe such a clever feller as that could make such a poor show with his knife and fork. I should like very much to give him a couple of pounds, with six or seven potatoes, and eat against him for a good wager."

"Indeed!—Is he in good health? Perhaps intense meditation has injured his constitution?"

"I only dined with him once, and—but, Lord! I'm forgetting the reason of my having such a capital twist. It's all owing to old Hocus's Gastric Diluents; they're such extraordinary things—their pills is—that you wouldn't believe what they've done for me. I'm hanged if I didn't live till I was twenty-one, on less than an ounce a-day. I've lived a fortnight on a single onion—never was seen such a miserable object—they nearly put me into Reading jail because I didn't eat any thing for six months—but the moment I tasted the Diluents, nothing could stand before me. I can eat a round of beef at two sittings, and when I've taken six or seven of the pills, I think no more of swallowing a brick, by George! than if it was a quartern loaf. I once ate a milestone at three meals, for a wager—a devilish tough joint of meat I found it; but the Diluents would make a man get fat on tenpenny nails."

Mr Lory took another look at the brazen face of the unabashed Mr Winnles. "Sir," he said, "I make it a point to believe in the possibility of all things, and I see nothing incredible in the statement you make, as I believe that science will be able to do more extraordinary things than to make substantial food out of milestones; but at the same time, I never knew a gentleman who united in his own person the experiences you now mention."

"That ain't half of them; I haven't told you yet about grandmother's fall off the top of an immense high house; she certainly is one of the wonder-fullest old women, that grandmother of mine, that ever was. She broke every bone in her body, and was actually picked up by the people that saw her fall, in two or three pieces; blow'd if two bottles of Ginger's Concentrated Essential Bone-setting Drops didn't make her so young again, that there's a strong report in Windsley she's going to be married."

"Mr Squills has only mentioned to

me that you will call on me, and do me the favour to show me a specimen of his invention for producing instantaneous repose. If you will come this evening and drink tea with us at half-past six, I will introduce you to Mr Podgers—a talented man, and quite a philosopher—who will help me to judge of the merits of the system. Will you join us at that hour?"

"To be sure; I think it's a capital way of passing the evening drinking tea, with a little cold meat and a loaf or two, till supper-time. I shall be most happy."—And after a few more observations on subjects connected with his remedies, he left Mr Lory no little astonished at the extraordinary effects produced on a single individual by so many invaluable specifics. Mr Winnles was fortunate enough to fall in with his friend, Mr Bobus, before he had proceeded far on his way home. A very quick-eyed observer might have perceived a brown silk pelisse at no great distance, on the other side of the hedge—a brown silk pelisse, a dark grey bonnet, and a bright white parasol—but Fluffy Jack was so absorbed in the triumphs he had just achieved, that he had no eyes, and very little ears, for any thing but himself.

"I say, old feller," he said, slapping his friend on the back in a way which nearly rendered him a fit subject for the celebrated Bone-setting Drops—"you're getting ready that 'ere five hundred pounds, are you?—for blow'd if it won't be wanted."

"What! you think you will get the consent?"

"I don't intend to ask it. You say you've got the girl's, and that's enough. Give her a hint that perhaps she'll have to go on a journey to-night—that's all."

"My dear friend, I'm very much indebted"——

"Five hundred—that's the whole amount; but if you like to throw in an odd fifty, I can answer for my friend Jack Winnles, that he'll not refuse. I advise you to be on the lookout at the door, or in the house itself, if you can manage it, at about half past seven to night.—So, no more at present but remains"—as people say at the end of a letter. And as Mr Bobus saw he might leave his patron to find his way into Northampton by himself, and retained a distinct impression of having seen a bright white

parasol waved to and fro mysteriously a few minutes before, he sprang over the hedge and was speedily lost to view. Mr Winnles continued his walk, immersed in deep reflection, and resolved to apply to the waiter that evening to get some clever scholar to indite an epistle containing an account of his proceedings to Messrs Hocus and Squills. He astonished several parties in the coffee-room—for, at the Black Snake, there is no room consecrated to the gentlemen of our profession—by swallowing a few of the miraculous Diluents, and demolishing an unheard-of quantity of viands, solely in consequence of their stomachic virtues. It is probable, also, that it was to their influence he owed the power of swallowing a prodigious number of tumblers of cold-without; for it was difficult to believe that any unassisted appetite was capable of such extraordinary performances. By half-past five his labours were finished, his apparatus carefully deposited in a brown paper parcel under his arm, and once more he took his way across the fields, and in due time arrived at the house of Mr Lory. That gentleman received him with the utmost politeness, and presented him to his wife, an old lady, with a prodigiously thin and prominent nose, piercing eyes, and firmly compressed lips; a countenance of the most determined expression, which an ingenious modeller might have taken a hint from, for the design of a vinegar cruet. After her, he was introduced to Miss Lory, a handsome dark-eyed girl, but on this peculiar occasion suffused with blushes, and looking so conscious, that the modesty of Mr Winnles immediately concluded she was captivated at first sight. Various thoughts occurred to him as this idea entered his mind; but on the whole, a love for the five hundred in hard cash predominated over the chance of five thousand, with the addition of the young lady herself. He was next introduced, in a very marked manner, to Mr Podgers, a fat young man, with a very shabby blue coat buttoned tight across his chest; a red nose and very little eyes, with a constant habit of turning them up to the ceiling; blue trowsers, a great deal too short, revealing a considerable expanse of grey worsted stockings, and his feet shrouded in a pair of large muddy shoes: altogether, one of those distin-

guished literary characters, who consider that their genius sets them above the necessity of paying any attention to their external appearance.

"How do, sir? how do?" said Mr Winnles, holding out his hand to Mr Podgers—"pon my word I'm glad to see you—I'm so fond of talented people."

"Sir, your address constitutes you at once in my mind an appreciator of the excellent and the true, than which no nobler philosophic character ever emanated from the Porch of Zeno, or the Groves of Academe."

"Beautiful!" said Mrs Lory, in a voice that was meant to be a very audible whisper. "Annie, attend to what Mr Podgers is saying, it's perfect eloquence."

"Is it, mamma?—Oh!—I'm no judge of eloquence." It appeared, however, from the peculiar look she bestowed on the subject of their remarks, that she was a very good judge of ugly faces and dirty clothes.

"Ah, all that's very fine," said Mr Winnles, in answer of Mr Podgers's compliment; "but I'll tell you what, I recommend you just a single box of our celebrated Pimplefuge pills—it would take off all them horrid blotches from your face in a week; and, upon my soul, you wouldn't be a very ugly fellow. The price is only 7s. 6d."

"Sir, the personality of your observations is indicative of a lower order of intellect than that for which I at first had given you credit," said Mr Podgers, looking very irate.

"Credit be hanged!" rejoined Mr Winnles, "ready money only, and no abatement, that's the only way of doing business; but really, now, them pills is extraordinary—they wash a fellow's face as clean as if they were nothing but soap; and the only drawback is, that they're so wonderful searching, that they might p'raps make a mistake about that little red snout of a nose of yours, and think it a pimple; and if they did, by crickey! they would walk off with it and leave nothink for a feller to pull, if he happened to quarrel with you; which would be a misfortune to both parties—wouldn't it, Mr Lory?"

"Your style of conversation is very unusual—not to say startling," replied the old gentleman, "and I cannot feel astonished at Mr Podgers being a little offended at the nature of your allusions. Perhaps, however, it is a

misapprehension on our parts, and no offence is intended."

"Not a morsel of offence," said Mr Winnles, "all in friendship and the way of trade. The pills are really wonderful, and would do him a deal of good."

"Sir," said the philosophic poet of the *Dasnett Star*, "I accept your apology in the fine relishing spirit of frankness with which it is offered. The heart that is harmonized by the soft influences of a benignant soul-elevating philanthropy, is ever the first to shake off—like dew-drops from the lion's mane—the stern impulses of wrath and irritation. Love, the founder of the beautiful—the softener of the rough—the balm-distiller—covers with its placid wing the passions that have been lulled to sleep by the music of philosophy; and, therefore, sir, anger, which found a momentary refuge in my bosom, is dissipated in the circumambient air, and again I am a man glowing with affection to my brother men."

"By crickey! he speaks like a coracle!" said Mr Winnles, captivated by the eloquence of the philanthropist; while Mrs Lory cast up her eyes in a rhapsody of admiration, "Oh, Annie, it's a perfect treat to listen to such language—I really sometimes think he is inspired." But Mr Lory seemed amazingly relieved at this period of the conversation by the introduction of tea. The party seated themselves round the table, and after seeing Mr Winnles carefully help himself to a couple of the gastric Diluents, and hearing him enlarge in the most impassioned manner on their effects, were prodigiously edified by watching the havoc he committed on the bread and butter. His efforts were almost superhuman; and on the strength of that one single exhibition he disposed of a great number of boxes. But even his great powers of mastication could not last for ever, and with an effort which apparently cost him some pain, he confessed he could eat no more, and the table was cleared.

When they were left free to enter on the business of the evening, Mr Lory commenced by asking a few questions with regard to the principle of the new discovery. "Mr Squills has partly explained to me the method of proceeding; but I confess I am still at a loss to understand the cause of such marvellous effects."

"It's the easiest thing in the world," said Mr Winnles; "you fall asleep in about five minutes, because you can't possibly keep awake; and that, I take it, is the best reason that can be given."

"Yet I've heard of great things, in cases of restlessness, being done by the pole of the magnet—you've heard of it, Mr Podgers?"

"I had it once applied to my breast, sir, by a very scientific practitioner; and the effects were certainly wonderful," replied the poet.

"Oh, what were they? Do tell us all about it," said Mrs Lory. "Now Annie, attend—he is going to be intense." But Annie seemed to be thinking of something else, for she did not answer her mother.

"I felt my thoughts so oddly mixed up, that the real melted imperceptibly into the ideal; the dim, the awful, the mysterious rose like grave-yard exhalations, and darkened the whole heaven of my existence. In the gloom, monstrous figures fixed themselves indelibly on the stormy background of that lurid sky. I felt strange tremors come over me, as if the vast was spreading a numbness, and the illimitable was fading off into the dismal and the profound; but the pains in my chest were certainly relieved, and the operator replaced the pole of the magnet in his waistcoat pocket, and recalled me by a touch of his hand to the world of every-day life."

"Crikey! he must have been as big as a mountain, and had a waistcoat the size of a meadow, if he put the pole of the Magnet into his pocket. Do you mean to make us believe that?—by George, I'll give you a letter to Hocus and Squills—they're the boys for touching a story."

"My dear sir"—said Mr Lory—"you must surely be aware of the extraordinary uses of the pole of the magnet."

"To be sure I am—it's to keep the coach steady, and hook on the cross-bar. Do you think I've had my eyes shut all my journey down—or don't know the pole of a coach from a tooth-pick? But never mind this little feller with his fine words—I can't make him out more than if he spoke French or Greek, or any other of the dead languages—look at this here." So saying, he undid the brown paper parcel, and displayed to the wonderstruck party three or four of the little instruments shaped like compasses, with an

ivory knob on the top, which Mr Squills had furnished him with in London.

"Them's the apparatuses!—cuss your poles of coaches!"

"And how do you apply them?"—enquired Mr Lory.

"Why you open the legs of them, and set them astraddle a-top of your nose; then you look with all your might at the little white ball, and in a minute or two you'll be sound asleep."

"Is the sleep sound? I thought it had some preternatural effects similar to those of animal magnetism."

"Beats 'em hollow—a feller as is put to sleep by this wonderful instrument, knows every thing. He can even tell you all that ever happened to any body you like to name; he can tell all that's going to happen; in fact, it's a thing that makes a man a regular witch."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr Lory. "It will be a fine subject for a lecture, Mr Podgers."

"With quotations from the poets—and an analysis of its natural causes," replied that gentleman—"Who can predicate any thing of the secret sympathies that may pervade the whole system of existence of which we form a part? Who can say whether the electric chain being touched in the remotest quarter of space, does not cause a vibration for which we find it impossible to account in our own most secret souls? It may be that the intense volition of some Abyssinian king sitting on a great rock amid the Mountains of the Moon, may be exercising, by the power of sympathy, a mysterious influence on my whole being at this very hour. Oh, the high truths of nature, what are they but stepping-stones by which, by pain and toil, we work our way up the steep mountains of science, till we ascend into the pure, the infinite?"

"Oh Annie, isn't that beautiful?" said Mrs Lory to her daughter.

"That's what I call the dreadfulest gammon I ever heard," exclaimed Mr Winnles, who did not like that any one should interfere with his experiments with disquisitions that gave such immense satisfaction to the old lady. "Now, I'll just ask you, Mr Podgers, to shut that mouth of yours, and go with me into the study. The rest of the party will put these little machines on in the mean time, and a few minutes will convince you of all I've said—by

George! I'll let no man accuse me of a want of veracity."

"In the cause of science, sir," replied Mr Podgers, "I'm willing to submit to any experiment."

"Very well—I'll manipulate you in the study: and you'll all be astonished at the results," said Mr Winnles, while he fitted the instruments on the noses of Mr Lory and his wife; Annie begged to be excused; and leaving the philosophic gentleman and his spouse sitting with amazing gravity, gazing at the ivory ball, he led Mr Podgers into the study, and locked the door.

"All the phenomena of nature," said that gentleman, seating himself in preparation for the experiment, "are rendered easy and simple by a recurrence to the great and fundamental truth which has escaped the researches of philosophy, that life is an hypothesis. On that broad base I take my stand, and the dim becomes bright, and silence eloquence."

Mr Winnles in the mean time had taken off his coat, and at this period of the orator's address, abruptly broke in on his harangue, by presenting his clenched fist within a very few inches of Mr Podgers's countenance.

"Do you see this here bunch of bones?" he said.

"I perceive your hand."

"Then, 'pon my solemn davy, I'll knock it right through and through your skull, if you don't do as I tell you."

"There is no need for such vehement denunciations—as life is an hypothesis, and the magnetic influence"——

"Hold your clatter, my boy; or by crikey! you'll be a dead man in half a minute. You are chattering, and howling, and kicking up a dust with acrostics and other parts of philosophy, to get hold, if you can, of Annie Lory and her money."

"Sir—what is the meaning?"——

"Oh, the meaning's very plain—it is, that unless you help me this very moment to get over the mother's objections, and obtain her for Harry Bobus, I will mash your bones into a jelly—I will, by all that's good!"

Mr Winnles's face glowed with demoniacal rage, his prodigiously muscular hand clutched in a most vigorous manner, in the immediate proximity of Mr Podger's nose; and that talented individual immediately conceived an idea that the strange personage before him was a maniac of the most dangerous kind; and he felt that his last

moment was come. From such enormous strength, roused by such confirmed insanity, he saw there was no escape.

"Will you promise?" again said Mr Winnles.

"Oh yes, certainly, my dear sir—any thing you can suggest."

"Here, then, clap this machine across your nose, like the rest of them, and if any body asks you questions, say that unless Harry Bobus marries Annie Lory within a week, old Mrs Lory will die of the small-pox—recollect. So now I'll lock you in; and if you fail me, you're a gone bob, and no escape."

"This here is one of the wonderfulest examples of this new science I ever saw," said Mr Winnles, walking triumphantly into the parlour, where the ancient couple were sitting with the instruments balanced on their noses. "Mr Podgers is prophesying quite extraordinary. How do you feel, sir?"

"Sir, I feel," replied Mr Lory, "as if I was afflicted for life with a most painful squint. My eyes will never come right again." And on removing the machine, his looks certainly confirmed his worst fears.

"Oh, it will go off again—we've got an Anti-squint Lotion. Blowed, if old grandmother couldn't see her right ear, one time, with her right eye. Such an infernal squint hers was; but three rubbings made her as well as ever. But you ought really to go in and see the wonderful effects on Mr Podgers."

"What is he doing?" enquired Mrs Lory, who had taken the precaution to shut her eyes, and therefore felt no great inconvenience from the experiment; "is he eloquent? It will be a great treat to hear him under the influence of the prophetic spirit."

"No great treat for you, ma'am, I'm afraid," replied Mr Winnles; "but before you go, p'raps you would let me ask Miss Annie to try the instrument in your absence?" And there was something in the look with which Mr Winnles made the proposition, that induced the young lady to accede at once. He fitted the ivory ball across her nose, and whispering to her to slip out, for now the coast was clear, and Henry Bobus at the end of the street, he unlocked the study door, and ushered Mr and Mrs Lory into the room where Mr Podgers was sitting, pale and terrified, with the instrument on his nose.

"Is he asleep?" enquired Mrs Lory.

"Sound as a church," said Mr Winnles, striking within an inch of Mr Podgers' face with his clenched hand. Mr Podgers felt the wind of the blow, and shuddered. "Ask him any questions. He can tell you the state of your health. He knows how long you have to live; and if he doesn't answer right, he is in a state of the dreadfulest danger himself. How long has Mrs Lory to live?"

"Not above a week," answered Mr Podgers in a tremulous tone, "unless"——

"Unless what?" exclaimed the lady, losing all her regard for the philosophy of the experiment, in her anxiety about the means of averting the dreadful sentence.

"Unless what?" said Mr Winnles, giving another dig with his hand within an inch of his eyes.

"Unless Harry Bobus"——

"Well?" enquired Mrs Lory, with incredible anxiety, "what of Harry Bobus?"

"Unless Harry Bobus marries Annie Lory," continued the involuntary prophet.

"Gracious!—oh!—what's to be done, Mr Lory?" exclaimed his wife. "I've dismissed Harry Bobus from the house—I've told him I'll never consent—I've driven him to despair!"

"What death will she die of?" asked Mr Winnles, with another tremendous blow towards his brow, that made his hair rise up as if in terror.

"Of the small-pox"——answered Mr Podgers, groaning.

"Oh Lord!—how dreadful! Mr Lory, you seem to take no interest in saving me from such a dreadful fate. Is it impossible for Mr Podgers to be misinformed?"

"Quite impossible!" replied her husband—"if you had attended to my last lecture on the psychology of involuntary sleep, you would have known that, under that astonishing influence, the future is as open to the patient as the past."

"Then there's no hope. Oh! I'll go this moment and tell Annie to write for Harry Bobus."

"'Twill be too late," said Mr Winnles—"Within what time must they be married to save this old lady from the small-pox?"

"Within a week," replied the oracle.

The mother rushed distractedly from the room in search of her daughter; but she was no where to be found—she sent all over the village in pursuit of her; but she could gain no tidings. Days passed over, but on the fourth, a letter came from Carlisle, signed "*Anne Bobus*," and relieved the terrified old lady from the fear of immediate dissolution. Mr Podgers, for his own sake, kept his secret, declaring that he had no recollection of any thing that happened during his trance; and Mr Lory, in spite of a confirmed squint acquired in the experiment, lectured on the marvellous effects of the discovery, to the admiring inhabitants of Dasnett, appealing to Mr Podgers for a confirmation of all his statements.

CHAPTER IV.

About a month after these transactions, Mr Winnles found himself once more, in the course of his journey, at the Black Snake in Northampton. He walked by the well-known path across the fields, and was somewhat astonished to see, on a wall near the dwelling-house of Mr Lory, a large board, with the words—"Lory and Bobus, Wood-merchants."

"Oho, Master Bobus!" he said, walking down, as directed, by a very crooked finger delineated at the bottom of the board; and casting his eyes round the immense beams of Norway timber and solid blocks of mahogany, piled up in the extensive yard—"My five hundred's safe enough, I

see. I wish it had been double, for all this wood must be worth an extraordinary fortune. I must see if I can't get a little extra out of him, by way of interest." So saying, he opened the door of a counting-house, and recognized our good-natured friend, Mr Bobus, sitting on a high chair at a desk, while a gentleman was seated in a corner of the room, busily smoking a cigar, and reading a newspaper.

"Well, old Bobus," cried Fluffy Jack, holding out his hand, "you seem pretty snug here?"

"Oh, very comfortable indeed."

"Married, I s'pose, and all that? I've just stepped over to wish you joy."

"You're very good."

"Capital assortment of wood here. You keep the books I see?"

"Yes; ever since my marriage my father-in-law has given me the whole management of the business."

"Cash accounts and all?" enquired Mr Winnles.

His friend coughed, in an embarrassed manner, as he answered "Yes."

The stranger looked up from his paper for a moment, and went on with his cigar.

"Then, in course, you'll give me just a quiet check on your banker for that 'ere five hundred and fifty"——

Mr Bobus again coughed, as if he was a little puzzled.

"What! you don't pretend to forget that 'ere odd fifty? It's interest on the principal. Come, fork out."

"The fact is, Mr Winnles, that I'm a very quiet, bashful sort of man."

"Well, I ain't, and that's a good thing; but what has all that to do with my five hundred and fifty pounds?"

"And I have no pluck," continued Mr Bobus.

"Well, you don't need much of it to write to a banker, do you? And what's the use of having pluck yourself, when your friends have plenty of it for themselves and you too?"

"Ah, that's just what my friend, Colonel Stickem, has often said to me. Colonel Stickem, Mr Winnles—Mr Winnles, Colonel Stickem."

The gentleman thus introduced to Fluffy Jack rose from his seat, and presented a countenance of most dreadful aspect, covered with mustaches and eyebrows, and scarred with wounds; and bowed in a most polite manner. Mr Winnles put on a little dignity in his manner.

"Happy to see you, sir; but I was just asking my friend Bobus for a little sum he owes me—and I think a stranger would be better behaved if he put the door between him and two gentlemen engaged in a business conversation—that's what I think; but p'r'aps you're of a different opinion."

"Perhaps I am," said the colonel; "but I'm a plain soldier—a companion of the Tower and Sword. I've slain twenty Miguelites with my own hand in one day, and think I may be trusted."

The manner of the soldier—the tallest, the broadest shouldered, the

fiercest eyed—the longest armed man Mr Winnles had ever seen, was so mild and pacific, that Mr Winnles determined not to be put down.

"Bah!—who cares for your swords and towers? You are not going to be listening and eaves-dropping here, I assure you."

"The fact is, Mr Winnles," said Mr Bobus, who still retained his lofty position on the three-legged stool, "that my friend the colonel is interested in this matter. He has betted with me five-and-twenty pounds that you don't get a shilling from me."

"Oh, you have, have you?" said Mr Winnles,—“Did you ever see me eat, sir? I'll swallow pound for pound against any man in England.—Do you see my arm, sir?—it's as strong as a horse's leg!”

"Well sir," said the colonel, slowly advancing, "I never saw you eat—I never looked at your arm; but, mark me, sir, I have taken the measure of your nose, and, if you open your mouth again, I shall screw it out of your face, as if I was drawing a cork."

The words of the colonel were slow, but there was something in his voice, as he approached nearer and nearer, that showed he was very far, indeed, from being in a jocular humour. And what was the issue of the meeting I am not precisely enabled to say, but it is certain that Mr Winnles, for a very long period, was so exceedingly tender about the nose and various parts of the body, that it was generally supposed he had been thrown off his horse, or met with some other severe accident. The bone-setting pills seemed, in his instance, to have lost their effect, for the most prominent feature of his countenance is still most immensely swelled; and, from the fact of his shortly after leaving this most honourable Circuit considerably in debt to some of the most distinguished members of it, it is universally believed that the colonel won his bet, and that Mr Bobus, though a little deficient in pluck, was by no means deficient in mercantile knowledge; as it is clear, by the sacrifice of twenty-five pounds, he made a saving of four hundred and seventy-five—not to mention the fifty claimed as interest.

THINGS OF THE DAY.

No. III.

DOST MOHAMMED.

THE affairs of Affghanistan have elicited so much interest, that a slight narrative of the rise of its late sovereign may serve to clear some of the narratives on the subject. A portion of the troops of Nadir Shah, in his invasion of India about a century since, were Affghans—a race of barbarians, inhabiting a country whose Alpine temperature in winter, and whose fertility in summer, rendered them one of the most vigorous and athletic races of Northern India. Nadir, though a brilliant soldier, was a tyrant, and therefore hated; but, on his return to Persia, he became a sot, and was easily circumvented by a court cabal. Poison and the dagger are the Eastern Bill of Rights. A conspiracy was formed against him, and he was stabbed when lying in his tent, probably drunk. A period of general convulsion followed, in which his auxiliary troops fought each other, or dispersed to their own homes. In the general disruption, the principal officer of the Affghans, Ahmed Shah, seized a convoy of treasure belonging to Nadir, returned with his barbarians to his mountains, drove all opposition before him, and giving himself the picturesque title of the “Pearl of the Age” (Dooree Dooranee), became monarch of Affghanistan.

Ahmed had begun life as a robber on a large scale, and he continued his trade on an increasing one, as long as he lived. He must have been a formidable neighbour, for he made four invasions of India; fell heavily on the decaying house of Aurungzebe, and robbed and massacred without mercy wherever he conquered. At length, a quarter of a century of profligacy, plunder, and toil in the pursuit of both, brought the founder of the Affghan throne to his grave. He died in 1773, about twenty years after Clive had laid the foundations of the British Indian Empire, by the battle of Plassey.

In the East the conqueror is always succeeded by a coward—and the founder of a kingdom by a fool; but the kingdom sometimes escapes the natural

fall of the dynasty. Timour Shah, the son of Ahmed, was an indolent voluptuary; but the kingdom survived him, though he reigned about as long as his active and clever father.

On his death four of his crowd of sons were rivals for the throne. Humaioon, the eldest, attempted to proclaim himself king at Candahar, but was attacked by the army of Shah Zemaun, his brother, who had seized on Cabul, and assumed the throne, and by that brother had his eyes put out, and was thus rendered, in the Indian style, incapable of empire. India is the land of conspiracy, and a conspiracy was now formed against Zemaun, or his vizier, or both. The conspirators were seized, and had their heads cut off. But they had been powerful chieftains—their clans vowed revenge. Mahmoud, a third brother, put himself at their head, left Herat, of which he had been governor, and seized Candahar. All those affairs were bloody, but thoroughly Indian. Zemaun, who had been preparing for an excursion of robbery to Hindostan, now stopped on his march, and hastened back to crush the rebellion; but his troops, either tired of him, or corrupted by his brother, no sooner saw Mahmoud's lines, than one half of them marched over to him. The vizier and the monarch had only to turn their horses' heads and fly. They escaped to one of the mountain tribes, but Mahmoud's gold followed them there. They were both delivered up; Zemaun, by a retaliatory fate, was blinded, and the vizier, more fortunate, was put to death. But in this furious family, there was a fourth brother, Shoojah, who had been left in charge of Zemaun's principal jewels at Peshawur. An insurrection—how raised is among the secrets of Cabul diplomacy—suddenly burst round Mahmoud in the midst of a life of revelry; he was dethroned, and the jewel-keeper placed in his room. Shoojah was now king.

But the Affghan throne was again to be beset by insurrection. Mah-

mound escaped from his prison, and Shoojah was forced to leave his harem, raise an army, and pursue him. He had, at the same time, an army fighting in Cashmere. The horizon now began to grow cloudy on all sides. His Affghanierian army was attacked and ruined in single battle; the next intelligence was that Mahmoud's general, Futteh Khan, a chieftain of remarkable bravery and talent, had taken Candahar: this was about 1810. Shah Shoojah then advanced to meet the rebels, with a powerful army; but he was beaten in two pitched battles, and forced to fly to the Punjaub, the territory of Runjeet Sing.

Mahmoud was monarch once more, and, like a savage, forgetting what he owed to the talents and bravery of his vizier, Futteh Khan, or, probably, jealous of his popularity, he blinded him, and shortly after put him to death. This act of atrocity produced the consequences which it deserved; the brothers of the vizier flew to arms.

Dost Mohammed Khan, one of them, who has since figured so largely in the history of this distracted country, made himself master of Cabul. Two others seized Candahar, Cashmere, and the rest of the dominions.

Shah Shoojah, under the protection of Runjeet Sing, was still unlucky; he was plundered of his jewels. The "Lion of the Punjaub" starved the fugitive prince, until he gave up especially the famous diamond, named "The Mountain of Light;" and, at length, Runjeet having no more to get from him, Sujah and his family were suffered to make their way to the British territory in 1814.

The origin of the war with Dost Mohammed is still involved in some obscurity. The Persian attack on Herat, *openly* directed by a Russian general, naturally excited suspicion of the loose fidelity of the Affghan king. It was unquestionable that he had commenced a correspondence with Russia, under pretence of protecting himself against the aggressions of Runjeet Sing. The British governor-general, unaccountably forgetting the absolute fickleness of the barbarian character, and the notorious facility with which it is swayed by money, is said to have refused advancing a sub-

sidy of L.300,000, which the "Dost" (prince) declared to be absolutely necessary to his throne; and a march across India and a war were preferred, which have already cost, on a general calculation, about twenty times the subsidy, or seven millions sterling, and may cost an unlimited sum before quiet is restored. But the gallantry of the British troops shone conspicuously in this brief, but dangerous, campaign. Dost Mohammed was beaten, and taken prisoner; and now, after two years of nominal triumph, the whole struggle is to be begun again.

But a new display of sentiment is actually fastening itself on this unpromising subject, and the Whigs and Radicals are beginning to exalt the Affghans into patriots, heroes, and all other fine things of the Radical school. The orators say that the Affghans had a right to hate the British for forcing a *beloved sovereign* from them, and an unbeloved sovereign on them; that Dost Mohammed was the universal delight, and Shah Shoojah the universal hatred, and that they were only performing the part of William Tell and Timoleon. But what is the fact? it is a mere repetition of the case of Napoleon and Louis XVIII. The French would, doubtless, have preferred Napoleon, because he gave them plunder; but *we* had strong reasons for preferring Louis, because he allowed us to remain at peace. The Corsican was, doubtless, more a favourite with the French amateurs of "La gloire," than the old fat descendant of forty lazy kings; but he was a much more inconvenient neighbour for *us*,—and that was the grand question for *us* to consider. Accordingly, we flung that robbing and murdering emperor of the *braves* from the throne, and put the old man in his seat. This was exactly the case with the Affghans. Dost Mohammed was sanguinary and treacherous; he made war upon *us*, and we beat him, captured him, and sent him to study the art of respecting the British government in a dungeon. Shah Shoojah may be a sot or a simpleton, but *he* will not make war upon *us*; and, therefore, it is our convenience to keep him on the throne. Whether we have done all in the wisest way—whether we might not have made Dost Mohammed as careful

of preserving the peace as the Shah, is altogether a question of circumstances. Whether it would not have been much better to have left the Dost and the Kamram, and the whole circle of savages, to fight it out, and cut up each other, we have not the slightest doubt would have been the right proceeding, and must be the proceeding after all. But to represent the Affghans as chivalric, sensitive, and romantic,—as imitating in the slightest degree the rising of the Swedes for Gustavus, or the Scotch for the Chevalier, is nothing but to burlesque all truth, and make a tinsel novel out of a barbarian incident. The real nature of the insurrection is, an intrigue to drive Shah Shoojah from the throne, and put the contriver of the intrigue into it; the same thing has been done a hundred times over in India. An individual or a party have got together money enough to hire soldiers; the nation are banditti, and would hire themselves to any one; the perfidy, lies, bribery, and villany of all kinds with which every thing done by the Asiatics is carried on, make a conspiracy—at once, the conspiracy swells into a rebellion. If the British resident is a man of sense and vigilance, he watches the plot, crushes the rebellion, and hangs the principal performers. If he is merely a showy coxcomb, he allows himself to be tricked with his eyes open,—imagines himself the first diplomatist in the world, while he is laughed at by his own palankin bearers, and sits down to pen a dispatch to the governor-general, announcing the general pacification produced by his genius, when, in the next five minutes, he is shot in the midst of a general rebellion. Or, if he is a sulky, self-sufficient, and obstinate official, he despises all notice of the movements around him, refuses to believe that he is *not* infallible, and finally walks into the pitfall of the enemy, in the face of day. But the true evil of such things and persons is, the hazard into which they throw clever people and brave men, who were compelled to rely on them. Still we must have no varnishing of the Affghans; they are a bloody, plundering, and vicious race of savages. The British certainly were impolitic in remaining so long in their country; but the Affghans had been actually benefited by them: Bri-

tish expenditure gives opulence wherever it goes,—there had been no acts of tyranny,—the population were protected,—and, as to the idea of their feeling disgraced, like so many Romans or Englishmen, at seeing an enemy's army supporting a returned sovereign, all is verbiage. The only difference between the parties, is, that the British paid, but did not bribe, while the Dost Mohammed party bribed, but did not pay, and, among barbarians, the bribe always carries the field.

But the matter must come before the great British tribunal. The governor-general must be compelled to account for his first having suffered so foolish, rash, and wasteful a war, ever to have been contemplated, and then to account for the palpably absurd, hazardous, and senseless manner, in which, after the conquest, the attempt to keep the country was maintained. He must produce the correspondence of Sir Alexander Burnes, whose friends declare that he made the strongest remonstrances against the whole expedition. He must produce the correspondence of Mr Clerk, and the other residents in that part of India. He must be able to satisfy the country on the project which was so long said to be entertained of garrisoning Herat, and thus extending the line of British hostilities from China to Persia, a line of 2000 miles. He must account for the ignorance which made the insurrection a surprise to him; or if he knew of it, the scattered and helpless condition in which the various bodies of our troops were left in that wild country. If he can defend himself on those points, so much the better; if he cannot, let justice be done to the army and the empire.

The blow in Cabul is the heaviest that has fallen on the Indian army since the days of Hyder Ali, when the force under General Matthews was broken up by the Mysore cavalry—but this was upwards of half a century ago. It is a heavier blow than fell on the British army in Europe during the whole Continental war; for though our troops on the Continent often suffered from disease and winter, they fought successfully, and even the march to Corunna was finished by a victory. But in Affghanistan, every kind of blunder seems to have been committed, and every kind of loss suf-

ferred, unrelieved by a single ray of victory. Our gallant troops have been forced indignantly to fly before a rabble, because the rabble had food and they had none; and the force which a few months ago would have marched triumphantly from end to end of India, is now fugitive, or showing its habitual bravery only in dying on the field.

The French newspapers are in high exultation at this melancholy and bitter catastrophe. The miserable spirit of a Frenchman is never to be softened by a sense of what is due to the sufferings of brave men. All Paris is dancing with ecstasy at the idea of our troops being driven out of Cabul. All the scribblers are on tip-toe for disasters, and the contemptible vanity of the nation sees nothing less in them than wiping out the dis-

grace of Waterloo. "Perfide Albion," is the melo-dramatic rant of those most pitiful of penmen. "Voilà la Decadence," is the prediction of the haranguers. And so, England is to be ruined, because a force, that after all would scarcely have made an advanced guard for a Continental army, has been cooped up by snow, and compelled to evacuate a country where it could not find food! But, if France has some high-minded and some even rational men, she has millions always pitiful, always boastful, and always mean, always talking of their high feelings, and always bitter and malignant, always vaunting their own prowess, and yet writhing under the scourge that every nation of Europe has in turn laid on France, and will lay on her again.

IRELAND.

If we should get no other good from the Conservative Ministry, we should thank it for its good to Ireland. Murder and larceny, the burning of houses and the robbery of arms, still go on, as in the case of all impulses, long and strongly given. Ten years' practice must produce dexterity in the art of burning out parsons and shooting landlords. We cannot expect the regular professors of assassination to throw aside their calling by virtue of a notion that there shall be no more jail deliveries; but still they are subsiding, and will subside more and more, as the law begins to revive a little, and judges and attorney-generals are something more than gentlemen who wear heavy wigs, and receive heavy salaries.

But the great point is, that "Agitation" has nearly run itself out. The rampant mendicancy that so lately ran over Ireland with its mouth full of grievances, and its bag full of priest pence, is now become actually the cripple that it pretended to be. It can no longer pluck the bandages from its eye, *ad libitum*, or unscrew its wooden leg, and take a share in the fight, with it for a weapon; it is now growing sightless, and the wooden leg is necessary to its being able to move at all. If the hat in hand was once partly a pretext for licensed rambling and licensed lies, it is now a real re-

source, and the only one. The "great indigent" is no longer a pampered layer-of-the-public-under-contribution; like the beggar in *Gil Blas*, with his musket levelled from behind his begging-box, it is a beggar, and must live on alms or nothing. Unquestionably this is not the pleasantest condition in the world. Those who find amusement in the spectacle of dilapidated faction, may undoubtedly indulge themselves in comparing the lusty audacity of the brawlers during the last ten years, with their sudden decrepitude within the last six months. But *we* have bowels; we are not made of that stern stuff. We feel for those who, having been accustomed for one half of their lives to live on charity, suddenly see no other prospect for the other half but to work or starve. We can conceive nothing more afflicting to any sort of gentlemen, whose easy career was in the public wheelbarrow, rolled from pavement to pavement by the hands of a commiserating community, than to be, without further notice, trundled out, and ordered to use their own legs, and live by the labour of their own hands. Agitation is like the "Rent," and the "Rent" is like the decision of the auctioneer's hammer, it is "going, going, gone." So long as place and pension can be counted on, zeal will always be at a premium. The Rent was a good spe-

culatation once, for men will readily enough give five shillings to ensure five hundred pounds a-year. But those delightful days must be now among the "things that were." Ireland, "old Ireland," "young Ireland"—for, according to the metaphorical magic of the itinerants, she is alternately an old lady and a young gentleman, a broken antique and a brawny braggadocio, a grandmother of grievance, distorted with six hundred years of chains, strait-waistcoats, and a Newgate dietary, and a dashing, broad-shouldered, long-striding, and hectoring champion, club in hand, the model of a recruit for the "Royal Horse Guards, Blue"—Ireland, whether old or young, is coming to her senses, and, happening to find that the annual demand for her shillings is attended with as little profit as pleasure, she is annually closing her purse tighter, until its orifice will be undiscoverable by the keenest penetration. That such a contribution, for such purposes, should ever have been suffered by a rational government, has often perplexed us; but perhaps it was better, on the whole, to let the

absurdity take its course, and wear itself out. It was a curious experiment on the art of extracting money from the rags of paupers, and raising a party on the rags of principle. But Conservatism has thrown it into a position, where, on the theory of the exhausted receiver, it must die. It may, like the mouse or the viper, usual in such philosophical shows, pant, and struggle, and foam at the mouth, for a while; but its breath once taken away, its existence will soon be at an end.

We are even glad that Conservatism has not taken the trouble to extinguish the nuisance by any direct blow. It has simply opened the sluice which kept up the pond, and though agitation, like the eel, will plunge in the lowest mire, and may wriggle long, yet there is an end of all things; all its tenacity of life, and all its skill in hiding in kindred slime, will not save it; if it shows on the surface it will be caught, and if it hides at the bottom it will be dried out of existence. The pond is growing shallower already, and the reptile writhes and dives in vain.

CEMETERIES.

A succession of letters have appeared in the public papers respecting the custom of burying in cities, and especially of burying in vaults under churches. Without asking whether some of this sudden eagerness is not dictated by the shareholding interests of the cemetery companies, we entirely agree in the "prayer of the petition," and hope that another session will not be suffered to pass, without bringing the whole question fully before Parliament. It is the duty of the Home Secretary—and in the hands of Sir James Graham, we are satisfied that every duty will find its due attention—to watch over the health of the metropolis. This we see, that the Government are already consulting, by making parks and places of exercise for the population. But the duty extends below ground, as well as on the surface. Thousands and tens of thousands of bodies yearly laid together in the midst of a crowded metropolis, must have an injurious effect on the atmosphere. But it is still worse when buried in the vaults of a church.

There the atmosphere has scarcely any change during the week, and on Sundays a congregation are sent to breathe the effluvia which has been escaping from the melancholy chambers below for the six days before. The obvious remedy is, to forbid any further burials, whether in the churchyards or vaults; and to send all bodies to places distant from the dwellings of man. But we must also recollect a matter of justice, which those writers seem to have rather curiously omitted. The burial fees form a part of the ancient stipends of the clergy, and very properly so, as the clergy are obliged to officiate at the interments. This source of income, which, though trifling in the smaller London parishes, is of much importance in the more populous ones, must not, and cannot be taken away without compensation. Yet, in some instances, this compensation has been rendered extremely inadequate, whether through peculiar dexterity in the agents of the cemetery companies before Parliament, or the want of suffi-

cient information on the part of the committees themselves. This must be wholly avoided in future. A committee ought to be appointed by Parliament, taking the shape of a permanent board, to receive all applications relative to new cemeteries, to prevent their encroaching on public roads, to fix on the most fitting situations, and even to pass an opinion on their mode of laying out the ground, and on the architecture of their chapels; and thus prevent the enormities of bad taste, or even the improprieties in higher matters, which the general adoption of cemeteries, by all kinds of companies, may produce. We should also strictly award the satisfactory compensation to the parochial clergy, for the portion of their income of which they would be thus deprived, and which, under the new plan, instead of lightening the expense of burials to the people, would only go into the pockets of speculators and shareholders.

We have no doubt that a general system of cemeteries on this plan would have invaluable results. In the first instance, it would turn a public danger into a public ornament, by planting in the environs of London beautiful spots, whose solemn purpose would impair neither their use nor their beauty. Taking care that they should be without the fantastic frippery which makes the great cemetery of Paris ridiculous, they might have monuments and architectural embellishments, honourable to the memory of the dead, to the arts, and to the gratitude of the nation. The hero, the statesman, the poet, and the painter, might have their characteristic memorials. The English are not a people of triflers, and we are persuaded that even a walk among those Westminster Abbeys in the open air, might be serviceable to the national feelings.

But there are several things which must be peculiarly attended to. The ground ought to be always consecrated. Not that we place any superstitious value on the ceremony, nor are

at all afraid that perturbed spirits will more haunt the ground for its want of the consecration. But the ceremonial secures it for the purpose for ever. Once consecrated, it cannot be disturbed. While, if not consecrated, the company which forms the cemetery may be bankrupt, and its bankruptcy may turn the place of interment into a brick-field, or a building-field, or any other purpose of secular sale, within a week. Another matter of importance is, that no clergyman of the Established Church will officiate where the ground has not been thus consecrated; and though some of the sectaries may allow their preachers to perform the ritual of burial according to their fashion, it is possible that there may be no service at all, or one so indecorous as to be worse than none.

Another point ought to be attended to. It is the custom to build a chapel on the ground, for the purpose of reading that part of the burial service which is appointed to be read within the church walls. But it is unsuitable to the idea of a church, to have it only for the melancholy object of interring the dead; its natural destination is, to give knowledge, instruction, and consolation to the living. We think that those chapels should in every case be made places of regular worship on the Sunday, and be used only as other churches are for the burial service. There might be some slight difficulties as to the endowment; but if it were made to arise from the fees of the cemetery, or, in case of their being under L 150 a year, from the funds of the company, by the act of incorporation, the usual objections to proprietary interests, or voluntary payments, would be obviated, a considerable increase, perhaps an important one, would be given to the ministerial body, and the public mind would be met by spiritual teaching on the very spot, and at the moment, where that teaching was most likely to make a deep and permanent impression.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

The London populace—and they are many—and the London wits—and they are few—have been all busy with the fate of this famous city, which

was to have been swallowed up on the 17th; but the prophets, having been suddenly reminded that they had not provided for the difference between

the "old style" and the new, the earthquake has put itself off until next month, with a promise that, in case of any further disagreement, it will not be bound to attend to the *caprices* of the Almanac, but will do its will, without waiting for any body. The origin of this solemn announcement is still rather obscure. It has, with most plausibility, hitherto been traced to the gin-shops of St Giles's, where the population were heard to talk something largely and loudly of "swallowing" upon the day of their national saint, St Patrick's birth happening to fall on the 17th. By others it has been conjectured to arise from the conversation of the committee for building the Royal Exchange, who talked of "swallowing" half a million sterling. By the political people of the Western portion of the metropolis, it has been asserted to have its origin in a speech on finance, three hours and a half long, which the House marvellously exerted the faculty of deglutition in swallowing; and whose effects will be to swallow up three per cent of the regular income of every man in England, "including those who," as the honourable and learned member for Ireland observes, "have no regular income at all." It must be acknowledged that the St Patrick earthquake-makers have the fairest chance of establishing *their* claim; for if being knocked down, or tumbling down, after a due quantity of "swallowing," belong to the operations of earthquakes in general, the "finest pisantry under the sun," even in the mist and mire of St Giles's, are the most practical converts to the physical conditions of the problem. We understand that, to prove the sincerity of their belief, they are now packing up their furniture, a light labour in general, and running off before quarter-day,—a performance not infrequent among the observers of saints' days. But who would remain in London to be crushed into a jelly, and have to pay his lodgings besides?

The Geologists—for even the profound in pipe-clay and pebbles have taken the matter into their gravest consideration—are attempting to calm the public fears by asserting that there is *no* cause for alarm, there being "no possibility that an earthquake can take place within London, or the

circle of the late twopenny post." We confess that, with all our respect for the science, our conviction on that subject is not complete,—for earthquakes are, like the ladies, very changeable affairs, as well as very powerful; and the earthquake which, sixty years ago, buried Lisbon, might alter its mind, and pay its attentions to London, without one having the slightest knowledge of the reason. However, the Geological Society are said to be about appointing a committee to visit the centre of the earth; and the distance being only 4000 miles, they may take it in their way to the next summer meeting, where their adventures will form a useful variety in the "reports," which, it must be owned, are growing *rather* dull. When the committee shall have ascertained that the strata for the whole 4000 miles are regular granite, or wooden blocks firmly rammed together on the principle of the Oxford Street pavement, we shall go to our slumbers in peace—but not till then.

An antiquarian has produced from a MS. in the British Museum, dated 1203, the following true oracle:—

"In eighteen hundred and forty-two
Four things the sun shall view,—
London's rich and famous town
Hungry earth shall swallow down;
Storm and rain in France shall be,
Till every river runs a sea;
Spain shall be rent in twain,
And famine waste the land again.
So say I, the Monk of Dree,
In the twelve hundredth year and three."

Harleian Collection, (British Museum,) 8006, folio 319.

Another is given, as from Dr Dee the astrologer. Dee was a very clever fellow, of whom we shall tell you something when we are less in terror of the earthquake. He was, we are afraid, a great deal of a knave, like many other clever fellows; and as his temper was, like that of all who understand the world, of the most accommodating order, he would have had no more objection to live by earthquakes than by picking pockets. The lines given to his pen, or rather tripod, are excellent in their way:—

"The Lord have mercy on you all,
Prepare yourselves for dreadful fall
Of house and land and human soul—
The measure of your sins are full;

In the year one eight and forty-two
Of the year that is so new ;
In the third month, of that sixteen,
It may be a day or two between.

Perhaps you'll soon be stiff and cold,
Dear Christian be not stout and bold ;
The mighty kingly proud will see
This comes to pass as my name's Dee."

1598. *M.S. in the British Museum.*

It is unlucky that the rhymes, in neither case, are in the British Museum, nor in any other, but in the head of the ingenious discoverer. But as they were excellent, and as no known living poet could produce their equal, let them fall as "treasure-trove" to the dead doctor.

Of course, we do not claim for the nineteenth century originality in earthquakes, or indeed in any thing else. It is the imitation age. Our ancestors were just as ridiculous a hundred years ago. Horace Walpole, that keenest of all the fools of fashion, the most philosophical of coxcombs, and the most delightful polisher of sneer and satires to the end of a long and utterly useless life, thus tells his tale in the most amusing of all possible collections of letters.

"Several families," he writes on the 2d of April, "are literally gone, and many more going to-day. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun

it, lest you should think I am laughing ; but it is so true that Arthur, of White's Club, told me last night, that he should put off the last ridotto, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. Dick Leveson and Mr Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford-house the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice, cried 'past four o'clock and a dreadful earthquake !' This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days, 730 coaches have been counted passing Hyde-park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day—"On Monday next will be published, price sixpence, a true and exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place, through fear of the earthquake." Several women have made earthquake gowns—that is, gowns to sit out of doors all night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose. She says all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But, what will you think of Lady Catharine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish ? The prophet of all this is a trooper of Lord Delaware's, who was yesterday sent to Bedlam."

MARRIAGE.

Lord Francis Egerton, has brought forward a measure to legalise the marriage of widowers with their wives' sisters. We have not now space to discuss the question, nor any desire to enter into a detail, whose very mention fills one with disgust. That there may be individuals who would choose to be at liberty to have their wives' sisters for mistresses, on a promise of marrying them when the wife was in her grave, we can understand ; because we perfectly know, that there are individuals who envy the Turk his Harem, and who would look for a convenient, cheap, and unsuspected Harem, in the familiarity sanctioned by custom with a wife's sister. That there are also sisters who would look forward to the decease of the wife, we have no doubt whatever ; and that the permission to

contract those odious marriages, would, in thousands of instances, turn the natural affection of the wife for her sisters into fear, exclusion, and jealousy ; while, on the other hand, in men of loose principles—and they are by no means a minority—the very possibility of a future union, would produce speculations injurious to domestic virtue, are to us matters of demonstration. The world is not too virtuous as it is, and what would be the natural result, if a husband were suffered to look on his wife's sisters, perhaps living in the same house, with the eyes of one who contemplated future matrimony ? The first precept of the matrimonial bond at the altar is, "that forsaking all others, the husband shall adhere to his wife in sickness and health, and all the general casualties of life." But what would

be the worth of his adherence, if his mind was roving round a circle of young women seated at his table? By a still higher authority, the husband is commanded "to cleave to his wife;" but what would be the value of this high and primitive command, if he was thinking of one of his wife's sisters as her substitute and successor? Or if we are to be told, what hinders him now from so casting his eyes on any woman?—the answer is, that though nothing may restrain a foolish or a profligate mind from such acts in general society, no other women are by custom placed in such immediate intercourse with him as those sisters; that the familiarity which would be an open offence in general society, is taken as an instance of simple kindness in such relationships; and that the opportunities which general society cannot be supposed to offer, form the natural course of that association which ought to subsist between relations at once so distinctly separated and so closely allied. We are perfectly convinced that the measure would produce bickering, suspicion, and even a tendency to gross vice, so far as it was practically realized.

The law of the land is against it. By that law, which is as old as the Reformation, marriage with a wife's sister was void, on application to the courts. The later law of 1835 merely made the old more stringent; enacting, that the children of such a marriage were inevitably illegitimate. Whereas, by the old law, if no application was made against their legitimacy before the death of the parents, it was established.

But the spirit of the still higher law of God is against it. In the 18th chapter of Leviticus, where the degrees of forbidden affinity are stated, it is distinctly said that a man must not marry his brother's wife on the decease of her husband: now, if this relationship prohibits matrimony, how much more strongly must the prohibition exist, where the relationship exists by a man's wife; a wife's being of all relationships the closest? The sister of the nearest of all possible relations; namely, that in which our being is made *one*, must be a nearer relation than the wife of that brother, who is a relation in only the secondary degree. And this reasoning has been held so valid, that the mar-

riage of a wife's sister or a husband's brother has never been suffered in the Christian church from the earliest ages. In the Jewish church, there was one excepted case, and that for a reason arising wholly out of the peculiar nature of property among the people. The original division of the land among the families was divine, and for the purpose of sustaining it, it was of importance that the proprietors should have offspring. It was therefore enacted, that if an Israelite died without offspring, his next unmarried brother should marry his widow, and thus be the possessor of the property, and the father of those who were to succeed to it, and keep up the existence of the family to after times. But this was a regulation obviously arising from circumstances, and distinctly commanded by heaven. In all the other instances, the licentiousness of which those minglings of relationship would naturally be the origin, was guarded against in the strictest manner; and, as an additional ground of prohibition, it was declared that those offences had been among the crimes which rendered the heathen guilty in the sight of Heaven, and which were, in fact, the immediate source of the tremendous punishment which was to destroy the Canaanites. Of Canaan, it was pronounced that for those iniquities—"The land itself vomiteth out her inhabitants. For all those abominations have the men of the land done, which were before you; and the land is defiled. That the land spew not you out also, when ye defile it, as it spewed out the nations that were before you. For whosoever shall commit any of those abominations, even the souls that commit them shall be cut off from among their people."

It is to be observed, that those prohibitions are founded not on Jewish ordinances, or any peculiarities connected with that people alone: the language which we have just quoted shows, that they were equally binding on nations who were not under the Jewish law, and who had known nothing of the law. They were a law of nature, essential to the common order of society in every land and time.

Why we are now to abrogate this original law, is the question. It is perfectly true, that the case of a wife's sister and husband is not mentioned by

name in the Levitical prohibition; but we say, that from the nature of the law that case is included; the connexion being actually nearer in consequence of the virtual identity of wife and husband.

But, even if the law of God or of man had never spoken, the absolute injury in some instances, and inconvenience in nearly all, would render it the fit subject for a prohibition.

A wife ought to have female society, if possible; but a wife who would suffer a handsome, gay, and agreeable young woman, who had nothing else to do than to attend to her beauty and her gaiety, to be constantly in the presence of her husband, would be at least injudicious, while there was a possibility of the husband's looking upon this gay personage as a future wife. But if this personage were one with whom, by no possibility, could marriage ever occur, the wife might enjoy female intercourse, without hazard from the confidence. This is now the condition of a wife having sisters. Those sisters are her friends, fond, constant, and cheering. She needs not shrink from their most familiar intercourse, nor dread to give them her fullest confidence, nor be startled by seeing her husband receive them with a kindness like her own. She has in them friends by nature, who, unlike the fickleness of other friends, can *never* interfere with her interests, rival her in the affections of her husband, or harbour a wish to see her removed. But let the possibility of their being rivals exist, and there is an end of the friendship and confidence of sisterhood; every common familiarity becomes an object of suspicion; and the whole would end in the breaking off all intercourse with her family. Of course, there are instances where all the members of a family would be superior to those suspicions; but we speak not of individuals, but of a country containing ten millions of females. We are further to recollect, that we are also speaking of a country in which there are millions of females of the lower orders, who are not restrained by the forms of high society, and who would be peculiarly exposed to the influence of this dangerous liberty.

Or, if it is argued that the sister of a deceased wife is the fittest to take charge of her children, we say, she may

be so, while she remains their *aunt*, but not when she becomes their step-mother, and has children of her own. The orphans then lose the advantage of having had an aunt, and exchange it for the more than doubtful superintendence of a woman with a family to provide for. As the law now stands, the wife's sister may remain the aunt, and extend her personal care to the orphans; by the proposed law, she would remain so no longer: the line of demarcation between the wife's sister and the widower's bride, has been swept away; and no woman can remain under the widower's roof, or even in confidential intimacy with his household, without exposing herself to the imputation of husband-hunting, or worse: and as to this no woman of character will submit, the children are virtually deprived of one of their nearest friends.

But suppose the aunt, now become a wife, to have children—in what relationship do they stand to the former family? In one point of view, they are first cousins—in another, they are brothers and sisters. Suppose they take a fancy to marry each other. Cousins may marry; brothers and sisters may not. What is to remedy this confusion? In the sight of Heaven, if there be any meaning in the words—"they two shall be *one flesh*," the sisters of the wife are the sisters of the husband; for husband and wife, by that declaration, are *one*. If a man may not marry his own sister, he may not marry the sister of his wife; and any violation of that law, instead of "relieving consciences, and taking off a yoke," as we are told by the pamphleteers who have been so busy on the occasion, would pollute consciences, and lay a new burden of discomfort, distrust, and vice upon society—a much heavier yoke than before.

What has raised this offensive question? Certainly no wish of the public; for it has been altogether unheard of till within some months. Certainly no national, religious, or moral necessity; for religious and moral men are all adverse to the topic. There is probably some individual secretly moving the whole machinery, who, having taken an inclination to his sister-in-law, and perhaps finding the lady unwilling to meet the penalty and contempt heaped upon the connexion.

desires to change the general law for his particular convenience. We believe it to have been wholly an individual affair, magnified by solicitors and scribblers into a national outcry. The press has been eagerly enlisted—a profusion of foolish and tiresome pamphlets have been privately sent in all directions, to propitiate the public indignation, and prevent the public judgment, beforehand; but all those pieces of sinister ingenuity must be thrown out of the scale, and Parliament, by sternly extinguishing the measure, must do justice to the law of nature, of necessity, and of religion.

Since those remarks passed from our indignation, the measure has passed from existence. The House of Commons, on the 16th, threw out the motion by 123 to 100. And the majority would probably have been ten times the amount, if there had been any serious apprehension in the house that the bill could ever pass. The practice on those hopeless motions is, unluckily for the right side, to go away to their dinners, or to dress for their balls, and leave the fate of the obnoxious measure to the rationality of the legislature. On the other hand, however, this easy style of letting things find their own level, is not always fortunate, for the wrong side are sure to be on the spot, to gather every man that can be gathered, and to throw their whole

force, raw and disciplined, radical or papist, into the field. Many a measure has been carried by mere activity on one side and mere negligence on the other, which the nation has had to pay dearly for. But all is over with the motion, and men may not yet marry their wives' sisters, which, to our mind, would be tantamount to marrying their own. If we are to be told of the evil which has resulted from the denial of this kind of promiscuous union, we say, let it be shown. Let us see where mischief has followed, not in small individual and capricious instances, but on a scale large enough to affect society, and justify a change in the legislation of eighteen hundred years. We can see a great deal of evil, as well as of discomfort, to both man and woman, in the license of such a connexion. For instance, take the simple and common case of a wife having sisters of inferior means to herself, and whom she therefore wishes to take under her roof. There are hundreds of such instances, and this shelter might be of the greatest advantage, or even of the most absolute necessity to those sisters. Yet, if this law were passed, how delicate and difficult a thing would it become to give that shelter! what painful feelings would arise from the possible hazard of raising a rivalry, and how often would that rivalry be realized!

STYLE.

There is the grand style, see Longinus on the Sublime, and there is the little style, for which see the oratory of the Whigs, and there is the style intermediate, or the sublime and beautiful, the style in which the virtues of "respectable butchers," of old ladies unknown, of heavy-pursed legatees to popular institutions, and of defunct functionaries of the Melbourne school, naturally find their record. Of this style a happy example has just appeared in one of the papers. Observe the deliciousness, the delicacy, the mystery, and the magniloquence:—

"We understand that Mr Bellamy, a gentleman so well known and highly esteemed by all who frequent the house of Commons, has sent in his *resignation of the offices*, which he has so long meritoriously filled, of housekeeper and keeper

of the refreshment rooms. We may mention, that Mr Bellamy was actually born in the house of Commons, 69 years ago, and that for very many years he has been engaged in active duty in the service of the House. This *resignation* will lead, we hear, to a *division* of the offices which he held. The refreshment rooms will be confided to the management of his son, Mr Edmund Bellamy, whilst the office of housekeeper is to be conferred upon a gentleman whose name we have heard, but which *we refrain from mentioning* until we learn that the appointment *shall have been formally made*.

Our first impression on reading this formal and melancholy announcement was, that we had lost one of the secretaries of state; but finding that none of them bore the name of the "resigned," we were driven to look among the other

principal persons about the Treasury, &c. &c. It turned out, however, that the spirit of resignation had not yet gone forth among them; and at last we were comforted by ascertaining that all the public alarm was only at the change of one honest maker and seller of coffee and buttered muffins for another. The plain truth, unblazoned by the colourings of imagination, being, that the coffeehouse keeper, to whose cups and beefsteaks the members of the House of Commons have, for half-a-century, been indebted for their creature-comforts, and whose simmering kettles and broiling gridirons formed so fortunate a relief from the dulness of debate, has given up his broiling

and boiling, and very properly retired, with a good character for coffee-making, and very probably a good sum in the savings' bank adjoining. We have no doubt, that he was a very suitable person to have stood behind his own counter; but still we hate to be frightened, and have no inclination to be called on to join in national sorrow for his withdrawal. The situation may have been given also into very suitable hands; but still we must object to the startling language, which made us mistake a change in the kitchen for a break-up of the cabinet, and the pacific retirement of an aged coffeehouse-man for the shock of a revolution.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

The labours of human ingenuity cannot be restrained, and all the present clamour against machinery is only a clamour against the exercise of the human understanding. But we have never been able to discover any practical use in all the Daguerrotype inventions, except in their having got the inventor a handsome pension from Louis Philippe. The process is certainly curious, pretty, and new. But we have never been able to hear of its producing any actual result, beyond the making of extremely indistinct copies of drawings, feeble imitations of the ciphers on buttons, and most terrific fac-similes of the human visage. Not that I should desire to act truculently on this occasion, and break up all the little zinc cups and saucers which cover so many ladies' thimbles with deposits of the "genuine copper," nor prevent any individual from having his lineaments exhibited in the most alarming deformity; but that the invention, though now of some half-dozen years' growth, is still so "little of its age," that it threatens to be a dwarf the longest day it lives. And this we shall admit to be the case with hundreds of inventions once much more promising. The balloon, for instance, has been half-a-century before the world's eye, and what has the world made of it after all? or who has been the better for it, but Mr Green, who is really a very clever climber of the clouds, but who has disappeared from fame since his offer of ballooning

it from America? We hope he is not drowned, gas and all.

The Daguerrotype system, however, is now superseded in its minor points, at least by younger rivals, and nobody seems to remember it, except, perhaps, the Chancellor of the French Exchequer. A new exhibition has just appeared in London, and with the advantage of a new title; a Mr Fox Talbot has applied himself to making it effective for taking likenesses, and this is the statement of an exhibition of his art a few days since by an operator employed for its display:—

"In effect, as far as the sitter is concerned, there is no material difference between the plan employed by him and that at Mr Beard's rooms in the Polytechnic Institution. The person whose likeness is to be transferred is required, but for a few seconds, to place his face in front of the glass of a camera obscura, and the light, a powerful one, impresses upon a piece of paper placed therein a fac-simile of the features, with this peculiarity, that the lights in the original are shadows in the copy, and, *vice versa*, the shadows in the original are lights in the copy. The position of the face is also reversed. This paper is afterwards turned down upon another piece of prepared paper, and by a simple process a complete transfer is made, the lights, shadows, and position being again reversed, so that the original appearance is reproduced. The portraits, those at least we have seen, are very satisfactory. There is a rough air of truth about them, which reminds one of the first, and sometimes the best, sketches of

the artist—a sort of free sepia, or, rather, lithotint drawing, full of broad effects and vigour. One of the advantages of the art is, that from the original portrait, any number of fac-simile copies may be taken—and an additional inducement is, that the charge is small.”

Such is the narrative of the *Morning Post*, and we have not seen the process; but the likenesses which have been produced, by the former system, are so absolutely fearful, that we have but little hope of ever seeing any thing tolerable from any machine. It must want colour, it must want living expression, it must want the play of features, which the pencil has the sin-

gular power of seizing and fixing; and its best likeness can be only that of a rigid bust, or a corpse. All expression, except that of fright, is impeded by the powerful glare to which the face must be exposed; for the eyes must be kept all but shut, and the features rigid and wrinkled to keep them so. We altogether doubt that any contrivance of the kind will produce a portrait half so good, natural, or expressive, as a decent artist might produce with a burnt stick. Still it is worth trying for a while—improving it, if it can be improved, and if *not*, worth throwing away or turning to button making.

THE POOR LAWS.

We hear a great deal about the sufferings of the common people; but we seldom hear of their opportunities of providing against those sufferings: yet they are many, and in many instances adopted with the most complete effect. The lower classes, for example, are exempt from three things which make the heaviest burdens of the middle order. They are not under the necessity of keeping up what is called an establishment of any kind; they are not perplexed with having servants to manage, feed, and pay; and they are not pressed upon by the expenses of their childrens' schooling, or the extreme difficulty of finding a profession for them. If the middle order were called to make out a case of hardship, they might find materials in their position, of a much more serious nature than the cottager with all his children working for him, his rent low, his employment regular, his occupation the healthiest of all, and his time profitably filled; or than the artizan, possessing all the advantages of the peasant, with the exception, however, of that best of all, health—produced by a life in the open air.

But we repeat that the phrase of the “labouring poor” is a gross mistake, wherever it is not a wicked fallacy; and, that in nine instances out of ten, it is used for the purpose of telling the peasant that his only remedy is, to *rob the rich*. We say that the labourer is not necessarily *poor*; while he has wages which meet his fair wants, he is virtually as rich as the owner of L.100,000 a-year, who has to spend

it all among the demands of rank, or chooses to lavish it on extravagance. Vanity has no bounds, but nature has set a measure to our real wants, and that measure is exactly the same for every class of society—the appetite for food and the necessity for clothing. The stomach of the man of L.100,000 a-year cannot consume an ounce of food more than the stomach of his footman, and seldom with so much enjoyment. Or, if we are to be told, that the work of the labourer and the artizan is precarious, we answer, that men should be prudent, and be prepared for its precariousness; that when the labourer or the artizan obtains high wages, he should remember the liability to change—that circumstances may throw him out of employ—that his master may become bankrupt—or he himself become unhealthy, and that he should not expend the whole of the earnings which are to sustain him in the day of illness or dismissal. But this dismissal seldom comes in agriculture—the good labourer will be valued and kept. Even in manufactories this precariousness is greatly exaggerated. If, on the building of a new factory, the ploughman choose to leave his plough, and hurries to the speculation, without enquiring whether it is the project of a man of property or a man of straw—if he throws up his regular half-crown a-day to get five shillings, and take his chance of seeing the whole affair in the *Gazette* the next six months—what is to blame but his own avarice? If he finds himself starving in the streets of Man-

chester, instead of sitting in his comfortable cottage, on his master's estate, after his day's work, and sitting as sure of his wages as if he had them in his hand, he has only to thank his own rashness, and perhaps his ingratitude.

But then we are told, how can any man support a wife and family upon twelve or fifteen shillings a-week? The true answer to this is, what right has any man, in any state of life, to have a wife and family, unless he knows beforehand that he shall be able to support them? It is not the case of the labourer alone, it is that of every man in every condition. The professional man who marries without having the means of supporting a family, exposes himself to exactly the same state of suffering with the ploughman, who, on his half-crown a-day, has condemned himself to feed a wife and half-a-dozen children. He is even in a worse condition, from his being unable to make his children earn any addition to the family subsistence. The country clergyman who marries imprudently, in the same sense, condemns himself to a struggle for life. The military man who marries without being prepared for the inevitable expenses of married life, may as well abandon his profession at once, for his whole career is almost surely but a progress from one privation to another. And this is so largely and painfully felt, that multitudes of professional men, as willing to marry as any peasant on earth, feel themselves altogether prohibited from marrying. And why should the peasant have more right to be improvident than all other men, or have any right whatever to make other men pay for his imprudence? For what is a pauper marriage but a direct demand—that other people should pay for his wife and children? Neither peasant nor gentleman should marry until he can keep his family from pauperism.

Yet, that all the lower orders are *not* imprudent, and that when they are inclined to be provident they have the means, to a remarkable extent, is demonstrated by the state of the savings' banks. The national amount actually funded from those deposits, is upwards of twenty millions of pounds sterling, and that amount is constantly increasing. The *weekly* payments to the savings bank of St Martin's parish in

London, have been stated at L.12,000. The Marylebone savings bank has already funded L.262,000, and is receiving a constant stream of gold. Every parish in the metropolis is constantly pouring in an accumulation of wealth, wholly the saving of the lower orders. On the other hand, the expenditures of those orders in *luxuries*—for to them gin and tobacco are as much to be classed under the head of useless and dangerous superfluities, as claret and champagne to their superiors—still continues on an enormous scale. The quantity of gin passing through the excise, has been stated as above the value of sixteen millions sterling a-year, and this, too, independently, of course, of all the smuggled gin the whole being drunk by the common people. The tobacco, the filthiest and most unwholesome of all indulgences, amounts to some millions. And all this without reckoning the whisky, the rum, and the beer consumed by them; or the brandy, the wine, the liqueurs belonging to the consumption of the higher orders. It is probable that the superfluous and deleterious luxuries of this complaining class, amount to little less than forty millions sterling a-year—a voluntary waste nearly equal to the whole public expenditure of the kingdom, or the whole interest of the national debt, leaving about ten millions surplus, which, if applied to the national debt itself, would clear the country of it in the course of the next fifty years.

These are the encumbrances which men lay on themselves, and we must not suffer them to shift the burden of their sottishness on our shoulders. This taste for low indulgences is at the bottom of almost every complaint. The London shopman walks the streets with a cigar in his mouth, half-a-dozen of which are his essential expenditure for the day; having thus disposed of one shilling, he finishes his evening at the half-price of the theatre, or the *Concert de Société*, which costs him another shilling, and winds up the whole with the tavern, which costs him a third. He then exclaims against the wretchedness of the times, which will not allow a gentleman more than a guinea a-week for his absolute necessities of existence.

The clamour against the Poor Laws is one which has existed in every

period since the days of Elizabeth ; for no legislation will ever reconcile the man who chooses to have all the indulgences of an idle life, to the restraints laid upon those indulgences by the men who have to pay for them.

Unquestionably there cannot be too much avoidance of all harshness in the administration of relief. But the expired Poor Laws had gone a length which actually threatened to throw the chief property of the land into the power of the paupers. The country was filled with instances of farms given up, because the holders were unable to pay the enormous poor-rates. Idle ruffians roamed every parish, insisting on extravagant wages, or throwing up their work altogether, because they could get "two shillings a-day from the parish for doing nothing." The poor-rates, even with little more than half our present population, had reached the fearful amount of eight millions sterling a-year, and they were advancing. This state of things must have ruined the country in a few years, and the whole must have closed in bankruptcy.

We are not enamoured of the present Poor Law, nor shall we ever be enamoured of any. The truth is, that a Poor Law is like a cantharides blister, perhaps useful to relieve an immediate pain; but at no time a pleasing application, and never to be confounded with a work of nature. A Poor Law is a direct contradiction to the principle, that man should be a provident animal; in all things providing for the coming time, providing in the day of activity against the day of decay, providing when in full possession of faculties, employments, and opportunities, against the time when the whole three may fail. This constitution implies self-constraint, diligence, prudence, and the general exercise of all the higher qualities of human nature; and thus the very precariousness of human things was evidently designed as a school for

the acquirement of vigour and virtue. But a Poor Law, or any law which makes poverty "a right" to public support, extinguishes, so far as it goes, this whole discipline. It takes from the drunkard, the idler, and the profligate, that only human guard against their vices, which is to be found in the dread of the consequences. We have actually heard it said by the drunkard, in answer to the remonstrance, "Do you not know that these habits of intoxication must ruin you?" "Well, I can only go to the workhouse after all." And this is not a single case. It operates to an immense extent; and is the feeling, and the answer, and the temptation, of tens of thousands. Those Poor Laws encourage the "strikes" of workmen, and provide an indemnity for that villanous spirit of combination which destroys trade: still we cannot get rid of them. And there are instances in which sudden loss of sight, loss of health, and various accidents which no prudence can perfectly anticipate, and which throw the sufferer as a burden on the common charity of man—for those, there ought to be some provision. And yet those cases are comparatively so few, that probably £10,000 a-year would meet their whole expense in England. The real burden consists, in our having to pay the workmen whom A or B chose to draw into his factory from their fields, and then discharged at an hour's notice, or to pay for the dozen children whom John Hobbs thought proper to give the public, without providing a dozen pence for their support. In all fairness, we might as well be called on to pay for the Duke of Devonshire's tenth coach and horses, if the ducal income entitled him to keep but nine. We feel for the poor as much as any man, but it is impossible to feel for those who despise all prudence, and take no rational step to avoid misfortune.

PASSAGES IN THE CAREER OF EL EMPECINADO.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL OF A COMRADE.

PART I.

So many writers, both military and others, have found materials for their pens in the Spanish wars of the last fifty years, that it may be thought the subject is waxing threadbare; and, with any other country, the supposition would, perhaps, not be very far from the truth. Not so, however, with Spain, where the strange mixture of barbarism and civilization, the wild and romantic character of the people, and their clinging adherence to ancient habits and customs, give to every-day life all the charms of fiction. The irregular mode of warfare, also, which the Spanish peasantry particularly affect, and in which they so soon become adepts, offers great scope and excellent ground-work whereon to erect amusing and striking narratives. There is no doubt, however, that the daring and often sanguinary exploits and strange adventures of many a Spanish guerilla, would, if collected, form a book not only more interesting on account of its truth, but more seemingly improbable, than any romance that has been written on the subject. So true is the saying of a French writer, that *le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*, and so often do events occur, in real life, exceeding in strangeness all that can be devised by imagination.

It is not, however, easy to get at such details. The movements of armies and the events of a campaign are matters of history; but the adventures of an humble guerilla leader, with his handful of men, are, for the lack of a chronicler, forgotten as soon as past, or at best, only remembered in the district where they occurred, or by persons who took a part in them.

The following sketches of the early career of one of the most remarkable and successful amongst modern guerilla chiefs are not to be looked upon as fictions. They are, in fact, translated extracts from the note-book of a Spaniard, still living, who stood side by side with the Empecinado, during more than one bloody day's fight; and bore his share of the perils of many a dashing enterprise, planned and executed by that fearless partizan.

At the commencement of the war of 1792, between Spain and the French Republic, a young man of seventeen or eighteen years of age enlisted in the cavalry regiment of *el Rey*. In the very first action in which he took part, he greatly distinguished himself; and having, by his headlong courage on that and subsequent occasions, attracted the notice of Ricardos, then commanding in chief, the latter made him his orderly. The dragoon, however, soon got wearied of his new and comparatively inactive life; the honour of riding behind the general, appeared to him a poor exchange for the excitement of the charge and the *melée*; and being, moreover, disgusted by one or two encounters in which his countrymen were worsted, he sought and received permission to separate himself from the army, and with a few comrades, who, like himself, were chiefly from the banks of the Duero, to form a sort of guerilla band in Catalonia. This he did, and was successful in cutting off detachments, and otherwise annoying the French. But peace being soon afterwards proclaimed, the young soldier, whose name was Juan Martin Diez, and surname the Empecinado, obtained his discharge, and retired to his native village of Castrillo-de-Duero, in the province of Valladolid.

There he continued to dwell until the commencement of the Peninsular war; sometimes occupying himself in the vineyards, digging and pruning the vines; at others collecting a certain local duty, which was imposed on all merchandise sold in the neighbouring district of the Cadena, and which duty belonged to the Duke of Ossuna. In the winter time, he would go into the mountains with his axe and a jackass, and having cut sufficient wood to load his beast, proceed to sell it at some neighbouring town. On one of those occasions an incident occurred which is worth relating here, as showing the extraordinary muscular strength of the Empecinado, who was probably unequalled, in that respect, by any man of modern times.

He was one afternoon on his road to the town of Aranda-de-Duero, with

a load of wood for sale, when he was laid hold of by the officers of justice, the wood in question consisting of roots of trees, the cutting of which is strictly prohibited by the Forest Laws of Castile. Outside the walls of Aranda, in the suburb of Endeduero, there existed at that time a sort of roofless stable, or pound, belonging to the town, in which it was customary to place all beasts of burden that were taken carrying contraband goods, until such time as they could be otherwise disposed of. In this pound, the Empecinado, the jackass, and the wood, were locked up till the next morning. It was a prison whence escape might be thought impossible; for south, east, and west, it was surrounded by a strong, smooth wall, fourteen feet high, and on the north side ran the river Duero, which, at that point and that season, could neither be forded nor swum; for it was deep, excessively wide, and withal the current so rapid, that whoever ventured in was certain to be instantly swept away. The entrance to the pound was through a massive door, well secured by lock and bolt. All this, however, did not discourage the Empecinado, who, knowing what was the penalty of his fault, and that the following day he would be condemned to lose his jackass, and moreover to pass a week or two in the town jail, set his brains to work to find out some means of escape. At length he hit upon a plan. With the aid of his knife, and by dint of hard labour and perseverance, he succeeded in cutting a number of large deep notches in the wall, to the top of which he was enabled to ascend by means of this staircase of his own construction. It would naturally be supposed, that he had now nothing to do but to let himself drop to the ground, and walk away; but the Empecinado was not one to abandon his friends in misfortune, nor had he any intention of losing the long-eared companion of his toils and captivity. After sitting a few minutes astride the wall, and examining the nature of the footing outside, he descended the staircase, and, taking off his *cenidor* or

broad sash, which was of knitted silk, very long and of great strength, he threw the jackass upon the ground, and tied his four legs together in the same manner that it is customary to tie lambs or calves. Then, by an exertion of his colossal strength, he got the animal on his shoulders, passing his own head and neck between the sash and the beast's belly, and with this tremendous load reascended the wall. Having got so far, he untied the legs of his ass, and, by means of the sash, contrived to lower him from the wall, and to break his fall to the ground, which the animal reached in safety. Then jumping down himself, he mounted his patient charger, and rode off to seek a hiding-place in the mountains near his village, until the affair should have been blown over.

The following morning, the alguazils repaired to the pound to fetch the Empecinado and his jackass, with the intention of placing the man in prison, and of selling the beast by auction in the public market-place. Great, however, was their astonishment, when, on unlocking the door, they found nothing but the load of wood—the two live inmates having disappeared. Every corner of the place was examined; but no trace could they find of the prisoners. Yet it was impossible to discover or conjecture the manner of their escape. The door was barred and locked as it had been left the night before, and it was known to be impossible to ford or swim the river. All that could be done was to make a report to the authorities of what had occurred. For some days nothing was talked of but this extraordinary escape; and at last the whole population of Aranda, including even the priests, came to the conclusion that the Empecinado had made a compact with the Evil One, and was neither more nor less than a sorcerer.

In the year 1807, the Empecinado was the successful bidder for the *primicias*,* or first-fruits of the village of Alcazaren. It so happened that for many years past the *hidalgo*, or squire of the village, had been the unopposed bidder, so that he had come to con-

* This impost of the first fruits was a part of the system of clerical extortion under which Spain so long groaned. A certain portion of the lambs and wool of the flocks were each year paid to the clergy, independently of the *diezmos* or tithes, which were also levied. Latterly a share in this tax was claimed by the kings of Spain, and conceded to them; and in order the better to effect the division, it became the custom to farm the first-fruits of each village or district to the best bidder.

sider it almost as a right that the said contract should fall to him, and was not a little surprised and enraged, when he learned that a man had been found bold enough to compete with and even outbid him. This hidalgo was a proud, passionate man, of gigantic height and great bodily strength, and had made himself feared and hated, not only in his own village, but in all the neighbourhood. Thinking it would be an easy matter to frighten the Empecinado, and to make him abandon the advantage he had obtained, he sought him out, and, assuming a high tone, threatened him with his anger and vengeance unless he gave up his right to the first-fruits. This the other indignantly refused to do. The hidalgo became furious, overwhelmed him with abuse, and at last, unfortunately for himself, struck him. No sooner did Diez feel the blow than he fell upon his adversary, and, seizing him by the middle, lifted him off his feet, and hurled him violently to the ground; then giving him a kick upon the head, which caused the blood to gush from his mouth, ears, and nostrils, he left him there half-dead. The noise of the quarrel, however, had by this time drawn the whole population of the village to the spot; and the alcalde himself appearing, gave orders to seize the Empecinado and detain him prisoner. But the latter unsheathed a long knife, and throwing the ends of his cloak over his shoulders, in order not to be so easily laid hold of, stalked fearlessly through the crowd, which opened a passage to let him pass; and no one caring or daring to lay hands upon him, the Empecinado returned in safety to his village. This exemplary punishment of a man who was a notorious oppressor of his poorer neighbours, made a great sensation throughout the whole surrounding country; and the esteem and respect in which the Empecinado was already held on account of his well-known courage and contempt of danger, and of his immense strength and activity, which caused him to be unrivalled at all athletic sports and games, were now increased tenfold.

But great events were preparing, and soon to come about, in the midst

of which it was not probable that a man of the Empecinado's vast energy of character, fiery passions, and ardent love of liberty, could either remain passive, or fail to find opportunities of distinction. The year 1808 arrived, and with it commenced the bloody strife that for seven years tore and distracted Spain—a strife of which the scars are even yet not entirely effaced, and during which the hosts of four contending nations made the fertile plains of the Peninsula their battlefield, its palaces and churches their barrack-rooms and hospitals.

The effect produced on the Spanish population generally, by the sudden invasion of the French, and the dethroning of their rightful monarch, was so stunning, that they for a time remained as it were stupefied, and unable to take measures for their deliverance from bondage. Such a state of things could not last long with a nation, yielding to none in enthusiastic love of country, and which, although it may have submitted, even up to a very recent date, to the tyranny of its sovereigns, has ever been conspicuous for its jealousy of foreign domination and interference. The French, however, were deceived by this apparent and momentary calm, which they took to proceed from the apathy and indifference of a degraded people, too long habituated to slavery to care much who it was that tyrannized over them. In this persuasion, and considering themselves in perfect security, they walked about the conquered provinces, giving themselves all the airs of lords of the soil. Provisions, stores, and even specie, were sent hither and thither with little or no escort—despatches forwarded and messages conveyed by single dragoons. But the Spaniards were not long in rousing themselves from their temporary inaction; stung by the excesses of a brutal soldiery, innumerable parties of guerillas took the field, and even those men, who, on account of their families, could not entirely desert their homes, would band together by threes and fours, and make short excursions *a matar Francses*, as it was then called, literally, to kill Frenchmen.*

One afternoon, in the early part of

* It is necessary to be acquainted with the Spanish language, fully to appreciate the scoffing hatred and indifference to human blood, so long as it was French, implied in

1808, a sergeant and private of French dragoons arrived in the village of Castrillo-de-Duero. They had orders from the colonel of the regiment to which they belonged, and which was quartered in the district of Penafiel, to demand rations and forage for the corps from the above-named village, and also from those of Fuentecen and Nava de Roa. After the sergeant, with all the arrogance of his small authority, had informed the alcalde of the quota Castrillo would have to contribute, he announced his intention of passing the night there, and of proceeding the next day to Fuentecen, which was some way further on the same road. Billets were delivered to him for himself and the soldier, and both forthwith proceeded to the quarters assigned them.

The family on which the sergeant was quartered, consisted of an elderly man, his wife, and their only daughter, a handsome girl of about twenty years of age. They received the stranger hospitably, and after an invitation to partake of their supper which was then preparing, the daughter went to show him the room he was to occupy. Unfortunately the sergeant, who was a Languedocian, and a fervent admirer of the softer sex, had acquired in the regiment the name of *un homme à bonnes fortunes*, owing to the distinction which his huge black mustaches and whiskers had procured him amongst the fair and sentimental women of Germany. He probably thought it incumbent upon him to keep up his reputation in the very different latitude in which he now found himself, and imagined that he could not begin better than with the buxom damsel who was guiding him to his dormitory. However that may have been, not two minutes had elapsed since he and his conductress had left the kitchen, when the old people heard a violent noise and scuffle overhead, and an instant after their daughter stood before them, her eyes flashing through the tears that suffused them, her cheeks crimson with passion,

and the expression of her face and attitude of her person, indicative of the most violent and unrestrained fury.

"*Que hay, que hay? hija?*" What is all this, Juana?" enquired her mother, advancing towards her.

"The *Frances* has insulted me," replied she. "*El cobarde!* Were Diez here, I should soon be avenged. Had I had a knife I would have stabbed him. As it is, I have shown him what it is to insult the *querida del Empecinado*. *Adios, madre;* I will sleep this night at Catalina's, and return to-morrow when that cowardly foreigner is gone." And so saying she left the house.

Scarcely had she done so, when the dragoon entered the kitchen, grinding between his teeth one of those *sacrrrrr's*, which Frenchmen, when angry, ejaculate with what might be termed twenty R power. He had evidently had the worst of it in his scuffle with the fiery damsel, who had just taken her departure, for his face was much scratched and bruised, his hair bore traces of having been violently pulled, and a portion of one whisker had disappeared, which, judging from the bleeding condition of the cheek, must have been torn up by the roots.

"Where is that she-devil?" cried he, accompanying his enquiry by a volley of profane oaths and indecent abuse, which it is unnecessary here to recapitulate.

As he spoke a mixture of French, bad German, and worse Spanish, the persons he addressed partly did not, and partly would not, understand him. This, however, served them but little, for when the enraged soldier found it impossible to express his anger in a language intelligible to them, he took his sheathed sabre, and proceeded to apply its flat to the shoulders of his unfortunate host and hostess, who, after much ill treatment, at length managed to escape from the kitchen, leaving it and their supper in possession of their brutal inmate.

At daybreak on the following morn-

this sentence. A Spaniard going out shooting will very commonly say, instead of "*voy a cazar,*" I am going to shoot or hunt, "*Voy a matar liebres, voy a matar jabalis,*" I am going to kill hares, I am going to kill wild boars, as the case may be. In like manner, at the period referred to in the above sketch, the peasant who took his *escopeter* from its corner, and, after ramming down a ball-cartridge, instead of its more peaceful and usual charge of shot, walked out to waylay some straggling enemy, would reply to the enquiry of whither he was going, "*voy a matar Franceses.*"

ing, the dragoons left Castrillo, and a few hours afterwards, Juana having returned home, the three persons composing the family were again assembled in their kitchen, the usual sitting room of Spaniards of that class, especially in villages and country places. The old people were still suffering from the ill usage they had received, and their daughter was sad at the reflection that she had been unable fully to avenge herself on the Frenchman for his insulting attempt of the previous evening. Presently a footstep was heard in the corridor, and an instant afterwards, a man leaned over the half-door of the room, and gave the good-day to the party within. The dress of the new comer was concealed under the large cloak indispensable to every Castilian, and the broad-leafed, low-crowned hat of the province covered his head. His countenance had a stern, resolute expression, which was softened down by a frank and not disagreeable smile as he nodded to Juana. Large wiry mustaches shaded his upper lip, an abundant beard covered his chin and part of his cheeks, and a mane of strong black hair, twisted like the tendrils of a vine, fell down upon his neck. His age was apparently about thirty, perhaps a year or two more; and when he threw off his cloak on entering the room, he displayed, under the dress of a peasant, a form and limbs evidently possessed of great strength.

"*Que tal, Juanita?*" said the Empecinado, (for he it was,) approaching his mistress and taking her hand. "How goes it, my girl, and what have you to say to me after my three days' absence from Castrillo? You seem to welcome my return with a somewhat mournful countenance. But how now! what is the matter?" continued he, looking her hard in the face; "you have been weeping—and your mother too. Good people, some one of you be kind enough to tell me what has happened so to distress you."

Juana hastened to give her lover an account of what had occurred the night before, the insults offered to herself, and the ill treatment of her parents, which was indeed sufficiently visible, the old man having his head bound up in consequence of the injuries he had received. As she proceeded with her narrative, the blood mounted into the Empecinado's face,

not as a transient flush, but steadily, and by degrees, till his forehead and cheeks were of a deep, fixed crimson; his beard and mustache appeared to bristle out more fiercely than usual, and his hands unconsciously grasped the back of a chair, till the tough and solid oaken bars cracked and splintered in his gripe. Before his mistress had finished, he started from his seat, and stamped on the ground with a violence that shook the house.

"How long," exclaimed he, "are these infernal Frenchmen to ride over us roughshod? Are we for ever to see our women insulted, our houses plundered, and our old men ill used, by these cowardly oppressors, and we ourselves look on passively and contentedly?"

He paused for an instant, as though reflecting, then striding across the room, he threw himself on his knees before a crucifix that hung in a recess of the wall.

"*Juro,*" said he in his deep sonorous voice, "*Juro por Cristo y Su santissima madre,* and by all the saints, I swear to hunt down these bloody invaders, to slay and destroy them by every means in my power, and never to desist till my country is freed from their odious presence—till not the print of a Frenchman's foot remains upon Spanish soil." Then rising from his kneeling position, and turning with a calmer air to the three persons present, "Bear witness to my vow," said he, "and if ever I break it, point me out to general execration, as a perjured traitor to my country. And now can you tell me whither has the ruffian who was here last night betaken himself?"

"To Fuentecen," was the reply.

"'Tis well," said the Empecinado with a meaning smile, and resuming his cloak, he walked out into the village.

At a certain distance from Castrillo, and in the direction of the town of Penafiel, is a wild and lonely pass, known by the name of El Salto del Cavallo, or the Horse's Leap. The road at this particular spot is hemmed in between the Duero, even there a broad and rapid stream, and a long low mountain, the base of which is only a few yards from the river's brink. The ascent of the hill being gentle, and the slope sufficiently gradual to allow a man to run or horse to gallop up it, the pass could hardly

have been considered a dangerous one, had not the nature of the ground, which was broken into small ravines, and sprinkled with clumps of trees and bushes and large masses of rock, afforded admirable cover for an ambuscade, and offered great advantages to the attacking party, even should the attacked be very superior in number. Many huge blocks of stone had, at some former period, rolled down the hillside, and were now lying at its foot, so thickly strewn, and some so close together, that the traveller passing along the road might almost have taken them, covered as they were with moss and lichens, for the ponderous remains of some ancient wall. Both the pass and the hill were celebrated in the country round, as having been the scene of many exploits of Melero, Chafandin, and other renowned brigands, who, during the early part of the reign of Charles IV. made themselves dreaded throughout the whole of Castile.

About noon on the day following that of their departure from Castrillo, the two French dragoons were seen approaching the Salto del Cavallo, on their return to the head-quarters of their regiment. Their absence had lasted rather longer than was absolutely necessary to perform the duty on which they had gone, and they had seemingly been riding hard to make up for it; for the horses were warm, and they were now walking them quietly along the road, to give them breathing time. The sun shone brightly on the burnished helmets and accoutrements of the men as they rode along side by side, talking of *la belle France*, or of their past campaigns, and as little suspicious of danger on this wild road, and in a partially conquered and hostile country, as though they had been escorting Napoleon from Paris to St Cloud. At a short distance from the pass, the dragoon noticed that his horse's girths were slack, and dismounted to tighten them, whilst the sergeant rode on at the same deliberate pace as before. As the latter arrived at a narrower part of the road, he perceived, about a hundred yards before him, a goat standing on a fragment of rock, and making a hearty meal of the young leaves and branches of a wild honeysuckle.

"A good mark;" exclaimed the sergeant, and at the same time unbuck-

ling the carbine which was slung to his saddle. "It belongs, no doubt, to some of those surly peasants, who look as black when we pass their door as though they would stab, if they dared." And taking a steady aim, he pulled the trigger, and the poor animal, whose breakfast was thus rudely interrupted, rolled bleeding from the little elevation on which it stood.

An instant later—it might almost be said simultaneously with the sharp crack of the carbine—another report, far deeper and louder, was heard; and, struck by three balls in the head, the Frenchman fell from his horse, and was dead before he touched the ground.

The dragoon who had remained in the rear was trotting up to rejoin his comrade, and was about fifty yards behind him, when he fell. As he struck spurs into his charger to gallop to his companion's assistance, a shot was fired at him, which, however, owing either to its being badly aimed, or to his sudden increase of speed, took no effect. The soldier pulled his horse up sharply, and faced him towards the hill, which was the direction whence the shot came. Seeing the smoke rising from amongst some trees, only a few paces from where he stood, he sought out a gap in the rocks, which bordered the foot of the mountain, and passing through it, galloped up the ascent in pursuit of a man of whom he now caught a full view, and who, with a *trabuco* or blunderbuss in his hand, was running at the top of his speed along the side of the hill.

Had not the broken and uneven character of the ground been less favourable to a mounted man than to one on foot, the chase must have been a very short one; for the start which the fugitive had obtained was small, and his pursuer, mounted on a light active beast, which he managed well, doubled and turned almost as rapidly as the man he was galloping after. The latter indeed had some most fortunate escapes. Could he have left his pursuer at sufficient distance to have had time to reload his *trabuco* before he came up, he might quietly have waited for him, for he would then have had his life in his hands. But a *trabuco* is not loaded quite so quickly as a musket, nor with a cartridge ready prepared. Once he made the attempt;

but the powder was scarcely rammed down when his enemy was upon him, and hurling away his fire-arm with a bitter curse, he had just time to jump into a small stream, which being too wide to leap, and the banks for some distance too high and steep for a horse to scramble up or down, the Spaniard again got the start of his foe. At another time the dragoon was within thirty yards of him, and to avoid death appeared impossible. The sabre was brandished, and in a few moments would inevitably have descended on the head of the fugitive, when the latter found himself on the brink of an excavation, whence gravel or sand had been taken. He sprang, without hesitation, down some fifteen or twenty feet, and before the Frenchman, who did not choose to make his horse take the same jump, could ride round to a more accessible part of the pit, he had time greatly to increase the distance between them.

At length, however, the strength and speed of the agile peasant began to flag; he no longer skimmed over the turf and heather, and leaped ditches and other impediments with the lightness of a deer, but seemed rather to drag his legs after him than to run; and although he still kept on, and still showed the same skill in doubling, and winding, and leading his pursuer into the worst places for a horse, it was evident, from his panting chest and whole appearance, that the race would soon be over. They were now upwards of a mile from their place of starting, and owing to the uneven ground, had long been out of sight of it. Suddenly, a loud shout, repeated by the echoes of the mountain, caused both pursued and pursuer to cast a glance behind them, and at a short distance in their rear they beheld, the one with feelings of infinite joy and relief, the other with astonishment and dismay, the Empecinado mounted on the horse of the French sergeant, whose long straight broadsword he carried naked in his hand as he advanced at full gallop to the assistance of the fugitive.

The dragoon instantly abandoned the prey he was following, and leaving the rough ground amongst which the chase had led him, made at once for the high road. But his horse's flanks were covered with foam, and the animal was not a little distressed

by his last half-hour's work, which was of a kind he was not accustomed to, whilst the steed on which the Empecinado was mounted, at all times the faster of the two, was comparatively fresh. Finding then that it was impossible to escape by flight, the Frenchman halted on a piece of level ground at the foot of the mountain, and coolly awaited the coming up of his adversary; probably not anticipating much risk in an encounter with a peasant, who could not be supposed very skilful in the use of the sabre, and who nevertheless did not seem inclined to have recourse to any other weapon. He soon found, however, when the Empecinado, galloping up fiercely, attacked him, that he had to do with a better swordsman than himself, and one possessed of a far stronger arm. But a few blows had been exchanged, when the Spaniard, parrying a cut with such violence as almost to force the sword out of the soldier's hand, replied to it by a thrust which sent his broad strong blade nearly through his adversary's body.

On the evening of the same day, the Empecinado and his brother Manuel—for he it was who had accompanied him on his expedition—returned in triumph to Castrillo, mounted on the horses, and equipped with the arms, of the dragoons, whose bodies they had thrown into the Duero. The Empecinado immediately proceeded to the house of his dulcinea, and there related the events of the morning, the ample vengeance he had taken on the man who had insulted her, and whose sword he brought her as a trophy.

That night was passed by Diez in his native village; but the die was cast—the woodman's axe and vine-dresser's knife were now to be exchanged for the carbine and sabre, the snug chimney-corner and well-roofed dwelling for the bivouac on the mountain-side, with the clouds for a covering. At daybreak the two brothers mounted their horses, and went out upon the high-road *a matar Franceses*.

Such was the first effort of one of the most formidable partizans opposed to the French during the whole of the Peninsular war; and thus did the brutality of a soldier, and an insult offered to a woman, raise them up an enemy who caused French blood to flow in torrents, and, in the true spirit of his

oath, neither flinched nor paused till the invaders of Spain were driven across the frontier.

About a month had elapsed since the incidents above narrated. Some two hours after daybreak on a bright sunny morning, five-and-thirty mounted men were marching along a country lane or cross-road, which, at a short distance further on, led into the highway from Valladolid to Madrid. At the head of the party rode the Empecinado, who had already succeeded in collecting around him a score of fine active fellows, burning to avenge the wrongs of their country on its detested invaders. Many of them had joined without horses; but their leader soon managed to mount them upon cattle, whose former riders, when they had passed through his hands, had more occasion for coffins than chargers. The other fifteen troopers, who made up the party, did not belong to the same band; but acknowledged as their chief a young man of two or three and twenty, who was riding at the right hand of the Empecinado, and offered a striking contrast to him in appearance. Several inches taller than that partizan, whose stature scarcely exceeded the middle height, his slender and well-proportioned form appeared almost fragile, when compared with the tremendous shoulders, bull neck, and herculean limbs, of Martin Diez, whilst his smooth face, only set off by a small and beautifully pencilled mustache, had a feminine look beside the black bristly beard which concealed a large part of his companion's countenance. His features, however, wore a determined expression, and as he sat firm and upright in his saddle, managing a fiery Andalusian with perfect ease and grace, it would, perhaps, have been difficult to find a prettier model of a dragoon. Such was Mariano Fuentes, a native of the same province as the Empecinado, and who, like him, courageous to temerity, and indignant at the oppressions and cruelties of the French, had commenced raising a guerilla corps for the purpose of harassing the enemy, to whom he had already caused some damage, by intercepting despatches, and cutting off small convoys, on the high-road between Burgos and Valla-

dolid. The two bands having met, their leaders had agreed to unite, in order, by thus increasing their force, to be able to undertake more important enterprises than they could otherwise have done.

"I am much mistaken," said a man who was riding immediately behind Fuentes, to his comrade—"I am much mistaken if we have not some work upon our hands before the day is a great deal older."

"And, pray, what are your reasons for thinking so?" asked Fuentes, who had overheard the remark, and was accustomed to repose much confidence in the speaker, not only on account of his cool courage in the field, but also of his acuteness and natural qualifications for the life of a guerilla.

The man, who went by the *nom de guerre* of El Pescador, or the fisherman, replied frankly and readily to the question of his chief—"Only one reason have I, *mi capitán*, but it is a good one, though I daresay you will laugh at it. There is a smell of Frenchmen in the air. You must often have seen how birds of prey will scent a dead horse for miles off. I am like the vultures in that respect, with the difference that they scent the *dead*, and I the *living* carrion: a whole regiment might be lying bayoneted in the next field, and I know nothing of it; but put me within half-a-day's march of a live Frenchman, and the foul rank stench of the accursed *gavacho** will rise to my nostrils immediately, and wellnigh suffocate me. It is some such odour that has been coming down to us all the morning upon this westerly breeze."

There was a laugh amongst those who overheard the speech of El Pescador, who was considered a sort of privileged person in the troop.

"If your words come true, my friend," said the Empecinado, "I promise you a brace of golden ounces for your prophecy; though my purse is getting low, and I must find some means to replenish it."

As he spoke, the little band reached the end of the lane, and filing out of it, gladly exchanged the rough stony ground over which they had been

* *Gavacho*, a term of contempt, first applied to the French during the Peninsular war, and by no means out of use in Spain even at the present day.

marching, for the hard and level *camino real*. Parallel to the part of the high-road they had entered upon ran the river Duero, across which, a mile or two further on, a bridge was thrown at a spot where the river traversed the road. It was in this direction that the guerillas continued their march, nothing unusual occurring till, upon turning an angle in the road, they found themselves within musket-shot of the bridge of Arandilla. Emerging from the adjacent village of Milagros, and the foremost files just setting foot upon the bridge, was a detachment of thirty French hussars, escorting a travelling carriage, in which was seated one of Murat's cabinet couriers.

"*Viva Espana! Viva la Independencia!*" shouted the Empecinado, when, after forming his men so as to present the largest front the width of the road would allow, he and Fuentes placed themselves at the head of the troop, and charged down upon the French, who advanced in similar order to meet them.

The two parties, thus suddenly opposed to each other, were about equal in point of number, nor was there any great disparity in other respects. If the hussars were better drilled and disciplined, and understood the management of their weapons better than the majority of their opponents, on the other hand, the guerillas, generally speaking, were heavier and stronger men, and mounted on more powerful horses. When the shock of the charge took place, the French line remained serried and unbroken; but although the Spaniards did not preserve so even a front, they receded not a step, and for some minutes a hard fight, hand to hand, took place in the broad open part of the road where they had met. There was much din and clashing of sabres, and some bad wounds had been given and received on both sides, although as yet no saddles were empty, when the Empecinado, impatient of so protracted a contest, placed himself at the head of eight or ten of his best men, and by a desperate charge, broke the hitherto impenetrable line of the French, passing right through their little squadron, and nearly annihilating the front rank. The officer commanding, seeing that all was lost, and retreat by way of the bridge cut off, left the road, accompanied by three of his

men, and fled in the direction of the river, with the intention of fording it. The Empecinado followed them alone. It so happened, however, that the river had recently overflowed its banks, and although the waters had subsided, the adjacent fields were, for the time, converted into deep sloughs. Thus, when the fugitives entered a verdant meadow, bordering the river, their horses suddenly sank up to the girths in the deceitful mud, and all the efforts of the riders were insufficient to extricate them. Almost at the same moment, the Empecinado came up at a furious pace, and clearing a low hedge, his horse not only plunged himself deep into the bog, but also fell on his side, in such a manner, that his master was partly under him. The softness of the ground rendered all attempts to rise on the part of either horse or man utterly fruitless, and there lay the Empecinado, rage in his heart, and imprecation on his lips, cursing the horse, the river, the swamp, and, above all, the four Frenchmen, who, sitting on their horses at fifty yards' distance, and unable to get away, began to fire their carbines and pistols at their prostrate enemy. Luckily the Empecinado was a good deal protected by the position in which his horse had fallen, and several shots were fired without effect. The distance was too short, however, for such good-luck to have lasted long, when, fortunately, the succour of which he stood so much in need arrived. For some time his absence had not been observed by any of his men, still engaged as they were with what remained of the French, who, finding themselves hemmed in on all sides, made a most desperate resistance, and, knowing they need expect no quarter, fought to the very last. The swamp, also, was at some distance from the scene of the conflict; but at length the man called El Pescador happened to turn his eyes that way, and, at a glance, saw what was going on, and the imminent peril of the Empecinado. Leaving the *mêlée*, he hastened to his assistance, urging his horse to the very top of his speed so long as the firm ground lasted, and then creeping cautiously and unseen along the edge of the swamp, until he arrived in rear, and within easy shot of the Frenchmen, who, unsuspecting of his approach, were reloading their fire-arms, preparatory to another volley

at the Empecinado. The latter, when he first found himself in so dangerous a situation, had shouted for aid; but even his powerful voice being unheard at that distance and amidst the noise of the fight, he soon desisted, and lay perfectly motionless, his teeth set, and his eyes fixed sternly on the enemy. Whether, at that terrible moment, regrets for the pleasant world he was about to leave, or anticipations concerning his fate in a future and unknown one, most occupied his mind, it would be difficult to say; but certain it is, that no dread of the inevitable death that awaited him—offering, as he did, an unresisting and easy mark to four of his deadly foes—could be discerned on the bold front of the Empecinado.

El Pescador saw that no time was to be lost. Unslung his wide-mouthed trabuco, and fixing its butt under his arm to avoid as much as possible the violent recoil which the heavy charge carried by that murderous description of weapon occasions, he fired. One of the hussars rolled over in the mire, and another (the officer) fell forward on the neck of the grey charger he bestrode, whose long mane was soon soaked and dabbled with his rider's blood. The two who were unhurt, turned in their saddles and discharged their carbines at this new assailant, who laughed as the bullets whistled by his ears, and began coolly to reload his gun. Before, however, another shot had been fired on either side, Fuentes and a number of guerrillas came galloping down. The skirmish on the road had been finished by the extermination of the French, except one or two who had managed to break through and escape, nor was there now much mercy shown to the two unfortunate hussars who still remained in the marsh.

With no small difficulty was the Empecinado released from the muddy prison in which his career had so nearly been brought to a premature termination. At length he, his horse, and those of the French troopers,

were got out, and the party returned to the high-road. Before they arrived there, however, the Empecinado held out to El Pescador a small but well-filled leather bag.

"I would it were ten times as weighty," said he, "and even then it would ill repay the service you have done me. I have more than once wished that death might find me with feet in stirrups and sabre in hand, and to-day my wish was near being accomplished; but then I meant it to be on some hard-fought field, with my horse's hoofs stamping the turf, and not caught in the mud like a sparrow with bird-lime."

El Pescador shook his head with a sort of comic gravity. "Not so, senior," was his reply: "the two ounces you promised me this morning I will take; but as for being paid for so agreeable a thing as shooting a brace of Frenchmen, it would be unreasonable. If in doing myself a pleasure I saved the life of the Empecinado, *major!* Besides, I am thinking, we shall find something to line our pockets in yonder carriage, more valuable than the carcass of that greasy courier who sits there like one in an ague fit."

This last supposition proved to be correct. The berline contained, besides several packets of despatches, a large sum in gold coin. Taking possession of their booty, and leading with them the now riderless horses of the French cavalry, the party, after a short consultation between the Empecinado and Fuentes, resumed their march in the direction of the Pinares de Coca—a tract of wild mountainous country covered with pine woods, where they could remain in safety, until the wounds received in the conflict were cured, and recruits collected to mount the captured horses. Here, also, the money found in the carriage was divided, and for some days the barns and cottages in which the troop was quartered re-echoed with the clattering of wine pots, and the joyous songs of the light-hearted guerrillas.

ODE ON THE CEREMONIAL AT WINDSOR, 25TH JANUARY 1842.

By B. SIMMONS.

I.

BOLDLY brilliant from afar,
 Like a mountain-lifted star—
 Like a splendour from the sun,
 Splinter'd when the west was won—
 Like the flash with which the moon
 Looks above the hills of June—
 WINDSON, from its stately height,
 Sheds a glory through the night,
 Banishing from winter's plain
 Half the horrors of his reign!
 See, where winding far below,
 Thames has caught the rosy glow,
 As the radiance gleams along
 Towers and trees of holy song,
 Distant Eton's antique towers,
 Windsor's fadeless forest-bowers:—
 Now the lustre has reveal'd

Solemn scene as verse e'er vaunted—

The dusky slope of that Immortal Field
 By spectral memories of the Mighty haunted—†
 Their memories—a stern, devoted band
 Upon that spot tyrannic fraud defied,
 Flung out their pennons, bared each battle-brand,
 And met the bursting of Oppression's tide,
 And, like a bulwark, roll'd it back and said,
 "Here shall thy billows, Sceptred Power, be stay'd!"

II.

Ye shadowy Barons! Chieftains grim!
 Fit to be Fathers of the Free!
 'Tis joy upon that meadow dim
 To crowd your phantom chivalry—
 And deem yon broad triumphal blaze
 Glares not unwelcome on your gaze:
 The kingly Race you curb'd not quell'd,
 Through good and ill your CHARTER held—
 For well your sons from age to age
 Preserved the glorious heritage:
 If Albion then yon flame may view
 With joy to-night—high praise to You!
 Those lights—no fear-watch'd, boding sign
 To plunder'd burgher, trampled boor—
 From the old Norman's towers that shine,
 Where princes pledge the festal vine,
 Announce the Norman's tameless line
 Shall like his towers endure!

III.

Hark, borne afar on breezy swells,
 How LONDON peals her jocund bells!
 Joy to the Land! Its fair-hair'd Daughter,
 The sea-kings' long-descended child—
 Whose youth, o'er waves of ebbing slaughter,
 Rose like the Bow of Promise mild,
 The symbol of approaching years
 Undimm'd by blood, unstain'd by tears,—
 She whose slight grasp might scarce sustain
 The dreadful trident of the main,

* The subject of Gray's *Ode*, and Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

† Runnimede—within sight of Windsor.

Did not Renown and patriot Pride
 Like couching lions guard her side—
 Even she earth's human lot has shared,
 The depths of love and anguish dared,
 Has felt death's clouds dissolve in joy,
 And wept meek woman's tears above her first-born boy.

IV.

Night melts to morn, and rapture's smiles
 The gloom of doubtful Fear has riven—
 Unto the people of the isles
 A child is born, a son is given !
 And now where o'er yon topmost tower
 St George's standard greets the Breeze,
 (That comrade true who on the seas
 Has piped its battle-kindling power
 Through thrice a hundred victories,) While with acclaiming cannon rent
 Resounds each hoary battlement,
 By herald's cry and blast of tromp,
 The land has marshall'd all its pomp,
 There throng'd in one illustrious show
 Rank, beauty, wisdom, valour, go
 Before God's altar undefiled
 To lay that hope-encircled child,
 And with exulting hymn and prayer
 Enroll him Christ's true soldier there.
 Naming him with a name, that heard
 In after years, the listener's brow
 Will brighten, and his heart be stirr'd
 As Alfred's, Edward's stirs it now.

V.

And lo!—the shrine before them—
 They pause, the centre of resplendent crowds,
 While, like a firmament of sunset clouds,
 The purple banner'd aisles are bending o'er them,
 In this contrasting hour
 Of feebleness and power,
 As o'er that infant, with uplifted hands,
 In act to bless, the solemn prelate stands.
 Lord of the earth and skies !
 Bid, to the dazzled eyes
 Of Him who dares to grasp the lyre,
 Whose shatter'd long-neglected chords
 Once echoed the immortal words
 That gush'd from SPENCER'S soul or DRYDEN'S lips of fire,*
 —The Future's cloudy portals open fly !
 Grant him that boy's yet dateless reign to read—
 To grasp the shadows gliding slowly by
 Of many a coming fame and high heroic deed !
 Give him to know who o'er the plain
 Of shouting ocean yet shall sweep—
 (King Albert's ensign at the main)—
 The SECOND NELSON of the Deep ! †

* *Dum relego scripsisse pudet*, and some peevish critic may here exclaim—

“ And must that lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like thine ! ”

The glorious names of Spencer and Dryden are to be found in the ill-assorted list of those who, from Chaucer to Southey, filled the office of laureate. Nor should Warton be forgotten, to the sounding energy and spirit of whose melodious versification we are indebted for much that is noble in the poetry of his admirer—Sir Walter Scott.

† The wish that the future sovereign of Great Britain should bear the name of some of the Kings his illustrious predecessors, was, it is believed, pretty general. A recent order in council has, however, settled the matter.

Or who o'er Gaul again shall wield
 Dead WELLINGTON's tremendous shield ;
 And when the hurricane has past
 That round his country burst and raved,
 Like WELLINGTON shall to the last
 In council serve the throne he saved !
 Vain is the minstrel's wish, as bold—
 The Unknown's dread gates keep fast their fold ;
 Yet wrapt in spirit may we see
 The greatness pre-ordain'd to be.
 And thou who left'st broad PRUSSIA's sway
 To pledge thy faith for him to-day !
 We take thy gage, that England's heir
 His distant diadem shall wear
 Worthy of thee, the friend from youth
 Of the unconquerable Truth—
 Worthy his sire's great fathers—those
 Beneath whose buckler's generous shade
 The Moses of the Gentiles rose
 In LUTHER's dauntless form array'd.*
 —That in his realm, as now in thine,
 Long-drooping art shall cease to pine—
 And outcast taste and genius *then*
 Be seen in Britain's court again !
 So shall his bright propitious time
 Be sung by future bards sublime,
 Whose proud, unpurchasable lays
 Pour'd from the harp-strings boldly free,
 Shall teach the world that princes' praise
 Best soars in hymns to liberty.
 Then, Sceptred BRANDENBURG, thy name
 In memory still shall blend with his,
 As year on year his gathering fame
 Redeems thy promises !

VI.

Go now—— the choral waves that roar
 From the vast Organ's pealing shore
 In melody, proclaim the gorgeous rite is o'er—
 Frank-hearted monarch—go—receive,
 All besides love the land can give !
 Belt to thy side the knightly sword—
 St George's garter to thy knee,
 And dearer be thy knightly word
 Than empire's orb to thee !
 Still let that Order's rules, o'er state
 And lust of power predominate—
 And oh ! hereafter, may the vow
 Of mercy thou hast taken now
 With thee for hapless Poland plead—
 Break not the already bruised reed !
 (Since to thy race, mysterious Heaven
 Share in that monstrous crime has given.)
 So may the tearless olive round
 Thy cheerful temples still be found
 Pure from the war-cloud's sulphurous gloom,
 Unlike His red, disastrous doom,
 Whose fate so lately, with a start,
 Wing'd its dark moral to thy heart.†

* Amongst the protectors of Luther it has been stated that the ancestors of Prince Albert were conspicuous.

† "On the Warder coming to the curiously-wrought suit of armour presented to Charles I. by the City of London, and informing him of the original possessor, the King *shook his head*, apparently reminded of the deplorable fate of that unfortunate monarch."—STANDARD NEWSPAPER: *Visit of the King of Prussia to the Tower.*

So may thy calm protracted course,
 Like some majestic river's force,
 Wind bright and tranquil to that main
 Where slaves and sovereigns cease to suffer and to reign!

BALLAD.

By B. SIMMONS.

1.

A HEALTH to Thee!—on this the day,
 When like the meek, half-weeping ray
 That draws from April's dawn its birth,
 Thy gentle spirit stole to earth.
 How many a year has roll'd above
 Our paths of sorrow, sin, and love,
 (Sorrow and sin that shadow'd mine,
 While peace and love illumined thine,)
 Since first we met and last we parted,
 Estranged, divorced, and mournful-hearted.
 Yet though between us rolls the sea,
 And earth spreads wide—a health to Thee!

2.

A health to Thee!—On land or wave—
 In crowds or cloisters—glad or grave—
 In weal or woe, a Shape I see,
 That ghost-like wears the grace of Thee.
 Its accents through my slumbers thrill,
 Like night-breeze from some lonely hill;
 It lends the morning's cold grey skies
 The azure of thy serious eyes—
 At eve the brown and heavy air
 Is colour'd by thy clustering hair—
 Even golden noon subdues its glance
 Beneath thy sad, sweet countenance.

3.

A health to Thee!—Through hastening years
 No anguish thrills, no pleasure cheers,
 No blossom buds, nor leaf can fall,
 That does not back the Past recall.—
 Deep in my soul's profoundest gloom
 —As in a deep and lonely room
 We lock some sad, mysterious thing,—
 Thy name from human uttering
 Lies buried long,—though sometimes men
 Will speak it suddenly, and then
 Will watch this brow, *in vain*, to see
 How deep they smote my memory.

4.

A health to Thee!—I chose my fate;
 If came regret, it came too late.—
 Who once had thought, as side by side
 Our blended moments lived and died,
 The time would come when, sever'd far
 As its reflection from the star,
 I on a forest spring should look,
 Or tree, or flower, or favourite book,
 Nor find Thee when I turn'd to seek
 An answering gladness on thy cheek?
 And now thy very Fate to me
 Is even a doubt;—still, health to Thee!

TO HB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BURKE, OF GOLDSMITH, &c.

GENIUS of playful humour! free to flit
 O'er statesmen's deeds, as themes for pictured wit;
 At great and grave to smile, who guide their age,
 Scenes, schemes, events, that glare in party's page;
 But most at that professing liberal race,
 Whose generous views ne'er reach'd beyond a place;
 Or bold and bad—thrown up amid the storm
 Of party zeal, the simple deem'd Reform!
 Peers, princes, warriors, grow beneath thy hand,
 Touch'd by the magic of a crayon wand!
 Nor Windsor's royal groups escape—yet there
 One gentle form, mid gallant, gay, and fair,
 Wins love and reverence by the Sketcher's care.

How richly all supply thy comic vein,
 How o'er such subjects sportive fancies reign!
 Invention various, force we see, yet ease,
 Truth, spirit, life, in every figure please.
 Howe'er grotesque in form or feature made,
 Strong semblance strikes—the jest how well convey'd!
 Change as officials may their devious ways,
 As quick thy pencil every change displays;
 Embodies thoughts—can latent passions trace—
 Hints by a touch the pseudo-patriot's face;
 Keeps—and their numbers need an active guard—
 O'er all State-quacks pictorial watch and ward!
 Wields not the vulgar weapons party draws—
 Spleen, malice, falsehood—to uphold its cause.
 No poison'd shaft thy laughing art employs,
 No coarseness pains us, no abuse annoys:
 The war thou makest scarce even a foe offends,
 Fix'd on thy sketch the dullest brow unbends;
 From humble toil in public ways beguiles,
 What talent, wealth, as freely give—their smiles.
 Some even so pleased they hope—reports declare—
 To live through thee who may not live elsewhere,
 Content, so true their lineaments design'd,
 To shine by satire chasten'd and refined!

What and whence art thou, censor of the age—
 Whose scenes a mirthful war with faction wage?
 A shadow sketching shadows!—Fain we'd see
 Thine, not as now thy pencil's, name—HB.
 Such as thy sponsors gave thee deign to own,
 Nor slyly live a second Great Unknown!
 Still, if thou must a shadow be, proceed,
 Laugh at pretension claiming merit's meed;
 Glance at the courtiers, doubtful friends at best,
 Who made the cares of Government a jest;
 Show—for on such just ridicule may fall—
 Who were, though great in power, in mind the small.

Yet as the fight has ceased, the battle won,
 What thy reward for gallant service done?
 Perhaps—alas, how frequent genius' lot,
 By those it pleased and profited, forgot!
 Wealth, power, or place, to it how rarely given,
 Praise men bestow—all else is left to Heaven.

CLEOBIS AND BITON.

A STORY FROM HERODOTUS.—(1. 31.)

I.

"Oh! mother, wherefore is thy brow so sorrowful to-day?
The sun is shining brightly, and the fields look fresh and gay;
We have left the harvest bands awhile to come and talk with thee—
But, mother, thou art dull and sad—what can thy sorrow be?"

II.

"My sons, it is the holy feast in Juno's temple fair,
And all my neighbours thither throng—but I shall not be there;
For the lazy herdsmen have not brought the oxen for my car,
And my aged feet have not the power to carry me so far."

III.

"Now, smile again, dear mother, smile! we will soon that loss repair—
Thy sons will take the oxen's place, and quickly draw thee there.
Come, brother, now put forth thy speed! our task will soon be o'er—
Hurrah! was ever lady drawn so gallantly before?"

IV.

For six long miles they drew the car, those brethren bold and strong,
And soon before the temple stood, amid the wond'ring throng;
While all the crowd from Argos town came flocking round them there,
To see the mother and the sons—a goodly sight and rare.

V.

And Argos' sons those brethren praised for their strength and courage bold,
Were never seen such stately forms of so strong and fair a mould;
And Argos' daughters, one and all, around the mother prest—
"Oh, happy thou, with two such sons as those two bold brethren blest!"

VI.

Oh! brightly shone that mother's eye, and her glance was high and proud,
For the noble deed her sons had done, and the praises of the crowd;
And she stood before the hallow'd shrine in Juno's temple fair,
And her mother's heart was beating high, as she breathed her eager prayer:—

VII.

"O Goddess! whom in Argos town we reverence and obey,
To Cleobis and Biton grant the boon I ask to-day;
For the honour they have done to me, to them I pray be given
The choicest gift, whate'er it be, that man may ask of heaven."

VIII.

The holy rites are over now, and the feasting is begun,
And there the happy mother sits between each gallant son;
Till sleep stole o'er their weary eyes, and on the hallow'd ground,
Together sank those sons so true, in deepest slumber bound.

IX.

Why wake they not? The feast is o'er; the shades of night are come,
And from the temple gates the crowd are slowly wending home;
Why wake they not?—what spell has caused a rest so long and deep?
Away! they ne'er shall wake again—they sleep the last long sleep!

X.

With favouring ear the Goddess heard the mother's fond request,
And she sent of all her heavenly gifts the kindest and the best:
All placidly, without a pang, without a single sigh,
They yielded up their blameless lives,—and call ye this to die?

XI.

Oh! no—'tis but a sleep prolong'd; a waking on the shore
Where the stormy blasts of mortal life can rave and howl no more—
Where, in the Elysian Fields the good repose in endless rest:
Oh! 'tis of all the gifts of heaven the dearest and the best!

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S POLICY.

It is a saying as old as human philosophy, that man is blind in estimating even his own nearest wants, and that no greater calamity could befall him than if Heaven were generally to fulfil his petitions. Whence it is, that the only perfect prayer which has been taught to man, does not trust him with the discretion of circumstantiating or filling up the general outline of his petitions, except in the one sole instance of his daily bread. That case, as one already determined, beyond all doubt, by man's physical organization, is the single case in which even the greatest of blessings is not resigned, for its circumstantial accidents and mode of realization, to a wisdom higher than human.

But if, amongst those changes which we sigh for as blessings, many continually show themselves to be no blessings at all when realized, and remain monuments of human blindness, others which, in the natural course, really would have been blessings, are continually defeated by counteracting changes amongst ourselves. *Here* we are confounded by the short-sightedness of human understanding—*there* by the malignity of the human will—and, in politics, we see this result upon the largest scale. Far be it from us to characterize the tendencies of political opposition and partizan contest as other than salutary upon the whole. As to the *objects* opposed, the very largest latitude of discretion must be granted to and against all parties alike; but as to the *mode* of the opposition, there are limits which cannot be passed either safely for the state or conscientiously for the opponent. Under the French Revolution, for example, and upon the vast field of its earliest capacities, the very widest range was laid open to opposite modes of policy. All elements of civil wisdom being thrown back into the crucible, there was no additional calamity to the public in pursuing the recombination of the state upon principles the most widely aloof from its ancient system. As to the *objects* of change, there was a "*carte blanche*" yielded to public men; yet even then, though "the foundations of the great deep" had been broken up, there were limits

to the *methods* of opposition, and there were sanctities of principle which no extremities of purpose could with impunity neglect. Change what you please, was the summons to the public conscience; but, in the midst of change, now indeed inevitable, reverence those solemn principles of right, without which no change can prosper. Throw a new arch wheresoever you find it requisite, but do not overlook that elementary justice, which in all such civil structures alike must form its keystone. Those warnings, in a strife too tumultuous, were forgotten; and the consequences corresponded. Men who counselled an appeal to violence, perished by violence—men who raised up bloody tribunals, fell by mockeries of justice before such tribunals—those who invoked the Reign of Terror, were themselves its victims—and, France at large, because she listened too favourably to the wicked cry of "Peace to the cottage, war to the castle!" mourns at this hour, through all her gates, that ferocious Jacobinism which, by preventing the reconstruction of her ruined aristocracy, has left her ever since to the convulsions of an unbalanced democracy, always upon the brink of anarchy. That a stern military despotism should have been often invoked by the quiet citizens of France, as their best remedy against the perils which continually besiege the public peace,—for this standing temptation against civil liberty the French are indebted to the *methods* of their early Revolution, to its sanguinary maxims, and to its neglect of irretrievable opportunities.

We in England, though more slowly, and in that mitigated degree which was to be expected from our ancient political experience, have been caught in the contagion of similar evils. Think what we will of the objects pursued at various periods amongst us, it must be owned, not the less even by many friends to those objects, that the methods of the pursuit, the quality of the warfare which supported that pursuit, has much lowered the general hopefulness of our condition. At this particular moment it is from those methods, it is from these new precedents in the *mode* of party warfare,

that the great Ministerial change, so auspicious for England, and, even whilst we speak, coming into operation so auspicious, is yet overcast with gloom in the prospect. Bright with promise as it would have seemed twenty years ago, how can we confide in any promise after the experience gathered in that interval with regard to the blights in reserve from the new tactics of partizanship? Twenty years ago, such an administration as we now see embattled for the dearest interests of social life, would have challenged absolute confidence. Separately for itself, such is the confidence which even now it challenges; but, viewed in relation to the sort of warfare which it will have to meet, no administration can ever again take the old ground of authority. Unless under a democracy unlearning a lesson too memorably productive to be forgotten, what government can hope to stem the new power organized amongst the working population by what has technically acquired the name of Agitation?

Let us consider. Two great measures that had separately lingered through an indefinite period, if we count the early stages of their infancy, but which had really surmounted a thirty years' very active warfare, pursued by Parliamentary means, were still as far almost as ever from a final victory. Another thirty years' warfare of the same character would have advanced those questions, at most to a compromise. Suddenly at this crisis, a new device in politics was brought into action. It bore a name as new* as the service which it rendered. *Agitation* it was called: and from that hour a systematic movement on a vast national scale has been propagated. Never since then has the popular mind been left unoccupied by a fierce concentrated energy. Not the discovery of gunpowder more suddenly changed the face of war. Not steam power is at this moment more effectually revolutionizing the world. But yesterday, as it seems, vast lines of shore were safe, by their natural configuration, from our naval power; small ships

were weak, and large ships drew too much water. Suddenly comes a fleet of steamers, and in one hour a great nation makes the discovery that its security along a thousand miles of seaboard has melted away like dew; or, to speak by an image appropriate to the case, like those Russian pieces of ice artillery which began to thaw under a third discharge. So theatrical has been the revolution of steam for a great naval belligerent. Not less theatrical is the moral revolution accomplished by agitation. The effect has been that of flying artillery introduced amongst an army previously having none at all. Positions impregnable up to that moment are now carried bridle in hand. Catholic emancipation and Reform in Parliament had both fallen before the new power within two years of its resolute application to these objects. And at present we all see a third great national measure in the Corn question, feebly making head against that same terrific force which will soon be strong enough to engulf it.

What, let us ask, is the motive to this first great legislative act brought forward by Sir Robert Peel's Government? Since Parliament opened, for the better part of a month the country has heard of little beyond the corn debate. And why? Is it that Sir Robert for himself regards this question as meriting such precedence in his new policy? So far from this place, it would occupy no place at all in any system of arrangements that should echo Sir Robert's own free movements of opinion. The very nature of his proposed changes in the existing law, though we admit them to be improvements in those contingencies upon which they will ever operate, is so narrow and occasional in the range of action, that most evidently no great statesman would here find any provocation to his power of legislating upon a field so circumscribed. *De minimis non curat lex*. No; and of all legislators, Sir Robert Peel is the one who, in this respect, most resembles the spirit of law. If there is

* New in that sense; for as to the *agitators* under Cromwell and Ireton in Fairfax's camp during the year 1646-7, they were so called—not from any incendiary appeals to the public, but because they, being soldiers, were deputed from every regiment to “agitate,” i. e. debate in a sort of military committee the votes and overtures to the army of the House of Commons.

any principle which belongs to Sir Robert, equally in right of his temper and his Parliamentary prudence, it is—*quieta non movere*; and, for any real mischief which they can work, the present Corn-Laws are as quiescent as the law of gravitation. Where there is no grievance, there can be no relief. And we shall point out, a little further on, the reasons which make it impossible that a grievance can exist—viz., the reasons which make it impossible that wheat in this country can fall permanently lower, whether by laws or in spite of laws. Much mischief may be done, it is very true, in the feeblest attempt upon the prices of grain; but any lasting depreciation will not be accomplished by the strongest. Why then, again we ask, does Sir Robert offer the first fruits of his great Parliamentary power to an effort so practically inert or limited? It is, too painfully it is, because agitation here also, as in former instances, has taken away his power to be neutral. Such an idea has mastered the populace of great relief to be expected from Corn-Law changes, so obstinate is the delusion amongst the most impoverished classes, and so sure is the prospect under artificial agitation of eventual collision between the maddened poor and the police of the land, that a good man like Sir Robert willingly seeks to avert so shocking a consummation by any safe sacrifice of his own opinions. To benefit the poor on the terms they demand may be impossible; but to propitiate the poor by a manifest attention to their wishes, will *not* be impossible, unless in the proportion of any fresh agitation applied to the express purpose of feeding the delusion. Not, therefore, any Corn-Law, past or to come, is really moving in the Minister's mind, but that dreadful political engine of agitation which has caused the moveable and the insurrectionary part of the public mind to settle upon the Corn-Law as its capital grievance. "There is," says the *Times* of March 11, "a general feeling that something must be done; the kind of feeling which few statesmen (except the Duke of Wellington) like to resist; certainly not Sir R. Peel." Much we marvel at the particular exception made by the *Times*; since it happened to be the Duke above all others, at that time holding the rela-

tion of leader to Sir Robert, who first set the example of capitulating with this new popular force of agitation. We blame neither. In making that astounding surrender of resistance which both of them *did* make upon the great contest with the Irish Catholics, all the world has agreed that neither obeyed any influence but that of the purest patriotism. If they were timid, if they faltered, it was not in any selfish spirit, or before any personal danger; it was from anxiety for the public peace, and with a fear of national bloodshed, more honourable than any courage. It was not that either of these virtuous statesmen had changed his opinions of Popery, or was moved even so far as to suppose that the concession of the Irish claims would operate through one brief year as a tie upon Popish gratitude. They acted simply on the belief that, whilst availing less than nothing as a favour conceded, it might, on the other hand, have proved omnipotent for evil as a privilege refused. "On that bent" they changed; and so suddenly as to shock their own party even more deeply than their opponents. It was a concession to fear; but to fear in behalf of the public welfare. And a panic derived from Ireland is at once more and less entitled to consideration than a panic derived from similar menaces in England—*more* so, as amongst a population more easily excited to insurrection than in England; *less* so, as more easily coerced in Ireland. But any agitation pursued in good earnest will very seldom be locally confined. Such was the agitation for reform in Parliament, which finally compelled the majority against the measure in the Upper House to absent themselves from their duty as legislators. They flinched; they shrank from what they believed to be their solemn duty; but as the Conservative leaders in the Irish case, under a feeling that their legislative duty had been suspended, and *pro hac vice* set aside by transcendent duty of patriotism. Reform was bad; but the sanguinary tumults, anticipated under the final refusal of reform, seemed far worse. Such, again, as we now see, is the result of the wicked Corn-Law agitation. Not only must we have suspected, under any circumstances of reserve on Sir Robert's part, that in reality the im-

measurable debate has grown out of the agitation, that it is the official reply to that agitation, that it would not otherwise have been thought of—but in express words [Debate of March 10] Sir Robert has told us so. Either as regards the official interests of his party, or as regards the economic interest of the nation, Sir Robert declares it to be his conviction—that to have done nothing, to have sat still, had been the wisest course. For, though it will be objected that almost every body praises the new bill relatively to the existing act, Sir Robert well knows that, in such cases, change is *per se* an evil—change even for the better. Whatsoever disturbs the old channels of business, or the operation of old contracts, or the uniformity of expectations, is prejudicial to the faith and reliances of distant commerce. And it happens that almost all benefits, small or great, under the new measure are *contingencies*; they wait for their fulfilment upon certain circumstances of the case previously taking effect. Such a price occurring at home, and such a relief being possible from abroad, that extra price will tempt this relief. But the case presupposes two conditions—the extra price at home, and the available relief abroad. Neither may occur for several years in succession; and the two can rarely, indeed, occur simultaneously. Upon a large average of seasons, *given* any extra case of necessity in England, the same or a worse necessity will exist abroad. This is a natural consequence from the identity of our latitude and climate with those of the only regions upon which we can count for *any extent of aid*. In a majority of those cases where we might need their aid, they would be unable to yield it.

With this avowed view of the little hope held out from unsettling the law, we learn at once that Sir Robert is confessedly doing homage to the uproar—to the tumult amongst the poor—to their menaces of armed resistance, roused by the elaborate machinery of agitation; and few are they that will blame him. It is true that the poor and the working population are miserably deluded as to their own power of struggling with government. Preparations for a struggle by nightly drills, and by plans for stockading the avenues to positions, such as were three years ago proceeding amongst

the Chartists, could avail nothing at all, as was then explained to them. Artillery would decide all such contests with frightful velocity. But the true strength of the poor lies in their helplessness. Governments as merciful as ours will ever be, and aristocracies like ours, would never endure the spectacle of mowing down their countrymen by wholesale as foreign enemies. Compromises would take place: even ruinous concessions would be contemplated. And thence the fear of reaching such a crisis. Thence the present capitulation with the atrocious spirit of agitation, which becomes a prudent capitulation in the ratio of the risk which it evades. Thence the prospect for all coming times; for unless the practice of artificial agitation is made punishable by law, no evil entailed by providence upon poverty but will successively be exalted into a political grievance, and pursued through this sometimes treasonable but always seditious mode of tactics. Thence, finally, is the taint of despondency which besieges our own, else perfect, confidence in the new government.

With how much cheerfulness should we have received the second great measure of Sir Robert Peel—so large, so bold, and so sincere—had we been able to forget the popular coercion which dictates the first! In his financial propositions how frank and cheerful are his exposures! No concealments, or evasions, or timid adoption of other mens' views! Giving relief where he can—refusing to deceive where he can not; and, agreeably to the noblest wisdom of great empires, even as to the gloomiest of our prospects, looking them steadfastly in the face. But in this financial scheme Sir Robert is able to say with truth—“Mr Speaker, *upon this subject* I am embarrassed with no fetters.” In the Corn Bill it was otherwise: and what we apprehend, as a peril not to be evaded, is—that the next application of this dreadful agitating power will be to the recomposition of Parliament on the principal of Household Suffrage, or upon what is now called Manhood Suffrage. In that measure lies the only perfect revolution for Great Britain—the one sole comprehensive ruin; because, once having insinuated the wedge into our legislature, it it will be impossible that the labouring classes, who are under an absolute

incapacity to appreciate a *remote* interest, should not carry out the whole extent of their blind desires. In five years a plebeian legislature would have destroyed commerce, unsettled the tenures of property, confiscated the funds, and have left the nation bare of defence against foreign enemies. Nor would it at all open their eyes to the insanity of this policy—that, in ruining all other classes, they had ruined their own. At this moment a body of artizans in London, attracted from all parts of the empire, by the temptation of high wages on the building of the new Parliament House, have ruined themselves, with many hundreds of dependent women and children, by their obstinate shortsightedness, in a policy of most dictatorial combination, such as every well-informed man saw to be without hope from the beginning. These were stone masons. Other trades are continually courting the same ruin by the same blindness. Anchoring their total hopes upon some knowledge of an inconvenience in the contest likely to affect the masters, they have frequently not scrupled, upon so insufficient a reliance, to embark the total sum of their prosperity: the masters have sent to Germany for workmen; or have even educated a new set of artizans—drafted from employments nearest in analogy; and after a few months' struggle, the sole result has been that the combination-men have been dispersed over the earth, finding no vacancies to absorb them, and that "their place has known them no more." Now these are the men, incapable of guiding rightly the precious interests of their own households, squandering upon blind passions the fund of hopes which they held in trust for their own wives and infants, who fancy themselves fitted for taking charge of our national counsels. These men will eventually overrule our policy, if agitation for extended suffrage should prosper henceforwards, as it *has* prospered on the three great questions of Emancipation, of Reform, and of the Corn Trade.

Viewing, therefore, the first great legislative act of the new government in this relation to the popular agitation which has really produced it, we could not avoid expressing that anxiety which so great an advance on such a road is calculated to excite. Beyond

all doubt the new Corn Bill is not an act emanating from the spontaneous motions of Sir Robert Peel's mind, and must not be criticised on any such assumption. Among changes, of which none was fitted to promise much benefit, Sir Robert has selected that change which is liable to the smallest objection. For we repeat that, if the bill will finally operate under some contingencies as even a positive improvement, this improvement promises no such advantage as would, upon the whole, have separately authorized the change, or is certain to balance the evils of any change at all. In this view we are not dissenting from the Minister. It is evident that his own opinion tends in the same direction. He grants a change—first to the dreadful delusions artificially created amongst the poor; secondly, to the official expectations raised by the preceding ministry; and thirdly, because he can make it a small change. But gladly he would have seen the three accidents withdrawn, and himself under no external pressure for making any change at all.

Now, having thus liberated our conscience on these considerations extraneous to the bill, which rise in magnitude so far above it, let us come to the measure itself. And upon this we shall take the following course:—To rehearse in series the arguments on either side brought forward for the fiftieth time in the House of Commons, or to attempt even a representative abstract of the endless debate, at a moment when every body is groaning under an oppression so recent, would be to rely upon an attention which is already exhausted. We shall not do this. But we shall confine ourselves to the sophisms which have been engrafted on the personal position of the Minister, or on the political tendencies of the Corn question for England; and, with respect to the Political Economy of the question, either generally or as involved in this bill, we shall say not one word, unless in those cases where a current fallacy can be compressed, together with its proper answer, within a short space, and sometimes, we hope, within a single sentence. These close epigrammatic statements and refutations are the only useful exposures applied to popular errors:—arguments and replies, condensed into the compass of

a bon-mot, are easily mastered and easily retained; but arguments, either complex in their own logic, or dependent upon the facts of figures and proportions, are too troublesome for study, and too elaborate for remembrance.

To begin with the personal position of the Minister, we have been confounded to see his supporters, even of the highest talent, in the London newspapers, utterly misrepresenting his parliamentary conduct with respect to his own bill, and his tactics with respect to his own party. He has been described as afraid to insist on any advantages likely to arise for the *consumer* of wheat, because in that case he will alarm his landed friends; and, on the other side, afraid to insist on the countervailing protection which may be available for the grower of wheat, because in that case he will alarm his manufacturing friends, since their hope of benefit is commensurate to their hope of change. But surely this is a position inevitable to every case where the mere possibilities of change are small. Sir Robert Peel is one of that enlightened class who affirm, that now, given the circumstances of England, you cannot go far in either direction of tightening the restraints on importation, or of relaxing them, without inflicting both great injury and great loss. Consequently his reserve in withholding strong encouragements, either this way or that, does not arise in any equivocation between two party forces, but in the simple fact that he has no encouragement to give;—he ought to have none. A minister, who should bring forward a measure for largely affecting the future trade in corn, *might* be bold in one direction; but Sir Robert, who says, from the first, that the range of *possible* modification is exceedingly narrow, has cut away all grounds for bold language in any direction. When the balance is already poised pretty evenly between two conflicting interests, it is in vain to think of signal advantages as still open to either. Such hopes could be encouraged only by a person occupying an extreme position—Mr Villiers, for example—who would hold out a great boon to the consumer, but charged in every shilling upon the ruin of the domestic grower. These are resources for decision of language

and for encouragement in one direction that may be open to a young man without responsibilities, but are *not* open to a great Minister answerable for the welfare of an empire. There is the same answer to Mr Blackstone, who urges—as against Sir Robert's bill peculiarly—that it has not conciliated opponents, and that only a few petitions, with 510 signatures, have been presented in its favour. But let Mr Blackstone tell us, whose plan it is that would conciliate an opponent, or how is an opponent in such a case to be conciliated, except by going over to *his* opinions? There is no plan known to Parliament that could conciliate one vote, except from those who already are its supporters. Sir Robert, like other men, in parliamentary cases, must content himself with *not* conciliating those who are direct "opponents." Conciliation is a rare result in Parliament; but it is something to plead, that his plan, of all the plans in the market, has offended its opponents least. As to petitions, these are not required in aid of a Government measure. But, were *that* otherwise, the very same qualities of moderation and caution which constitute the merit of the Minister's bill, are exactly those which are least fitted to attract a showy support. Were the proposition at this moment before Parliament for granting some relief by Exchequer-bills to the manufacturing interest, that policy would certainly be the wisest which (according to the practice of late years) should grant the least; but it is a policy which assuredly would attract no support whatever in the way of laudatory petitions. The negative merit of making the least possible change, under a necessity of making some, is of all merits the most unostentatious; and yet it may happen to be that merit, as in the case before us, which is almost salvation to the land: for the dilemma is at present such, that to have made a *great* change in the corn law would have fastened upon the capital interests of the country a confusion equal to that from confiscation of the funds, whilst to have made no change at all, would have been criminally and dangerously to neglect the opportunity for propitiating the labouring poor. Indeed there is nothing in the position of the Minister, and its equivocal exposure to two fires,

which he has not clearly perceived himself. On the 16th of February, amongst more to the same effect, he says—"I know well the difficulties which attend all arguments on this subject. If I try to calm an apprehension here, I see a note taken on the other side; if I try to calm an unreasonable objection there, I am met by alarm on this side; and it is whispered from one to the other that I am conceding too much. This is inseparable from the task. I do believe that, in a party sense, it would have been wiser to say—I will stand by the corn-laws, and resist all change." We are not of this opinion. In a party sense, Sir Robert has, by his measure of change, eventually cleared himself of much teasing and molestation, through the whole of one session at least, by bringing the question to a solemn discussion. For the present, the matter is settled; and no man hereafter, or through some sessions to come, though in the very storm of party violence, can now have a pretext for assuming that Parliament, if searchingly pressed on the case, would have been found in opposition to Sir Robert. For all purposes of external demonstration, whether party purposes in the House or soothing purposes amongst the populace, it is far better that the long inquisition has been pursued to the end. It is with respect to the realities of the corn question itself that no ultimate good, or at least no proportionate good, is likely to arise. And the true nature of the Minister's position to the corn question may be seen by contrasting it with his financial position. *There* he had a most important change to propose:—a large translation of burdens from one set of parties to another—absolute relief to many—extra burdens to others in no virtual proportion. The range of novelty, of new

bounty, of new relief, was spacious; but in the corn case the range allowed by the possibilities was so narrow as to escape all but a microscopic examination. Even so we willingly admit, on the one side, that the Minister has made the most of his confined latitude; yet, on the other side, we must not overlook a consideration which most people *do* overlook—viz., that a great number of the changes in detail, introduced by the new measure, are only hypothetical changes; that is, we must not hold the corn trade to be so widely affected, even in trifles, as it might seem to be, by the multitude of *provisional* changes, since, from the nature of the case, many of these will never take effect. When the action of the seasons, for instance, is such that rarely will corn fall below a certain level—and the action of agricultural science is such that rarely will corn rise above a certain level—it is not to be counted amongst the really operative changes of the bill, that, if corn *did* so fall, or that if corn *did* so rise, in each of those cases protecting enactments would then concurrently take effect—viz., in the 1st case, a higher duty to protect the home-grower; in the 2d case, a lower duty to protect the consumer. It is statesmanlike foresight that even remote possibilities should find their remedies ready for operating. But, not the less, they *are* remote. And if all in the new provisions that happens to be of this remote or this conditional nature were subtracted, the remainder of the changes—those which take effect inevitably, and those which take effect pretty probably—would compose a very small field indeed. And the conclusion would strike every body—that our situation is not essentially different from what it was. This must not be the highest commendation of a measure, where great* changes are

* It may occur to the reader, as an expectation held out more than once, by Sir Robert Peel himself, that the new law will be found a "great improvement" upon the old one. But, besides that, too much stress must not be laid on the assumption that any solitary phrase in a newspaper report will exactly correspond with the true language used, [generally speaking, it being natural that the preconceptions of the reporter should govern the selecting of his words,]—and, besides that, too much stress must not be laid on words really shown to have been used in the hurry of a very long discussion. There can be little doubt that the benefit contemplated by Sir Robert for corn is not any important reduction of price, which it is clear that he would not regard as a benefit, but the increase of steadiness in the ranges of fluctuation. This benefit will certainly arise; and in the proportion of the greatly diminished temptation to the con-

conceivable only in the form of great injustice, and as an overthrow of that equilibrium between opposing forces which hitherto the power of Parliament has maintained in steadiness.

We have spoken more fully to this point of Sir Robert's Parliamentary position and behaviour, because it is amongst the most enlightened of his supporters that his conduct has been virtually taxed with duplicity, though that word may not have been used; and a feeling has crept amongst many that his policy is naturally Machiavelian. This impression would not benefit a minister in England. Lord Shelburne lay under that imputation, and he was powerless for public good. The first Lord Holland suffered from the same popular impression, whenever he came under comparison with Lord Chatham, whose fervid nature made him naturally open and undissembling. Even Sir Robert Walpole, though unavoidably, in his difficult times, he adopted indirect modes of Parliamentary tactics, still owed much of his long official power and his personal influence to his frank open manner. And for Sir Robert Peel we feel entitled to claim the same natural sincerity of manner, but a much greater aversion, by taste and by character, to chicanery. His caution and official reserve no man of sense will number amongst his failings; in these features we read two great expressions of his conscious responsibility, and his sense of strength. He knows how much peril hangs on words too unlimited, or communicativeness too rash, coming from a prime

minister. And, in another direction, this reserve shows the conscious strength of Sir Robert, who is under no compulsion to court either friend or foe by the conciliatory means of premature disclosures.

Let us pass from the policy of the law-maker to the policy of the law; in which policy we include every thing connected with legislative control over the corn-commerce of the land.

It has been said, and again by the friends of the Minister, that he has given no reason for the particular sum, 56s., as a hinge upon which some of the details rest. Our answer is,—that here, again, Sir Robert is required to have accomplished an impossibility. In the old saying,—“It is the last hair which breaks the back of the horse,”—the proposition rested on the assumption of two poles. You might undeniably diminish the weight to a point of absolute safety. This point, and the point of absolute destruction, formed the two extremes or poles; and between them lay some equatorial point of the *maximum tolerabile*, which would rapidly become destructive by small additions. In such a problem, if treated with mathematic rigour, nobody could assign the particular hair in the vast series at which the ruinous excess would commence; and yet, if it were treated practically as a problem accommodated to human life, some special number in the series might be lawfully assigned. Now, in the case of wheat, no price could have been assigned which would, *à priori*, justify and predetermine the graduation of

tinued holding back of grain, with a view to a great—sudden—and *per saltum* advantage. This is the improvement which the Minister contemplates. Do we then undervalue it? Not at all. For one of the reasons, perhaps the only reason, why the full effect of corn-prices does not express itself upon wages, lies in the capricious undulation of the market, arising out of cabals and combined operations going on subterraneously (as we may call it) amongst the small body of great capitalists concerned. False rumours, which are almost the sole resource of those who speculate as intriguers for a rise or fall in the funds, are but one of the resources used by the corn-dealers; false accounts of the harvest uniformly; false accounts of the available imports, &c. False averages are a second resource. But far beyond either is the direct artifice of *really* affecting the averages, forcing them to an elevation that will suddenly produce a low duty, by a combined operation for starving the markets. The motive to this will now be removed; for the *continuous* ascent of the changes operating for the importer's benefit will put an end to that temptation which hitherto has gathered and accumulated itself at one particular stage of the ascent. All this benefit we neither deny nor undervalue. But, in questioning the beneficial operation of the new act, we turned our eyes in that one direction contemplated by the public mind—viz. exclusively to the average price. This cannot be materially affected. Slowly it will improve, but only as agriculture improves.

duty. There is a general tendency, as the price goes upward, to indicate a call for relaxations in the resistance to foreign grain. So, again, in the inverse order, a call is indicated for increasing this resistance. But it must be an attempt not less idle to assign the particular shilling which is entitled to rank as a pivot for the play backwards and forwards of a tax, than it would be, in the other case, to assign numerically the particular hair. But, in necessities of life, we cut the knot which we cannot untie; and a difficulty is every day solved in practice, which in speculation cannot be solved. At this moment, for instance, in the proposed income tax, a beneficial category of exemption will commence in going downwards at the income of L.150. But why there precisely? The man who acknowledges to L.155, or even to L.151, must contribute his full proportion of nearly 3 per cent. Thus, he will have to pay about L.4, 10s., whilst his neighbour, with an income scarcely distinguishable, pays nothing at all. But, unless in so far as this might be a little palliated by a sliding scale in the tax, this is an evil inseparable from the case. Somewhere you must always commence in a case requiring such exemptions. And the only argument in favour of the assigned point in the scale, is one derived by experience from the general habits of the nation,—from the general range of properties, as connected with those habits,—from the value, in a complex social sense, of that particular income, &c. But this argument will never be sufficient to justify, in the forum of the speculative understanding, the special point of commencement, as compared with those immediately before and immediately after; nor will it ever remove the appearance of hardship from that man's case, when so slight a difference in the income makes so great a difference—nay, the whole difference in the tax. But the justification is found in the necessity of beginning somewhere. And it is really to confound a case of science with a case of practical life, if we cite Sir Robert to any answer on this point. His index of bisection—his *weather-shed*, (to use a term of mountainous regions,) or point of partition, is arbitrary. That is the objection. And the answer is—

It could not have been otherwise than arbitrary.

In reviewing, therefore, the Minister's position, we become more and more sensible that what appear to be his faults, and have been arraigned as such by his best friends, are in fact the mere necessities of the case. Very different is the result, upon reviewing the position of the House at large. Two useful members, Mr Bankes of Dorsetshire and another, have noticed the humiliating approximation in this debate between the House of Commons and a provincial debating forum. But one peculiarity, which assimilates the House to a society even less reputable in an intellectual sense, has impressed ourselves. We remember, or we have dreamed, that Hogarth, when musing one day on the sort of artifice by which he could express hieroglyphically to the eye a fact so incapable of adequate visual representation as that of lunacy, suddenly perceived that this purpose might be effected by representing every man amongst a multitude as pursuing a separate occupation, in utter heedlessness of all that was going on around himself amongst his neighbours. Now this insulation, this fiery pursuit of some single idea, unmodified by all other ideas belonging to the question, undisturbed by any objection, is precisely the characteristic feature of the discussion. Each rises in succession to deliver his little monomaniac speculation upon the corn-laws, and takes not the slightest notice of six or ten predecessors who have anticipated his whole argument, have disarmed it of any sting which it might present to a novice, and not unfrequently have forestalled, by a new version, every one of his facts. By far the majority of speakers realize the case of orators afflicted with total deafness. Each stands as in a separate cell, walled off and inaccessible to all sounds from right or from left, from rear or from front; he has descended into a well, having heard that truth lies at the bottom; and a well it proves, not by any privilege attaching to its waters, but by its seclusion, and by the perfection of its means for defeating all the benefits of intercommunication. Thus, to give one instance, (which cannot be thought invidious, considering the way in which this honourable member has for some

years pushed forward into the van of the inflammatory corn agitators,) Mr Villiers, we have reason to believe on other subjects a man of talent and extensive information, though, by the way, in a general sense liable to strong prejudices. We speak of that Mr Villiers (the honourable Mr Villiers) who represents Wolverhampton; the whole family is remarkably intellectual, and Lord Clarendon, the elder brother, has signalized his diplomatic ability in a way to attract the notice of all Europe: for there have been few cases where a single individual has had it equally in his power to conciliate the affections of a nation so great as Spain. Yet, in spite of all these favourable presumptions, Mr Villiers seems to abjure all parliamentary uses of free communication, to sequester himself into absolute *monomania* from the moment that he rises on the Corn question. The value of cheap bread he urges, with the tone of one who fancies some party to be insisting on dear bread as *per se* a blessing. The interesting benevolence he describes of some philosophic tribes on the Weser, Elbe, Oder, and Vistula, who have continued to hold out cheap loaves for a score of years to this obstinate island, if only we will send in exchange our woollens, cottons, hardware, in short, whatever we prefer. And thus he goes on for hours, rapt into visions that float at such altitudes above earth, as never to hear the voices which challenge each and all of his statements for romances. "From fruitful A to unproductive Zed," there is not one of the details, one of the facts, one of the statistic arguments, or one of the assumed relations between England and the Continent, by which Mr Villiers abides as so many historic data, or on which his arguments rely, but is upon examination absolutely false—but has with painful iteration been exposed during the last three years.

One or two of the most plausible sophisms we will bring forward, not as those which are special to Mr Villiers, but of those which belong in common to his party. That political argument, apart from all the economic arguments on the question, which has always been relied on, and with good reason, as *demonstrative* of the danger connected with an extended importation of wheat—viz. the dependence

which it tends to produce upon revolutionary enemies, has, during this recent debate, been rejected as unsound. Why?—upon what new logic? Let us attend. Upon the extreme or test-case, as it is imagined, of Napoleon. Has there ever been, will, or can there be, a more absolute enemy to this country than that despot? Certainly not; and in that direction we grant all that is demanded. Well, then, even this rancorous Napoleon suffered eight hundred thousand quarters of wheat to be furnished by France to England, in a year of so much exasperation as 1810. How, then, can we afflict ourselves by such chimeras as that of wheat being ever forcibly held back from us under any circumstances, or by any enemy? We know nothing of the particular case; but we have no wish to dispute it. Let the facts be supposed, as they are stated, and strictly conformable to the truth, still they are not the *whole* truth. For, even as respects this one relaxation of Napoleon's general plan, it was replied in the House, that the case grew out of a corn speculation amongst his own leading officers. They would have been ruined had no vent been found for the grain improvidently accumulated; and the convenience for us was winked at, because it tallied with a deliverance for themselves. But observe that even thus, all which Napoleon conceded to us was a point of convenience. Now, let us go into the true answer. When we talk of dependence on a foreign nation as a perilous thing, we mean dependence which is really and virtually such—dependence which, if disappointed, becomes ruin. This is the dependence concerned in the argument; and how was that case realized, when Napoleon knew that, failing the French supply, we could resort to a Polish supply, or, in the worst necessity, to an American supply? For the quantity was not very large, in the first place, and secondly, the season was not one of extremity. But suppose those two conditions realized, imagine a failure, by one-fourth part, in our own harvest, and that the entire surplus of all Europe (if any at all) were quite unequal to the half of this defect—*then* comes the crisis for trying the question—*then* it is that a hostile policy would find a real temptation to move against us—and *then* we should allow the Napoleon

case to be a test case. We ourselves have often sold military equipments of all kinds, arms, and even gunpowder, to an enemy. The Dutch did so for two centuries. But would either of us have furnished these supplies to an enemy confessedly distressed for such aids—in a case where, our aid failing, no other would notoriously be available? At this moment, we sell steam-engines, and all the appointments for steam-ships, to the French. But, suppose the case, that a sudden addition were needed to the steam navy of France, as an invading navy, will any man believe, that in such a case the license of exportation would subsist? And of Napoleon, in particular, who carried his fury against us to such extravagant lengths, as to make wholesale bonfires of our merchandise, on a scale never heard of on this earth before—can any man be weak enough to imagine that he would not have leaped forward, with the raving exultation of a maniac, to take advantage of any helplessness in us, or any irretrievable fault? The tiger does not weary himself by attempts on his keeper, under the ordinary state of vigilance; but woe to that man who draws an inference, for his general forbearance under circumstances of hopeful temptation to his malignity, simply from the fact of his forbearance under circumstances of absolute discouragement. This is the rejoinder which puts down the answer on the great political argument of dependence. Dependence, so long as it has a choice and an alternative, is safe; dependence which is absolute—dependence upon an enemy—is at one moment both ruin and infamy.

Another popular way of treating the corn question deserves notice, for its ambidextrous sophistry, and its variable falsehoods. When the object is to deny any ground of alarm to the landed interest, then we are told of the small range which foreign grain will enjoy in this country; it will barely throw out of tillage the very lowest qualities of soil. When the object is to parade the benefits that would be available for the wheat consumer in the event of a free trade, then we are told of the large range which foreign grain will enjoy in our markets; and this representation is not accidental but essential, because else the relief promised would in the most favourable case be too trivial to form

any motive of action. So here is one falsehood at least. But

Next, there are two, which, as the alternate propositions are in contradiction to each other, may seem impossible. But in practice this is not impossible. It is true that the importation cannot be at the same time both small and great; but the worst effects from each condition of things separately, might easily be realized in combination; and would be so under any thing approaching to a free trade. Suppose the case of a fixed duty no higher than 8s.—what would follow? On the very earliest abundant harvest abroad, *first* of all, wheat would be introduced at a price ruinous to the British growers on the poorer soils. From the mere necessities of self-defence, *secondly*, the operation of this evil would express itself in the withdrawal of considerable tracts from wheat culture. Then, as the good seasons for wheat husbandry come in consecutive sets, sometimes to the number of four or five in immediate series, and as the continental seasons along the southern shore of the Baltic sympathize pretty closely with our own, *thirdly*, this operation upon our own agriculture would be sustained and aggravated by the concurring depression of prices from two sources—foreign and domestic; which depression, however, from the rates of cost on the two agricultures, must for ever leave a sufficient temptation to importation. And, because the seasons are supposed unusually favourable, the surplus *quantity* disposable from the Baltic states will be as much increased as the price will be less. Both causes will thus act at once and in an accelerated ratio to force all small capitalists upon withdrawing their wheat culture from those qualities of land which are more and more falling below a remunerating return. In that state of things, *fourthly*, commences the reaction. Already the diminution of wheat culture at home will begin to restore higher prices by tendency. This tendency may happen for a short time to concur with a similar tendency in the seasons, or may be counteracted *pro tanto* by a tendency in the opposite direction. But the final issue would be the same eventually. For, *fifthly*, the tide will inevitably turn; the seasons will traverse back again into a key of oppo-

site character; prices will be restored; and, if they would reascend only to the old level, then it might be a fair argument to plead—*lucro ponatur*, let us carry to the credit of the new measure whatever has been gained in the interval. But this is impossible. Prices cannot but re-ascend far above the old level. And why? Simply for this reason, that the prices are now affected by a compound cause; by the return series of bad seasons, which was the single cause affecting them under the old system; and by the diminished scale of the existing agriculture, land, thrown out of tillage at home under the action of an enduring corn law, cannot be resumed on a casual summons that will notoriously modulate back into the ruinous condition from which the farmer has just escaped. Now, at this point the delusion steps in—that the defect of British tillage culture will have been compensated by a *pari passu* excess on foreign tillage culture. But this happens to be impossible, and from two causes at once: under the seasons supposed, it is impossible that what we may call the *premium* to the foreign grower can have kept pace with the *discount* to the home grower. The discouragement at home cannot, in such circumstances, at all measure the amount of positive encouragement to the alien, for he also has suffered by the depreciating action of *extra* fine seasons. But were it otherwise, *the means do not exist* for an increase of foreign tillage, such as to balance the decline of British. This is a capital point in the whole question never steadily contemplated by those who have argued it. Let the returns of the consuls be examined. In the mere *tabular* part of these returns, it appears that no considerable addition upon the whole could be made to the continental tillage. Some foreign witnesses, indeed, say, “Yes, a great addition could be made;” but great in relation to what? Why, in relation to their own local commerce; but, when applied to the scale of British consumption, it turns out trivial. Yet even this trivial increase is purely hypothetical; for, when we leave the tabular returns, and go into the general details of the statements, it appears that in many cases the very slightest improvement must depend upon the free application of British capital to the

speculation; and that almost in every case it must depend *also* upon systematic improvements of the internal communications, short of which nothing could bring the more distant produce to any but an inland market upon terms of equal advantage. A scale of varying distances operates upon corn prices, as is notorious to all concerned in such enquiries, precisely in the same way as the scale of varying soils. But many other improvements would be required, besides a new system of roads, before the very mightiest and steadiest tide of British demand could avail as a searching suction (so to speak) upon the remote capacities of Poland. An immense force must be applied to draw forward into the current those energies which are stagnating at one, two, or three hundreds of miles from any Baltic port, and lying wide of navigable rivers. The vast machinery demanded for rendering disposable the latent Polish resources, need not be discussed; because, taking our stand on the single head of the roads, which cannot alter in obedience to any insulated interest, even with the aid of English capital, but must await the general regeneration of Poland, or more truly a birth entirely *de novo*, such as many centuries may not accomplish, we may defy the possibility of any expansion to the continental tillage which could redress the shattered equilibrium under any great disturbance to our own. The result, therefore, to the consumer of wheat would be eventually famine on the restoration of the unfavourable cycle as to the seasons; and this not merely from the sudden ascent of prices, but from the absolute descent, equally sudden, in the *quantity* of produce.

Upon another aspect of the corn question, which this journal has frequently pressed; viz. the *appropriation* of the supposed advantage—is it not next to incredible that two parties, with conflicting interests, the labouring artisans and their employers, should both proceed without any mutual understanding on what, after all, is for each the only practical consideration? This argues great fraud on one side; viz. on the side of those who, from their small numbers, may be presumed to be always in combination and collusion. It argues, on the other hand, great inconsideration upon

1842.] the other side. For instance, how can Mr Villiers justify his neglect on the sole point at issue worth contesting? He believes in the possibility of some large beneficial change upon the average price of bread. He is bound to believe in this. This only is what he struggles for. And yet he has never thought it worth while to ask—"What party will pocket the benefit?" For, if he should reply, that even though the master manufacturers were to pocket the gain, still, by the extension of commerce, indirectly the working population must profit, we reply that such an impulse to trade could act only by increasing the numbers employed, not at all by elevating those already employed. And it is notorious, that all similar impulses spend their whole effect, almost immediately, as regards the enlivening stir given to the population; whilst the subsequent re-agency for evil, of such sudden excitements, is felt as soon as any of those depressions arise, which, too truly, Sir R. Peel described as inseparable from manufacturing industry. We are here discussing the appropriation of a benefit that will never exist. But our argument is *ad hominem*. And then, turning to Mr Villiers, as one who patronises (most sincerely, we are sure) the poor artisan, we have a right to ask why he has not had this most material question settled before he labours in the dark for interests not entitled to such exertions? Mr Villiers cannot but read an ominous reply to this question in the language of the manufacturing body. For instance, in a pamphlet written by Mr Gregg, and of so much authority that Sir R. Peel referred to it as he would have done to any official document, the silent assumption in every word of every sentence is, that of course the masters are the party to profit by any beneficial difference on the price of bread. Mr Gregg most pointedly insists on certain improvements henceforward amongst the working population; but improvements of what kind? Improvements in their habits of frugality. They are to spend *less*—not, as the simple and confiding artisan has been told by profligate cabals, (like that in Manchester,) *more*; the "*more*" is to settle on the masters; and it is held sufficient that the poor man is to be indirectly benefited by the sudden *bonus* to his employer. Mr Gregg is

most invidiously and offensively personal in his application of his own doctrine to the ordinary habits of the poor. He lectures them upon their past indulgences: these must cease: they must give up ale—this is specially named—and other luxuries, which have long since become necessities to the poorest family, are significantly marked out for castration. But if the poor are *really* to have a weekly saving upon their bread, what business can the house of Greggs have with the way in which they may choose to spend it? Here we see the fraud luxuriating and running riot prematurely. And of this we are confident, that if a public meeting were called for the purpose of a categorical explanation upon this vile collusive trick, a huge schism would instantly take place in the ill-assorted parties to the corn agitation. Mr Ferrand's exposures, so withering (as we understand) by their *manner* even more than by their matter, have shown us all in which direction the bias of the poor artisan lies generally. For a single object, under a great delusion, the labourer has united with his employer; but it is clearer than we could have wished, that, upon the whole, he regards that employer as his oppressor. It is most painful to witness these attempts to array one interest against another. But in the mean time, who is it that began the practice? Lord Monteagle absolutely yells his horror at the recent disparagements of machinery, and we do not defend them: but machinery is not a living subject, endowed with human sensibilities. If such horror is directed to that assault, what ought Lord Monteagle to have felt on behalf of the outraged landed interest, who have been held up in mass as a mere band of conspirators against their countrymen of every order?

Another profound delusion regards the peculiar burdens of this landed interest. Mr Ward, about the 16th of March, renewed the current absurdities on that point; and, as usual, he so far mistook the case as to suppose it a question between the landholder and the manufacturer. Even so, it is most true that peculiar burdens affect the land; the three rates and tithes are not exclusively the burdens of the land; they are, however, by a large proportion, the peculiar burden of the land. But this is not the ques-

tion. We are not to ask—under what disadvantages does the holder of land prosecute his interest by comparison with his countrymen embarking property on other employments; but under what disadvantages does he prosecute the culture of wheat, by comparison with those whom it is sought to make ruinously his competitors?

Upon the total question, as it is now regulated by the Minister's new measure, we will say this:—1st, That it is a measure rendered necessary by previous agitation, and so far beneficial as it tends considerably to conciliate the poor. 2dly, That, examined on its own merits, its chief merit, next after its tranquillizing merit, is that which has been charged against it as its capital fault, viz.—that its operation in the way of practical change (though beneficial on the whole, if clashing with no higher interest) is chiefly promising, as it seems likely not to act powerfully or suddenly.

But 3dly, and finally, we must leave this as the highest, broadest, most capital consideration for the public, upon all projects whatsoever towards signal modifications of the corn-laws, that the ultimate danger is misapprehended. This is not placed where the ordinary discussions place it—as a point of conflict and oscillation between the corn-grower and the manufacturer. It is really placed between the corn consumer and such

arrangements as would be found irretrievable in the event of their not prospering. We have always said, that virtually there is no extra protection created by law for the corn-grower. His real and ultimate privilege of protection lies in that ruin to the consumer, which would take place in the event of the artificial protection being withdrawn. Europe, even as a whole, is not equal to the permanent supply of one-eighth part of our present consumption. Capital withdrawn, land otherwise applied, cannot be suddenly recalled to their old channels, upon the frightful discovery that our legal provisions are going to work mischievously. This manufacture is not like most others that can be adapted by instant remissions or intensions to the state of our necessities, as they slowly come within distinct measurement. Even one harvest falling short, and coming in the rear of other changes to the same effect, is not retrievable in time by any efforts of man, were those efforts ever ready to move. And the true moral of the case is not, as usually we hear, a mere anxiety for the agricultural interest as in peril of great reverses, but a far more tremendous anxiety for the people at large, for the consumers of corn, as liable to sudden visitations of famine, under any false legislation. From that we are safe at present, through the temperate measure of our wise Minister.*

* In a more extended review of the corn question, several other pressing points would be entitled to notice, but especially these two:—1st, It might be shown that, in spite of the great variations to which bread-corn is liable beyond all other products of the soil, still, most undeniably, the price of wheat has maintained an astonishing regularity and self-consistency through the last period of 100 years. The nearest great national event to the earlier terminus of the last century, counted backwards from this present year 1842, was the opening of the Seven Years' War in 1756; at that era, wheat averaged pretty exactly the same price per quarter that it does now, with this only distinction, that the Winchester bushel was then used, but at present the imperial; and, to the extent of that difference, the advantage is in favour of our present wheat. At this price, wheat was then considered injuriously high; at this price, it is now considered injuriously high. 2dly, A most important truth ought to receive a full development. It relates to those cases in which a limited supply is supposed to be introduced into the home market, at prices romantically lower than the average rates of the ordinary supply. On this subject, a great misconception seemed to prevail on both sides of the House. We contemplate such cases as those of casual importations from the ports of the Black Sea. In those regions, there is found the usual prodigious range of oscillation, incident to half-barbarous lands, between the *maximum* and the *minimum* price of grain. Sometimes the locust destroys the whole harvest, and a famine ensues. In other seasons, a redundant crop invites a large exportation. But what is large for Transylvania, is small for Great Britain. However, the anomalous case might easily occur—that, even loaded with the high cost of conveyance, a quantity, of suppose 200,000 quarters, might be imported at a price ludicrously below our

Now, having partially reviewed the late discussion upon the corn question, which is far more important with regard to the tendencies of opinion and the future legislation of the land, than any individual law, (since that will surely give way to future agitation,) let us throw a glance on the second measure of Sir R. Peel—his new scheme of finance. In the corn bill he was controlled by the necessities of the case: *there* he could display little of his own nature. But in the scheme of finance, he has put forth his whole statesmanship—his whole spirit of plain dealing, and the whole temperate decision of his ministerial policy. The approving response on the part of the public has been instant, and by acclamation. It was understood at a glance that his measure, in so far as it was burdensome, had been called for by the negligence and errors not of himself, but of his opponents; and that, in so far as it promised to be splendidly effective, it was indebted to his characteristic boldness, and his determination to look the national difficulties in the face. Within all our experience, we remember but this one instance of a scheme for taxation having been received with clamours of applause. And what exalts the distinction of this applause is, that it rises spontaneously, notwithstanding the inevitable objections to the main remedial attraction, as one which, beyond all

others, must ever be in the last degree unpopular. This is no fault of Sir Robert's—that a property tax, but much more an income tax, should be painfully inquisitorial. But it is in the noblest class of praises to any minister—that, being such, being odious by its nature and operation to the whole class whom it will affect, this tax should have been courageously selected by him when no other could avail.

Lord Brougham, by a course apparently the most irregular that we have ever heard of, has called up for review before the Upper House this financial measure, before it had taken any official shape that could legitimately be noticed by an official body. What can either House know of any proceedings in the other until they come before it in the shape of a bill? Previously to that stage, any measure is but rumour and newspaper gossip—which offer a proper basis to popular comments, but not surely any basis at all to legislative interference. The secret of this precipitation is, we presume, to be found in the fear lest objections so exceedingly obvious should be anticipated by others. In reality, the substance of these objections has been heard from the first in every street; and, whilst the major part of the nine propositions are so indistinct as to present no meaning at all, the two which are really plain and true, are not of that kind which any man,

own. Now, as things stand, this disparity is remedied in a great measure by the duty. Imagine, therefore, this duty abolished, how would this low-priced wheat operate on the British market? Apparently, it was too readily supposed by the House—that *pro tanto* such a cheap importation would really benefit the public. But this is possible only under the condition of a pretty large quantity. Whosoever the quantity should be small enough to permit of delay and management in the terms of sale, it would form a sort of *god-send*, or lucky windfall, upon which the price would be fixed by the previously prevailing price of the market, and the excessive profits would be divided between the owner and the favoured buyer, on such a scale of shares as might correspond to the particular circumstances of the time. More or less would be sacrificed in the way of a temptation to the buyer, according as the market—being heavy or otherwise at the moment—should compel the holder to a less or more favourable communication of his private good fortune. But in all this the public would have no interest. One, two, or three transfers of the wheat might take place, and in each there might be an extra profit to the parties concerned; but finally, the grain would enter the market pretty nearly at the average price, since a very slight deduction upon the selling price would always suffice to procure a rapid sale for a quantity not too large; and no reason can be imagined why an owner should sacrifice any thing beyond the discount requisite for ensuring a prompt sale. It is therefore an entire fallacy to argue that such romantic importations are beneficial for so far as they extend, *i. e.* in the ratio of their amount. On the contrary, they are mere private cases of luck, with which the public have no concern. And this cuts off all argument for favouring any importation, which is too small to be overruled and governed by the pre-existing standard of the market. Wherever the quantity is small enough to allow of delay and management, there the whole *bonus* on the transaction is shared between private hands.

who ever had experience of the old income tax, could by possibility have overlooked. As well record, by a resolution, that cancer is painful, or that fever is debilitating. The three first resolutions reiterate pretty nearly the same thing. The 4th is most offensive, taking away beforehand, so far as the intention is concerned, the whole grace of a public sacrifice which her Majesty has shown that she needed no meddling monitor to suggest. The 5th and 6th re-affirm the universal objections from the eldest of our experience on this subject, viz. that distinctions ought to be made between capital and industrial income—secondly, between a perpetual interest and a simple life interest. The 7th points to no abuse ever contemplated by the present Minister. The 8th is a rash case of dogmatism upon a point exceedingly doubtful, viz. the graduated descent of the tax when applied to the lowest ranges in the scale. The 9th reverts to the vague iterations of the three first.

Of all fears to us it appears the very idlest, that such a tax should ever prolong itself, beyond the necessity which calls for it, by the reconciling principle of habit and use. We remember perfectly, that, under the old income tax, the clamours and deep disgust against the powers (oftentimes it was said, the interested abuses of power) exercised by the commissioners, grew in strength from year to year. Had the disclosures extorted been triennial or quinquennial, there would have been time for the murmurs to subside: but, when the nuisance was annually renewed, it was not possible that the recusant spirit should collapse. Certainly the main evil of the impost, its prying inquisition into private affairs, and affairs of that class which men most anxiously conceal, and in which notoriety sometimes proves a practical injury, is an evil inherent in the principle and constitution of the tax when applied to incomes from trades or professions. Several writers in the public journals have well illustrated the unequal operation of the tax upon such variable and contingent incomes.

They rightly allege that, being bound to effect insurance upon their own lives to an extent not called for from those whose families succeed to a reversion or inheritance on their own decease, virtually speaking, they do not possess the incomes which they seem to possess, and which the law will assume. It is true also—that a man enjoying a stationary income from property can remove to the continent, and benefit by its local advantages of low prices or of inexpensive habits; whereas a professional man, together with a vast mass of others, is tied down to the costly town in which his profession is exercised. But, in the mean time, it is *not* true, as some of these writers have asserted, that it is any separate grievance affecting such men—that they are called on to set aside a proportion of the nominal income to contingencies. That deduction presses equally upon all incomes, arising in whatever manner they may.

The tax is, doubtless, in its inalienable nature, an oppressive one. The more is the Minister's honesty and courage in proposing it. It will be supported, through the brief period for which we hope that it will be needed, in the same spirit of cheerful courage with which it was received. If peace continues, it cannot long be needed: if war comes, then, at all events, it would have been called for; and the tax cannot have any tendency to produce war. We have a Minister now, who, in order to efface the mismanagement of his predecessors, is reduced to the necessity of foregoing for the moment all measures which are naturally popular. But in recompense, this minister has found a public that, estimating his high motives rightly, have received the most oppressive of taxes as if it had been an indulgence, and show themselves ready to adopt, in the deep securities of peace, one amongst the most obnoxious burdens of war. Thus it is that great ministers, by the "majesty of plain dealing," achieve beforehand the laurels of success; and that great nations, by a temporary sacrifice, achieve for themselves the consolidation of their welfare.

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WHO IS THE MURDERER?

A PROBLEM IN THE LAW OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, IN A LETTER
TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

York, 15th March 1842.

MY DEAR CHRISTOPHER—A trial for murder occurred here a few days ago, during the spring assizes for this county, which, taken altogether, is, in my opinion, the most remarkable that has been witnessed in this country for many years—little less so, indeed, than that of *Eugene Aram*; to which it bears, in several respects, a striking resemblance. The more I reflect upon it, the more am I struck with its peculiar interest and difficulty; and I consider it so calculated profitably to exercise the understandings of all clear-headed persons, lay or professional, interested in the administration of justice, and so illustrative of the working of our principles of criminal law, that I have determined to devote my leisure evenings at this place to the task of giving you, and through you the public, a pretty full account of it. That there are in it circumstances of mystery and horror is certain; but I shall reveal no more of them than is necessary for my purpose; for both you and I scout the idea of “ministering to minds diseased” by that degrading appetite for the loathsome details of crime, which certain late publications have engendered in persons of inferior capacity and education. *They* will find little to interest them in this article; but I hope, and believe, that it will be otherwise with those of your readers who are of a higher order—who may live under, or be acquainted with, other systems of criminal jurisprudence, (say in Scotland, and on the Continent, particularly in France,) with which I shall enable them to compare that of England—and to say how such a case as the present would have been dealt with by their own system. Who, indeed, here or elsewhere, can fail to be profoundly interested on behalf of justice when in quest of a great criminal, and endeavouring, spite of a long lapse of time, to frustrate all his devices for secrecy and concealment;—and in ascertaining that neither the innocent has been condemned, nor the guilty acquitted? I shall proceed to enable you to form a judgment on this case for yourself, just as if you had sat beside me in court during the trial—observing the demeanour of the different witnesses and listening to their testimony—with your eyes, too, riveted—at moments of intense and thrilling interest—upon the features of the man standing at the bar, to answer the most dreadful charge on which man can be arraigned before man.

Q. Q. Q.

IN the summer of the year 1830, there lived at a place called Eagle's-cliffe, near Yarm, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, a man of the name of William Huntley. He was one of the

sons of a respectable farmer who had died about ten years before, leaving behind him a widow and several children, and considerable property to be divided between them; but his will

was so imperfect and obscure as to have led to a Chancery suit, in order to determine the true distribution of the property according to his intention—which was, to leave his widow the interest of a certain sum for her life, and considerable legacies to each of his children, payable as they became of age. His son William was, in the year 1830, about thirty-four years of age, and married, but lived apart from his wife, with whom he had quarrelled. Owing to his being so long kept out of his little property, he became a weaver in order to support himself—and was, in fact, in very humble circumstances. In point of personal appearance—a matter to which I call your particular attention—he was of middling stature; he had a broad, squat face; his head was very large behind; his forehead a retreating one, with rather a deep indentation between the eyebrows; and he was pitted with the smallpox. But there was one peculiarity in his face—a very prominent tooth on the left side of the under-jaw—which caught every one's eye on first looking at him. It occasioned him to have a sort of "twist of the mouth"—for which he had been always known and ridiculed by his companions, even at school. The solicitor who had the management of the affairs in Chancery was a Mr Garbutt, residing at Yarm, and still living. He had occasionally assisted the family, and, amongst them, William Huntley, by small advances during the time of their being kept out of their property. At length, on *Thursday, 22d July 1830*—I also beg your attention to dates—Mr Garbutt was enabled to pay over to him the money due under the will; and on that day gave him a sum of L.85, 16s. 4d.—the balance due after deducting the above-mentioned advances—in seventeen L.5 bank-notes of the bank of Messrs Backhouse and Company, bankers at Stockton-upon-Tees, and the remainder in silver and copper. He was also entitled to receive other money, which Mr Garbutt had received instructions from him to endeavour to obtain; and I believe that he would have been entitled to a still further sum on his mother's death. As I have already mentioned, Huntley at this time resided at Eagle's-cliffe, but was in the constant habit of coming over to a small village at a few miles'

distance, called Hutton-Rudby, where his mother lived, and also an intimate friend of his, one Robert Goldsborough, whose house, on such occasions, he was in the habit of making his own—always passing the night there. Goldsborough was about Huntley's age; was a widower, with a couple of children, and in very destitute circumstances, having even been in the receipt of parish relief down to within a very few months of the period at which this narrative commences. On the day of Huntley's receiving his money, viz. *Thursday, the 22d July*, he went over to Hutton-Rudby, and stayed there one or two days, principally in company with his friend Goldsborough. There is some reason to believe that Huntley was desirous of preventing two or three creditors of his from knowing that he had received so considerable a sum of money; and also that he had, about the time in question, intimated to one or two persons a wish to go to America. He appears to have gone very frequently to and fro, between Hutton-Rudby and Eagle's-cliffe, during the ensuing week. At an early hour, five o'clock, on the morning of *Friday, the 30th July*, he was seen coming to Goldsborough's house; again, about three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, walking on the high-road, in company with Goldsborough, and a man named Garbutt; a third time, at eight o'clock in the evening of the same day, sitting in Goldsborough's house; and about ten o'clock that night, he, Goldsborough, and Garbutt, were observed walking together in a cheerful and friendly manner—Goldsborough with a gun in his hand—all apparently bending their steps towards Crathorne Wood, which was close by, on a poaching errand. From that moment to the present, Huntley has never once been seen or heard of. The circumstance of his disappearance was noticed as soon as six on the ensuing day, *Saturday*—and his continued absence rapidly increased the suspicion and alarm of the neighbourhood. A quantity of stale-looking blood being seen on the side of the high-road, on the ensuing Monday morning, very near the spot where he had been last seen walking with Goldsborough and Garbutt—and also a man's recollecting that, between eleven and twelve o'clock on Friday night, he had heard

the report of a gun in Crathorne Wood, added to the circumstance of Huntley's having been seen so frequently in Goldsborough's company, down even to the moment of his sudden disappearance, naturally pointed suspicion at Goldsborough, and anxious enquiries were at once made of him by many persons, to know what had become of Huntley. To one person, a creditor of Huntley's, Goldsborough said, with an easy confident air, that he had set Huntley on the road to Whitby, where he was going to take ship for America. To Whitby instantly went several persons in quest of the missing man, but in vain; no such person had been seen or heard of in that direction, nor was there—nor had there been for some time—in that port any vessel bound for America. The disappointed enquirers returned to Goldsborough, to announce the fruitlessness of their search, when he gave another account of Huntley's movements; namely, that he had set Huntley on the way to Liverpool, there to take ship for America; and a short time afterwards, to another class of enquirers, he told an entirely different story, that he had set Huntley on his way to Bidsdale, to see some friends of his residing there. All this kindled still more vivid suspicion against him. Constables and others searched his house, and found in it a watch, and various articles of clothing, belonging to Huntley, but none of which he made the least attempt to conceal. When asked to account for his possession of them, he gave inconsistent answers. First, he said that Huntley had given them to him; but, on being reminded how improbable it was that a man so covetous as Huntley should have done so, he said that the fact was that he had lent Huntley money, and, on his going off to America, he had left the articles in question as a security for the repayment of what he owed. In short, Goldsborough was universally supposed to have murdered Huntley. On one occasion he said, without any embarrassment of manner, when taunted on the subject—"You'll all see, by and by, whether he's been murdered!" On another occasion, after following to his door a person who had just quitted it, he said to a man standing near—"That gentleman has been here asking after Huntley, but he'll neither find him at

my house, nor at Whitby, nor nowhere else." Confident that the missing man had been murdered, the neighbours, and also the constables, searched far and wide after his body. To a party thus engaged, he once went up and said, impatiently—"You fools! it's no use searching there! Only you give up, and I'll bring Huntley to you in a fortnight!" From some cause or other, these efforts were shortly afterwards discontinued. Some week or ten days after Huntley's disappearance, Goldsborough was observed sitting opposite a very large fire in his house, reading; and a strong smell was perceived as of woollen burning. "Dear me," said a person to him, "you've a large fire for summer time?" He said he could not sleep, so he was sitting up reading. To another person mentioning the smell of woollen burning, he replied—"That he had been burning only some old things which he had pulled from under the stairs." At times he appeared disconsolate, and agitated, and very reserved. Again—he was found suddenly in possession of a considerable sum of money—in bank-notes, gold and silver—which he rather exhibited with some ostentation than concealed, and this as early as within a day or two after Huntley's disappearance: offering to lend to some persons, and making various purchases for himself. He remained at his house till towards the close of the autumn, when, wearied with the perpetual suspicions and ill-feeling exhibited towards him, he removed to the town of Barnsley, about thirty or forty miles off, and hired a loom of a man, at whose house he took up his abode. When asked what his name was, he replied, "Touch me lightly." He brought with him a good stock of clothes—many of them Huntley's—two watches, and plenty of money, with which he was very liberal. He complained of being out of health, and did no work—his chief amusement being the going out to shoot small birds. Some weeks afterwards he went away, and returned in company with a woman, whom he said he had married—and that she had brought him a sum of L.80 for her fortune. On being asked whence he had come, he replied, "from Darlington"—and passed under the name of Robert Towers.

This mysterious disappearance of

Huntley, connected as it was with the circumstances above related with reference to Goldsborough, gradually ceased to be the subject of gossip and speculation. But it may be asked—Why were not the startling facts of the case made the subject of a formal judicial enquiry? Let me ask another question, however—What proof was there that Huntley had been murdered at all, or that he was even dead? Was it impossible—or very improbable—that Goldsborough's account of the matter might be a true one—viz. that Huntley had gone to America, and that Goldsborough was purposely giving contradictory accounts of Huntley's movements, to enable him to elude discovery? There was, in fact, no *corpus delicti*—the very first step failed. No lawyer, on the above facts only, would feel himself warranted in recommending the prosecution of Goldsborough for murder, with so serious a chance of an acquittal: in which case, he could never have been again tried as the murderer, however conclusive might be evidence subsequently discovered. "However strong and luminous may be the circumstances, the coincidence of which tends to indicate guilt," observes a distinguished writer on the law of evidence, Mr Starkie, "they avail nothing, unless the *corpus delicti*—the fact that the crime has been actually perpetrated—shall have been first established. So long as the least doubt exists as to the *act*, there can be no certainty as to the criminal agent."

Thus, then, matters rested for a period of eleven years—that is, till the 21st June 1841—when a number of workmen were employed by a respectable farmer, a quaker, named Nellist, in making some alteration in the sides of a *stell*, i.e. a brook or rivulet, dividing a place called Stokesley from another called Seymour. While one of the labouring men, named Robinson, was engaged in cutting into one of the sides of the stell, at a spot where there was a curve or bend in the stream, called Stokesley Beck, and which was about five miles distant from the spot where Huntley, Garbutt, and Goldsborough had been last seen walking together, after turning up two cattle bones, he discovered one belonging to a human body—a shin bone; and presently, within a space of about a yard and a quarter, "the bones of a Christian," as he expressed it; in fact, a

complete skeleton, with the exception of the feet. The head lay at a distance of a yard from the shin bone. Deeming this rather a curious circumstance, he took out the bones very carefully, and laid them out at length on the side of the stell. They had lain at a depth of about three feet from the surface; and had evidently not been deposited there by digging a hole down from the surface, like a grave, but by hollowing out, or digging a hole in the stell-side, and then thrusting in the body, "back-side first, and doubled up," to use the words of the witness. The soil was tough and clayey; and the spot lay at a distance of about a hundred yards from the high-road. This stell was, in fact, not an inconsiderable stream, sometimes subject to overflows; and there was a wooden foot-bridge over it, a good way higher up the stream. The skull was removed from the earth very carefully by hand. It was filled with earth, and the lower back part of it appeared to have been broken off. The bones having been thus carefully laid out, on Robinson's master, Mr Nellist, arriving at the spot in the evening, he saw them with not a little surprise; and on looking at the skull and jaw-bone, particularly noticed a *long projecting tooth on the left side of the lower jaw*. With the exception of two or three, all the teeth were in their sockets, and remained in them till the bones, which had been very damp when first discovered, began to dry, when some of the teeth fell out, and, amongst others, the remarkable and all-important tooth in question. Before this had occurred, however, Mr Nellist took home with him, on the same evening, the skull and jaw-bone, and kept them, together with the loose teeth, in a pail. They were shortly afterwards, but before the prominent tooth in question had dropped out, seen by various persons; several of whom, on noticing the tooth, at once said that the skull was Huntley's, whom they had known. Mr Nellist committed the skull and teeth, a day or two afterwards, to the care of one Gernon, a constable, who put them into a basket; and having heard of the former suspicions against Goldsborough, whom he also ascertained to be then living under another name at Barnsley, set off of his own accord, carrying with him the bones, to take Goldsborough into custody. On the evening of the 23d

June, he found Goldsborough sitting in his house alone, without his coat, which hung over a chair back. "I have come," said the constable abruptly, "to take you into custody for the murder of William Huntley, eleven years ago,"—on which Goldsborough appeared dreadfully agitated. "Look at this," continued the officer, taking out the shattered skull, and showing it to Goldsborough, "and tell me if it isn't the remains of Huntley?" Goldsborough could not look at it, but his eyes wandered round the room; and with increasing trepidation, and bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "I'm innocent! They may swear my life away if they please, but I never had any clothes, or a watch, [the constable had asked him if he had not a watch belonging to Huntley,] or any thing belonging to Huntley! The last time I ever saw him was on Thursday!" The constable then took him into custody, but released him the next morning, considering the evidence against him not sufficient to warrant his detention, especially as he had arrested Goldsborough on his own responsibility only. The whole matter was soon, however, brought under the notice of the magistrates, and steps were taken at once to obtain any evidence that might throw light on this long-hidden transaction:—a reward of one hundred pounds being offered, in the usual terms, to any one who should give such evidence as would lead to the discovery and conviction of the murderer of William Huntley. Shortly afterwards a man of the name of Thomas Groundy was heard making such observations as led to his being taken into custody, and on the 10th of August Goldsborough also was again arrested—having continued ever since in the same house in which he had formerly been seized, at Barnsley—on the charge of having murdered William Huntley; Thomas Groundy being charged as an accessory after the fact. The magistrates having heard all the evidence which had been collected, were of opinion that it was expedient for the ends of justice to permit Groundy to turn king's evidence, as it is called—*i. e.* to be relieved from the charge against himself, in order to give evidence impeaching his fellow-prisoner. That was done; and the following is a verbatim copy of his deposition—every syllable of which is

worthy of notice, in consequence of an extraordinary circumstance which occurred shortly after it had been taken:—

"Thomas Groundy, being charged before us as an accessory after the fact to the murder by Robert Goldsborough of William Huntley, and being, after the hearing of all the evidence on the part of the prosecution, in the exercise of our discretion, admitted by us at this stage of the proceedings to give evidence against the said Robert Goldsborough, on his oath, saith—

"On the Wednesday after William Huntley was missing, Robert Goldsborough came to me, and asked me if I would help him with a bag to Stokesley—he was going to America; and I told him I would go, and we went by Neville's hind-house, and then we kept no road, and we went down to yon wood beside the stone bridge. He took me to a bag which was laid upon the ground in the wood, and I laid hold of it, and I found like a man's head, and I asked him what it was—and he stopped about five minutes before he spoke, and he then said—'It is a bad job, it is Huntley—as he was waiving (*qu. walking*) by me, I shot him.' Then I fell frightened, and wanted to go home, and Goldsborough said—'If you mention it, I'll give you as much.' And I said I would not mention it, and I wanted to make off, and I made off. That the body was in the wood, within two or three hundred yards from the bridge. It is quite a lonely place. It was a rough place in the wood. Goldsborough never said any thing more to me about it, and I was frightened, and durst not mention it to him. It was about hay-time. I knew William Huntley. He had a long tooth, and used to twist his mouth."—Sworn, &c., 14th August 1841.

"The mark of
"THOMAS + GROUNDY."

Two or three hours afterwards, Groundy hanged himself!—He had been placed in a room in York Castle, only to await the arrival of his sureties, who were to be bound with him for his appearance to give evidence at the trial, and had not been left above half an hour before he was found suspended by his neckerchief and

braces to one of the iron bars of the window, his knees resting on the floor, and quite dead. He had been in good health and spirits, and perfectly sober, up to the last moment of his being seen alive; having observed, in answer to enquiries, that what he had just been swearing to he had mentioned to two or three persons, whom he named, shortly after the facts had happened. An inquest was held on his body, and a verdict returned of *felo de se*. To return, however—Goldsborough, having heard the whole of the evidence thus adduced against him, including, of course, that of Groundy, voluntarily made and signed the following statement, which also I shall present to you *verbatim*:—

“On Thursday the 22d July 1830, William Huntley came to my house, and stopped and talked awhile, and asked me to take a walk with him. We took a walk down over the bridge, and through Sir William Foulis’ plantation. We sat down on the side of the footpath, in the plantation; and he says, ‘I want you to look at some papers I have;’ and so he pulled them out of his inside coat pocket, one a largish paper, which he had got from Mr Garbutt, and he says—‘I have been drawing my money,’ and said he had drawn L.85, 16s., and he said, ‘what is the reason of all this money kept back?’ I looked at the paper, and told him what the sums were for. He said he did not want it mentioned to every person, for Dalkin, Robert Moon, and some others, who wanted money of him, would be at him. I told him I had nothing to do with it—I should say nothing about it—so we came home together, and he was backwards and forwards out of our house, and other houses in the town, all the day. He laid with me all night, as he generally used to do when he came to the town. He was backwards and forwards all the next day, and he hired a cart and brought a loom down from Robert Moon’s, and sold it to George Farnaby that day, and he stopped all night again, and slept with me, and then he came to Stokesley on the Saturday, and tried me several times to go to America with him. I went with him to Stokesley. We were together awhile at Stokesley on that day, and then we parted, and I never saw him any more until the Thursday

following, and he came down to me at Farnaby’s shop at Hutton, and called of me out, and pushed me sadly to go to America with him, and I told him I had two children, and I should not leave them, as I was both father and mother to them. So he stopped awhile, and he said if I would not go, he could not force me; but if I would go, I should share with him as long as he had a halfpenny. I refused, and he stopped on a while, and we went out, and I set him down a few yards from the door, and left him. We shook hands and parted; and he said, if Mr Garbutt did not put it out about his money, he would stop a few days longer, if people did not get to know about it. I have no more to say about it. That was the very last time I clapped my eyes upon him. If it was the last words I had to speak, I never was in Crathorne Woods, nor Weary Bank Woods, with Thomas Groundy. You may think it’s a lie; but if it were the last words I had to speak, I never was with him.

“ROBERT GOLDSBOROUGH.”

He was then committed to York Castle, to take his trial at the next spring assizes for Yorkshire—an occasion looked forward to with universal interest by the inhabitants of that great county. Accordingly, at nine o’clock on Wednesday morning, the 9th of March 1842, he made his appearance at the bar of the Crown Court, before Mr Baron Rolfe—than whom a more patient, acute, and clear-headed judge could not have been selected to try such a case—to meet the fearful charge now made against him, of the “wilful murder of William Huntley, by discharging at him a loaded gun, and thereby giving him a mortal wound, of which he instantly died.”

“Put up Robert Goldsborough,” said the clerk of arraigns to the governor of the castle, as soon as Mr Baron Rolfe had taken his seat; and in a few moments’ time a man was led along to the bar of the court, whose appearance instantly excited in me a mixed feeling of pity and suspicion—the latter, however, predominating. He was forty-seven years of age, of average make and height, wearing an old but decent-looking drab great-coat, a printed cotton neckerchief, clean shirt-collar, and a pair of some-

what tarnished doeskin gloves. His hair and whiskers were of a dull sandy colour; his face rather long and thin; his eyes grey, heavy and slow in their movements, and with a sad expression; his upper lip long and heavy; his mouth compressed, with a certain indication of sullenness and determination. In short, his features were altogether of a rigid cast and a phlegmatic character, wearing an expression of great anxiety and depression. Whatever inward emotion he might be experiencing, he preserved an external composure of manner. On being placed at the bar, he rested his arms on the iron bar, with his hands clasped together—never removing the gloves he wore. This was the attitude which he preserved, with scarce any variation, during the whole of his two days' trial. He pleaded "Not Guilty," with an air of modest firmness and sadness—eyeing each of his jurymen as they were sworn, and also the judge in his imposing ermine robes, and the counsel immediately beneath him, with anxious attention. He appeared to me a man of firm nerves, or rather perhaps of slow feeling, who had made up his mind to the worst. Was he not an object of profound interest? Had he really done the deed which now, after so many years' concealment, was to be dragged into the light of day? Had he shot dead the companion walking beside him in unsuspecting sociality, rifled the bleeding body, and then thrust it, in the dead of the night, into the earth?—or was he standing there as innocent of the crime imputed to him as the judge who was to try him, yet long blighted by unjust suspicion, and now despairing of a fair trial—the miserable victim of blind and cruel prejudice—to be convicted, within a few days hanged, his body buried within the precincts of the prison; and presently afterwards William Huntley to appear again, alive and well!—

The counsel for the prosecution opened the case with candour and judgment, giving a very clear account of the facts he expected to be able to establish; and in one of his observations the judge subsequently expressed his anxious concurrence, namely, the necessity there was for the jury to be on their guard against a certain air of romance which seemed shed over the case, and against a se-

cret notion that the guilt of a long-hidden murder was *destined*, by some sort of special providence, to be brought home against the person now charged with it. I shall now proceed to give you a condensed and accurate account of all the *material* facts proved—you keeping your eye, all the while, on any points of coincidence or contradiction that may strike you; and I shall add such observations on the demeanour and character of the witnesses, as may possibly enable you the better to appreciate the value of their evidence. You are already supplied with a key to it, in the brief narrative I have given you in the former part of this article.

At the instance of the prisoner's counsel, all the witnesses were ordered out of court before the counsel opened the case for the prosecution. The following, then, was the evidence adduced to prove, first, that William Huntley *had been murdered*; and secondly, by Robert Goldsborough, the prisoner at the bar.

William Garbutt, a solicitor, proved the facts stated, at the commencement of the narrative, as to the family, the property, the person of William Huntley; particularly the prominent tooth, the payment to him of L.85, 16s. 4d. on Thursday the 22d July 1830. He had examined the skull which had been found, and, from his recollection of the form of Huntley's countenance, believed it to have been his. He had never heard Huntley talk of going to America. A warrant had been issued against Garbutt in 1830, but unsuccessfully, as he had then absconded, and never since been heard of.

George Farnaby had known both Huntley and Goldsborough well. They were very intimate; and the last time he had seen them together was on *Thursday*, 29th July 1830. He saw Goldsborough enter his house (which was in the same yard as the witness's house) about 3 p.m. the next day, (*Friday*), with a sort of sack, but could not guess what it contained, nor whether it was light or heavy. On the next evening, (*Sunday*), Goldsborough stood at his window, and pressed the witness to accompany him to Yarm fair the next morning, saying, that a man there owed him L.5; which sum Goldsborough offered to lend to the witness. Goldsborough went to the fair, and bought a cow

there, and put it into a field belonging to witness. A week afterwards I was at Goldsborough's, when Dalkin called to enquire after Huntley. Goldsborough said, Huntley had gone to Whitby to sail for America. The witness had himself heard Huntley speak, at different times, of going to America.

Robert Braithwaite saw Huntley come to Goldsborough's door, knock, and be admitted, about *five o'clock in the morning of Friday, 30th July 1830*. He had a particular tooth in his under jaw, which pushed his lips out. Witness had seen the skull and jaw-bone; and the tooth in it corresponded exactly with that of Huntley. Just before his disappearance, witness (a tailor) had made him a dark-green coat with yellow roundish buttons, raised in the middle; a yellowish striped waistcoat with yellow buttons; and a pair of patent cord trowsers, with a yellow sandy cast, and a broadish rib; and he distinctly observed that Huntley wore those trowsers when he called at Goldsborough's, at five o'clock on the Friday morning. Witness had known Goldsborough all his life. He was always very poor, and unable to pay witness for his clothes without the greatest difficulty.

James Gears was sitting smoking his pipe on the road-side, (where he was engaged breaking stones,) at Hutton Rudby, *between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, 30th July 1830*. Huntley, Goldsborough, and Garbutt came up together, lit their pipes at mine, and then went down the lane, northward, towards Middleton. That was the last time he ever saw Huntley. On *Wednesday, 4th August 1830*, Goldsborough and I were walking together towards some potato fields, and he pulled a quantity of silver out of his left-hand pocket, and four or five L.5 bank-notes out of his right-hand pocket. I knew them by the stamp to be L.5 notes. He told me they were Bank of England notes. I said, Robert, thou's well off—much better than I: I work hard for my family, and yet never have a penny to call my own." He said he had got the money out of the Stockton-on-Tees bank, where he could draw money whenever he wanted it, for he dealt in poultry. He had always till then been very poor; having many times occasion to borrow a little meal and a little flour from the witness. The witness had

mentioned the circumstance of the three men lighting their pipes from his, to Bewick the constable, on Monday the 2d August 1830. [If that were so, he must have then had his suspicions against Goldsborough; and it is rather odd that two days afterwards he should be walking so familiarly with Goldsborough, and should not have challenged him more strictly as to his suddenly acquired wealth. As singular is it, that Goldsborough, if guilty, should have so stupidly exhibited it to one who well knew his previous poverty; and that, too, at the very time when every body was beginning to suspect him as Huntley's murderer.]

James Braithwaite—The last time he ever saw Huntley was about *eight o'clock in the evening of Friday, 30th July 1830*, sitting on a box near the fire-place in Goldsborough's house. His face was full towards witness, who saw him quite plainly. On Monday, 2d August 1830, was Yarm fair-day; and on witness passing along the high-road, about nine o'clock in the evening, he observed a pool of blood about fifty yards from the bridge, which is a little below Foxton Bank, on the road from Yarm to Rudby. He mentioned the circumstance the same day to Brigham, the constable. About ten days afterwards, in passing Goldsborough's house about ten o'clock one night, he observed a large fire, and went in, and told Goldsborough that there was a strong smell of woollen burning. He replied that he had been burning some old rags. The witness soon after reminded him that it was bed-time, and said, "Aren't you going to bed?" He replied "No; I can't sleep."

James Maw—[By far the most important witness in the case. A violent attempt was made to impeach his credit; but in my opinion, and in that of all I conversed with, quite unsuccessfully. He was about forty years old, very calm and collected—with a sort of quaint frankness of manner, and gave his evidence in a fair, straightforward way.] The last time he had ever seen Huntley was *about nine o'clock on the night of Friday, 30th July 1830*, near the bridle-road leading to Crathorne Wood, in company with Goldsborough, who carried a new gun, and Garbutt—all three of whom the witness had long known well. Huntley wore a dark green coat, a

yellow neckcloth, (that the witness particularly noticed,) and darkish trousers and waistcoat. He spoke to witness, and said, "Where hast thou been, thou cassy dog? [which was a common expression of Huntley's.] Wilt go along with us?"—"No," replied the witness; "you'll be getting into mischief with your poaching!" "Do thou go with us," said Huntley; "we're going to try a new gun, and, if we catch a hare, we'll go to Crathorne, have it stewed, and get some ale." He then pulled out of his pockets some notes, showed them to the witness, and said, "I've plenty of money—I've been to Mr Garbutt's, and drawn part of my fortune." On this, Goldsborough said, "Put up thy money, thou fool; why art exposing it that way?" and then he added, (but the witness was not sure whether to Huntley or Garbutt,) "We'll have nobody with us." They then went on through the gate on to Crathorne bridle-road, and the witness went home, which he reached about ten o'clock. [I shall give the remainder of his evidence in his own words.] "On Saturday, 7th August, Bewick the constable and I went to the shop of Hall, a butcher at Hutton Rudby, and there we had some talk about Huntley's being missing; and we and several others went that night to Goldsborough's house. Bewick said—'Goldy, there are strange reports about Huntley; what hast thou *really* done with him?' Goldsborough was very much agitated, making no answer for some time; then said he had set Huntley on the Whitby road as far as Easley Bridge, to take ship for America. But I said *that* was very unlikely, for there had been no ship advertised to go to America. Shortly afterwards, he said he had set Huntley on the Tontine road, to take coach for Liverpool—which was in the opposite direction to Whitby. I asked if Huntley had booked at the Tontine? Goldsborough said no, he had got on the coach beyond the Tontine. On this we all told him these were two opposite tales. I forget what his answer was, but he seemed very much agitated—so much so, that he quite shook, and required to use both his hands to put his hat on. Bewick and I at another time went to call on him, and found him walking up and down before some houses near his own.

Bewick said, 'Now, really tell us, what hast thou done with Huntley?' He answered and said—[that was the formal style in which much of the witness's evidence was given]—"I set him up Carlton Bank, to go into Bilsdale, to see some friends of his." We said that was again another different story; but I forget his answer. The same evening, I and four other men, (some of them constables,) who all died of the cholera when it was here, went to Goldsborough's house to search it—he not objecting to it. We found a pair of woollen corded trousers, an old waistcoat, and an old coat. I could almost have sworn they were all Huntley's. We also found six new shirts, marked 'W. H. 1,' 'W. H. 2,' 'W. H. 3,' 'W. H. 4,' 'W. H. 5,' 'W. H. 6,' in an old-fashioned piece of furniture, like a box or press, up stairs; not in the room where one Hannah Best was engaged washing. The shirts had been made by one Hannah Butterwick; she was then there, and is now living, but I know not where. We asked Goldsborough how he explained all these things; and he said that Huntley had given the things to him. We said, 'No, no; he's too greedy a man for that;' on which Goldsborough said he had lent Huntley money, and he had left these things in part payment. There was a watch, seemingly of silver, with 'W. H.' engraved on the back, hanging up over the fireplace. We took it down, and examined it. There were two papers inside, one with the name of 'Mr Needham,' the other 'Mr Stephenson, watch and clock-maker, Stokesley.' Goldsborough gave the same account of the watch as he had given of the clothes and shirts. There was a gun up the stairs, like the one I had observed in his hand when I last saw him with Huntley: it was new-looking. His sister-in-law pointed to it, crying, and saying, 'Oh, Robert, this is the thing thou'st either killed or hurt Huntley with.' He replied, 'Hold thy tongue, thou fool!' and was much agitated. I afterwards made one of those who went to search for Huntley's body. About fifty yards from that part of the road where the blood was found, near Foxton Bridge, I recollect seeing a place, in a potato ground, where the earth seemed to have been *newly dug*. [It certainly

seems most unaccountable that, if this circumstance really had been observed at that time, a spot so challenging suspicion should not have been instantly examined.] After we had been searching some time, we met Goldsborough, who said, 'Where have you been searching to-day?' Several persons replied 'In Foxton Beck, Foxton Woods, and Middleton and Crathorne Woods.' Goldsborough answered, 'He's far more likely to be found in Stokesley Beck.' " [*The very place where the skeleton was found.*] The witness then described Huntley's face, particularly his projecting tooth; and said he had seen the skull and jaw-bone, with the projecting tooth in it, just in the same place as Huntley's was, and projecting in the same way.

John Sanderson lived in a house 200 yards from Crathorne Wood, and well recollected hearing, about eleven or twelve o'clock on the night of Friday, 30th July 1830, (the Friday before Yarm fair,) a shot fired in the wood; and a second within about a minute afterwards. It seemed about a quarter of a mile off. He got up and listened; but heard nothing more. There was game in the wood, and there were sometimes poachers.

Bartholomew Goldsborough — On going on Monday morning, 2d August 1830, to Yarm fair, saw a pool of stale-looking blood, about one and a half feet in diameter, lying on the high-road, (which was not much frequented,) a little on the Crathorne side of the road, and in a slanting direction towards the gate leading into Crathorne Wood. He had noticed this blood before he had heard that Huntley was missing. The place where the blood lay was from four to six miles' distance from Stokesley Beck, where the skeleton was found.

Thomas Richardson had sold Goldsborough a single-barrelled gun, on Monday, 26th July 1830, for 8s. It was an old one, but cleaned and polished up so as to look like a new one. He did not pay for it, saying, he would take it on trial. A day or two after Yarm Fair, (which was on Monday, 2d August 1830,) the witness called on him for payment. Goldsborough said he would return it—he did not want it, and had not used it. The witness thrust his finger down the muzzle, and when he drew it out it was dirty with the mark of powder.

The witness showed him the finger, and told him he *had* used the gun; which the witness then took away. When the witness entered Goldsborough's house, the latter was engaged at a chest, in which were some clothes; he particularly recollected seeing a pair of woollen cord trowsers, broad striped, and a yellow cast with them; a yellow waistcoat with a dark stripe, with gilt buttons. There were other clothes of a dark colour. The trowsers and waistcoat were Huntley's—for the witness had seen him wear them. He had also seen Huntley wearing a green coat with brass buttons, having a nob on them. [This witness gave his evidence in a satisfactory manner; and admitted, on cross-examination, having been once or twice, some time before, imprisoned for poaching, and once for having stolen some goslings; of which, however, he strenuously declared that he had not been guilty. Mr Baron Rolfe, in summing up, seemed to attach no weight to these circumstances as impeaching the value of his evidence.]

Joseph Dalkin.—Heard on Sunday, 1st August 1830, of Huntley's disappearance, and went on that day to Goldsborough's, to enquire after him. Goldsborough said he had set Huntley along Stokesley Lane—that he was going to sail for America from Whitby, at four o'clock on the next morning, (Monday.) Witness said he would go and stop him, for he owed witness L.4 for a suit of clothes. Goldsborough said, "Huntley and I have had all that matter talked over about his owing thee money; he never intends paying thee—and it's of no use thy going after him." The witness, however, did go immediately to Whitby, (a distance of thirty miles,) and searched the whole town for Huntley, but in vain: nor was there any vessel going to America. When the witness measured Huntley, he wore a pair of patent cord trowsers, with broad rib, and yellowish cast. He had pressed Huntley several times, in vain, to pay his bill.

George Bewick, a linen manufacturer, and also, in 1830, a constable. He had known Huntley, and recollected his disappearance. In consequence of hearing of it, he went soon after to Hall's (the butcher's) shop, where were Goldsborough and several others; but he did not then recollect whether the witness Maw

was also there. Huntley's wife also accompanied witness, and he said to Goldsborough, "There's a report that Huntley is missing; and, as I hear you were last with him, I thought you the likeliest person to ask about him." He replied, "That Huntley had some relations at Bilsdale, and had gone there to see them." "Why then," asked the witness, "did you tell Joe Dalkin he had gone to Whitby, and thereby give him a sixty miles' journey for nought?" He made some unsatisfactory answer; but what it was the witness did not recollect. He was agitated, and trembled. The witness then said to him, "I understand thou hast Huntley's five shirts: how did'st thou come by them?" He answered that he had bought them of Huntley: to which the witness replied, "I understand you and Huntley bought a web from George Farnaby between you, which made you five shirts each; and it was not likely that either you could buy or he would sell you his five shirts; and here's his wife says he was badly off for shirts—having only a bad one on, and a worse one off!" His answer to this the witness had forgotten. He proceeded to give the same description of Huntley's person which had been given by the other witnesses; adding, "Huntley had something more remarkable about his appearance than most men;" and that he had seen and examined the skull and jaw-bone, and believed it to be Huntley's. [This was an important witness; of respectable character and appearance; and corroborating the evidence of Maw in several most material particulars. No attempt even was made to shake him by cross-examination.]

Maria Richardson had lived at Hutton Rudby when Huntley was missed. He wore at that time woollen cord trousers, with a broad rib, and yellow cast; and had a yellow waistcoat with a dark-coloured stripe in it. These articles of clothes, which witness knew at the time to be Huntley's, together with others, she saw in Goldsborough's house, in a sort of old-fashioned chest or press, about a week or fortnight after Huntley was missing. When she went in, Goldsborough was at the chest looking over the clothes, and did not seem agitated. She was confident about having seen the articles in question.

John Kaye was sitting on the step of the house next door to Goldsborough's, on Sunday, 1st August 1830, and saw the witness Dalkin go to Goldsborough's house, and then come back. Goldsborough followed him out, and then remained standing close to the witness, and said, "That gentleman's been to my house, asking for Huntley; but I've told him he'll neither find him at my house, nor at Whitby, nor any where else!" The witness saw Goldsborough the next day, (Monday, 2d August 1830,) driving home a red cow from Yarm fair.

Elizabeth Shaw.—On Friday night, 30th July 1830, (not having then, nor till a week afterwards, heard of Huntley's disappearance,) between 12 and 1 o'clock, was at Mr Bainbridge's house, which was just opposite to Goldsborough's. She had brought some washing things home. While there she observed Goldsborough go out of his yard; then he went up to the public-house of Catchasides, (also a constable,) and first listened at the door, then at the low window, and then looked up towards the upper window, after which he returned towards his own house. When, about a week afterwards, the witness had heard that Huntley was missing, she went to Goldsborough's house, and found him sitting by a very large fire, reading. "Dear me," said the witness to him, "this is a large fire for summer!" He said he had been burning some old rubbish, from under the stairs. There was a strong smell of woollen burning; and while the witness was talking in this way to him, he got up, opened the back window, and stood leaning for some time against it, saying, "I'm only looking out to get a bit of fresh air." Two or three days afterwards, she again saw Goldsborough at his house, and said "What a sad thing it was if Huntley was murdered!" But all he said was, "You'll all see by and by whether he's murdered or not!" About that time he appeared greatly troubled in his mind, and not inclined to speak to any one. Goldsborough was a very poor man, scarcely able to get a meal of meat, and, in particular, was very badly dressed. She believed she had heard Goldsborough, and possibly Huntley, talk of going to America; and thought she had heard Goldsborough say that Huntley had

gone to America, and had "rued" it. [This witness gave her evidence in a plain, straightforward manner, admitting that she had had two children before marriage, and had been once in jail for an assault, and once for stealing geese—the truth of which charge she vehemently denied. She did not vary at all in her evidence, under cross-examination.]

Hannah Best, (mother of the last two female witnesses,) used to wash for Goldsborough once a-week; and when at his house on such occasions, used to put one of his two children to bed. The last time I washed for him was on Friday, 30th July 1830; and on that occasion he said he would himself put his child to bed, but gave no reason for so doing. During the afternoon of that day, she observed him bring in something in a sack on his back, and take it up stairs. She could not recollect ever having seen any shirts in Goldsborough's house that were marked, and must have recollected them if there had been such; nor did she recollect seeing Goldsborough looking into a chest, nor with any such clothes as had been described; nor did she recollect seeing the witness Maw in the house. [This was a very stupid old woman, of the *non mi ricordo* class; either really recollecting nothing of what had happened, or resolved to say nothing prejudicial to Goldsborough.]

Anthony Wiles, till within the last seven years, had lived next door to his step-sister, who kept a chandler's shop at Hutton Rudby; and where he had often seen Huntley go in to change his money into half-crown pieces, for which he always seemed to have a peculiar fancy. Witness knew Goldsborough well; and recollected the time of Yarm fair, on Monday, 2d August 1830. On the Saturday before (31st July) recollected seeing Goldsborough, *Thomas Groundy*, and two others, in a public-house drinking, in the front kitchen; they came in about twelve o'clock at night, and remained there till four o'clock in the morning. They had at least thirteen pints of ale; and Goldsborough paid for all—giving half-crowns, and getting change for them every second or third pint. The witness was one of those who had searched for Huntley's body on the Friday or Saturday after he was missing. After having been home to get

some refreshment, they returned to their task; and while at a hay-stack, which was near about two miles from the place where the bones were found, Goldsborough came up, anxious and breathless, and said, "What are you doing there?—a lot of fools! If you'll only wait, I'll bring him forward in a fortnight!"

John Duck was overseer, in 1830, of the parish where Goldsborough then lived; and gave him and his family parish relief in the fore part of that year—viz. five shillings a-week for four weeks.

Robert Hall, a butcher at Hutton Rudby, saw Goldsborough at Yarm fair on Monday, 2d August 1830, buying a red heifer, for which witness saw him pay L.7; and observed that he had paper money, gold, and silver. Recollected also Bewick, accompanied by Mrs Huntley, coming to his shop shortly after Huntley was missing, to enquire of Goldsborough, who was there also, what had become of Huntley.

William Robinson, a weaver at Barnsley.—In the autumn of 1830—towards Martinmas—Goldsborough came to reside with the witness; he took a loom of witness, and called himself "Robert:" when asked his other name, he used to say, "*Touch me lightly!*" He complained, at first, of being poorly, and did not work for some weeks, but would go out with a gun to shoot small birds. When he first came, he had on a pair of broadish woollen fawn-coloured trowsers, and had also a black coat. His box did not arrive till some weeks afterwards; and then he had a green and black plaided coat, a top-coat, two hats, and two watches—one seemed an old, the other a new one, and made of silver. Both had cases when he *first* came, but he subsequently lost the case of the old one. Witness never *saw* him with money; but, from his style of living, he must have had it. Once, on witness talking about buying a pig, Goldsborough told him not to be "fast" for want of a pound or two, and lent him two sovereigns. After living with witness a few weeks, he went away—northward, as he said—and, after a month's absence, returned with a woman, whom he said he had married. They only took their meals with the witness; sleeping elsewhere. They lived much better than witness and his family could afford to live.

William White.—In the spring of 1831, Goldsborough came to live near witness's mother, at Barnsley, under the name of Robert Towers. He used to have witness to go out with him shooting, to gather his birds—and the first time he paid witness any thing, was a shilling, which he took out of a quantity of gold and silver—there must have been as much as L. 15 or L. 16, and 30s. worth of silver, or thereabouts. He had a watch, with scarlet ribbon and two large seals, which he wore—and another with no outer case. He once offered to sell witness the watch he wore; and on his declining, asked him if he would buy the inside of another, which also the witness declined. At this time, he had been about four or five months at Barnsley. Once the witness asked him where he had come from; and he replied, Darlington. Soon after he came, he bought a pair of drawers, a corner cupboard, and some chairs. He said he had got L. 80 from his wife's friends.

Three witnesses were then produced, to speak to the peculiarities of Huntley's personal appearance, and the correspondence of the skull which had been found with the form of his face and head. *One* was a respectable farmer, who had known him for fourteen years, and said, that he had a very low nose and forehead, and his head was largeish behind. The witness had seen and examined the skull—"It was," he said, "similar to Huntley's head, his face, and every thing about it." A *second* witness was a hatter at Hutton Rudby, whose customer Huntley had been. He required a large hat; and on the last occasion, the witness had found it very difficult to fit him. He had a particular shaped face, a very short one, a broad flat nose, and was very much sunk between the eyebrows. The low part of his forehead overhung much, and then fell back; and the hinder part of his head was very large. The *third* witness had known Huntley when a boy, and used, with the other boys, to plague him about his tooth.

Then was adduced the evidence of the discovery of the bones, and the locality where they were found, of which I have already given some account. The "*Stell*" in question seemed to be a sort of tributary stream to the river Leven, two or three yards

deep, though not very broad, and was occasionally subject to floods, when its water would run very rapidly down, past the spot where the bones were found, which was in a sort of small bend or curve of the stream, where the current had in a manner undermined the bank, which it left considerably overhanging. As I understood it, this hollowed part must have been still further excavated, for the purpose of receiving the body, which was supposed to have been thrust in "backside foremost," leaving the skull at one angle, and the feet at the opposite one of the base of the triangle. The soil was, I believe, alluvial. The spot in question was a very secluded one, being the property of a Colonel —, who had once or twice been seen fishing in it. There was a foot bridge, but at a very considerable distance, higher up the stream. The whole of a human skeleton was found except the feet, the small bones of which might have been exposed to the action of the current, and from time to time washed away. All the bones, and particularly the skull, were removed most carefully by the hand, so that no injury might be inflicted by spade or pick-axe. When first discovered, it would appear certain that there was a very prominent tooth on the left of the lower jaw, which arrested the attention of all those who saw it; but soon afterwards, owing to the inconceivable carelessness and stupidity of those intrusted with the custody of such all-important articles, and who permitted every idle visitor to have free access to them, the tooth in question—alas!—was lost! I confess I have seldom experienced such a rising of indignation, as when this disgraceful deficiency of evidence was thus accounted for; and had I been the judge, the very least symptom of my displeasure would have been the disallowance of the costs of any witness in whose custody the bones had been placed when the tooth in question was with them. But to return—It was now nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, and as the case for the crown must inevitably close very shortly, it was very properly determined upon to produce the bones during the broad daylight, to enable the jury, judge, and witnesses, to see them distinctly. As soon as I heard a whispered suggestion to that effect, I fixed my eyes

closely on the prisoner. As soon as he heard the order given to produce the bones, I perceived that he slightly changed colour; and turning his head a little towards the witness-box, where he expected them to be produced, he directed quick furtive glances, while a new square deal box was brought forward, and unlocked. To the eye of a close observer, the prisoner's countenance now evidenced the miserable and almost overpowering agitation he was experiencing—and that, withal, he was nerving himself up, so to speak, to a great effort. I perceived his breast twice or thrice heave heavily; and, though conscious of being watched closely by those around him, he could not keep his eyes for more than a moment away from the box, with whose mysterious contents he was to be so quickly confronted. At length a dark brown skull, the hinder part appearing to have been broken off, was lifted out of the box: the prisoner's under lip drooped a little, and perceptibly quivered for a moment or two—and after one or two glances at the skull, he looked in another direction, his eyes—if I know any thing of human expression—full of suppressed agony and terror. Yet again—and again—he glanced at the dumb but fearful witness produced against him; and from a certain tremulous motion of the ends of his neckerchief, I could perceive that his heart was beating violently. Still he never moved from the position which he had occupied since the morning; though I learnt from one of the turnkeys who stood near him in the dock, that at the period I am mentioning, and also at several other periods of the day, he trembled so violently, and his knees seemed so near giving way, that they almost thought he would have fallen. In these observations concerning the prisoner's demeanour, I am happy to find myself corroborated by a learned friend, himself a very close observer, who was engaged in the case, and made a point of watching the prisoner closely at the moment which I also had selected for so doing. He tells me that he had also observed another little circumstance—that the prisoner listened with comparative unconcern to those portions of the evidence relating to the blood found on the road—the sound of the gun-shot heard

in the wood, his possession of the clothes of Huntley, and his conflicting accounts concerning them and the movements of Huntley; but whenever there was any allusion to the disposal of the body, the carrying of it, and depositing it at Stokesley Beck, he became evidently painfully absorbed by what was said—agitated and apprehensive—always, however, striving to conceal his emotion. For what reason I know not, but no other portions of the skeleton were produced in court than the skull, the jaw-bone, the teeth, and a portion of the pelvis. I examined them all very carefully. They were of a dark brown colour, with no appearance of decay—on the contrary, they seemed strong and compact. Most of the teeth were so loose as to fall out of the sockets, unless held in them while the jaw-bone and skull were being examined. None of the teeth were decayed, but were just such as might have been expected in a healthy adult, who had at all events never had diseased teeth. I examined very minutely the socket which had contained, when the bones were first discovered, the prominent tooth—the first molar tooth on the left side of the lower jaw—subsequently so strangely lost. There was little *apparent* difference between it and its corresponding socket on the other side of the lower jaw; than which, however, it was a trifle deeper, and the outside edge projected a little, and only a very little, more outwards. But even had they both been precisely similar, I conceive it yet quite possible that the tooth may, in life, have been a larger one than usual above the gum, and inclining a little outwards, so as to cause a perceptible protrusion of the under lip. As far as my own impression goes, I should certainly have felt the greatest difficulty in pronouncing, from the mere appearance of the socket, that the tooth it had contained must have been such a prominent and projecting one, as to give the living individual a remarkable peculiarity of countenance. But it must be borne in mind that a very striking prominent tooth that socket actually did contain when first removed from the earth, unless all the witnesses who said they observed it, Mr Strother the surgeon included, are perjured, or labouring under an inconceivable delusion on the subject. The skull was dark, and of compact texture; but the

first thing that struck you was, that a great portion of the lower hinder part was wanting, and seemed to have been broken off. It had no appearance of having decayed or mouldered away, but of having been fractured, broken off; but whether before or after death, I cannot venture to offer an opinion. The edge was rough and abrupt—I mean not smooth and uniform, but strong and well defined. In short, the missing part *must* have been broken off. I observed no traces whatever of shot-marks in any part of the skull or jaw. About two-thirds of the back part of the skull were missing. If one may be allowed to speculate in such a matter, I should say that, if a loaded gun or pistol had been discharged during lifetime at the person to whom that skull had belonged, say with the muzzle pointed at or near either ear, in a direction parallel, or nearly so, with the other; or if, even, it had been discharged from behind, but in a somewhat upward direction; or if the person had been felled by a heavy blow from behind, and subsequently repeated till death ensued; or if, having been in the first instance shot, the back of the head had been battered in by blows from any heavy instrument, whether before or after death;—in any of these cases, I should have expected the skull, after lying ten or twelve years in the ground, without having ever been in any coffin, to present the appearance exhibited by the skull in question, while I was handling and examining it in court. But I could by no means say that such an appearance could not also have been occasioned by any violent injury suffered by the skull five, eight, ten, or twelve years after death. It will be observed that the skull in question was found in a tough clayey soil, near a stream, where it may have lain for twelve years, or more, without probably having ever been touched or disturbed since first deposited there; and, when first discovered, was carefully removed by the hand only of him who first saw it. What inference is to be drawn from the fact that the skull was found full of earth, but not the sockets of the eyes, nor the mouth, I know not. As to judging from the mere skull of the general form of the countenance during life, it is obviously a matter of infinite difficulty. Who, for instance, can tell whether the

party's face was a fat or a lean one? All I can say is, that having heard the same account given by so many of the witnesses of Huntley's face and head, and without regarding their further statement that the skull, in their opinion, had belonged to him, I thought it very probable that such was the fact. The skull was large, particularly towards the back part; the forehead narrow, and rather retreating; there was some sinking between the eyebrows; and from the bones of the nose, I should think it must have been a flat spreading nose. The only professional witness called, was a respectable surgeon who lived in the neighbourhood where the bones were found. He swore that when he first saw the jaw-bone, a day or two after it had been discovered, it contained the remarkable projecting tooth in question; and from the form of the skull, and of the pelvis, he was confident that they had been those of an adult male. He also said, that from the form of the socket, it must have contained such a tooth as would have given Huntley the appearance described by the witnesses. "It is," said he, holding the skull and jaw-bone together in his hand, "the skull of a person who had a short round face, a low forehead sloping back, a broad flat nose, and a depression at the top of it. The bones," he continued, "appeared to have been in the ground nine or ten years: they *might* have lain there as long even as twenty years; and though certainly much would depend, with reference to such a point, upon the nature of the soil where they had lain, he had not made any chemical examination of it. From the broken appearance of the skull, he pronounced a confident opinion that the person to whom it had belonged had died a violent death." In answer to a pointed question from the judge, the witness repeated that the tooth in question, when he saw it in the jaw, projected a good deal more than such a tooth generally did. So much for the bones. There was offered in evidence the deposition of Thomas Groundy, (ante, p. 557,) and the prisoner's counsel strongly urged that it was inadmissible. The contrary, however, was clear; and Mr Baron Rolfe so held. Groundy had been admitted by the magistrates to give evidence, having been himself, thereby, exonerated

from the charge against him ; that evidence had been given on oath, voluntarily, and in the presence of the prisoner, who might have put to him any questions he might have thought proper ; the witness was since dead ; and his deposition fell within the ordinary rule—being *admissible* in evidence ; but what *credit* was due to it, was, of course, quite another matter. The governor of the castle was then sworn, and he proved the fact of Groundy's having been found dead in the manner already described ; and then the deposition was formally read in evidence by the officer of the Court.

Mr Garbutt, (the first witness, and who was also the clerk to the magistrates) then proved, that as soon as the above deposition had been made, he, accompanied by a police-officer, went to Crathorne Wood, and they found places in it exactly corresponding with those named in the deposition. At the instance of the prisoner's counsel, Gernon, the officer to whose care the bones had been first committed, was recalled, and produced a flat button which had been found near the bones, and which was of a different description from the buttons which had been spoken of by the witnesses as worn by Huntley—for the purpose, of course, of weakening the evidence of identity. The prisoner's own statement before, (ante, p. 558,) on being committed for trial, was then formally put in and read. This closed the case against the prisoner ; and it being nearly seven o'clock in the evening, the Court adjourned—the jury being accommodated during the night in the Castle, so that they might enter into conversation with no persons whatever on any pretence.

When the prisoner was placed again at the bar, at nine o'clock on the ensuing morning, his countenance bore marks of the anxiety and agitation he must have endured in the interval, and looked worn and haggard indeed. His counsel then rose, and addressed the jury for three hours, often with considerable force and ingenuity. He impugned the credibility of almost all the witnesses—especially those who had given the strongest evidence. He denied that there was a tittle of evidence to show that Huntley was not at this moment alive and well—and ridiculed the idea of the skull produced being that of Huntley, commenting

with just severity on the absence of the tooth—the great point of the pretended identity. His opinion, he said, was, that the bones had belonged to a female ; and his ' hypothesis,' that some drunken person had fallen from the bridge into the stream, been drowned, and the body carried down by the current, and forced into the bend of the stream, where they had been found. He proceeded to argue, at great length and with much vehemence, that the prisoner's possession of Huntley's clothes and property—which he denied to be the fact, for the witnesses ' lied '—was consistent with a scheme between him and Huntley to enable the latter to go to America. He said the evidence was a tissue of exaggerations, misrepresentations, and perjuries—the legitimate produce of the " blood money " which had been had recourse to. If Huntley were murdered, again, might it not have been by Garbutt ? or Groundy—who had, immediately after his false evidence, gone and hanged himself, like Judas ? He sat down, urging on the jury that it was infinitely better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent person should be condemned ; and Mr Baron Rolfe immediately proceeded to discharge his very responsible and difficult duty of summing up the whole case to the jury. I took no notes of it ; and do not, consequently, feel myself warranted in giving any detailed account of so critical a matter, from mere recollection. None of the newspapers have rendered me, in this dilemma, the slightest assistance : for, after giving at great length the speech of the prisoner's counsel, (who, of course, must take only one view of the case,) the view taken by the judge—the able, experienced, and *impartial* person, on whose view, in nine cases out of ten, adopted by the jury, the prisoner's fate almost exclusively depends in capital charges,—is thus summarily dismissed :—" Mr Baron Rolfe then proceeded to sum up, commenting on the evidence as he proceeded, and pointing out such facts as bore for or against the prisoner ;"—but what those facts were, or how dealt with by the judge, the reader of the paper has not the slightest glimmering notion afforded him. If any thing said by me could have the least weight with the gentlemen

who perform the honourable and responsible duties of reporting cases of law, especially in great criminal trials in the newspapers, I would recommend them to give the evidence fully, and also a careful account of the judge's summing up to the jury.

Mr Baron Rolfe's summing up was decidedly adverse to a conviction. He first read over to the jury the whole of the evidence which had been adduced in the case; and then gave a very lucid statement of the principles by which the law required him to be governed, in estimating the value of that evidence. He left it fairly to them to judge whether sufficient had been done to satisfy them, beyond all *reasonable* doubt, that the bones produced were those of Huntley; but accompanied by a strong expression of his own opinion, that the evidence was of a very unsatisfactory nature. Unless they were satisfied on *that* head, there was an end of the case; for the very first step failed, viz. proving that Huntley was dead. If, however, on the whole of the facts, they should feel satisfied in the affirmative, then came the other great question in the case—had Huntley been murdered by the prisoner at the bar? Was the evidence strong enough to bring home the charge to him? His lordship advised them to place little or no reliance on the evidence contained in Groundy's deposition; and then proceeded to analyze the *viva voce* evidence which had been given. Even if the whole of it were believed by the jury, still it was not *absolutely* inconsistent with the fact of the prisoner's innocence of having murdered Huntley, and with the truth of his story that he had assisted Huntley in going off secretly to America. Without impugning the general character of the witnesses, his lordship pointed out how unconsciously liable persons were, in cases like these, to fit facts to preconceived notions, giving them a complexion and a connexion not warrantable by the reality—and all this without *intending* to state what they believed to be untrue. Many of the facts spoken to were utterly irreconcilable with the supposition of the prisoner's conscious guilt; while others again were certainly difficult to be accounted for on the supposition of his innocence. Some were highly improbable, and others inconsistent; while in one or

two instances there were material discrepancies between the witnesses: for instance, Maw spoke positively to seeing *six* shirts, numbered accordingly, up to "W. H. 6;" whereas Bewick proves that there were only *five*—that Huntley and the prisoner had bought a web sufficient to make them five shirts a-piece. Again, the time and place where the blood was found—if found it had been—and the two reports of a gun in the wood, were, especially when coupled with the great distance at which the bones were found, circumstances very difficult to connect with the death of Huntley, in the manner suggested by the prosecution. The case, in fact, was distinguished by many singular circumstances—and the duty which thus devolved on the jury was a serious and difficult one, requiring of them calm and unprejudiced consideration. They were to remember that it was for the prosecutor to satisfy them of the guilt of the prisoner—beyond all *reasonable* doubt. If, however, they did entertain serious doubts, then it was their duty to consider the case as *not proved*, or—to use a phrase of which his lordship did not approve—"to give the prisoner *the benefit* of the doubt." Finally, they had sworn to give their verdict *according to the evidence*, and that only. It was their solemn duty to do so, and entirely to disregard any consequences that might follow in their verdict. The jury then retired from court, attended, as usual, by a sworn bailiff, and taking with them the bones which had been produced in evidence. The prisoner eyed them as they went with deep anxiety, and was then removed from the bar, to await the agitating moment of their return. While he is sitting alone in this frightful suspense, and the jury are engaged in their solemn deliberation, let us endeavour ourselves to deal with this extraordinary case, by considering the principles which our law brings to bear upon such an enquiry—the various solutions of which the facts are susceptible, and which of those solutions we should ourselves be inclined to adopt.

Let us consider for a moment what difficulties the law has to contend with in setting about to discover the perpetrator of such an enormous crime as that of murder—premeditated either from revenge or desire of gain. In

such a case the deed is done, not suddenly, openly, recklessly—the criminal, in the frenzy of the moment, avowing his guilt, or, with the sullen feeling of gratified malice, making no attempt to fly from, or conceal it, but secretly, with time and place so carefully pre-arranged, as to leave no trace of his presence or his acts, and thereby secure every chance of impunity. His success will depend almost entirely, in such a horrid emergency, upon his forethought and self-possession before, during, and after, the doing of such a “deed of dreadful note.” He will either be alone in his guilt, or select a confederate, or confederates, not likely to betray him. His object will be entirely to disconnect himself with the transaction, so as to appear equally innocent and ignorant of it; for which reason he must, to the utmost of his ability, enact, without seeming to do so, the part of a stranger, shocked and horrified, with the rest of the world, at the atrocious act. But to do this successfully, how he must be ever on his guard! for if he be taken one instant unawares, the mortal thrust comes, and all is over. The law, therefore, has often to grope in the dark after the most atrocious criminals. To be cold and circumspect when all mankind are thunderstruck with the appalling discovery—calmly addressing itself to the circumstances *then existing*, even of apparently the most trivial character, amongst which may be found the faint, vanishing traces of the guilty one—some little oversight of his—something said or done, or omitted to be said or done—which no human sagacity could have anticipated or provided against—some delicate *but decisive* evidence of inconsistency, between one single circumstance and a particular person's ignorance or innocence of the black transaction, must be seized upon before it shall disappear for ever—observed accurately, and treasured up safely against the proper moment of disclosure. Still profoundly anxious equally to avoid accusing the innocent, and allowing the guilty to escape—and aware of the cruel tenacity of public suspicion, when once roused, against the individual, or individuals, towards whom its finger is first pointed, it is slow in announcing the result of its earliest enquiries, even its most stringent convictions, its most conclu-

sive evidences. After a minute and accurate survey of localities, the next enquiry, in case of a murder, is, with whom was the deceased last seen? under what circumstances? what account is given of the matter by such a person or persons? can any *motive* be suggested on the part of any one? Suppose any inconsistency or improbability should be detected in the account given by a suspected person of his last being with the deceased, is it referable fairly to the confusion into which such a startling enquiry might throw the most innocent person, *or*, the more it is considered, the more of purpose and motive is there discernible—the more of conscious falsehood? Has some answer been spontaneously given, suggestive of a necessity for some further enquiry, the answer to which is at once perceived, by an experienced and acute observer, to be utterly inconsistent with the supposition of the speaker's ignorance of the transaction in question? Here begins to kindle the law's suspicion, but here, at the same moment, appear her forbearance and humanity—she will not suffer a suspected person to answer a single question upon compulsion, but, on the contrary, deliberately warns him of the use which may be made of his answers. Suppose, however, the next discovery should be, that the missing person was, within the knowledge of the suspected person, possessed of a considerable sum of money at the time of his disappearance; that the suspected person, up to that time in abject poverty, becomes suddenly and unaccountably in possession of ample funds, and, moreover, is incontestably possessed of the clothes and other articles of personal property which had belonged to the missing person?—Yet suppose, on the other hand, the suspected person attempts no concealment of these facts; and further, makes a statement, not in itself improbable or inconsistent with the previous circumstances of the missing party, tending to throw strong doubt on the presumed fact of his *death*, to say nothing of his murder, which is consistent, on reflection, with all the proved facts of the case, and with that of the missing party's having, for instance, quitted the country, to return hereafter;—here the law pauses, is staggered, suspects she has taken a false first step, and begins, with increasing anxiety

and diffidence, to enquire further into the matter. The suspected person, in the mean time, makes no attempt to escape, though enjoying ample opportunities; and at length the law feels compelled to remove her hand, at least for a while, vehement as may be her suspicions as to his actual guilt. Fresh circumstances are brought to light, tending to the same conclusion, possibly consistent with his innocence, but far more probably with his guilt. Still the suspected party flies not before the darkening features of suspicion, but persists calmly in his original version of the affair.

First, then, said the law in this case, in the autumn of 1830—let me be assured of the fact that a murder has been committed—that the missing person is really dead. Melancholy experience warrants the anxiety of the law on this score, namely, to obtain evidence that the missing person is actually dead. The great Lord Hale would never allow a conviction for murder, unless proof were first given of the death of the party charged to have been murdered, by either direct evidence of the fact, or the actual finding of the body; “and this,” says he, (2 Hale, 290,) “for the sake of two cases—the first, one mentioned by my Lord Coke: ‘The niece of a gentleman had been heard to cry out, *Good uncle, do not kill me!* and soon afterwards disappeared. He, being presently suspected of having destroyed her for the sake of her property, was required to produce her before the justices of assize. She, however, had absconded, whereby he was unable to produce her; but, thinking to avert suspicion, procured another girl resembling his niece, and produced her as his niece. The fraud was detected, and, together with other circumstances, appeared so strongly to prove the guilt of the uncle, that he was convicted and executed for the supposed murder of his niece, who, as it afterwards turned out, was still living!’” “The second case,” continues Lord Hale, “happened within my own remembrance in Staffordshire, where one A was long missing; and, upon strong presumptions, B was supposed to have murdered him, and to have consumed him to ashes in an oven, that he might never be found; and upon this, B was indicted for murder, convicted, and executed. Within one year afterwards,

A returned, having been indeed sent beyond seas against his will by B, who had thus been innocent of the offence for which he suffered.” But by far the most remarkable case of this kind on record is that of Ambrose Gwynnet, who, on evidence which really appeared conclusive and irresistible, was condemned for murder, hanged, and gibbeted; yet, in consequence of a series of singular circumstances, he survived his supposed execution—escaped to a foreign country, and there actually saw and conversed with the very person for the murder of whom he had been condemned to die. Surely the frightful possibility of the recurrence of such cases as these, warrants the law in requiring full and decisive evidence of the death of the party missing. By this, however, is not meant that actual proof of the finding and identifying of the body is absolutely essential. “To lay down a strict rule to such an extent,” justly observes Mr Starkie, “might be productive of the most horrible consequences.” Accordingly, in *Hindmarch’s case*, (2 Leach, 571,) a mariner being indicted for the murder of his captain at sea, and a witness swearing that he saw the prisoner throw the captain overboard, and he was never seen or heard of afterwards, it was left to the jury to say whether the deceased had not been killed by the prisoner before being thrown into the sea. The jury found him guilty—with the subsequent unanimous approbation of the twelve judges to whom the case was referred, and the prisoner was executed. It is indeed easy to imagine cases in which the bodies of murdered persons, especially infants, might be removed at once, and for ever, by the murderers, beyond the reach of discovery. But, to return to the case before us. Where was, in 1830, the *corpus delicti* proof of the fact that a murder had been actually committed? The grounds of suspicion were extraordinarily strong; but our law will not convict upon mere suspicion. Then how far was this essential deficiency supplied in 1841, by the discovery of the skeleton, coupled with the additional evidence which that event enabled those engaged in the investigation to collect? First—Was that skeleton the skeleton of Huntley? It was a very singular place for a skeleton to have been found

in; the position of the bones was curious, to say the least, strongly favouring the notion of the body to which they had belonged having been hastily doubled up and thrust into the earth in the way suggested; the prominent tooth was a most signal token of identity, and as a *fact*, spoken to by several credible witnesses; the general appearance of the skull certainly suited the descriptions of Huntley's countenance and head given by many witnesses; and its battered, broken appearance behind, was, to say the least, a singular circumstance in the case. But I can add nothing to what I have already presented to the reader on this part of the case—and he must judge for himself. To come next to the testimony of the witnesses.—Let me first advert to the circumstance of the reward of one hundred pounds offered for the production of such evidence as should lead to a conviction. Whether or not such a procedure be a politic one? whether calculated to assist or obstruct the progress of justice?—in the one case, by stimulating persons who would otherwise be indifferent, into ferreting out real facts; in the other case, by tempting to the fabrication of false evidence for the sake of gain—I shall not stay to enquire. It is in my opinion a question of importance and difficulty; but one thing is clear—the practice affords a constant topic, under the name of “blood-money,” for vituperative declamation on the behalf of the most guilty prisoner, and is calculated too often to turn the scale the wrong way—to incline a candid, but anxious jurymen, to a distrust of evidence really of the most satisfactory description. Of course, I can speak for myself only; but I believed that all the witnesses intended to speak the truth. I think Mr Baron Rolfe was also of that opinion, though he seemed to suspect that one or two of the witnesses, by long brooding over the matter, had got to put things together which ought not to have been, and even to suppose one or two matters to have happened, which had not. There were certainly discrepancies—but none of a very material description; and could it be otherwise, when such a large body of witnesses came to speak to so many different circumstances, which had happened so long before? An entire concord, in things great and small,

would have been a most palpable badge of fraud and falsehood. The circumstance of Huntley's sudden disappearance only the day but one before a particular day, viz. Monday, 2d August, on which *Yarm Fair* was held, will account for a tolerably minute recollection of what happened about that period; and above all, the attention of the whole neighbourhood was directed, *at the time*, to the circumstances attending so remarkable a disappearance of one of their neighbours and companions. Several of the principal witnesses, moreover, answered promptly in the affirmative to questions put by the prisoner's counsel, manifestly for his advantage—for instance, as to their having heard Huntley talk of going to America, and the absence of all concealment by the prisoner of the clothes, &c., belonging to Huntley. As to the discrepancy with reference to the six shirts spoken of so distinctly and specifically by Maw, while Bewick, whom he described to have been with him at the time, spoke of their being only *five*, and gave a decisive reason for it, with great deference to the judge, I think it deserving of very little consideration. Bewick *corroborates* Maw up to *five* of the shirts, leaving it plain that Maw is under a *bona fide* mistake—after such a lapse of time—as to there having been a sixth. Thus the important fact of the prisoner's being in possession of *five* new shirts belonging to Huntley, is clearly established; for the mere negative evidence of the old woman Hannah Best, is unworthy of attention.

Let me first direct your attention to the *prisoner's own statement*—a matter which, especially when the statement is made deliberately, is always worthy of attention. “In criminal cases”—observes the distinguished writer on the Law of Evidence, from whom I have already quoted—“the statement made by the accused is of essential importance in some points of view. Such is the complexity of human affairs, and so infinite the combinations of circumstances, that the true hypothesis which is capable of explaining and reuniting all the apparently conflicting circumstances of the case, may escape the acutest penetration:—but the prisoner, so far as he alone is concerned, can always afford a clue to them; and though he may be unable

to support his statement by evidence, his account of the transaction is, for this purpose, always most material and important. The effect may be, on the one hand, to suggest a view which consists with the innocence of the accused, and might otherwise have escaped observation; while, on the other hand, its effect may be to narrow the question to the consideration whether that statement be or be not excluded by the evidence." Now, in the present case, the prisoner's statement corroborates a considerable portion of the evidence. He admits a full knowledge, on Thursday, the 22d July 1830, of Huntley's possession of L.85, 16s. 4d., and that Thursday, 29th July 1830, was "the very last time he clapped eyes on" Huntley. Nevertheless, four witnesses speak decisively to the fact of their having seen him in Huntley's company at four different periods of the ensuing memorable day, Friday—viz. 5 o'clock, a. m.; 3 or 4 o'clock, p. m.; 8 o'clock, p. m.; and 9 or 10 o'clock, p. m.—on the last of which occasions, the prisoner (having a gun in his hand,) Huntley, and Garbutt being together, and going towards Crathorne Wood, to which they were then very near.—Was this a mere error of recollection, or a wilful falsehood of the prisoner's? Or are all the four witnesses contradicting him—each speaking to a different period of the day, and to a different place—in error, or conspirators and perjurers? If they bespeak the truth, it is next to impossible to believe that Goldsborough could have *forgotten* the circumstance of his having been so much in Huntley's company, up even to within an hour or two of his being so mysteriously missing—knowing that his movements in connexion with Huntley had immediately become the subject of keen enquiry, and most vehement suspicion. If, then, he deliberately falsified the fact, what are we at liberty to infer from that circumstance, as to his object and motives? Again. Before he made the statement, he had heard all the evidence against him read over—and a very essential part of it was that respecting his having been, so very soon after Huntley's disappearance, in possession of his clothes, and also of a large sum of money. Yet he makes no allusion to these matters—neither denies nor accounts for them

in any way whatever: and it must not be forgotten that, when arrested by Gernon in June 1841, he denied having ever had any of Huntley's clothes, or his watch. He makes no attempt to account for his sudden possession of so much money between the period of Huntley's disappearance and the spring of 1831—though he did state, *then*, that he had married a wife with *eighty* pounds! Nor does he offer any explanation of the contradictory accounts he had given as to Huntley's having gone to America, and his—the prisoner's—possession of the clothes, &c.; nor re-affirm any of them. In short, his statement appears as remarkable for what it does *not* contain, as it is important for what it *does*. I also consider it characterized by no little tact and circumspection, on the supposition of his guilt: he frankly admits a great deal which he felt he might be contradicted in, if he were to deny it—viz. his knowledge of Huntley's receipt of the exact sum (within a few pence) on the day of his actually receiving it; suggesting a motive for his absconding to America, and for his so frequently being in the prisoner's company—asserting that he finally parted openly with Huntley at the shop door of Farnaby, in the town of Hutton Rudby; and contenting himself with a brief but solemn denial of the truth of Groundy's statement.

That statement, and its author's suicide immediately after making it, invest the whole facts of the case with an air of extraordinary mystery. It contains on the face of it surely a glaring improbability—namely, that the prisoner should have been so insane as to commit himself gratuitously and irretrievably to one who he knew might immediately have caused his apprehension, and secured incontestable proof of his guilt in the murdered body. Stranger still, perhaps, is it, that if Groundy really had no further part in the business than he represents in that statement, he should not have disclosed the guilt of Goldsborough at once, instead of continuing ever after burdened with such a guilty secret, and for no adequate motive. It is to be observed that one of the witnesses, Anthony Wiles, (*ante* p. 264,) disclosed *incidentally*—(for his evidence was called with another view)—a circumstance worthy

of attention—viz. that one of the men with whom the prisoner was drinking on the Saturday night after Huntley's disappearance, was *Groundy*: yet the prisoner says, "if it was the last words I had to speak, I never was with him." At all events, a faint ray of light is thrown on the case, by the fact that *Groundy* was actually acquainted with the prisoner, and in his company about the very time of the transaction deposed to. Again, the truth of his description of the localities, is confirmed by those who went to examine them. The prisoner asks him nothing: *was it because he dared not?*

Let us now follow the course of events. I take it to be proved beyond all reasonable doubt, that, contrary to the deliberate signed statement of the prisoner, he was seen with a gun about ten o'clock at night on Friday, 30th July 1830, in company with Huntley and Garbutt, near a lane or bridle road leading to Crathorne Wood. That gun he had purchased only a few days previously, but after his knowledge of the fact of Huntley's receipt of his money. The report of a gun is heard from the wood within an hour or an hour and a half afterwards; Huntley is never seen or heard of any more; and between twelve and one o'clock that night, the prisoner is observed stealing out of his house, to go and listen at the constable's house, and, after being so occupied for a minute or two, return to his own. The next time that he is seen, is when drinking in company with *Groundy* late on Saturday night. But, on returning for a moment to the wood—it is certainly an embarrassing fact that the witness spoke to having heard *two* reports within half a minute of each other; whereas the prisoner's was a single-barrelled gun. If the witness's recollections were accurate—which I saw no reason whatever to doubt—how is the fact to be accounted for? If the prisoner's was the only gun, it is next to impossible that he could have so rapidly re-loaded and fired again, especially under the horrid circumstances supposed. Was there, then, a second gun, which had been unobserved by them, and in *Garbutt's* hand?—or concealed, in readiness, in the wood?—or had he or the prisoner a *pistol* also, with which to repair an ineffectual first shot?—or

was one of the shots fired by a poacher in another part of the wood? However wide of the mark may be all these speculations, there was one fact in evidence respecting this gun which I do not recollect Mr Baron Rolfe commenting upon to the jury. A day or two after the disappearance of Huntley, Richardson called on the prisoner for payment of this gun, when the prisoner refused, and returned it, saying that he did not want it, *and had not used it*: on which, Richardson put his finger down the muzzle to try it, and drew it back all blackened with discharged powder, and thus convicted him of a falsehood. What inference is to be drawn from this?

Then, as to the blood found on the road, a fact spoken to by two credible witnesses at the trial, one of them having also named it to the constable the same day on which he observed it—was it human blood? If so, it was lying very near the spot where Huntley had last been seen; and, if his blood, it must have been lying there, moreover, two days and two nights—i. e. from Friday midnight, till nine o'clock A.M. on Monday morning. The blood was described as "*stale* looking," and the weather had been fair and dry, but the road was not a much frequented one. It was spoken of by one witness as a "*pool*;" but if so, it could not have lain there since the Friday night; blood then shed, would have become a dark coagulated mass, possibly covered with dust. Again, on the supposition of its having been Huntley's blood, he must have been murdered on the high-road; was that a probable thing, when they were close by the secret shades of Crathorne Wood, to which they were all seen going? May they have gone into the wood? May Huntley have become alarmed at their conduct—made his way out of the wood into the high-road, and there received the murderous fire of his assailants? But the spot where the blood lay was, moreover, from four to six miles' distance from Stokesley Beck, where the bones were found. When and by whom was Huntley's body taken to Stokesley Beck? It could not have been taken the same night, at least, it is very highly improbable that such would be the fact; for the prisoner was at his own house between twelve and one

o'clock that night; and, according to Groundy's account, the body of Huntley was lying in the wood on Wednesday the 4th August. Where then had it lain between the Friday night and the Wednesday following? In a secret part of the wood, covered up? or had it been buried on the Friday night temporarily, in the potatoe garth, where Maw said he saw some earth that looked newly dug? I own that I am not satisfied with the last piece of Maw's evidence; for it is hard to believe, that had he really witnessed so suspicious an appearance, at such a spot, after such a supposed tragedy, and when actually in quest of the body, he must have called attention to it, and dug it up. I ought to mention, however, that it did not appear that Maw was then aware of the circumstance of the blood on the road. Here let me put together two little circumstances in the case, which may suggest not an unimportant inference. It would appear highly probable, assuming the bones to have been Huntley's, that for obvious reasons his body would have been stripped of its clothing, to lessen any subsequent chances of detection. Now, there were no vestiges of clothing found with the bones, and eleven years was not, I should think, a sufficiently long space of time to admit of woollen clothes decaying or mouldering away so entirely, as to leave no trace of them—not even buttons of bone or metal—with the exception of one large flat button, which was found at or near the spot, and not answering to the description of any belonging to Huntley, and possibly there by mere accident. If Huntley had been shot, his clothes must have been stained and steeped in blood, and the safety of the murderers would require the destruction of such evidences of their guilt. Now, several witnesses speak to the fact of Goldsborough's being seen alone a day or two after Huntley's disappearance, in his house, late at night, with a large fire (in the first week of August) burning something that gave out a strong "*smell of woollen burning*." May these have been the bloody clothes of Huntley?

To proceed. The prisoner, seen in Huntley's company up to within a few hours of his sudden and total disappearance, is seen, the day but one after, laying out L.7 in the pur-

chase of a cow, and in possession of both bank-notes and gold—having been, up to a very short time before, in the most abject poverty, and even destitution;—and, moreover, in possession of a large quantity of clothes belonging, unquestionably, to the missing man. This of itself, unexplained, is sufficient to raise a violent presumption of the prisoner's guilt. But here also great caution is necessary. "If a horse be stolen from A," says Lord Hale, "and the same day B be found on him, it is a strong presumption that B stole him. Yet I do recollect that, before a very learned and wary judge, in such an instance B was condemned, and executed, at Oxford assizes: and yet, within two assizes afterwards, C being apprehended for another robbery, upon his judgment and execution confessed that *he* had been the man who stole the horse, and that, being closely pursued, he desired B, a stranger, to walk his horse for him, while he turned aside, as he said, for a necessary occasion, and escaped, and B was apprehended with the horse, and died innocently.

Now, in the present case, here is a man suddenly missing, known to have been possessed of a considerable sum of money—the prisoner to have been aware of it—to have been seen in his company up to almost the last moment before his disappearance—to become suddenly enriched, having previously been a pauper—and in possession of very many articles of clothing belonging to the missing man. All these circumstances point one way; but then, on the other hand, no attempt is made to conceal his possession of either money or clothes, nor to escape or quit the neighbourhood during the time when suspicion was hottest. Then he gives certainly contradictory answers concerning the way in which he became possessed of these matters—but all *may* be reconciled with the story he tells, that the missing man has gone to America, and that he (the prisoner) assisted him, and still seeks to baffle the pursuit of his absent friend. But if the latter story be true, is it probable, is it credible, that Huntley, meditating such an expedition, would first strip himself of all his newly-purchased clothes, leave them behind him, and never afterwards come or send to claim them? But all the facts of the case, as fairly and as accurately stat-

ed as I know, are now laid before you; and is not this indeed a striking specimen of the importance of, and the difficulties attending, circumstantial evidence? I shall proceed to propose several hypotheses for your consideration, in order to see whether any of them will reconcile all the circumstances, or which of them will reconcile most of them, and in the most natural manner. "The force of circumstantial evidence, being exclusive in its nature, and the mere coincidence of the hypothesis with the circumstances being, in the abstract, insufficient, unless they exclude every other supposition, it is essential to enquire, with the most scrupulous attention, what other hypotheses there may be agreeing wholly or partially with the facts in evidence. Those which agree even partially with the circumstances are not unworthy of examination, because they lead to a more accurate examination of those facts with which, at first, they might appear to be inconsistent; and it is possible that on a more accurate examination of these facts, their authenticity may be rendered doubtful, or even altogether disproved." The same able writer from whom this passage is quoted, Mr Starkie, has another observation, which also I wish you to take along with you in dealing with the facts of this case.

"To *acquit*, on light, trivial, and fanciful suppositions, and remote conjectures, is a virtual violation of the juror's oath; while, on the other hand, he ought not to *condemn*, unless the evidence exclude from his mind all reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the accused, and *unless he be so convinced by the evidence, that he would venture to act upon that conviction, in matters of the highest concern and importance to his own interest.*"

First Hypothesis.—Huntley really did go off in the way alleged, to America or elsewhere, to avoid his creditors, and also his wife, and be relieved from the burden of supporting her. He may have since died a natural—an accidental—or a violent death, under circumstances depriving him of the opportunity of disposing by will of what he knew was coming to him; and this death may have happened very shortly after his departure. He left the more valuable portions of his clothes and property, and a great portion of his money, in Goldsborough's hands,

to be forwarded to him; and Goldsborough acted dishonestly by him, in disposing of the clothes and spending the money. Huntley may be now alive, and meditating a return home.

Second Hypothesis.—Huntley is dead, and was murdered by Garbutt, in whose company he had been left by Goldsborough.—Garbutt being also pursued by the officers of justice for other offences, hastily absconded, and may now be dead, or abroad.

Third Hypothesis.—Groundy was the actual murderer, possibly instigated by Goldsborough; or Goldsborough only subsequently informed by Groundy of the murder, and insisting on receiving a great portion of the money, as the price of his silence.—He committed suicide from fear lest his guilt should come out in court, at the trial—through his being unable to stand solemn and public questioning upon the subject. He may have been also partly influenced by remorse at having wrongfully sworn away the life of Goldsborough.

Fourth Hypothesis.—Groundy, Garbutt, and Goldsborough, or Groundy and Goldsborough, were all concerned as principals in the murder. The second gun was Groundy's, who joined them in the wood.

Lastly.—With reference to the prisoner at the bar, let us enquire more fully, whether his guilt or innocence is more consistent with the proved facts of the case.

If *innocent*, he must stand or fall by his story of Huntley's having left him on his way to America, after in vain pressing Goldsborough to accompany him. It certainly does appear that Huntley had contemplated such a step, and there are other circumstances favouring the notion that Goldsborough and Huntley had been busily concerting a scheme for Huntley's going off privately to America. He was, during the whole of the time between the 22d and 30th July, incessantly coming over to Goldsborough, and remaining in his company. At five o'clock in the morning of the day of his disappearance, he was seen coming to Goldsborough's house, where he was immediately admitted. They may have arranged that Goldsborough should go and fetch Huntley's things, the same day, from Huntley's to Goldsborough's house, to keep for, or send after, Huntley; in pursuance of which Golds-

borough went, and returned with the articles in question in a sack, during the afternoon of the same day. It may have been a part of the arrangement, that Huntley should leave a considerable portion of his money in Goldsborough's hands, for safety's sake—to be remitted as Huntley might want it. Or Goldsborough might have promised and intended to follow him shortly afterwards; but fondness for his children may have kept him back—and he may have determined on playing Huntley false, and appropriating the money and property left with him to his own use, relying on Huntley's not venturing to return, lest he should be saddled with the support of his wife; but if he should return, then resolving to impose on him as much difficulty as possible in claiming his own, by converting his money and articles of furniture, and of farming purchases. His contradictory accounts of Huntley's movements are consistent with his wish to baffle the pursuers of Huntley, by putting them on false scents; and this may serve to explain his light jocular tone in speaking of Huntley's absence:—"You'll all see, by and by, whether he's murdered or not." In this view of the case, the blood on the road, the gun-shot in the wood, and the burning of clothes soon afterwards, if such facts really happened, have no true connexion with each other; and the skull and bones produced, were not the skull and bones of Huntley. Let it, moreover, be borne in mind, that Goldsborough did not attempt any concealment of property or money, or escape—neither after nor before suspicion had settled on him—not even when set at liberty after his arrest in the month of July 1841.

But if the prisoner be *guilty*, let us imagine that, from the time of learning that Huntley had become possessed of so considerable a sum of money, the prisoner had conceived the idea of destroying him in order to obtain that money, and in such a manner as to warrant the belief of the neighbourhood that he had only carried into effect his previously expressed intention of going off to America. That in pursuance of such an intention, Huntley had sent his clothes, &c., on the Friday, to the prisoner's house—that, in short, they formed the contents of the bag, or sack, which the

prisoner was seen carrying into his house on the Friday afternoon. That, either alone, or in company with Garbutt or Groundy, he allured Huntley into Crathorne Wood, under the pretext of shooting a hare, and enjoying a pleasant supper together; which Huntley, who might have become loquacious through previous drinking with the prisoner, and possibly Garbutt and Groundy, or one of them—mentioned to Maw, in a merry humour, on meeting him on the road, as described by Maw. That he may have been shot, either in the wood, or on the high-road, where the blood was found; and his body buried for a while, or concealed in the wood till it could be permanently disposed of. That the prisoner then returned to his own house, and having been, possibly, alarmed by some noise into the suspicion that his motions had been watched, slipped out, shortly afterwards, to ascertain whether there were any grounds for his fears. That he then cleansed himself from any marks of the deed in which he had been engaged, and resolved on the course he should pursue—namely, to give out that he had set Huntley on his way to America. That, finding the current of suspicion setting in more strongly against him than he had anticipated, he resolved, on due deliberation, distrusting the chance of escaping by flight, to stay and brave it out by a bold and consistent adherence to the fiction of Huntley's having gone off secretly to America. That if neither Garbutt nor Groundy had been originally parties to the murder, the prisoner may have taken both, or either, subsequently, into his confidence, to secure his or their assistance in successfully disposing of the body; rewarding him or them by a sum of money, which he might have represented as being the greater portion of what he had found on the person of Huntley. That the prisoner, either alone, or assisted by one or both of these men, afterwards disinterred the body, if temporarily buried, or removed it from any place where it had lain hid, and carried it to Stokesley Beck, at night-time, and thrust it, naked, into a hole they dug into the bank of the Beck, as a place distant, secluded, and to escape suspicion—bringing home the bloody clothes, and burning them as soon as possible. That, subse-

quently, he became agitated, silent, and reserved—tormented by his own reflections, and terrified by the continued strength of public suspicion, and the search after Huntley's body. That his object being to divert the searchers, if possible, from proceeding towards Stokesley Beck, he conceived himself likely to attain that end by himself suggesting that the body might be found there—a bold and desperate expedient, founded on the belief that any suggestion of that sort by *him*, would certainly be disregarded. That, finding the search at length abandoned, and the vehemence of public suspicion to be abating, but yet rendering his continuance at Hutton Rudby troublesome and dangerous, he resolved to transfer his residence, under a forged name, to Barnsley. That when, so many years afterwards, so abruptly challenged as the murderer of Huntley, he was thrown off his guard, so as to forget the notoriety of his having possessed the clothes and property of Huntley, and denied that fact to the officer who took him into custody. That he was dismayed by the appearance of Groundy against him, and dared not ask him any questions, lest he should thereby reveal more of the transaction; and, consequently, felt compelled to content himself with a general denial of Groundy's statements. That he inwardly shrunk from the frightful spectacle of the shattered skull, knowing it to be that of Huntley—and that horror looked up at him from these eyeless sockets.

But stay! A sudden stir announces the return, after a long absence, of the jury; and the crowded court is quickly hushed into agitated silence, as the jury enter—the foreman carrying with him the skull and bones; and the prisoner is re-placed at the bar to hear his doom. The judge has in readiness, but concealed, the black cap, should it become, within a few moments, his dreadful duty to pronounce sentence of death upon the prisoner. The names of the jury are called over

one by one, and the prisoner eyes them with unutterable feelings. Then comes the fearful moment.

Clerk of Arraigns—Gentlemen of the Jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?—Do you say that Robert Goldsborough, the prisoner at the bar, is guilty of the murder and felony with which he stands charged, or not guilty?

Foreman—NOT GUILTY.

Clerk of Arraigns—Gentlemen of the Jury, you say that the prisoner at the bar, Robert Goldsborough, is not guilty. That is your verdict; and so you say all?—(To the Governor of the Castle)—“Remove the prisoner from the bar.”

The verdict did not seem wholly unexpected by the audience; and it was received in blank silence. The prisoner exhibited no symptoms of satisfaction or exultation on hearing the verdict pronounced; but maintained the same phlegmatic *oppressed* air which he had exhibited throughout. As soon, however, as he was removed from the bar, and before he had quitted the dock, he whispered, with tremulous eagerness, in the ear of the officer—“*Can they try me again, lad?*” “No; thou's clear of it now, altogether,” was the reply: on which Goldsborough heaved a very deep sigh, and said, “If they'd put me on my trial in 1830, I could have got plenty to come forward and clear me.” Within half an hour afterwards, he was seen dressed as he had appeared at the bar of the court, only that he had his hat on, and carried a small bundle of clothes tied up in a blue and white cotton handkerchief under his arm, walking quietly out of the frowning gates of York Castle, once more a free man, to go whithersoever he chose. He was quickly joined by two mean-looking men; and spent the next hour or so in walking about the town, and looking in to the various shop-windows, occasionally followed by a little crowd of boys and others who had recognized him.

How now, dear Christopher, say you? or you, candid and attentive reader? Had you been upon the jury, should you have said—*Guilty*, or *Not Guilty*?

I am, as ever, dear Christopher, your loving friend,

Q. Q. Q.

THE HYMN TO APHRODITE.—HOMER.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF HOMER'S HYMNS, SKETCHES, ETC.

Of the fair Queen of Cyprus, tell me, muse,
 Th' all-golden Aphrodite and her doings;
 She sweet desires did into gods infuse,
 And tame the hearts of mortals to her wooings—
 She gave the birds their cooings;
 And every brute and beast of land or ocean
 To her obedient are, and feel inspired commotion.
 Three only could she never yet persuade
 By any wile or art—the wondrous child
 Of ægis-bearer Jove, the blue-eyed maid,
 For never deeds of love *her* heart beguiled,
 But only tumults wild;
 Conflicts of Mars—the glory and the rage
 And roar of battle—these did all her thoughts engage.
 For she, Minerva first taught man to build
 Chariots of war, with many a brazen pin,
 And punctures bright, with brazen lustre fill'd,
 In quiet homes, and far from battle's din,
 Maidens of softest skin;
 Their virgin tasks 'twas her delight to teach,
 Inspiring skilful purpose in the heart of each.
 Nor could the laughter-loving Aphrodite
 Move Dian, glorying in her golden quiver,
 And shafts that 'mong the quarry slay the mighty,
 And the vast beasts on mountain top deliver
 Into her hands, and give her
 Dance, lyre, and shouting, all her joy and trust,
 And shade-retiring groves, and cities of the just.
 Nor did chaste Vesta yield to deeds of love—
 Vesta, she first of the Saturnian brood,
 And last-born Vesta, by the will of Jove,
 Revered, whom Neptune and Apollo woo'd,
 But she their suit withstood;
 And resolute of choice denied them both—
 Touch'd the great father's head and swore a mighty oath,
 That she would live for aye in virgin state,
 And, for that oath stands perfect, Jove's decree
 Gave seat and maintenance—immaculate
 To sit in Heaven's mid-house—and where may be
 Temple, there every knee,
 Before all other Gods, to her must fall,
 As she were special Queen, and President of all.
 These three alone never her soft persuasion
 Nor wile could bend—but not a thing beside,
 That breathes in Heaven, or over Earth's creation,
 Could find escape,—The Thunderer in his pride,
 Ev'n him did she deride,
 And turn, whene'er she will'd, what greatest is
 To yield to woman's love, and own more-sovereign bliss.
 So readily did she his mind beguile,
 Secretly, Aphrodite, crafty Queen,
 Deceiving Juno with her practised wile,
 The sister-wife: nor was more glorious mien
 Among immortals seen,
 Than such as Juno for her birthright took;
 Rhœa to Saturn bore this queen of heavenly look.

Jove took her to his bed and to his throne,
 But he, in turn, in Aphrodite's heart
 Put amorous fire, that not herself alone,
 In her own chaste conceit, should stand apart,
 Mocking at others' smart ;
 How mortals and immortals in embrace
 She had compell'd, and fill'd the world with spurious race.
 And all her sweet sly laughter to prevent,
 That she before them all might never say,
 That she celestial goddesses had sent
 To beds of mortal men, wherein they lay ;
 He did himself assay,
 And with like trial Aphrodite led
 To love Anchises, and to sigh for mortal's bed.
 She saw that shepherd on the rock-built height
 Of Ida, source of many a gushing stream,
 Among his herds there feeding—and the sight
 Of beauty she did more than mortal deem,
 Like a deluding dream,
 Took every sense but of that wonder seen ;
 And quite amazed in love the laughter-loving Queen.
 Thence to her Paphian temples' sacred floors,
 In odoriferous Cyprus straight she went ;
 And entering closed the ever-shining doors :
 There her fair limbs the Graces laved with scent
 Ambrosial ravishment,
 Such unguent as alone immortals use,
 Till all her presence did enchantment new diffuse.
 Round her her own celestial robe she drew—
 Golden she moved—the fragrant Cyprus left ;
 Swift on the ambient clouds her presence threw,
 That quickly closed where'er her path she cleft,
 Hastening of her bereft :
 Then gushing Ida reach'd, mother of bold
 And venturous beasts, she sought at once the shepherd's fold.
 About her came grey wolves with sportive paws
 Uplift, and wagging tails—grim lions, bears,
 And hungry panthers with their panting jaws,
 Fawning—and she right glad, in amorous pairs,
 Dismiss'd them to their lairs ;
 And off they flew, prick'd on with new desires,
 To hide in forest gloom and quench their savage fires.
 She sought the shepherd's home ; Anchises there,
 In his full beauty, gift divine, she found ;
 As to and fro he paced—nor others were,
 For they had with their herds to grassier ground
 Dispersed all around :
 And while to shepherd tunes in shepherd mood
 His lyre he struck, Love's Queen before him softly stood.
 Not in complete divinity array'd,
 Whose perfect blaze would mortal sight subdue,
 But in the virgin semblance of a maid,
 Of fairest mien, and beauty's so rich hue,
 That were the vision true,
 Or false, Anchises wonder'd as he saw,
 And scarcely kept his thought of love unmix'd with awe.
 Amazed he view'd her stature, her attire,
 Her bracelets, and her buckles glittering bright ;
 The robe she wore was like the glistening fire ;
 And her soft neck with golden rows was dight,
 Yet did outshine them quite ;
 And lustre like the moon, all strangely shed,
 As with a sacred light her bosom overspread.

His very soul was all one glow of love ;—
And thus he spake—" Hail, queen ! or if thou be
Of the celestial goddesses above,

Yet visitest this shepherd-home and me ;
Say, do I Dian see,
Latona, Aphrodite gold-array'd,
Themis of glorious birth, or yet the blue-eyed maid ?

" Or of the lovely Graces art thou one,
That do with all Immortals consort take,
(Yet have themselves immortal guerdon won,)
Or nymphs that haunt these woodlands, hill and brake,
Fountain and grassy lake ?

For I will build to thee in some fair place,
And day by day thy fane with rite perpetual grace.

" So grant me with a willing mind, among
The Trojan race in virtue to excel ;
And offspring that shall flourish brave and strong ;
That I may see good days, and peaceful dwell,
Beloved and loving well ;

While all this race shall my last thoughts engage—
So gently may I pass the threshold of old age."

" Anchises," Aphrodite thus replied,
" Most loving glory of man's race forlorn,
Nor goddess I, nor yet to gods allied ;
Mortal, let no false title me adorn,
Of mortal mother born.

My father, Otreus—hast thou heard the name ?—
Over all Phrygia reigns, a king well known to fame.

" Familiar as my own the Trojan tongue—
A Trojan nurse at home my nurture tended,
Who from my mother's arms received me young ;
And in our prattle so both tongues were blended,
That ere my childhood ended,

The Trojan speech well as my own I knew :
But let me turn to tell of him that Argus slew.

" But now the golden wanded Argicide,
As I was sporting many Nymphs among,
Alphesibeian Nymphs, the virgin pride
Of Dian's choir, as glad we danced along,
He snatch'd me from the throng :

Away—man's cultured ways are pass'd—we haste
O'er wilds where stalking beasts howl o'er the shadowy waste.

" My feet seem'd not on earth, so swift we sped—
His purpose then declared the Argicide :
That Fate had call'd me to Anchises' bed,
To bear him offspring brave, his virgin bride ;
And, as he spake, he hied

Up to the gods immortal ; I to thee
Come as thy bride, and yield to potent Destiny.

" I do entreat, by Jove, and for the sake
Of thy good parents—for such there must be—
Show me to them the spotless bride you take,
That they, thy brethren, and thy kin may see
If I unworthy thee,

Unworthy them, and of their blameless life
Come to thy arms—or am thy true, thy virgin wife.

" To the steed loving Phrygians quickly send
Swift messenger to let my father know,
And anxious mother. Treasures without end,
And raiment costly, will they soon bestow—
Take, and in gifts o'erflow

That know not stint ; then marriage feasts prepare,
Such as men honour, and the gods delight to share."

She spake ; and cast into Anchises' heart
 A passionate sweet love ;—and thus he said,
 " If Otreus be thy father, and thou art
 Of mortal mother born, and Hermes led
 Divinely to my bed ;
 Thou shalt indeed be call'd my bride for ever,
 Nor shall or man or god thee from this bosom sever.
 " And now, e'en now will I enjoy thee, now,
 This hour—and tho' Apollo there should stand,
 His deadliest arrow stretch'd, with knitted brow,
 I would but stay a little space his hand,
 Short while my fate withstand ;
 Till I had ta'en thee, loveliest, to my bed,
 Then, not till then, content, would join the ghostly dead."
 Her hand he seized, consenting—gently woo'd,
 She moved—yet half drew back, with downcast eye
 Moved toward the couch, with softest covering spread ;
 The couch where was Anchises wont to lie ;
 There skins of every dye,
 Of many a bear and deep-toned lion lay,
 That on the mountain top himself did kill and flay.
 That reach'd, he did untie whatever hid
 Her lovely body from his perfect look,
 Brooch, necklace, bracelet—then her zone undid ;
 And her most gorgeous mantle, that off-shook
 Delicious fragrance, took,
 And placed them all upon a silver seat ;
 With an Immortal lay—nor knew the god's deceit.
 And now, what time the shepherds drive to fold,
 And flocks and herds are from their pastures gone,
 And deep-spread sleep did still Anchises hold ;
 She rose, array'd herself—the goddess shone,
 All her bright raiment on ;
 Awhile she stood beside Anchises' bed,
 Immortal grace resumed, and raised her beauteous head.
 From the soft bloom, as it were Beauty's fount,
 Of her illumined cheeks, a stream so bright,
 Incessant flow'd, bewildering mortal 'count,
 That all at once might know it was the height
 Of her celestial light,
 Which she with all her whole perfection took—
 She waken'd him from sleep, and bade him on her look.
 " Up, Dardan, why perpetual slumber keep,
 Up, and behold—am I in that same guise
 First seen ?" He heard, and shook him from his sleep ;
 But when he saw her neck and beaming eyes,
 Awe-struck with that surprise,
 His own bewilder'd eyes he turn'd aside,
 And 'neath the covering of his couch his head did hide.
 Then thus he pray'd to her—" Hail, goddess ! hail !
 When first I saw, thou wert divine I knew.
 Though thou didst take my senses with false tale—
 Now, by thy Ægis-sire, thyself I sue,
 Thou leave me not to rue,
 Among weak men, a poor, a lifeless life,—
 For short his days that mates with an immortal wife."
 Jove's daughter, Aphrodite, thus replied—
 Anchises, glorious above men, nor wrong
 Suspect from me, nor any god beside ;
 Dismiss the fear : for all the heavenly throng
 Love, and will love thee long ;
 A son of thine shall o'er the Trojan's reign,
 Whose children's children shall dominion large maintain.

“Æneas be his name, for that deep pain,
Whereas a mortal's bed I deign'd to share,
But (for they little show their mortal stain)
Godlike are all thy race, and ever were.
That youth of yellow hair,
Young Ganymede was of thy line, whom Jove,
For all his beauty seized to shine with gods above.

“He took him to celestial mansions up,
In that his beauteous form to pour out wine,
And the red nectar in a golden cup,
There ministering unto his guests divine,
That wondering all recline.
Tros griev'd, and in his bitterness of wo,
Whither the whirlwind bore his son, he did not know.

“Long, long did he bewail him, till Jove saw,
And pitied, and large recompense bestow'd.
Steeds that the chariots of Immortals draw;
And the commission'd Hermes to him show'd,
By what celestial road,
Up to the gods the boy had been convey'd,
To have perpetual youth and beauty undecay'd.

“When Tros had from the Argicide received
The council and the will of Jove supreme,
And known his son's high state—no more he grieved,
But his heart waken'd from it's doleful dream.
Joyous in that fair team,
The gift of gods, and of their glorious breed—
He challenged, as he drove, the very winds for speed.

“So, golden-throned Aurora snatch'd in love
Godlike Tithonus of thy line; before
The knees she stood of the dark-clouded Jove,
And ask'd for him immortal life; Jove swore
Assent—and gave no more—
While she forgot, more loving far than sage,
Perpetual youth, and freedom from pernicious age.

“With well-prized youth, and strength at his command,
A pleasant, loving life with her he led,
Fast by the ocean on the verge of land;
But when white hairs o'er beard and temples spread,
Then she forsook his bed.
She kept him well—yet did at home confine,
Gave him ambrosial food, and raiment very fine.

“But when downright old age his limbs oppress'd,
Nor could he move, nor raise them from the floor,
That he should keep his bed, she thought it best;
Discreet Aurora, cautious furthermore,
She shut his chamber door.
In rheum and cough there wastes he day by day,
Nor less immortal than his life, is his decay.

“I could not bear that my Anchises lead
A life of immortality like this;
But could his form fresh beauty ever breed,
The perfect semblance of what now it is,
And to be mine were bliss,
How full my joy would be, and my consent,
Nor should one sorrow mar our pleasures permanent.

“But now, too soon old age that comes to all
Of woman born, age pitiless, unglad—
Age that the gods most hate, must on thee fall;
And soon the days will come upon me sad,
Bringing disgraces bad.
Evil reproaches on account of thee,
And I before the gods in turn a jest shall be.

“For well will they remember words I said,
And my contrivances, by which they flew,
Deluded godheads, into woman's bed,
Their fears of me; for all did I subdue.

Alas! that I should rue
The hour of sad submission, this my shame
Whereby constrain'd I can no more their errings name:

“For that I too have stoop'd to mortal clay,
And 'neath my zone a mortal burthen bear,
But when the babe shall see the light of day,
Deep-bosom'd nymphs that breathe this mountain air,
Shall take him to their care;
Nymphs that, nor mortal nor immortal quite,
Live long, and in Ambrosial food alone delight.

“They mix with gods upon this ample range
Of Ida, when the choral dances wave,
And them not seldom do Sileni strange,
And keen-eyed Hermes unto love enslave,
In many a deep-brow'd cave.
And hence spring up from that miraculous birth,
Large oaks and lofty firs that grace the fertile earth.

“Cloud-communing upon the mountain top,
And call'd the grove of gods, they touch the sky;
Nor to a woodman's axe one limb shall drop,
But when 'tis time (they too are doom'd) to die,
Their massy trunks grow dry:
The bark shrinks up, the branches fall away,
And then a living soul departs from light of day.

“These woodland nymphs shall take him in their arms,
The babe new-born; and as his form shall grow,
Thou shalt behold him in his infant charms;
And I, for it were fitting this to show,
Will seek this earth below;
And bring in his fifth year the child to thee,
And joy shall fill thy heart so fair a plant to see.

“For godlike will he grow in form and feature;
Thus gifted, take him to high-seated Troy;
And there, if any praise so bright a creature,
And ask the mother of so fair a boy:
This artifice employ;

A Nymph of Ida, say—and boldly state,
The leaf-embower'd Nymphs themselves such birth relate.

“But should'st thou, vainly seeking false renown,
E'er boast that Cytherea sought thy bed,
Jove wrathful with his fire, shall strike thee down.
Thy secret keep—beware the vengeance dread.”
She spake, and heavenward sped.

Hail, Queen of loveliest Cyprus, hail! my verse,
Commenced in hymn to thee, must other hymns rehearse.

CALEB STUKELY.

PART IV.

FIRST LOVE.

ONCE upon the inclined road of error, and there is no swiftness so tremendous as that with which we dash adown the plane, no insensibility so obstinate as that which fastens on us through the quick descent. The start once made, and there is neither stopping nor waking until the last and lowest depth is sounded. Our natural fears and promptings become hushed with the first impetus, and we are lost to every thing but the delusive tones of sin, which only cheat the senses and make our misery harmonious. Farewell all opportunities of escape—the strivings of conscience—the faithful whisperings of shame, which served us even as we stood trembling at the fatal point! Farewell the holy power of virtue, which made foul things look hideous, and good things lovely, and kept a guard about our hearts to welcome beauty and frighten off deformity! Farewell integrity—joy—rest—and happiness!

I commence this period of my history with the avowal that Emma Fitzjones became my acknowledged mistress—I, Caleb Stukely, that lady's acknowledged protector. I was conquered by her direct appeals and my own oblique notions of justice. Could I desert the unfortunate being who had become a castaway through my blindness and passionate importunity, who had gladly sacrificed home and subsistence when she responded to the ardent affection which I had poured into her womanish and sensitive heart? These questions, differently expressed perhaps, she asked wildly and imploringly, when, more than once, I tore myself in sad confusion and perplexity from her fascinating presence. Then the prophecy of Temple, that I should throw the erring Emma upon a cruel world, tingled in my ears, not the less dreadfully in consequence of a threat of self-destruction which she calmly uttered, and whose fulfilment she bade me instantly expect, if I deserted her. She clung to me, hung upon my arm, and, looking up, pierced me with her full black eye. I could not conceal

from her that it was difficult to disobey the natural wishes of a young and beating heart. But then the guilt! Alas, alas! the sense of guilt was fee'd and bribed away almost before it rose against me. Emma accompanied me to the farm-house.

He who is delighted with "*small profit and quick returns*" will assuredly find his account in the pursuit of unlawful pleasure. We had lived together in our snug but guilty habitation for about twenty-four hours, when the immediate consequences of my rash step were brought boldly before us. It was evening; a cold and cheerless one. The snow was falling heavily without, and our chairs were drawn close to the comfortable fire. Bewildered as I was by the strangeness of my new character, I was yet proud of my possession. Her beautiful black eyes still dwelt upon me with a fond expression, and she smiled bewitchingly as she patted my hand, now held confidently in her own. The susceptible mind ever contrasts the external inclemency with its own merciful enjoyments. The snow dropped in large flakes against the window, and I spoke with lively gratitude.

"How thankful we ought to be, dear Emma, for being housed on such a night as this! Many a poor deserving creature is without a roof to-night to shelter him from the pelting snow! This cheerful fire too! What a blessed thing it is, is it not?"

"It is indeed," said she, drawing her chair still nearer to mine, and snuggling very close.

"I never can look upon wintry weather, Emma, without a dread of losing all my friends. It is very strange, but it has always been so, and I cannot help it. I do not know how other persons feel, but on a dreary snowy day like this, I fairly tremble with the fear of being left at last desolate and friendless in the world. We seem to want more sympathy from one another when the elements become our enemies."

"But is it not the same in summer?"

"No, dear. Love abounds in summer. A thousand voices speak to us beneath a summer sky. All things cheer and animate us. In the midst of so much life, I could live alone, at least I think so now, blithe, social, and contented, without one human friend."

"What! without one?" asked Emma archly, looking up, touching my cheek in playfulness.

"Did I say without one? I meant *with* one—one only, Emma."

But the tenderest dalliance, even on a winter's evening, and by a sea-coal fire, will not supply the place of tea. I rang the bell, and then we chatted on.

"And how do you like the cottage, Emma? You will make the old rooms look very pretty, will you not? How those neat flower-pots charmed me when I first saw them! Ah me!"

"Did you really like them?"

"Oh, exceedingly. You will teach me to make them, and I shall be an apt scholar." And then I pulled the bell again.

"You will find the people here, my dear Emma, most attentive and kind. Mrs Bates is such a simple-minded, motherly person! It is quite an amusement to listen to her quaint manner. She will make you very happy, I am sure. We shall both be very happy—always—shall we not?"

"If you cease to love me, Caleb, shall I be happy then?"

"Oh, bless you, that can never be!" and I kissed her hand to convince her of the impossibility. "Do you believe, Emma, that lovers are born for one another, or that they come together by chance?"

"I believe that it is not possible to determine."

"It would be a great satisfaction, though, if we knew we couldn't help ourselves. Nobody could blame us then"—

Emma sighed, and trifled with the corners of her handkerchief. I stopped short, and pulled the bell again with great rapidity.

"Dear me! Why don't they answer?"

I was very soon answered. After a short interval I pulled the rope more violently than ever, and, whilst the bell was still sounding, Mrs Bates herself walked in.

"Why, Mrs Bates," said I, with a

familiar smile, offered as a set-off to the clamorous ringing, "I thought you were all dead."

The expression of Mrs Bates's countenance was any thing but simple or maternal. She had evidently walked in wound up for mischief. I gathered as much at a glance. She stood at the door, and holding the handle for protection or support, there waited my commands with a frowning silence. I tried the soothing system.

"Won't you walk in, Mrs Bates?"

"Mr Stukely," replied the landlady without any further hesitation, "you will please to leave my house to-morrow morning. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought, you wicked man; for you *are* a man, and no gentleman, I can tell you.

I began to perspire again. Here was the old story. Every body felt that he had a right to insult me. I was contemptible in the eyes of the lowest. Scarcely could I recover from one assault before another knocked me down again. There was no repose. What must Emma think? and what could I say in reply to this attack, but—

"Mrs Bates, you forget yourself."

"I wonder you don't blush, Mr Stukely," continued the woman, "for treating a widow in this way. I have children of my own, sir."

"Yes, Mrs Bates, I am aware of it, two very amiable little girls."

"And a pretty example you are setting them, too, by bringing that creature into the house! The owdacious, impudent hussy! Oh you woman!"

"Mrs Bates," I said, feeling very dry in the mouth, and getting flurried, "what do you mean by *woman*?"

"A pretty pair you are," proceeded the artless Mrs Bates, "to ring a virtuous woman's bell in this fashion. Nobody answers it here, I can assure you. For twenty years I have let lodgings, and all that time I have trusted in the Lord, and never did such a thing as this happen to me. As true as I am here, if it didn't snow as it does, you should both of you pack this blessed night. It was well for you, ma'am, I wasn't at home yesterday when you arrived, for I would have slapped the door in your face, as sure as my name's Bates. You nasty sluts are the cause of half the misery in the world. I'd give something to know how many men you have brought

to the dogs before you took up with this poor young man."

Emma raised herself from the chair, and her eyes flashed fire. She attempted to speak, but she sat down again, and fell a-weeping.

"Mrs Bates," said I, ready to cry myself, "I'll thank you for my little bill."

"Ah, you may cry," she continued, still addressing Emma, "you are, all of you, ready enough to do that. It is I who ought to cry, to think that my house should be turned into a French caravansary! If I knew where your mother lived, as sure as your name's Stukely, she should hear what kind of company you have taken to. This is the second and last night that either of you sleep under this roof, and if you don't think proper to budge, we'll see what they can do at your College to make you. Yes, you deceitful crying creature, you sha'n't go on with none of your wickedness here. Why don't you go to service like an honest woman, and work for your bread as you ought?"

Emma shook her head, as it seemed to me, in agony.

"You needn't nod your dickey at me, ma'am. It would be much more becoming if you cut them flaunting curls off. But that wouldn't do for your victims, I reckon. It's all very fine for you to dress up and strut about in silks and satins, but you'll find nobody here to dance after your tail. My daughters are members of a congregation, and I should like to catch ere a one of 'em demeaning themselves with a strumpet. Whatever you want to-night, you'll just get for yourselves, mind that, and the minute you have had your breakfast to-morrow, *march* is the word. Cry! Yes, cry yourself honest and virtuous, and you'll do yourself some good."

And so saying, Mrs Bates walked off, slamming the door, and mumbling as she went about the uselessness of communicating with her any longer by means of the bell. I could say nothing to any good purpose, and therefore held my tongue. Emma rose, and drying her tears, said, in a convulsive whisper,

"Let us leave this house at once."

"No, no," I answered, "we can't to-night, dear Emma, it's out of the question. Wait patiently until to-morrow, and I'll easily get lodgings elsewhere. What could we do in such a night as this? Hark at the wind!"

"Do you hate me, Stukely?"

"Oh, Emma, don't madden me by asking the question. What a horrible person that Mrs Bates is! How I have mistaken her character! Don't be unhappy, there's a dear creature. Think of something else. This is certainly very unfortunate. Dear me! But you must have your tea; that will refresh you." [I was about to ring the bell again.] "Oh, that's of no use. Stay. I'll go down stairs myself;" and so I did. I proceeded to the kitchen, where sat Mistress Bates, the servant, and the two daughters, members of a congregation. I entered it unassumingly enough, but the moment I appeared, Mrs Bates, who was reading aloud to the rest, closed her book, turned her face to the fire, and her back upon me. The others followed her example. I walked like an outcast to the grate, took my kettle, and carried it into the parlour. I returned, got possession of a teaboard, filled it with the implements of tea, and departed as modestly as before. As I ascended the stairs my ear was arrested by the voice of Mrs Bates. She had opened the book again. I caught her first words—"And behold there met him a woman in the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart." I waited for no more.

Cheerless and sad was the remainder of this evening. We referred little to Mrs Bates, and not at all to the native eloquence which she had displayed; but the latter had left upon us both a miserable weight, difficult indeed to throw away. In battles of the tongue, what an advantage does virtue give the combatant, or the known want of it in his opponent. Weak in all other things, let him be strong in *this*, and wealth, honour, knowledge, worldly condition, all yield to him in the conflict. They bend, succumb, and bow in spite, and by the very power of the sign he carries in his front. How had this vulgar woman crushed and humbled us! How had she hurled us from our social seat into the depths beneath her, and how she spurned us as she trod us down! And what resistance could we make? What could we do, conscious of the loss of our best security? no longer erect, but crouching and trembling with the perception of our moral nakedness, what could we do but be ashamed, submit, and bear with blushes and

in silence? True to my pitiful idiosyncrasy, in this instance, as in all others of the like nature, I was moved to sorrow and self-reproach, not so much on account of my delinquency as for the exposure and insult to which I had been so mercilessly subjected. This was the gnawing worm, compared with which the sin itself slept in my bosom harmless. Wretched as I felt, I tried hard to rouse Emma, and to draw her thoughts from the disagreeable event over which they still brooded—but with little success; and no wonder. The soul must be at rest itself before it can communicate true peace to others. The night grew more and more boisterous. The gusty wind came rushing and moaning, carrying in its teeth hail, rain, and sleet, which it flung against the casement, and then went howling onward. There was a grumbling in the chimney, and we sat silently listening to it, whilst our candles burnt unsnuffed and dimly. The fire itself, that had blazed and scolded with a true English energy at the beginning of the evening, sickened at length, and would not be revived by any means. The foodful coals turned into poison—and destroyed it. And so closed upon us the first day of love's young dream!

Emma had indeed received a shock, but I pitied and loved her the more for the insults she had borne. She retired to rest, and it was long before she ceased to sob, and was able to forget in sleep the smarting wound that rankled in her heart. With what heroic madness, what insane enthusiasm did I look upon her face, and vow to cherish and uphold her, to render her full compensation for the contempt and insolence she had so meekly suffered! Lovelier she appeared than ever—her marble bosom swelling and falling with a tremulous measure, her moistened eyelid opened by a labouring tear. Here was a shrine, indeed, to meet the poet's and the sculptor's fancy. Who, as the spirit slumbered, could aver that sacrilege had torn away the idol, and left its mortal case worthless and profaned? My own uneasy mind was too much agitated with the business of the coming morrow, to admit the entreaties of tired nature, or to wish for the deceitful and temporary repose that sleep could at the best afford. "Now that Emma rests," I thought,

"is the time to scheme, to look resolutely at the approaching enemy, and to prepare against him. When we are turned out to-morrow, whither shall we go?" I had flattered Emma with the idea of obtaining lodgings in the morning without trouble or delay. In my cooler moments I felt how valueless was such a hope. The people in the town must receive us, if at all, in secret, and at their peril. Their ruin would be the consequence of a discovery. Why should they stake so much for me? It was absurd to ask it. Then, no doubt, they were all, like Mrs Bates, strictly correct and pious, and would be scandalized at conduct which circumstances had not only vindicated in my judgment, but had rendered absolutely magnanimous and worthy of commendation. My plan must be to fix myself, for a time at least, away from Cambridge, in some small town safe from university control, where possibly I might find a standard of morality less unpliant and severe than that which dogmatized at home. What should prevent this very needful step? Ah, here came down the thick and troublous clouds, shutting out the fair and purple distance! What could prevent it but one hard impediment, combining, swallowing up in one, all other hindrances—an awful want of *wherewithal*, that world's monster whom we struggle to possess, and, when possessed, so many struggle to cast off again—that sweet companion, whose melting look no mortal being can withstand, whose bright presence opens all avenues to pleasant places, and whose glitter reflects a lustre upon the dullest—that touchstone that tests the worth of women and of angels—that quintessence and elixir whose drops of virtue transform the beggar to a prince, the ignorant to the supremely wise, the vagabond and the despised to the welcomed and the well-beloved! This gigantic power I needed now, needed before I could progress an inch. I had parted so freely and carelessly with my cash in Temple's rooms, that notwithstanding my father's liberal supply I was left, with my increased expenditure and the new claims upon my purse, almost penniless. If turned into the street—and could I flatter myself that we should not be? I might with care and pinching provide for seven days' meat and

drink—further than this I could not go. The oftener I revolved this serious predicament, which every passing hour rendered more alarming, the more nervous and thirsty did I become, the more stupid and puzzled as to the mode of extrication. Apply to my parents again I could not. I had already received a sum considerably in advance of my stipulated allowance. Had this not been the case, since my association with Emma all desire of communicating with my home had entirely vanished. At the beginning of our intimacy, my thoughts would wander thither in spite of every effort to control and keep them back; but very soon, with their own free-will, they ceased to feed upon a pasture so noxious and unkindly. What but bitterness could the contemplation of that once cherished home now yield? I turned away from it, grateful perhaps that I could do so without a scruple or a pang. But what was to be done for money? At the end of one short week I must explain to Emma my poverty, my state of bankruptcy. I would perish rather than make the mortifying revelation. What, indeed, would she then think of the selfish upstart who had reduced her so rapidly from affluence to want! I planned and thought, and pondered and designed, and turned in bed and sighed, and drank great draughts of water to appease my fevered throat; but at the second hour of the morning, a rude and undigested heap of schemes floated along my brain only to annoy and plague me with their crude improbabilities. At last and suddenly a cold sweat and a giddiness came over me, such as I imagine the culprit may experience upon the eve of execution, when in the dark and lonely night he works himself to frenzy in the attempt to realize his horrible condition. What principality or power of darkness at this fearful moment brought to my view a face and form seen but twice before, and yet, once seen, never to be forgotten, I cannot tell. The occult relations of the invisible spirits of air with our poor senses, leave to us only facts to certify of their existence, no clue to trace them out. When every hope was gone, and every door seemed closed against me, when I sank sickened with the weight of thickening apprehensions—then, at this moment, did the accept-

able and dirty face of Mr Solomon Levy dance before my eyes, and bid me raise my head and flee to him for succour. Oh! never had a clean face looked so touching and compassionate! Never had beauty borne so tender and so kind a brow! The mouth, it promised help as plain as mouth could speak. The eye, it winked in pity, as no eye but his could wink, and every wrinkle of that olive cheek twitched with spasmodic sympathy. I caught at the nocturnal vision with the wild clutching of a drowning man. I could not question the wisdom of the good Providence that had vouchsafed it for my consolation and support, and I vowed to profit by the visitation. Resolving to visit my ancient friend at the first convenient hour of day, and to put to trial the sincerity of his early protestations, by imploring his assistance, without an inkling of disappointment or suspicion of refusal—I dropped at once asleep; so quickly, and so easily are the turbulent waves and boisterous winds, whose fury threatened never to be chained and silenced, lulled and overcome.

I was an early riser in the morning, but Emma was up before me. I found her dressed for departure, and packing up her clothes. She was agitated in her work; every action showed her great anxiety, her desire to flit. Her quick and nervous movements told of the scourge that threatened at her back, and urged her forward. I prepared the breakfast apparatus as on the night before. I poured out the tea, and then bade Emma share our well-earned meal.

"No," she replied, trembling with ill-suppressed passion, "nothing here, not if my life depended on the crust. Let us begone."

"It is useless, my dearest Emma, until we have a place to go to. If we leave this now, we may wander about for the rest of the day."

"Better to wander through the world for ever than be housed with this unfeeling woman. I cannot stay."

"Nor shall you, but do taste a little food. If you will, I'll go directly and procure good comfortable rooms for you. Mrs Bates will allow you to remain until I return, and you can then remove quietly at your leisure."

"Go then, I pray, at once. Stukely, I cannot eat," she added, as I put

the loaf of bread before her. "Don't ask me, I implore you. Oh, if you love me, remove me from this house."

She paced the room in great excitement, and I thought it expedient to depart without farther reasoning. In truth I had much to do, and little time was there to spare. The morning was raw and cold. I drank off a glass of very strong brandy, (a healthy habit recommended and introduced by Temple,) and without delay proceeded on my errand. At the foot of the stairs I found Mrs Bates sitting in expectation.

"Well," enquired that lady, "are you off?"

"Mrs Bates," said I, actuated by a sudden thought, "you are, I think, a Christian?"

"I should say I am," answered the meek dame; "what then?"

"Is it the act of a Christian to cast her fellow-creatures into the street?"

"Come, none of that, sir, that's nothing to do with Christianity. Are you and your miss ready to go?"

"We are not."

"Very well, that's enough. Sarah," she bawled out, "bring here my bonnet and shawl."

"Stay, Mrs Bates. I am this very moment going to procure apartments. I may meet with some at once, or I may have to seek them for an hour or two. All I ask you is to give me this day clear, and I promise you before nightfall we will leave your house. I will not believe that you can deny me this one favour. The accommodation to me will be very great, and I cannot say how grateful I shall be for your kind permission."

(There was nobody present to witness my descent, and I could not possibly fall lower in the estimation of Mrs Bates.)

"Never mind the bonnet and shawl; Sarah," cried the softened landlady, countermanding the previous order. "I'll show you," she continued, turning to me, "that I *am* a Christian. I'll give my consent to your stopping until dusk, but not a minute after—so now make as much haste as you can."

Without returning to inform Emma of the reprieve, I made the best of my way across the marshes into the damp and foggy town. Desirous above all other things to obtain a temporary loan from Mr Levy, I hastened first to that good gentleman's

abode, reserving other business until success with him should decide my future conduct.

Before I parted with Mr Levy in the stage-coach which carried us in company to Cambridge, that worthy personage had favoured me with a pressing invitation to his house, giving me at the same time to understand that many grand advantages were likely to accrue to me from his acquaintance. Well do I remember his emphatic words: "Vy do I live, Mr Shtukely, in this world of trouble?—only to oblige my friends." Many valuable commodities, he assured me, that had fallen into his possession by some mysterious agency, were offered to his chosen circle at prices just low enough to make them gifts, without causing the pain that is associated with a gift's acceptance. Wine, liqueurs, brandy, and tobacco, with an enlarged benevolence, he kept to cheer the jaded spirits of the overworked and the studious, and money, that source of so much evil, was valuable to him only when it might help the needy, or carry the inconsiderate but generous prodigal over some big and pressing difficulty. Hard to conceive, as my past experience had made, so pure a character, still, in visiting Mr Levy now, I was prepared to meet a man above the common herd. From Temple I had gathered something of his munificence and open-heartedness. Once or twice when Temple had imagined that my funds were low, and when I had lost an amount of some importance at his gaming-table, he would enlarge upon the liberality of his friend, and recommend me to apply to him for help, informing me that he had ever stood *his* friend in need, and that I might reckon on his good faith and secrecy. When I compared this nobleness of soul with his poor habitation, and especially with his own mean and foul exterior, I could not but be confounded with the contrast; yet proud of human nature, too, here offering for our imitation a spirit of good, a self-denying saint, renouncing for the benefit of mankind the commonest enjoyments of the world. Luckily I had never needed this good man's help; therefore, perhaps, I had never called upon him, but often had I passed his dwelling, once in the company of others, and on that occasion he was lolling at his door, ne-

gligently attired. Noticing my approach, he started back and disappeared, but soon returned again accompanied by a lady, somewhat ill-looking, and severely marked with small-pox. He smiled and nodded, and pointed to me with his little finger. "That's the dear boy," I heard him say—and as I passed at length his hospitable door, he threw upon me a fond expression of that lively eye, a probing look of love unutterable! Such was the man—such rather did I deem the man—whose heart I meant to touch, of whose good help I stood in direful need.

I stood before his house, a low, ill-shapen den, a cynic's cell, the cavern of misanthropy—any place but the abode of generous Timon. It was neither private house nor shop, yet both. A doorway and a single window of moderate dimensions were all that met the eye. In the latter, nothing was exposed to view, or, if it were, you might not see it. Like the great proprietor, it boasted of its dirt. Mud, dust, and filth were heaped upon it. A curtain made of green stuff, and hung with rings upon a bar, meant to secure the dwellers from the gaze of passers-by, impended uselessly, for the well-protected panes forestalled its office. The entrance was a dark and narrow passage, which (the street door standing open) scared you off, or, as the case might be, invited you within. In the present instance I went forward without more observation. At the extremity of the dim avenue, I groped my way a little to the right, until a door prevented further progress. At this I knocked involuntarily, for my foot struck against the boards before I knew that I had reached it. The door was opened instantly.

Many strange sights have I been privileged to see. Reader, behold the strangest.

In one corner of a crowded room stood Mr Levy in dishabille. Faintly indeed have I described him in his best attire. How shall I paint him now! Levy, thou art gone, and numbered with thy fathers. Posterity can never do thee justice. Thy *manes* never may be appeased. Pardon me, thou noble piece of earth, that my pen limps and falters in thy delineation. Oh for a quill of photographic power, to fix thee in thy evanescent passage, to rescue from the

greedy throat of Time that form and face, that hair, that eye, that goodly but unclean array! Levy in dishabille! More I cannot say. In the lowest depth, it was the deeper still—the dirty Levy, dirtier yet—the spicy spiced! Before him was a Hebrew book; upon his forehead, exactly between his eyes, a small square piece of leather-covered wood, (so it appeared to me,) kept in its position by a leathern thong, which running through a loop was carried round the head and tied behind. His left arm was exposed. Around it some dozen times was strapped another thong, similar to that about his head. His coat was off; his vest unbuttoned; over the once white shirt he wore a curious coloured garment, formed of two square pieces of blue cloth, one hanging down before his breast, the other to his back, and both attached by means of two long slips of tape connecting them. At the extremity of the four corners were long fringes of white worsted, fastened in small knots. The fringes in the front were in Mr Levy's grasp when I walked in, and started with amazement at the novel spectacle. Let me stand stricken with surprise whilst the reader looks around him. There, by the hearth, over that pan of hissing oil, fork in hand, stands the ill-favoured lady that you wot of—she of the pitted face, no meaner person than the mistress of the house, Levy's wedded partner. Her cheek is scorched before the crackling fire, but her gown, tucked up and pinned, is safe from conflagration. See how she darts upon the thrice-divided sole, and with artistic stroke turns now the head and now the tail, and now the middle piece, dogging the boiling oil, and escaping with a bob so cleverly the scalding sputter. And there for twenty years hath stood, as regularly as Friday came, this indefatigable cook frying her fish, not to be devoured savoury and warm, as fish upon the sixth day falls into the pious stomach of the Romanist, but to be laid out with ceremonial care, in pride of parsley, and safely locked away till Sabbath morn—when, cold, and crisp, and unctuous, it comes forth to grease and mollify the Levite's heart, and haply entertain him with a fit of biliousness. Miss Esther Levy at the table sits, herself unwashed, washing her brother with a disin-

terestedness that the young urehin, cuffing and kicking, scarce appreciates. Rebecca, second born, is busy with a book, no doubt a pleasant one. You cannot see her face, but her head, a mass of spiral papers, rolls with impatience at the little Levy's struggling cries. There in a bed lie two, the youngest of the group, emerging out of childhood—prattling innocents! Their time for cleansing has not yet arrived. How prettily do they beguile the time with that small pack of cards, playing at *all-fours* and *marriage*, three games for a halfpenny, lisping at intervals a wee incipient execration as fortune changes, or as juggling fails. But, last of all, behold the father's pride, Levy's son and heir, his better self—his youthful Prince of Wales—on whom the parent's mantle must descend—in whom the father's brightest hopes are fixed. His body is twelve years old, his head a hundred. There is more knowledge of the human creature—of the impure gross part, that lies hidden in the soul's corrupted sink—written and engraved in that precocious cunning cheek, than twenty ordinary men can boast. His father's *pride*? oh, rather say his *fear*; for never did nature mould in human flesh a countenance so portentous! Mark him as he sits apart from all his brethren, counting the clay marbles which he himself has made—brushing the metal buttons that he has raked up every where, and every one of which he means to sell anon amongst the little boys in school, to which he is daily sent, with great advantage to himself, and greater credit to his master. My sudden entrance caused a slight intermission in the various doings of this interesting family; but the beneficent head addressed me without delay, and the waters flowed again in their accustomed channels.

"Vel, Hannah, who'd a thought it, eh? This is a honour. But I always said he'd come at last. Sit down, my dear—I shall be done directly. Here's a shurprise!" And taking the book into his hand, he mumbled out some Hebrew words, then rubbed the fringes round his face, and finished by kissing them with fervour. I was embarrassed at the unaccountable behaviour. "Perhaps I am disturbing you," I said; "I'll call some other time, sir."

"Not at all," was his reply, "you

don't disturb me in the least. I knows it all by heart. I'm only saying my prayers."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, dat's all. How's Mr Temples? have you seen him lately?"

Before I answered, he was deep in the Hebrew book again. Now he counted quickly the straps upon his arm, and repeated a dozen cabalistic words or so with a loud and rapid voice. The little gamblers, in the mean time, quarrelled at their game, and sadly interfered with the sacred occupation: a *Christian's* patience couldn't have held out for ever.

"Vill you two be quiet there," the father cried at last, "or shall I come and make you? Hannah, vy the devil don't you take them cards away?"

"Vot's the good?" answered Mrs Levy from the fire; "you know as vell as I do, Sol, you'll give 'em back the minute after."

"Vill I?" said the husband, leaving his manual without further ceremony. "Then you'll see, my dear." Forthwith he rushed to the bedside, and snatched the cards from both the trembling children; then he bestowed a blow upon the heads of each—which, as might be expected, set them roaring. Unaffected by their cries, the pious man returned to his devotions, and proceeded as before. His compliance with the law was evidently irksome. In a few minutes he stopped again.

"How long is it, Mr Shtukely, since ve travelled in the stage-coach together?"

"About eighteen months, sir."

"Ah!" sighed the old gentleman, "how fast the vurld goes!"—which serious observation no doubt recalled him to his duty—for he seized the book again, and lost himself for a few minutes longer. But the morning was inauspicious. He was doomed to interruption. Miss Esther, be it known, was worn out at length by the unpolished sample of Mosaic that she was brightening up. Like the living block from which he was cut off, he was the slave of hydrophobia—he would *not* be washed.

"Father," said Esther, in a tone of real despair, "I wish you'd speak to Aby. I can't do nothink with him. He has fit me till I'm sick."

"You sir," bawled out the harassed

parent, "do you want a licking the first thing this morning?"

"No," answered the boy, in as irreverent a voice as ever filial throat cast up.

"Then don't vex me, my boy, or you'll catch it at once."

And he did "*catch it at once.*" I was still looking intently upon Mr Levy's curious trappings, when a loud blow, followed by a louder scream, compelled my attention elsewhere.

"Vot's the matter now?" shouted Mr Levy, almost beside himself.

"That serves you right," exclaimed his good lady, addressing the juvenile above referred to, now lying at her feet, and kicking furiously. "I caught you, did I? My back isn't turned a minute before the villain has picked off every bit of brown in the dish. You won't maul the fish, my dear, again in a hurry."

All the family seemed horror-struck at the unholy pilfering, but Mr Levy himself was choked with just rage. "If you don't take away the rascal's share to-morrow morning, Hannah, you and I shall quarrel. Dat boy, Mr Shtukely," continued he, still neglecting his orisons, "dat boy, sir, vill come to the gallows, if his mother and I don't live to see it. He has got a nateral idea of shteaing that breaks my heart to think of. He's booked for Newgate, though I say it:"—and Mr Levy, with a heavy sigh, pursued his prayers, and did not speak again on worldly topics till he brought them to a close. Once more in ecstasy he wiped his visage with the fringes, and kissed them passionately; and, last of all, he turned his face towards the wall, bowed to it with reverence repeatedly, and beat his breast with force and sound that would have pleased a stethescopist's ear.

"You have nothing to say pertikler, I suppose?" asked Mr Levy, taking from his head and arm the leather straps.

"A few words, if you please," I answered nervously.

"Oh, sartinly, my dear. Ikey, undo the shutters."

Ikey, the eldest boy, reserved and silent hitherto, furbishing his buttons, looked hard at me, and left the room without a word.

"We'll follow, if you please," said Levy shortly afterwards; "it's up the vone pair stairs."

"Vat do you think of Ikey?" asked the fond father, as we searched our way in darkness up the staircase.

"He's a very quiet boy, sir."

"Ah, a deep un! Just vot I should have been at his age with a eddication! I meant to have named him after me, if it hadn't been 'gainst the religions. Vill you believe, I vould'nt mind dropping Ikey this blessed minute in the streets of Turkey? He'd make his fortune anyvheres."

We reached the *sanctum*, a small and really elegantly furnished room. From the centre was suspended a pretty silvered chandelier—a Sabbath lamp, as Mr Levy termed it. Young Ikey had ensconced himself at the table, and showed no symptoms of departure.

"And now," said Mr Levy, placing on his nose a pair of iron spectacles, "vot is it you vant, my dear? You don't happen to be out of wine? I've got some port—oh!" (and he smacked his lips and swung his head, to express a praise too huge for utterance.) "Dat isn't good port at all, Ikey, is it? Vot did it cost?"

"Fifty-nine and six," answered the boy-man immediately.

"And vot do I sell it for?"

"Sixty," said he, just as readily.

"I came, sir," said I, rather confounded as the time for explanation approached, "to solicit your aid in a different way. The truth is, I have overdrawn my allowance from home, and I require a little help to carry me over the quarter. If you will be good enough to advance me a loan—say for three months—I shall feel deeply indebted to you, and but too glad to show, to the extent of my power, my gratitude for such obligation." This was only a portion of the speech that I had prepared upon the road. The rest of it, the ornamental and best part, I could not get out. The small Levy turned up his knowing eye as soon as he heard the word *loan*, and planted it steadily upon me, to my very great shame and annoyance. The father was silent a while.

"How much might you vant, Mr Shtukely?" asked the old man, after his musing.

"What's the use of your asking?" shrieked the young monster. "You know, father, you haven't a shilling in the house, and there are those three bills that were returned the otherday."

No medicine could have caused the awful abdominal pain that was brought on by this sudden announcement. Oh what would become of poor Emma, sitting expectant at home, ready to be turned out of doors? What would become of me and my projects? I felt the blood leaving my cheek. Levy perceived it, and he was instantly touched by the sight.

"Vell, for all that, Ikey," he added, "ve must see vat ve can do. If I ain't got money myself, I dare say I've got a friend who'll help us at a pinch. But, my dear," continued he, "vat have you been doing to get into this mess? It's always the way. Nobody comes to Levy till he's kicked to him. You know vot I said in the coach. You should have come to me before—and I would have been a friend and a father."

"I wish I had, sir."

"Vell, that's gone by, and it's no good fretting about that. How much do you vant?"

"How much can you spare, sir?"

"Shpare?" exclaimed Mr Levy, returning the question. "Ikey, give me my bill-book." Isaac took from his pocket a bunch of keys—selected one—opened the table-drawer—extracted a book—closed the drawer—locked it up—put the keys in his pocket, and resumed his former position, in about a tenth of the time that I have taken to tell of it. He was the quickest and yet most methodical little imp in existence. "There," resumed the older head, pointing with his small finger to a mass of names and figures, whose connexion I neither could nor cared to comprehend, "There, you see. *At three months ninety-four pounds accepted by Lord Velvetcap, due September 6th, noted, returned.* Look here too," wetting his finger, and leaving a large smut on a leaf as he turned it over, "same day *sixty-eight pounds ten, accepted by Smallwood, payable at Tinpenny's, no orders, returned;* and *Thomas*, the day after, *fifty-pound two.* Vot do you think a mau has to shpare when he's upset in this way? Ikey told you the truth. I have nothing at all; but tell me pretty near what you want; then I'll see the friend that I mean, and let you know in the course of an hour."

"Do you think you might manage a hundred pounds for me, sir?"

Levy jumped. "Vy, vot the deuce

have you been about to vant sich a sum all at vonce? I von't deceive you, my dear; I don't think I can manage nothink of the kind."

I showed signs of uneasiness, and walked about in a state of commotion.

"My dear boy," he continued, "it's no use being nervous. Dat von't get you the money."

I was in great distress—wrought to intolerable mental torture, as I reflected on my situation. "Oh, this is terrible!" I exclaimed, (to myself as I thought.)

"Yes, my dear," said Mr Levy, in a tone of passive acquiescence; "ve know it's always terrible ven ve vant cash and can't get it; and you seem to vant it rayther bad too just now."

"Indeed, indeed, I do, sir. If you can help me in any way, I implore you to do so. I must borrow the money of somebody."

"You must, must you?" said the old man, looking at Ikey, who was looking at him. "Very vell, you had better take a walk in the cool for a little, while I run to my friend. I'll be back between this and ten."

"Oh, sir, I can never sufficiently thank you."

"Vell, never mind now. You've nothink to thank me for yet; and vot's more, I can't promise you much. Go and walk for an hour, and then come and see me again."

I departed from the singular abode in an overwhelming state of anxiety and dread. What could I do during this hour of fearful suspense? I couldn't return to Emma until I was furnished with money, or at least had procured lodgings for our temporary sojourn. Oh, I was very wretched as I walked one street after another, looking at my watch at intervals of five minutes, astounded and hurt at the sluggish pace with which its hands crawled on. A nasty irritating rain, too, came drizzling down, taking a mean advantage of my misery, beating in my face, and spitting in my eyes, whichever way I turned. How cordially, when they please, can the elements adapt themselves to our internal circumstances! Twenty minutes, like minutes sauntering on a holiday—twenty lazy minutes had elapsed, when "*Lodgings to let,*" hanging on a polished knocker, stopped me in a quiet narrow thorough-

fare. What better could I do than try my fortune here? I gave a modest gentlemanly knock, and smiled most courteously upon the ancient lady, who came "when I did call for her." Nothing could be more assuring than the curtsy she yielded in return—deceitful promise, realizing nothing! A dozen houses did I visit afterwards, a dozen times was expectation balked. The truth could not be hidden, and it was wise to look at it complacently. Money must be got, and for the present we must leave the town. I watched the latest second of the hour expire, and then rushed back to Levy's. Father and son were sitting in the same well-furnished room. My judge and jury both were there. I came for sentence; trembling and like a criminal did I await it.

"Ah, Mr Shtukely," commenced the elder, with an ill-omened shrug, "this is a most unpleasant business."

Death was the verdict, and I drooped immediately.

"Tell me, couldn't you wait a month—three weeks, for the money?"

"Indeed, I cannot, sir."

"It's impossible, eh?"

"Quite, oh quite."

"You are positive of that? You are sure you won't alter your mind directly, and say you can put it off for a bit?"

I shook my head. I was arriving fast at desperation.

"Vell, you see this is a thousand pities, 'cause, in a month's time, I could lend you the money myself without fee or reward, and it would be a treat to oblige you; but if you won't wait, I can't help it."

"Have you seen your friend, sir?"

"Yes, my dear; but you know vot friends are ven you put your nose into their pockets. He has got the stuff, but he doesn't like to part with it. Now, listen to me. You know your own business, of course; but take my advice, don't borrow the money at all. If you are determined, in spite, I'll just tell you vot my friend wishes, and then you can do as you please. In the first place, you must know he has intrusted the money to me, and here it is if you come to his terms."

Oh, refreshing spectacle! Oh, luminous coruscations! Fifty sovereigns, at least; did Mr Levy draw with one grasp from his pocket, and scatter on the table. Water to a

thirsty soul upon the plains of Araby—what is it to golden guineas glittering before the straining eyes of gaunt necessity? A mountain tumbled from my breast as I surveyed the precious coin. With a smirking grace I waited Mr Levy's further explanation.

"His terms is this—but mind, I warn you, do without him if you can:—He'll lend you *now, this minute*, the money you desire; dat is, a hundred pounds. Seventy in these bright goolden guineas, and thirty in the finest port that ever was. He'll charge you five per cent, 'cause that's the law, and then a something for commission. You'll give your bill at three months for the sum, and make over to him, for security, your furniture and books and vateh. Now, there you've got it—dat's the most he'll do. As for myself, you are welcome to my sarvices. I shall make no charge for them. If you like to give Ikey a trifle for hisself, I shall make no objections."

Ignorant of the forms of business, I requested Mr Levy to repeat this complicated history. I understood it by degrees, and saw at length, in full, the grievous sacrifice I was called upon to make. I stood still and hesitated.

"The vine, you know," said Levy, "is as good as money, for you must have *that*. Shtill take my advice, and let him keep his guineas to hisself."

"It is a horrible alternative," thought I, still undecided.

"And now, my dear," continued Mr Levy, "I have just a vurd to say upon my own account. You must settle this business von vay or the other. I have thirty mile to travel this pleasant morning, and I sha'n't be back again for a day or two."

"You don't mean it, sir?" I said, wofully alarmed to see him walking from the room.

"Vot I say, my dear, I always means; that's the beauty of my character. Ikey, fetch my hat. I am very sorry to leave you, but go I must. Good-by. God bless you. Think over his proposition; don't be in any hurry, and give me your answer ven I return. If you ask *me*, I say, don't take the money—that's the best."

"Do you think your friend, sir, couldn't be persuaded?"—

"Not to-day, my dear. P'raps ven I comes back."

Mr Levy was already on the stairs. In another minute he would disappear, and then should I be without hope of succour. My unfortunate and critical position—my wants—poor Emma—no lodgings—no home—all this, and much more, uncircumscribed misery, crowded upon my mind, and incited me to yield to the demand; at the same time I was frightened and shocked by the ruinous transaction, and I held back and fluctuated. At length I heard a footstep in the passage. I leaped to the window, and saw Levy depart from the house, and walk slowly on. Shaking with agitation, conquered, hardly conscious of my acts, I knocked with violence and quickly upon the glass, and beckoned the old man back. He returned, and with tears in my eyes, and scarlet shame written upon my conscience, I consented to the terms, and expressed my willingness to perform immediately my part of them.

"Vell, then," said Levy, "let's lose no time. I have vasted half a day already. I shall be nicely out of pocket by the business. Ikey, vot's the stamp? Three months, a hundred?"

"Four and six," replied the devil-kin, with his hideous sprightliness, "and twopence for the paper."

"Give him five shillings, and tell him to keep the ha'pence," whispered the father confidentially, touching me familiarly with his elbow.

I complied with this suggestion. The stamp was brought, the note drawn out, and I taught by old Levy to accept it. A memorandum was then written by the ready Ikey, and signed by me, certifying that all goods and chattels then in Cambridge and in my possession were, until payment of the bill, not my property, but that of the blank gentleman who had advanced the loan. In consideration of my not removing them from college, he graciously permitted me the usufruct. Mr Levy undertook to see the wine safely deposited at my present lodging; and the charge likewise of my gold hunting-watch—my poor dear mother's gift—how could I yield it so remorselessly? and having given this to the boy to lock away, he handed to me what he called "a statement of the job," and with it sixty pounds, "the balance (!) of the bill."

If, instead of securing sixty guineas in this disgraceful manner, I had

earned six hundred honestly, I could not have skipped away from Levy's door with greater speed and glee. Strange compound is the human animal, acting so variously from the self-same motives! Had I been sane, not steeped in folly to the very ears, this miserable gold, wretchedly acquired, pressing like lead upon my spirits, would have crushed them with its guilty burden. Now, it elated me, and puffed me up with flatulent unmeaning joy. "Symptoms," says the millesimal homœopathist, "in the disordered body are removed by causes producing them in the healthy one." Is it not so in fact with the diseased infatuated mind? I neither reflected on the past, nor flung one glance upon the future. With the means of present enjoyment I flew to Emma, and released her from her sad imprisonment.

At eleven o'clock at night, Emma and I, our luggage and our wine, drove through the streets of *Huntingdon*. Upon the following morning I left the inn at which we had passed the night, and endeavoured to search out a home. Aided by a lie, I succeeded without difficulty. Emma was introduced as Mrs Stukely to the lady who received us. The latter was very young, recently a widow, and the mother of a lovely girl, perhaps three years of age. Her husband had been an officer in the Company's service; he had fallen in battle, fighting for his Company and his bread, gloriously in India.

The tranquillity of a day or two brought back the healthy tint to Emma's cheek, and restored her wonted gaiety. She forgot her previous affliction, and I remembered nothing but her adored and beauteous presence. In our apartment was a piano-forte. She taught me soon the assuaging, humanizing power of music—poetry in sounds! Her taste was exquisite, and the feeling with which she executed the most plaintive airs, awakened in my soul vehement emotions, undreamt-of capabilities of delight. Her clear voice accompanied the penetrating tones, and to their undefined wild intimations would associate and conjoin soft images that through the understanding reached the heart, and melted it with pity. Consummate bliss! riveted to her side, and every nerve vibrating with

the touching sounds, what could the world afford to enhance felicity—what could it snatch away to ruffle it?

“Caleb,” said Emma to me, having just concluded a short affecting song, and still sitting at the piano, (it was the fourth evening after our arrival,) “Caleb, there is a little air, a favourite of my poor mother’s; you must hear that, if I have heart to sing it. She instructed me in the words before I could understand their meaning—when I could scarcely utter them.”

“Is your mother living now, dear-est?”

“Oh no,” said Emma, in a melancholy voice; “she has been dead many years. She died young, poor sufferer!”

“Was she a kind, affectionate mother?” I enquired, rather startled as I found myself entering upon such brittle ground. “Did you love her dearly?”

Emma burst into a flood of tears.

“Don’t be unhappy, dearest Emma. I cannot bear to see you weep; you quite unman me. Forget the past. My love shall make amends for hers.”

“You are very good and tender to me, Caleb. A mother’s love is unapproachable. I thought I loved her much whilst she was with me; but I never knew my need of her till they closed her in the grave.” She spoke with passion, and again she wept.

There was a living mother also. Was one thought of her suggested by this weeping girl? And did the cruel wrong inflicted on that mother’s absent heart touch me with contrition and alarm? We shall see.

Emma ceased crying. Throwing her smooth and shining tresses from her forehead, she swept her fingers quickly along the keys, and with thrilling strains gradually subdued her soul.

“Now, Caleb, listen to my dear mother’s song.” She sang as follows:

THE MOTHER’S GRAVE.

“The days are past, the early days
Of innocence and joy,

When tears would fill a mother’s eye
With gazing on her boy;

Tears that from the soul would rise,
Yet not for present sorrow;

For when she wept, her loving eye
Was trembling for the morrow.

My mother sleeps; her grave is green,
The aged grass is high,

And every blade when I approach
Is quivering with a sigh.

Then piously I do believe

That where that grass grows wild,
My blessed mother’s sainted soul
Is gazing on her child.”

“Hark!” exclaimed Emma as she concluded, “some one knocks.” I opened the door and admitted the little girl belonging to the landlady.

“If you please,” lisped the fair child, “mamma sends up her compliments, and will you go down stairs to tea?”

“Do you mean me, dear Ann?” said I.

“No. Both of you. Mrs Stukely too.”

“Are you sure of this?”

“Oh, yes; do come,” she continued, pulling me by the coat, “or else mamma will cry. Come, Mrs Stukely; tea is quite ready.”

A more formal invitation was addressed to us a few minutes afterwards by Mrs Springdale herself, who followed her daughter into the room. We readily accepted it, and were soon seated in her warm and hospitable parlour. Every thing was very snug. A bright copper kettle panted and fumed away upon the fire, speaking its honest welcome as plain as steam could pour it forth; toast and tea-cakes were heating on a footman; a plate of bread and butter thinly cut for company was on the table; candles burnt brightly in shining candlesticks; tea-pot and cups looked conversable and clean; and the whole economy and tendency of the room most persuasive and alluring. A quiet, cheerful, comfortable home! Ah, me! how much of life’s true substance thou comprizest!

“This arm-chair is for you, Mr Stukely,” said the gentle Mrs Springdale; “I have put it near the fire on purpose. Mrs Stukely and I will chat together at the table.”

(“Here’s a difference,” thought I, “to that abominable Mrs Bates.”)

“Then, Anny,” said I aloud, turning to the child, “you must sit upon my knee. Come and tell me all the news.”

And in this affectionate style did we progress until the tea was over, and the things were carried off. Then we all drew our chairs around the love-dispensing fire, and, for a season, interchanged sweet and familiar talk.

Mrs Springdale, with a sober sadness, communicated her short marriage history. "Mr Springdale was so heroic, and had so high a spirit. He had been educated for a surgeon, but his ardent nature was cabined and confined in this employment. An opportunity offered to go abroad. He accepted it, and left his wife and child. He had scarcely landed before he was called to action. His daring and impetuous temper led him to the thickest of the fight. He fell, covered with wounds. It was a dreadful death. Away from every friend—without a moment to offer up one prayer to Heaven! Oh, it was very shocking! But he died in a noble cause—he fell for his country, that was a great consolation to his widowed wife, as it would be to his fatherless child when she grew up." And all this Mrs Springdale uttered in a very serious tone, but without extorting one tear from her eye.

Emma's notice had been attracted many times during the evening by a small picture which, in an old wooden frame, was suspended in the centre of one side of the apartment. I followed her eye as often as she glanced towards it, but I could perceive nothing in the painting to merit such repeated observation. She at length addressed our hostess on the subject. "Is that the representation of a church, Mrs Springdale?" she enquired carelessly, as she imagined.

"Yes," replied that lady with a kind of half sigh. "You are surprised that I keep so unprepossessing a picture hanging there by itself? I don't wonder at it; yet I wouldn't part with it, dirty and old as it is, for the finest painting in the world. There are eight years of my life during which I cannot recollect that there sprung up one painful hour. It was all happiness. Eight years not embittered by one heart-rending or gloomy reflection are something to boast of. That painting is a memorial of them. Within a hundred yards of that church, the eight delicious years were passed."

"Where was it, may I ask?" said Emma with increased interest.

"Were you ever in Kent?" enquired Mrs Springdale.

"Yes," answered Emma, the colour gradually leaving her cheek.

"Well, that's the parish church of —, in the county of Kent."

Emma turned deathly pale.

Mrs Springdale did not remark it, and continued—"Until I was eight years old, I lived in the little house that you see painted there in the background." Both ladies rose to view the picture more closely, and I followed them. "Up this long walk, and through the stile, did I regularly, Sunday after Sunday, for five years, trip to the church, sometimes with my mother, and sometimes with the maid, but oftenest with the good old clerk, whose company I loved better than that of either. Do you observe this tree, the old oak?"

"Yes," cried Emma, interrupting her, and trembling with suppressed emotion, "Marian's oak, as they called it."

"Why, bless my soul, you know it, you have been there!" exclaimed Mrs Springdale, starting round, and in the action upsetting the candle which I held in my hand. "How very strange!"

"I spent some months in the neighbourhood," replied Emma, struggling to collect herself, "and often visited this lovely spot."

"But did you ever visit the church?"

"Often, very often."

"Why, how long ago was this?"

"Let me see," said Emma, challenging her memory. "It must be fifteen years since I first went there."

"That must be the year before I left the village—the very year too that the new clergyman came, that tall, glum-looking parson, who frightened every body out of his wits. Oh, wasn't he a stern man! I never could bear him. I wonder what has become of him, and of that meek-looking in-offensive woman his wife?"

I watched Emma throughout this singular scene, and now I saw her eyelid quiver, as though a knife were on it. She was still mistress of herself.

"Marian's oak!" she repeated in a mournful tone. "How well I recollect the stately tree!"

"Yes, and so do I the hard seat round the hollow trunk."

"And old Adam, too," added Emma with spirit and fervour, drowning the melancholy thoughts, whatever they might be, which this picture had conjured up, in a brighter and a happier recollection, "the good old clerk you speak of, Mrs Springdale; dear old Adam, attaching himself to the

helpless and the young, making the little inhabitants his peculiar charge, and keeping them together like a flock, when they would otherwise have gone astray. He was a brave old man. How he would gather us about that tree, and tell us stories of his own distant boyhood, and teach us games long forgotten and out of date. His was a second childhood, a sound and healthy one, and spent in cheerfulness and love with children, as it should be."

"Well," I exclaimed, joining in, "I do call this the most delightful occurrence possible. How very remarkable that you and Mrs Springdale should have been at this place together! If one were to read of this, we shouldn't believe it."

"You must come to me very often, Mrs Stukely," said our hostess, "and we will talk over old times and scenes that are so interesting to us both."

"Yes," rejoined I, "and you must find your way up stairs, and take tea with us too."

"Most happy," replied Mrs Springdale. "We must become now very good friends."

"Emma," said I, when we were again alone, "that Mrs Springdale is a most charming person. How lucky we are to have encountered her. You will become very intimate, and our time will pass as pleasantly as possible."

"For your sake, dear Caleb," answered Emma, "I am truly glad of our good fortune. With this kind woman I shall find a home, whilst you pursue your studies still in Cambridge."

"What, dear?"

"Yes, Caleb, in Cambridge. Has it not occurred to you that this is your natural, most immediate duty? I am proud of your true affection, grateful for your protection. Shunned and despised by all the world, expelled, disgraced, I cannot forget how much I owe you. I should forget it if I sacrificed your interest and happiness for ever." She paused. "Stukely," she proceeded, "you saw that picture, that church. It is no common accident that brought it this night before my eyes. I looked at it, and almost forgot how vile a thing I am. I was once innocent, beloved, esteemed. The natural direction of this heart was virtuous. Why its course was turned

aside, Heaven knows, not I; Heaven, who has accumulated in one poor soul the sin and punishment of generations. I will not be so selfish as to keep you here. You must return to college, and reside there during term. The vacations you will pass with me. With Mrs Springdale I shall be happy, as happy as I can be when you are away; and writing often to each other will diminish the pain of separation."

"You are a noble girl, dear Emma," I replied, "and—we will talk over this to-morrow. It is a great comfort to have so desirable a companion, and I pray that you may now enjoy a little repose and peace."

"I trust we may!"

Yes, but repose and peace, like other articles in great demand, are not so easy of attainment. They who have earned them (if any earn them) by lawful means and intrepid perseverance, are seldom gratified with more than the consciousness of having merited a recompense reserved for angels. What the easily satisfied world regards as the repose of *Error* and the peace of *Guilt* are but the false coin of hell, with which the fiend bribes us for an hour to forgetfulness and self-neglect.

About a week after this very satisfactory tea-party—and our intimacy had advanced in geometrical progression ever since—I was met at the street door by an individual whose face was as familiar to me as my own, but when, how, and where I had made its acquaintance, I could not at the moment determine. Not so the Face. It was a bluff and impudent one, and recognized me intuitively. It grinned and nodded. "Morning, Master Stukely. How's the young 'ooman?" Horror! It was Mrs Bates's brother! And he bounced without further ceremony into Mrs Springdale's parlour! What could he, a market gardener, want there? What new threatening was this? "Emma mustn't hear of it for all the world!" I exclaimed, gasping with the dread of an impending storm. Our landlady was engaged "to tea" with us this very evening. "I am glad of that," said I with a weak attempt at consolation, "for if the lightning is to fall, better to come at once than be flaming overhead." Emma had made extensive preparations for her visitor. The finest gunpowder had been bought for the occa-

sion. The tea-cakes had been browned and buttered to a charm. She was about to begin the toast, when a message arrived from Mrs Springdale, "who was very sorry that she couldn't come to tea; she was very poorly, and had gone to bed."

"Poor dear!" ejaculated the unconscious Emma. "How very unfortunate. Give my love," she said turning to the messenger, "and tell Mrs Springdale that I'll see her in the morning."

"Will you?" thought I, nearly dropping from the chair.

Emma rose an hour earlier than usual to pay the promised visit, but she did not see the patient, "who was not yet awake, and must not be disturbed."

"It was very thoughtless of me to go down so early," said Emma, "she will be better after a sound sleep. A slight cold, no doubt?"

"I should say so."

"It is very sudden, though. She did not complain during the day; she couldn't have felt the attack coming on."

I wished from my very soul that Emma could have had some hint of her attack, which was evidently coming on with most tremendous strides. I had not courage to tell her of the danger. I trembled at the prospect of another concussion—a fresh dilaceration of her scarce-healed heart. After breakfast she proceeded again to Mrs Springdale's apartment, and again she was refused admittance. "Mrs Springdale could not possibly receive visitors. She was not equal to the fatigue." Emma resumed her seat in our own room, with a chidden and dejected countenance. The servant-maid shortly afterwards entered with a note addressed to me. It ran thus:

"Sir,—I have to request that you will provide yourself with other apartments at your very earliest convenience. Your week will be due to-morrow, and if you will then quit my house, I shall feel obliged. The servant will render you any service in the removal of your luggage, and in hastening your departure. I must decline any visits from the lady; and I cannot, in conclusion, forbear expressing my extreme surprise, that a gentleman should so far forget himself, as to attempt the imposition of which you have been guilty.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"MARY SPRINGDALE.

"P.S.—You will excuse me for adding, that, if you have any regard for your happiness, you will do well to leave the wicked and designing person, who, from all I hear, seems bent upon your ruin."

Emma had taken the letter from the girl. As soon as the latter quitted the room, she read it to me aloud. She faltered and lost colour; but of violent passion, which I expected, and looked for with the most torturing anxiety, there was not the least appearance. She closed and bit her lips, and from their downpressed corners she extracted the convulsed expression of a galled and wounded pride.

Habit hardens. Annoyed as I was by the complete disruption of the small social circle in which I had foretold so much real enjoyment, I walked through the streets of Huntingdon in search of another place of refuge, without any intense or visible emotion. I was, perhaps, partly borne up by the unlooked for absence of all passionate expression on the part of Emma, attributing such absence to a growing apathy, and a disregard for the world's opinion, which, in existing circumstances, were much to be desired. In an obscure corner of the town I detected a shy-looking chemist's shop, a dismal house of drugs, that stood, ashamed of its condition, away from the roadside, rather avoiding than courting public observation. There are houses, as well as individuals, whose poor and downward-looking looks bespeak at once their loss of character, and an utter hopelessness in respect of its recovery. Such a house was this. From the side door I received the information that the private part of it was to be let furnished, and that further particulars might be gathered "from the pharmacopolist in the chemical laboratory." "Here, at least," thought I, "we may live without insult or disturbance; few enquiries will be made respecting us, and the proprietor will scarcely stand on trifles." I walked into the shop.

Behind the counter, beneath a miserable account of empty boxes, I saw a man of middle height, very corpulent, very red, and, if the silent talk of most expressive features might be trusted, very overbearing. He had a full and fish-like eye, a low receding

forehead, a thick abnormal nose, and a mouth on which conceit had sat for so many years, that it was a human mouth no longer, but a triumphal arch of flesh, magnificent and broad. His hair concluded in a bobtail—his hands were clasped behind him, covered by his skirts. There stood before this mighty man a dozen miserable women, trembling beggars, diseased in body, heart-crushed, and starved. A few were clothed, the majority were—not naked—it is the most that can be said with truth! The tatters of gowns which, when thoroughly worn out, they had first received and prized as treasures, hung loosely about their bodies, and scarcely saved them from exposure. Over the eyes of one, whom low and bad living had deprived of sight, there was a deep covering of brown paper; another, breathing hard, and owning a face in which the claims of death were already written, sought a temporary support from the plastered wall. There was a vacant chair which she gazed on with a longing eye, looking alternately and most imploringly at it, and at the ruler of the place, without whose gracious leave she deemed it more than her life was worth—Heaven knows, it was very little—to seat herself and take her rest. A third was lame; all were touched with some distemper that might be traced to the same melancholy cause—to rife and pinching want. The apothecary, of whom the whole number stood in manifest dread, surveyed his company with a haughty ostentatious stare, that marked him at once for an impostor. He deserted his patients as soon as he caught sight of me, supposing my business of a more urgent character. I requested that the poor sufferers might have his first attention.

"Oh, they can keep, sir!" said the vain-glorious man, "they can keep. But, as you please. No. 1, *Jenkins*, with the *oculus*."

An emaciated female here stepped forward. She had a livid mark beneath her eye, the black and blue of a blow or fall. The apothecary frowned, and peered at her mysteriously from many points of view. "Do you know the art and science?" he enquired, turning at length to me.

"I do not, sir."

"This is a treat, then, that you can't enjoy. I could admire it for ever. A

lovely colour, pity it should ever fade. The learned call it *Ikey Moses*. It's a perfect case. How's your husband, *Jenkins*?"

The patient shook her head.

"Still suffering from alcohol?—eh—speak out."

"He's very bad, sir," said the poor creature, and then entered upon a long, sad history of domestic tyranny and dissipation.

"There's your aqueous liquid," exclaimed the chemist, interrupting her. "Wash the part, *bis vel ter quotidie*, every now and then. Sevenpence. Now, Mrs Wiggins, No. 2. Here's a case, sir, that would have puzzled Hippocrates. The doctor round the corner calls it acute *Phlebitis*. Bah! Stuff and nonsense. *Bugbitis*, just as likely."

Mrs Wiggins took the place of Mrs Jenkins, who had departed with her lotion. The present invalid was suffering from exhaustion—she was famished.

"Now listen to the diagnostics," remarked the man of science, pointing to me with his extended arm.

"Wiggins, what do you feel?"

"Oh, very sinking," moaned the sufferer.

"No plethora?"

"No what, sir?"

"Oh I forgot," said the questioner, blushing like a clever man at his mistake.

"We must descend. Poor ignorance. Don't you feel very full, Wiggins? Stop! Before you answer, think a little; that's my plan of treatment."

"Indeed I don't, sir," answered the hungry wretch.

"Wonderful instance of self-delusion. A fresh phenomenon. Mark it down. Wiggins, you eat too much."

"Heaven bless you, sir!" exclaimed the woman with surprise.

"You do—don't say you don't. I must phlebotomize you into abstinence!"

"What have you eaten to-day?"

"Nothing, sir!"

"And yesterday?"

"Some bread and water, sir!"

The chemist paused—then with his thumb and finger slowly stroked his chin.

"This is remarkable. Symptoms cutting both ways. Who shall say it isn't loss of *appetitus*? Let us tack about. Now, Wiggins, mark. You don't sleep at night?"

"Very little, sometimes."

"That will do—that's a symptom. Look at me. You feel you-don't-know-howish?"

"I think I do, sir."

"Come, Wiggins, none of that. You are *sure* you do. A sinking in the stomach now and then—eh?"

"Yes, sir, continually."

"What—I've clinched it, have I? The animal wants tone, sir. We must wind her up. Wiggins, this is serious. We must draught you. Take a dose *haustus*—that's Latin for *in the shop*. *Repetitur quotidie*—repeat it night and morning. One and two-pence—get it ready."

"I'm not worth a single farthing, sir."

"Wiggins, you are an incurable. Physic's thrown away upon you. Go, inhale the fresh and bracing air. Walker, No. 3." And Mrs Wiggins crawled away ashamed, and Mrs Walker, No. 3, advanced to the bashaw. In a similar manner he prescribed for all. To such as could scrape together the required pence, his medicines were a panacea; the extreme pauper was pronounced incurable, and was discharged accordingly. In a little time the shop was cleared. The scene, however, had lasted long enough to effect a gradual forgetfulness of my own condition, and to oppress me with a lively sense of others' woes.

"Such is business," said the apothecary, addressing me, his only auditor. "No time to lose in our profession. Patients must be healed, *currente calomel*, as we doctors say. Wherein, sir, can I serve you? To the last page of the *Pharmacopœia*, you shall command me."

I told my business, and I thought the garrulous and offensive man would never cease to praise his rooms and furniture. "His house was suited to professionals—had been fitted up for his own private residence, with no ulterior view to lodgers. Lodgers, as such, were his abhorrence. But he was man—the social being in the creative scheme—unwed, and he longed to *feel* society about him. As friends he would receive us; not else. The fee for the apartments was a secondary matter. He did not let to *make* by them. He hoped that his high standing acquitted him of *that*. Thank Heaven, who had made him so essential to his fellow-creatures, he was above suspicion! But he must have

friends; it was a human weakness, and he submitted." The rooms were dark and low—the furniture most mean—the rent unreasonably high; but I agreed to take the place. It was a quiet home for Emma—that was all I needed. Having arranged the terms, I left the shop, my spirits burdened, I knew not why—my mind stirred up and troubled, I asked not wherefore.

The same evening Emma and I took possession. I had requested in the morning that a fire should be lighted, and all things made comfortable, previous to the arrival of the lady; but as it often happens, where promises are large and statements highly coloured, there was a falling off in the performance. Mr, or, as his pauper-patients styled him, *Doctor Weezen*, rated the servant child, (the sole domestic of the house, innocent of her fourteenth year,) and scolded her for her neglect, in a harangue that would have sounded better had it been delivered to a company of soldiers. He then apologized to Emma, and told her that an establishment was the most oppressive thing in life, and that domestic cares had wellnigh been too much for Socrates.

First impressions, whether true or false, are dangerous if unfavourable. No after knowledge, no wise experience, can efface entirely the sad complexion that is spread abroad with the first shock of sensibility. Without exertion, and in an instant, in a breath, the quick and heated fancy is impressed. Years of endeavour will not wear away the form. When we stepped into the cold and joyless rooms, Emma involuntarily recoiled. I shared the impulse which had moved her, and was sensible that we had made a downward step. Dismal conceptions filled my mind, at once disturbed, distressed it, bore upon it with the force of *incubi*. I made an effort to shake them off. They relaxed not. Incoherent apprehensions, not to be disdained, mystical shadows though ye be, ye are the invisible but certain harbingers of real and fast-approaching misery! Gratifying as the unconcernedness of Emma had been upon the receipt of Mrs Springdale's letter, I was very sorry to observe that her exemption from violent emotion seemed not only likely to continue, but to merge, at last, into a settled melancholy. For a fortnight we had occupied Doctor Weezen's rooms, and during that time

she made no effort to rally, evinced no desire to be roused from the moody and desponding state into which she had gradually fallen. Day after day she would sit, for a time needle in hand, looking at, rather than pursuing her work; then she would suddenly put it aside and muse, resting her elbow on her knee, her cheek upon her hand, smiling perhaps, and so bitterly, that it chilled me to stand by and witness it. I tried every manoeuvre that affection could suggest, to divert and cheer her; but my office was a thankless one. One day, after I had talked for half an hour, with a gaiety that almost choked me, from the exertion which was required to force it up, she sat as gloomy and as silent as ever; and the only acknowledgment I got, was a fixed stare, and a pitiful shake of the head.

"Oh dear me, Emma!" I said at length, with a truly miserable sigh, "this is dreadful work. I shall go out of my mind, that will be the end of it; and if this is to last, I don't care how soon. Little did I think that all our happiness was to end in this!"

"Are you unhappy, then?" enquired Emma.

"Am I! I never was so wretched in my life. I have given up every thing for you Emma, and——"

"I know it!" she exclaimed, "and you repent it. Why have you not said so before? You believe *that* woman, and you hate me. Let me leave you. Let the wicked and designing wretch depart!" And she rose from her chair, in great agitation.

"Emma, you are greatly to blame for talking in this way. Whatever people may have said, I am sure I have always treated you with great kindness. The harsh usage of others has made me love you the more."

"I would that I were dead!" she cried, "desolate outcast that I am! Do not mind me, Stukely—do not listen to me. I feel that I am ungrateful to you."

"Dearest Emma! you are not ungrateful. I do not upbraid you. But why should we have these interruptions to our happiness? If you will but smile, and look cheerful, and live as we used at Mrs Springdale's, every thing will go on well. I am sure, for this last week, my life has been a burden to me. How can I possibly

keep up my spirits, whilst you are sad and mournful, and close your lips against me?"

"Dear Caleb!" exclaimed Emma, bursting into tears, which fell before me like a refreshing shower, "return to Cambridge. *Be* happy. Leave me. Let me go into the world—the cruel, cruel world, and beg my bread from door to door, and be refused. Let me starve and die; but do not let them say that I have been your ruin and destruction."

"You think too much of these things, dear. Let them say what they please. Nothing can afflict me, if you will only be merry and gay. What a pity it is we haven't a pianoforte here! A little music would set every thing to rights—delicious music! We must hire one if we can. Come, smile and look bright, as you know how. There's a dear Emma!"

"But about Cambridge, Caleb?"

"Well then, dear, I promise you, if you will put a good face upon matters, and become immediately the sweet, good-tempered Emma whom I used to know, I will not let another day pass without fixing a time for my return."

You have seen the sun, upon a spring day, breaking through the jealous clouds which shut out the vault of heaven, and intercept the adoring heart of man. You have seen, I say, and felt the power of the gush of liquid light that made, for one brief interval, the sober earth to smile, and passed, like joy, into the secret caverns of your soul. How transient is the gleam! How hastily do the murky clouds unite again, with more compactness than before, and quench that joy and smile! Thus evanescent, but with such potency, did the sparkling eyes of her I loved, and madly loved, send forth again its rays, to console and cheer me. Thus quickly did the unwholesome vapours of her mind extinguish them.

Unable to remain in her presence not touched by her condition, and fearful of adding to her melancholy by advice and entreaties which in no way removed her cause of suffering, I left her on the following morning, in a state of mind bordering on despair, and without knowing whither to direct my steps. I walked mechanically into the laboratory of Doctor Weezen. He received me very graciously, ex-

plained to me, with much magniloquence, the properties and peculiar virtues of his medicines; and, after a most abstruse and learned disquisition on the healing art in general, he told me that it was time to see his patients, and how proud he'd feel if I would kindly bear him company. The Doctor, as a man, I heartily disliked—his skill and knowledge I regarded with contempt. I accepted his invitation nevertheless, and did not scruple, upon our way, to beg a remedy for a habitual gloomy state of mind.

"Or, as we should say, in technic parlance, 'a superabundance of black bile.' I am afraid, sir, it's a case for Bedlam. It's not professional to recommend the bastinado; and yet there is nothing like a cudgel to cure a melancholy. A dose or two I've known restore the mental equilibrium. At Bedlam, it's the standard recipe. Is the patient young?"

"Not very old, sir."

"Then you have a chance of cure. When an old head gets dull and flabby, tonics are thrown away upon it."

With similar profound remarks, Dr Weezen entertained me, as we passed from den to den. His patients were a most destitute and squalid troop, holding life on terms that made it scarcely worth possession. Doctor Weezen evidently thought so. His mode of treatment was in conformity with this idea, and, more than any other thing, was calculated to lighten speedily the burden of existence. Henceforward, I repeated daily my visits, in company with the fussy doctor; and daily did I witness scenes of exquisite, unmitigated suffering, whose naked, horrid aspect would have shocked and driven me back, had it not elicited, in mercy, a spark of human fellow-feeling, by whose light I was directed into usefulness. Many of the unfortunates needed bread more than physic; and I supplied them, as far as I was able, with the means of getting it. More than one poor wretch looked at me with a vacant eye, doubtful of the act of charity, and took the offering without a word of thanks. The warm heart of benevolence had never taught them the language of gratitude, and they might be pardoned if they were ignorant of its expression.

Privileged in being the instrument of good, and busy now from day to day, I felt less acutely than before the

continued mournfulness of Emma. But time wore on. Returning from my walks, I met no glistening and love-telling eye of welcome—no tongue to ask a hundred unimportant questions—unimportant in themselves, but most significant of the ardent, true affection. All was silence and despondency. The cause I knew not, could not learn. Often I asked, and a repulsive sigh was then the only answer. Could it be sullenness and a dislike of me? I saw no reason for suspicion; but my pride took fire, and a thought of anger started in my mind—one smarting thought—it was the first, and love corrected and suppressed it. But this moroseness was not the only change that had taken place in Emma. Her health was yielding before the influences of this cherished care, this ever-gnawing trouble. Within a month, her once lovely countenance had undergone a transformation that confounded and alarmed me. The delicate complexion, that fair, transparent hue, had vanished. A coarseness had grown over and encrusted it. What sickness could have effected the silent, hideous alteration? Her clear and lustrous eye, that bewitching eye, in whose fairy cell had lurked the philtre that had first enchanted me, had lost its brilliant sheen, had parted with its dignity and power. "What illness of the mind," I asked again, "can rob the organ of its purer part, leaving to us this heavy, dull, and watery orb?" Her face was turgid—her slender and most graceful form encumbered with a fast increasing, unbecoming fulness. Daily, almost hourly, I saw the gradual change, and stood amazed and horror-stricken. The longer I gazed upon the fading beauty, the more offensive and unpardonable did I deem her melancholy and unsocial manner—the more lively did I feel the injury she inflicted—the greater seemed the sacrifice that I had made for unrequited love. A second thought of anger started in my brain, but love was less awake to treason than before, and made no effort to destroy it.

I sat alone one evening. Emma had retired to rest. I still reflected on her odd behaviour, her unaccountable neglect. "For it is neglect," I said, "and, worse than that, ingratitude. She is strangely altered in her person! Who could believe that this

is Emma whom I knew three months ago? How fast does beauty fade! But this is nothing—at least, it is very little compared with her offence. She cannot be accountable for *that*. I never loved her for her face alone. I am sure of it. I loved her rather for—for—but it does not matter now, her treatment of me is intolerable—and it has made me most unhappy. What have I not given up for her? Ah, what indeed!” And I rose from my chair, and paced the room in perturbation. “I must not think of it.” A sudden rush upon my conscience of desperate thoughts that had long been chained in sleep by Passion, (now imprisoned and enslaved herself,) and whose violence was all the stronger for the previous slumber, almost overthrew my reason. I stood still with terror. “Good Heaven!” I exclaimed, “whither have I been wandering? What will they think at HOME? Oh God! my father! my poor mother! She will break her heart. What WILL they think of me? I must go back to Cambridge. In a few days my furniture will be taken from me if that fearful bill is not duly paid. Where can I get a hundred pounds? What shall I do? Oh Emma, Emma! have I deserved that you should heap these coals of fire upon my head? I’ll not permit another day to close upon me without some step. What is best to do? I’ll write—no—I’ll return to London. How unfortunate I have been! Why have I been singled out for all this trial and affliction? Oh that delectable scholarship! From the moment that I swore to have it, I was doomed. I must do something. Let me think quietly. Shall I set out immediately for Cambridge, or go home? I haven’t a single friend to advise me. I never had a youthful friend like other boys. Every thing has been against me. Well, I think I had better go to Cambridge first—see Levy, and then hasten to my father, and supplicate his pardon. I am sure he will pity and forgive me, and I *must* do better for the future. I’ll pack up my things at once. In the morning I’ll take leave of Emma. Ah, Emma! What is to be done with her? Poor creature, she must not be cast away! She shall suggest a plan. She has insisted upon my leaving her. What a comfort that it is her own request! It would be madness to refuse compli-

ance with it.” With such vague talk I endeavoured to discharge the horrible conceptions of my mind, and I at last succeeded. Before I went to bed I collected all my moveables, and made every preparation for a departure on the morrow. “I am sure that I have concluded wisely,” I whispered to myself. “I feel so peaceful and so satisfied—my heart seems so much lighter.” I proposed to announce my resolution as soon as we arose. The morning came, and then—I thought it better to postpone the momentous communication until the evening. The excitement of the previous night had left me very nervous, and my courage threatened to desert me. “One day can’t make the difference,” said I, “and I shall be more comfortable by and by: when the shutters are closed, and one is sitting by the fire, things are managed so much better. I can bring out the subject by degrees, without the fear of startling her, and the risk of ruining my scheme. Nothing shall prevent my quitting Huntingdon to-morrow—that is certain.”

With the double object of paying a *pour prendre congé* visit to my diseased acquaintances, and of extracting vigour from the fresh and limpid air, I left my lodging at a very early hour. The prospect of a speedy termination of my present mode of life acted favourably upon my spirits; I talked with sprightliness, and briskly moved about, and was half persuaded that I had become a very virtuous character, and deserving of much sympathy and praise. The invalids received a double portion of their small allowance. I gave them in addition some excellent counsel, (which might have been of service to myself;) then, wishing them a quick recovery, a richer and a better friend, I shook them all severally and warmly by the hand, and left them to their dismal meditations. It was late when I returned. I walked before the door some dozen times, to gather round my heart the necessary stimulus. Having goaded myself sufficiently with thoughts of duty—unkind treatment—altered nature, (taking particular care the while to shut out all incitements on the score of altered *beauty*;) I stopped at length, and walked softly up the staircase.

At the very moment of my entering the apartment, Emma, with a hasty

and disordered action, rose, as it appeared, immediately from the floor, and sat herself with violence and precipitation at the table. She was greatly agitated—her cheek was flushed—her eye glaring with a wild besotted look. I was transfixed with terror. What ailed her? I would have asked the question; but as I moved towards her for the purpose, she set her teeth together and repelled me with a horrible unearthly laugh. I glanced beneath the table to discover, if possible, the reason of her first strange movement. For an instant, I burned with *jealousy*! She marked me, and anticipating my design, darted thither, and crouched like one possessed. Quick as was her motion, she failed to conceal what, as it appeared in sight, sickened and dismayed me. Half hidden by her sweeping garments there revealed itself—a bottle of the accursed wine received from Levy! What a history did it tell! Frightful, harrowing exhibition! Miserable woman!—Debased beyond the power of recovery. INTOXICATED—Lost!

“Emma,” I said, trembling like a leaf, “what is the meaning of all this—this drink?—”

“Drink!” she replied in a hysteric voice, “ay, sir, I learnt it of my father. We have died of it for centuries. It has killed a whole churchyard of us. When did you ever hear of a sober Harrington? Never since the flood.” And she screamed a madman’s laugh. Mad in truth she was. I sought to pacify her, but she furiously repulsed me, vowed she did not know me, and commanded me to begone, to leave her presence, and not disturb the banquet. When she found me still remaining, she surveyed me with contempt, and then proudly paced the room, muttering as she went about, her station, and the disrespect that mortals paid her. There was a vicious drift about her eye, which, as I met it, quailed and frightened me. It spoke a malicious and determined will, and exposed the exclusive deadly privilege of *wine*. Illustrious beverage! The meaner liquors only unfit us for exertion. It is your higher boast to ripen us for crime!—Now it was that previous symptoms, mysterious and inexplicable when they arose, were interpreted and made clear. Now the shaking of the hand, the loss of appe-

tite, the sinking of the spirits, the general torpor and depression of the frame, were traced to their disgraceful origin. Now I beheld the insidious and tremendous power that had stripped and triumphed over human loveliness. Seductive poison, most malignant juice, thy victory was unequivocal! I acknowledged it, and trembled.

The violence of Emma increased with every passing minute. She talked and raved until she lashed herself to fury. My presence exasperated and made hotter the brain that was on fire already. I could accomplish nothing by remaining in the room. In a state of distraction I quitted it, with the forlorn hope of effecting something by my absence. I hastened to the “*chemical laboratory*,” and threw myself into the arms of Doctor Weezen with as much warmth and affection as if he had been my dearest friend in life. Intense misery makes any one look amiable, especially if any one can be of service to us. “Oh, my dear Doctor!” I exclaimed, “help me, I am a wretched being.”—“Sorry for you,” said the chemist, eschewing the embrace as politely as he could, “but I am as poor as Job just now. How very odd! I was just agoing to ask you for the rent. Patients falling off uncommon fast. This is very staggering, Mr Stukely.”

“It isn’t money that I want. My poor girl! what can be done for her? She is in a dreadful state.”

“Oh, bless my heart!” replied the gentleman in a different tone. “You don’t mean *that*. I had no idea it was so near. But, my dear sir, don’t alarm yourself, ’tis a very common case with ladies. Your *first*, I guess? Well, that accounts for your anxiety. You’ll be quieter when you have had a dozen.” As the doctor spoke, Emma’s foot was heard loudly and quickly stamping overhead. There was a murmur of her voice—a rapid walking up and down, and a violent slamming of the door. Then all was silent. “Awful hysteria, isn’t it?” enquired the doctor, looking serious and surprised. “But it is symptomatic. Nothing frightens me when I know it is symptomatic. Don’t you be frightened, my good young friend.”

I waited half an hour with Doctor Weezen, determined, if the noise was heard again, to communicate the sad

discovery, and to avail myself of his advice in the emergency. But the clamour was not repeated. At the close of the half-hour all was silent still. I promised the doctor to call him up should his services be required; the doctor promised me that he wouldn't take off his boots, much less go to bed, and then I stole timorously to my room again. The door was closed, not locked. I gently opened it, and entered. The apartment was in darkness. I called to Doctor Weezen in a whisper for a light, which he brought, and then I found that Emma had departed. I dare not say that an over-hasty conclusion which I formed—viz., that she had run away for ever—afforded me a gleam of inexpressible relief! Our bed-room was on the second floor; thither I proceeded. As I drew near *sounds* reached my ear again, and fell like cold and heavy marble on my heart. She had fastened the door, was gabbling loud and incoherently, slapping her hands, and beating the ground with her foot. In a word, she was madder than ever.

I sat upon the stairs before the bedroom door, bitterly regretting that I had not been born an Israelite in the days of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, under whose mild and benevolent policy the little Hebrew children were destroyed as soon as they saw the light. "It is quite certain," said I, "that I am the most unfortunate wretch in the creation. I am crossed in every thing. What a terrible upset is this! Just hark at her! Oh dear, dear, dear! it's a pretty business altogether. Any one but myself," I continued, soliloquizing, "would leave her this very night, and really she half deserves it. But that, I suppose, would be considered wrong. I owe a duty to my parents certainly. Bless me, I wonder how they are! What can they think of my long silence? Emma cannot have a claim upon me after what has happened. I have a good mind to go." And I got up; but at that moment, Emma, seized with a sudden paroxysm, burst into tears, and the voice recalled so many dear associations, was so very like the voice of Emma in our early days of love, that the gradually hardening heart gave way, and straight was malleable for any thing. I resumed my seat. During the succeeding hour or two, I knocked many times against the door; first softly, then harder, and at last

with violence, but an inhuman laugh or yell was the sole acknowledgment of my application. The strength of the poor creature was however failing fast. The intervals of repose were longer, her footsteps much less heavy, her exclamations not half so forcible. I resolved to wait until exhaustion restored her reason, and I could make her sensible of her mournful situation. It was about three o'clock that I made this final resolution, when I had become very chilly and depressed with cold. It occurred to me that I could keep watch better if I were more warmly clad. Accordingly, I procured my great-coat from the sitting-room, covered myself with it and a yard or two of thick stair matting, took my position once more upon the stairs, and then immediately fell fast asleep.

I awoke about eight o'clock from a dream so dreadfully horrid, that the satisfaction I derived from its being unreal, actually reconciled me for a time to my only less horrible and true condition. I did not hear a movement in the house. Silence was in the bedroom. I tried the handle of the door, and it yielded to the gentle touch. I entered, and on tiptoe glided to the bed. Emma was sitting up awake. She cast upon me one brief gaze of mingled grief and shame, and then the pale, debauched, and haggard countenance drooped in dejection on her bosom. She did not speak; I did not reproach her. For many hours she continued in a state of mental numbness, and I was constant to her side. At length, towards evening, she fixed upon me steadily her sluggish and cavernous eye, clasped tremblingly my wrist, and in the low half-whispering voice of vanquished modesty, implored me to obtain for her a draught of wine.

"You know not what you ask for, Emma," I replied. "Bid me get for you some deadly poison or a dagger. You might use both with equal prudence. I might supply you with them with equal justice and humanity. Ask rather for wholesome food. You have eaten nothing throughout the day."

"Wine, wine!" she repeated in a tone of the deepest supplication, and moistening with her tongue her parched and fevered lips; "wine, Stukely, or I shall die before your eyes!" and she squeezed my hand convulsively.

"Emma," I exclaimed, "of all my misfortunes, this stroke falls heaviest upon me. How you are changed! what infatuation has led you into this gulf of misery? Emma, I think I see you, but I mistrust my senses. My heart breaks as I sit beside you." I could say no more, for my throat burned, and was choked with emotion.

"Wine, Caleb! there's a dear, Caleb. Wine, wine!" It was the burden of her song:—say what I would, wine was my answer. All her ideas had left her but this one.

"Whatever may be the consequence, Emma," I said, with seriousness, "I will not comply with your request. I will not deliberately become your murderer. I am punished sufficiently already. Compose yourself if you can, and forget the past." She threw my hand away with an offended air, and spake no more that evening.

Daily I vowed to leave her, and daily her condition gave desertion a cruel and unnatural aspect. Hour after hour I waited for the smallest proof of amendment, which should also be my signal for departure; but the change was still from bad to worse. From morning till night she reiterated her intense entreaties, which I invariably rejected. Then, from revenge or inability, she refused all nourishment, and very soon she grew emaciated, wan, and deathlike. Another week passed by. Her hand began to shake, and never ceased; her muscles quivered, and a constant tremor of the body moved the very bed with quick vibrations: now her eyes were rolling with alarm, and now were occupied in an incessant vacant watchfulness; now they were fixed sternly upon me, and now they chased about the room some phantom of the brain, and followed till they lost it. What wonder if the reason took alarm, and forsook its frail and tottering tenement! She no longer knew me.

"Monster!" she cried out, shrinking from my touch as I approached

her, "would you kill the helpless creature? would you sell her to the dogs? It's a brave carcass. Ah, ah, ah, poor lad!—Are you frightened? It won't hurt you, but you mustn't kill, kill, kill." She stopped, and then proceeded in another strain: "Come, dear mother, the bells are ringing. The folks are all ready for church. Look there, too, there's dear old Adam hobbling as fast as his spindle shanks can carry him—faster, faster, Adam, or they'll begin without you. What a gay Sunday it is! For all the world like a merry-making! But the sun shines," she continued mournfully, "and that is so deceitful. The night is sure to come now. Oh! it would be a clever trick to steal the sunshine!—Don't talk unkindly to me, James—I meant no harm. You forget, Temple, that I gave up every thing for you. What, again," she shrieked out louder than ever, catching sight of me in the inconstant progress of her eye; "will this man never be gone? Ha! have I caught you?—Hide that knife; murder, murder—the fiend, the fiend!" And then she checked herself immediately, fixed upon the ceiling an impotent and empty stare, whilst heavy perspiration hung in pearly drops about her.

I had no power to move. I was fastened to the spot, and I looked upon the poor maniac with a heart torn by conflicting passions. I was startled by a voice. It fell upon my ears like a faint memory—like the haunting spirit of a sound deceased—the spirit that loves to awaken slumbering fancy. It touched me, and it glided on;—what was its business now? The voice was heard again, and with more distinctness than before. It was the substance, and no shadow—the reality, and not the symbol. It was louder yet! It called my name. It is accompanied by a footstep. That voice, that step, and *Here!* Earth, open your devouring jaws, for pity's sake, and hide me from my *Father!*

GABRIELLE DE BELLE-ISLE. A TALE.

TAKEN FROM THE DRAMA OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.*

CHAPTER I.

THE COURT LOVERS.

THE Marchioness de Prie sat in her boudoir, completing her toilette, and her maid, Mariette, was unsealing the letters which had that morning arrived from Paris to Chantilly, at which latter place she was at present residing.

"Go at once to the signature, Mariette," said the impatient Marchioness to her maid, who had begun to read the epistle she had opened. "Go at once to the signature. The name will tell us all—will tell us at once what the writer wants. Know you not that every one of those letters is addressed not to me myself, the Marchioness de Prie, but merely to the favourite of the Duke de Bourbon, minister of Louis XV.? Therefore burn them in all haste—burn them."

Mariette, as she opened the letters, read the signatures—"M. de Noel."

"Burn it," said the Marchioness, as she adjusted her ringlets in the glass.

"M. de Duras."

"Burn."

"M. D'Aumont."

"Burn—burn. Now, is there none from the Duke de Richelieu?"

"None. They are all burnt. Permit me to hope," said Mariette after a short pause, "that Madame has no inquietude with respect to the Duke de Richelieu."

"Oh, Mariette, be assured on that point," replied her ladyship; "and moreover, the Duke, I know, is faithful."

"Faithful, and at Paris!"

"Yes, faithful; and though he is absent I am satisfied of it. Come,

you inquisitive one, you shall be convinced. Look here, Mariette,"—and she drew from a silken purse, beautifully embroidered, the half of a gold sequin. "When he returns me the other half—but not till then; do you understand?"

"Oh, a love token!" said the maid.

"A love token, if you will. Know, Mariette, that with people of refinement, the greatest misery is, not to lose the love of another, but to be still loved when one has ceased to feel the passion."

"A profound sentiment, madam!"

"Well, the Duke and myself resolved that, under no pretext whatever, should our tender enjoyment become a source of chagrin and embarrassment. Therefore it was that, breaking the sequin in two, we each took half, and agreed that the first who ceased to love should forthwith send their moiety to the other, and that the recipient should accept of the present without a single word of reproach. The Duke has not yet sent his half."

Mariette was delighted with an expedient which saved both parties a world of pain, of doubt, and explanation. Her comments, however, were cut short by the arrival of the Duke de Richelieu himself. She very wisely retired.

"From Paris?" said the Marchioness.

"This moment have I dismounted," said the Duke, who begged that the ardour of his attachment might excuse the travelling-dress in which he made his appearance.

* The best plays of M. Dumas appear to us, notwithstanding their dramatic form, to be more novels than dramas. They partake more of the vivacity, the surprise, the excited curiosity of the novel, than of that poetic development of feeling and character which distinguish the drama. M. Dumas, and some others of his countrymen, speak much of Shakspeare, but their inspiration might be rather traced to the works of Sir Walter Scott. We offer no apology, therefore, to M. Dumas for making this use of his drama. The tale we present to our readers will, at all events, we persuade ourselves, be more acceptable than any translation of the play we should be capable of giving.

The excuse was accepted.

"But you have been absent," pursued the Marchioness, "for eight days, and your furlough extended only to five."

The Duke had abundant reasons to give, and to lament, for this prolonged absence. He also had his tender reproaches to make. Not a line had he received—not a single billet—not one word of love. Up to that very day he had never seen the handwriting of his beautiful Marchioness.

For this she, in return, had a sufficient justification. Was the Duke a diplomatist, and would he have her, the favourite of a minister, commit herself by writing, and put it in the power of any one who should obtain the letter to ruin her fortunes and procure her disgrace at court?

The argument was irresistible. "However, you love me still?" said the Duke, with the most bewitching pathos.

"Oh, do not doubt of it," was the reply. "And you?"

"Oh, to distraction!" and he devoutly kissed her fair hand. "Permit me," he continued, "though you do not write, to present you with these tablets. They are the newest and prettiest things I could find at Paris."

"And my own arms, I see, are engraved on them," said the Marchioness, as she took his elegant present. Decidedly, thought she, they were procured for no other than myself. The Duke is faithful still. "But I," she continued, "have not been forgetful. I have, in your absence, worked for you this embroidered purse."

"With my own initials on it!" observed the Duke, as he delightedly

accepted the flattering gift. Without a doubt, thought he, it was worked expressly for me. The Marchioness is faithful still. But some engagement now pressed, and it was necessary that the Duke should for a short time deprive himself of that society by which he lived. He rose, and took his leave.

"Let me see," said the Marchioness, as soon as his back was turned, "what love-verses the poor Duke has been writing in these tablets." She opened them—there dropt out the half sequin!

"The poor Marchioness!" said the Duke, as he left the apartment, tossing the embroidered purse in his hand. "She dotes on me, it seems." There was something in the purse. He opened it—there fell out the half sequin!

The Marchioness, holding the broken sequin in one hand and the tablets in the other, naturally turned towards the door through which the Duke had just departed. There stood the Duke, who had returned, holding his embroidered purse in one hand, and displaying his broken sequin in the other.

The effect was irresistible. They both burst into laughter. At all events there was a miraculous sympathy between them. They again sat down together. Mutual release—mutual confidence. They were formed for friendship, if not for love. They would assist each other in the new schemes, the new affections, which had sprung up in that eight days of absence.

On whom the *lady's* constancy was next fixed we shall not enquire; the object of the Duke de Richelieu's devotion our next chapter will disclose.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAGER.

Gabrielle de Belle-Isle was a young girl of noble family, who had come from Brittany to obtain the pardon and release of her father, then a prisoner in the Bastille. Fortune, which had thus cruelly deprived her of her parent, had endeavoured to make some compensation in the devoted attachment of a lover, the Chevalier D'Aubigny, a young officer whose affection was, on her part, returned with an equal ardour. Their union was delayed only by that generous repug-

nance which she felt to secure her own happiness, whilst her father still lay in his miserable confinement.

Now, it was precisely to the Marchioness de Prie, the favourite of the Duke de Bourbon, Prime Minister of Louis XV., that Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle had been recommended to apply. She had left Paris, where she had been prosecuting her suit, and had come to Chantilly for this purpose. It was after having seen the beautiful Belle-Isle at the court, that the Duke

de Richelieu bought those tablets he presented to the Marchioness : he now followed her to Chantilly.

And the Duke was still further induced to prosecute his chase of the fair Gabrielle, by a circumstance which occurred the morning after his return to Chantilly. Richelieu, D'Aumont, D'Auvray, and some other noblemen, were lounging together in a room devoted to play. "The ladies of Chantilly," said the Duke, in reply to some assertion that had been made by D'Aumont, "are become, you say, quite savagely virtuous, wild, untameable. Well, I will lay a wager of a thousand louis—five hundred with you D'Aumont, and five hundred with D'Auvray—that I will obtain a rendezvous from the first woman we meet as we leave this place, be it maid, wife, or widow, and that in the space of twenty-four hours."

"Be precise," said D'Aumont. "What proof are we to have of the felicitous nature of your rendezvous?"

"It shall be at midnight—in her own chamber—and I will drop you down a note in my own handwriting from her window into the street."

"Done!" and the wager was accepted.

"But hold!" said the Duke, "the subject of this experiment—it must be a pretty woman."

The justice of this condition was at once admitted. Success itself was not to be made a penalty ; the Duke was not to be driven to the loss of his wager as the more agreeable alternative.

They moved towards the door, and had no sooner reached the threshold than Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle was seen to pass on her way to the Marchioness de Prie. Without contradiction, she had become the legitimate object of the wager.

A young officer who had been present when the bet was made, and who had followed the group with his eye as they left the room, now stepped forward. "I claim," said he, "to take this wager with the Duke."

"Pray, on what ground?" said D'Aumont and his associate in the bet.

"I am about to marry that lady whom the Duke is to dishonour within twenty-four hours." It was D'Aubigny who spoke.

Such a claim could not very well be gainsaid, and the Duke de Riche-

lieu, with the greatest politeness imaginable, transferred his wager of a thousand louis to the Chevalier D'Aubigny.

Gabrielle de Belle-Isle was passing, we have said, to the Marchioness de Prie. She had already had one interview with that lady—had been received with kindness—and pressed to exchange her habitation at a hotel for an apartment in her house. To the Marchioness the Duke also directed his steps.

"And you really have laid such a wager as this?" said the Marchioness, after the Duke had, in a private *tête-à-tête* related the adventure. "What madness! And you come to me to help you!"

"Is it a reputation for wisdom, lady, that I, the Duke de Richelieu, have to sustain? I have laid this wager, and you, my dear Marchioness, will assist me in winning it. The fair Gabrielle has a suit at court ; the liberation of her father from the Bastille ; let her apply to me. Her suit shall prosper. And then—common gratitude, common *justice*, you know, indicates a return."

"You will use no other means than these—no violence—no drugs?"

The Duke pledged himself to *fair means*, and something like a treaty of alliance was concluded between them.

Accordingly, the Duke had no sooner left than the Marchioness entered into a conversation with Belle-Isle ; wherein she explained that her own influence with the minister was inadequate to remove those prejudices which he had taken up against her unfortunate father, and counselled her to have recourse to one whose power to serve her was far greater. The Duke de Richelieu—could he be persuaded to undertake her suit—would assuredly prevail. And fortunately he was now at Chantilly.

The unsuspecting Gabrielle was consoled at hearing that the name of this powerful patron was Richelieu. She had already encountered him at Paris, and he had been so kind and courteous.

"You shall write to him," said the Marchioness, "and request an interview with him here."

"But is it altogether fitting?—will it not be subject to misconstruction?" said the timid petitioner.

"Surely the motive will be suffi-

cient explanation to the most malicious of creatures," replied her experienced adviser. "Come, sit down and write, and I will see it safely delivered into his hands."

Gabrielle de Belle-Isle did as she was directed, and the Marchioness departed with the letter. The amiable Marchioness, she not only delivered the *billet* from her own carriage, but she previously took the pains to re-write it with her own hand, (which she might safely do, as the Duke had never been favoured with any specimens of her penmanship,) and in her transcript of the letter she added a few phrases, to give it, we will presume, a more elegant and touching eloquence.

When the Duke de Richelieu received this note, he was surprised to find his scheme succeeding so rapidly. The beautiful Belle-Isle, whilst claiming his assistance in the liberation of her father, seemed to promise an almost boundless gratitude to her benefactor. Why, the reward he meditated for his services, must be, thought he, as familiar to the imagination of the lady as to his own. The interview, we need not say, was granted. The Duke met the fair Belle-Isle—heard her story throughout—sympathized with her affliction—promised her redress—and obtained permission to wait on her, though it might be late in the evening, to bring her word how far his intercession had availed. The wager was as good as won.

What was the Marchioness about? Was she really so philosophical in her attachments that she could lend her aid, in this disinterested manner, to the projects of one just released from her own bondage? One would think that she would feel a natural, irresistible pleasure in baulking any such project as that which the Duke at present entertained. The next step she took may probably enlighten us on that head.

"Is it long, my dear Gabrielle," she said in a tone of profoundest sympathy, "since you saw your father?"

"Three years. I have not seen him," she answered, with tears in her eyes, "since he was imprisoned."

"And have you not in all that time solicited permission to see him?"

"Oh, yes—often! I have prayed, begged, entreated, but they would not hear me. They would not let a

daughter—a weak, resistless, powerless girl—what unnecessary cruelty!—throw herself into the arms of her father."

"And you would be happy to see him?"

"Can you ask?"

"And she who procured for you this indulgence, could she count on your discretion?"

Gabrielle was ready to promise any thing. In the tumult which this sudden hope had raised in her mind, she sank on her knees before the Marchioness, entreating her, if she really had it in her power, to grant her this inestimable favour.

"Hear me," said that lady, raising the excited and weeping girl from the ground. "The governor of the Bastille is a friend of mine, and I can give you a letter to him, which will open for you the prison of your father. But I do this without the knowledge of the Duke de Bourbon, whose power indeed it is that I am using. The whole transaction must be kept a secret, otherwise it might prove the ruin of the Duke, and serve to aggravate the hard condition of your father. Swear to me that as long as the Duke de Bourbon is minister, you will conceal this interview from every one."

De Belle-Isle promised religiously, that as long as the Duke de Bourbon was minister no one should know that she had been admitted to the presence of her father. "And when shall I see him?" she exclaimed.

"This very night," was the reply. "You shall leave Chantilly this evening at ten o'clock. You will travel in my carriage; every body who meets it will know that it is my equipage, and will suppose that I am in it. You can stay with your father for the space of three hours, and return here before any of the domestics have risen. To all the world it must seem that you have passed the night under this roof."

The Marchioness left to give the necessary directions, and D'Aubigny was now ushered into the room. Gabrielle had no little difficulty in repressing her emotions; it was a cruel effort to conceal her glad anticipations from her lover. D'Aubigny, on the other hand, entered with anxiety depicted on his countenance. It was no enviable condition in which he found himself, after having taken up the wager of the Duke de Richelieu upon the

honour of the very lady to whom he was betrothed. Not that he feared for the fidelity or virtue of his Gabrielle, but he was alarmed when he reflected on the deceit and stratagem which the Duke might practise—a man known to be full of resources, and devoid of all scruple in affairs of this description. He came with the intention, so far as this was possible, of putting Gabrielle on her guard.

"Oh, my dear D'Aubigny!" she exclaimed, incapable of concealing all her gladness of heart, though not permitted to explain the immediate cause of it, "my dear D'Aubigny, I am full of hope. Since I have come to Chantilly every thing has prospered with me. Oh, why do people perpetually abuse the court, and malign all courtiers as being envious and deceitful? I have addressed myself to two persons here, and one acts towards me like a bosom friend, and the other is kind to me as a brother."

"The bosom friend is the Marchioness—he who is amiable as a brother?"

"Is the Duke de Richelieu."

"Richelieu!" repeated the young soldier, with a feeling which the reader is better able to appreciate than was Gabrielle de Belle-Isle. "Has he been here to-day?"

"He left but a few hours ago."

"And when does he purpose to return?"

"As soon as he has any report to make to me on his intercession in my cause—perhaps in the evening."

"Gabrielle!"

"Good Heaven!" said the poor girl, as she marked for the first time the earnest manner of her lover. "D'Aubigny, you alarm me!"

"Gabrielle, do you know who this Duke de Richelieu is? Think you that the interest he takes in your suit is without an object?"

"My dear D'Aubigny!"—and the colour mounted in her cheek—

"Nay, dearest, it is only your innocence, your purity of heart, forbidding suspicion, which can endanger you. What manner of man this Richelieu is, you cannot comprehend. Has he once resolved upon the destruction of a woman's honour, there are no means he will not adopt rather than be foiled in his pursuit; and such have been his stratagems, such his impostures, that they would have cost

dear to any man of less power or influence in the state. Promise me that you will not receive the Duke de Richelieu this evening. You must perceive that I am not moved by any light or frivolous cause—that I have weighty reasons for this request—you will promise me?"

"I will—most willingly, D'Aubigny—I promise it." She was on the point of adding that indeed she *could* not receive him even if he came, but this would have betrayed her secret.

"I trust to your word."

"Surely you may."

"Oh, I do not doubt it!" he continued—"but you do not know what may follow if you should think light of this engagement. You promise me that, on no pretence whatever, you will see the Duke de Richelieu this evening."

"I do," repeated Gabrielle. And now, as the hour of ten was approaching, she hastened to dismiss her lover. She found this a somewhat difficult task. She could assign no reason why she should break off their interview at an earlier hour than usual; or rather she assigned too many reasons. D'Aubigny at a subsequent period recalled, much to her disparagement, this singular and unexplained dismissal. At present, however, he was compelled to content himself with permission to renew his visit as early as he pleased next morning.

Gabrielle flew to Paris—to the arms of her father. But the happy, yet melancholy, meeting of an affectionate daughter with a fond and imprisoned parent we will not attempt to describe.

We stay behind at Chantilly—at the chateau of the Marchioness. Here it so happened that the lady of the house occupied that very night the chamber allotted to Gabrielle de Belle-Isle. The excellent Marchioness! she had saved the virtue of a young and unsuspecting maiden; she resolved to add to this good deed another not less praiseworthy in her estimation—she would deceive the wittiest and most experienced profligate in the court of Louis XV.

D'Aubigny was standing that evening under the window of what he believed to be the apartment of his Gabrielle. At half-past eleven o'clock the lattice opened, and, as the pre-arranged token of his success, the Duke de Richelieu threw from the

window a brief note that he had just written in pencil, down to the rest- less sentinel below. The wager was won.

CHAPTER III.

WHITE IS BLACK, AND BLACK IS WHITE.

At an early hour the next morning, D'Aubigny presented himself at the chateau. Gabrielle heard his voice, and ran to meet him.

"Ah!" said D'Aubigny, with unrestrainable bitterness, "how happens it that, being in so great haste to dismiss me last evening, you are so eager to welcome me this morning—so very eager?"

"What!" said the fond and unsuspecting girl, "have you been dreaming of this all night?"

"No! I have had other dreams beside—horrible dreams. I dreamed—what think you?—that, in spite of your solemn promise, you last night received the Duke de Richelieu. And in my dream—mark you—I thought I stood in the street underneath your window, and I saw your window open, and a man leant from it, and he threw me down a letter—a note; and, strangest of all, and what gives to my dream an impression of reality which will never be effaced, when I woke in the morning I found in my hand the very note,—the very note that the man at midnight threw out of your chamber window. Here it is—read it." And he gave her the letter of the Duke de Richelieu.

Gabrielle opened it, and read as follows:—"It is now near midnight. I am now in the apartment of Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle. I will inform you in the morning at what hour I shall have quitted it.—RICHELIEU."

"What means all this?" she enquired.

"Means!" replied D'Aubigny, "that, yesterday morning, the Duke de Richelieu laid an infamous wager, and at night—he won it."

"In the name of Heaven!" cried the bewildered girl, "explain yourself. I understand nothing of what you say."

"Well," said D'Aubigny, in a tone of mockery, "I will be *intelligible*. The Duke de Richelieu, whom you promised not to receive last night, came here after I left—was received by you—was here, in your chamber, opened the window, and threw from

it this note. All this is, of course, quite new—quite unintelligible. One part of the story you probably did *not* know—that I was standing in the street, under your window, and received the note."

"D'Aubigny, you are mad. Can it be possible," she exclaimed, "that it is *you* who speak thus—that it is to *me* you utter this atrocious slander?"

"That note—dropt by his hand from your window—will you explain it?"

"Explain it! Why am I called upon to explain what I hear for the first time, and with perfect bewilderment? Some one must have passed, unknown to me, into that chamber."

"Unknown to you!—into your chamber! Gabrielle, I will believe, if you will, that filial affection alone—or perhaps some abominable stratagem"—

The look of indignant reproof which D'Aubigny here encountered checked him in his career. She who stood there before him, with that blush upon her cheek, that fire in her eye—she could not be otherwise than innocent and pure.

"Oh, tell me what I *am* to believe!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps—yes, I perceive how it has been—he has played a paltry trick. Confess it—you could not refuse to see the Duke last night—to hear from him the tidings he had to bring of your father's liberation—you could not refuse this—and he, taking advantage of his position, and at a moment when your attention was turned elsewhere, threw this letter out of your window. This was all—this is the very truth, and explains all—does it not?"

"Indeed, this is not the truth," she replied. "I observe that you are under some terrible delusion—I observe, too, that you are willing, in your generosity, to invent some explanation by which you may, notwithstanding, believe me innocent. But I will accept of no such half exculpation. The promise I gave you not to see the Duke—that promise has not been broken. I should have been unpardonable had I broken it. I so-

lemnly assure you, that I have neither seen nor heard from the Duke de Richelieu since you left me last night."

This total denial, which appeared to contradict the testimony of his senses, threw D'Aubigny into despair. Before he could reply, the Duke de Richelieu was announced.

"This is well," continued Gabrielle; "this mystery shall be cleared up. You shall now have a proof of my innocence as strong as any which could have led you to think me culpable. You shall overhear our conversation. Step behind that door, but do not stir till the Duke has left the room. If you are not convinced that the Duke de Richelieu sees me now for the first time since eight o'clock last evening—you may then believe of me whatever you please."

D'Aubigny accepted of the proffered proof, and gave his word that he would remain silently in his place of concealment till the Duke had departed.

Richelieu entered in the blandest and happiest of humours, but he was checked in his advances by the serious deportment of the lady.

"I have," said she, "an explanation to require of you—one which regards my honour. I understand you laid a wager"—

The Duke eagerly interrupted her. Concluding, as was natural, that the sole charge he had to deal with, was the unwarrantable liberty of making her the subject of a wager, he hastened to forestall her rebuke. "I confess at once, lady. A foolish wager was laid; but, believe me," he continued, "you were not designedly the object of it, nor was that wager the motive which led me to your feet. I saw you at Paris—I followed you from Paris to Versailles—from Versailles to Chantilly. I came here on your account—on yours only. Of that wager you became quite accidentally the object. I could not recede. But do not mingle with my love any thing so base as the motives of the gaming-table."

"But this letter," said Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle, "which is reported to have been thrown out of my chamber window—know you any thing of it?"

"It is mine—I cannot deny it"—

"And you?"—

"I threw it from your window—it was the appointed signal."

"Threw it from my window! Were you then in my chamber?"

"Certainly," said the Duke, not a little surprised in his turn at the question—"with a most happy certainty. I was there—in your chamber—and with its fair occupant. Can I ever forget it?"

"Duke, this is false!" said the astounded girl, unable to control her indignation. "To gain a miserable wager, you basely calumniate the honour of a woman."

"When a lady," said the Duke, "speaks thus, there is but one answer a gentleman can give—he must retire."

"But you must not retire—stay! The honour of one, whose family, ancient as your own, have now little else but their honour to boast, is not to be thus wantonly destroyed."

"Your honour, Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle, if you will permit me, I will defend with my sword. No one shall dare to throw the least aspersion on it. I bitterly repent that foolish wager, and will do my utmost to contradict and to silence any mischievous rumour to which it may give occasion. I will declare that I *lost* the wager. I will say that the doors were locked—that I could not gain admittance—that I bribed one of the domestics to throw this letter from your window. There is nothing I will not do to support your honour to the world."

This was the exculpation!—the triumphant proof of innocence!—she had placed her lover to overhear. To Gabrielle de Belle-Isle, there was something quite infernal in the manner in which the Duke, with the utmost frankness, courtesy, and devotion to her will, was uttering, or implying, the most pernicious falsehood.

"It is no fiction, or pretence, or dissimulation, that I am requiring of you," she said. "I insist on an open simple avowal of the truth—here—on this spot. Answer me—did you see me last night after we had parted in the evening, about eight o'clock?"

The Duke, remarking her painful and agonizing embarrassment, and at length enlightened, as he supposed, on the true nature of her position, said, in a whisper—"I understand—I am docile as you can wish; but why did not you tell me, or warn me by a sign, that there was a listener here—some one concealed—I should then

have known how to shape my discourse."

Worse and worse! Belle-Isle was almost frantic. Raising her voice, she cried, "There is no one here—no one listening—no one concealed—answer to me—to me alone!"

"Then," replied the Duke, "if, indeed, I am answering to you alone, I can say this only—I have sometimes thought I knew the sex—I was a fool for thinking so—every day teaches me something new—and to you has been reserved the honour of giving me the most complete and most astounding lesson I have ever yet received. Allow me to pay my respects to you again in a few hours, when I hope to be able to comprehend, as I shall certainly be most anxious to fulfil, the commands you would lay upon me." The Duke withdrew.

D'Aubigny issued from his place of concealment, and traversed the apartment with rapid strides, in order to follow the destroyer of his hopes and of his happiness. There remained to him nothing but a sanguinary revenge. Belle-Isle, however, threw herself in his way, and by her entreaties delayed for a few minutes his angry departure.

"There is," said she, "some terrible machination—some most wicked plot—of which I—and you too, D'Aubigny—are the victims. But notwithstanding all that you have seen and heard, bethink you—is it possible that—so suddenly—at the first solicitation—I could have deserted all the principles of my life, and become thus infamous?"

"What *can* I believe?" said D'Aubigny with the most profound affliction. "That the Duke entered your chamber I have the testimony of my own senses; and now, in addition, I have heard him—O God!"

"Well, it is possible that he may have entered"—

"What! you confess so much—he may have entered that chamber?"

"He may—that, or any other chamber in this house. But then—alas! I cannot, I must not disclose it to you."

"But then you were not in that chamber. Is this what you would say? You passed the night elsewhere."

"D'Aubigny, I have taken an oath—I have sworn—but," she exclaimed with sudden alacrity, "she will surely release me from it—surely in this extremity of distress she will permit me to reveal all." And running to the door of the apartment, she called to Mariette, and told her to entreat the Marchioness to come to her immediately. Alas, the Marchioness de Prie had that morning left the chateau for Paris! "What a strange fatality!" cried Gabrielle.

"Oh, yes, a very strange fatality!" said D'Aubigny, "and you seem to have many such. You quit the hotel where I kept guard over you, and take up your residence at this chateau; I come to see you, and for the first time my presence is a restraint, a burden, and you entreat me to absent myself. I engage your solemn promise not to see the Duke last night, and soon after my departure he is received. You at first deny that he had entered the house; you next admit that this is possible—possible he may have passed the night in your apartment—nevertheless, all can be explained—but an oath binds you. Convenient thing an oath! yet there is one person, you bethink you, who can release you from its restrictions—one only—but she is not at Chantilly. A strange series of fatalities!—past credence strange!"

"Go—leave me"—said Gabrielle. "Heaven have pity on me!—I can do no more—you must act on your conviction, D'Aubigny."

CHAPTER IV.

THE DUEL.

The Marchioness de Prie, we said, had gone to Paris. We introduce the reader to her *salon*, and to the distinguished assembly of courtiers and beauties which it contained. Some of the guests were engaged in play, others in the dance. The Marchioness

herself and the Duke de Richelieu might have been seen walking *tête-à-tête* through the apartments. The Duke was relating to her the perfect success of his strategy; she smiled as she listened, and was evidently enjoying the recital even more than she

permitted the Duke himself to perceive.

"But how," said the Marchioness, "does the young chevalier take all this?"

"Quite tragically, as I understand," said Richelieu. "He has called several times on me, with warlike intentions no doubt, but I have been at the chase, and we have not met. But here comes my paladin. You will excuse me if I leave you, for I know that he is dying to deliver himself of some few hostile words, and of this I would not balk him for the world."

So saying, the Duke approached alone towards D'Aubigny, and expressed his regret at having been absent when the latter gentleman had done him the honour of calling upon him.

"It is hardly necessary," said the young officer, struggling to appear calm, "to state formally the object of those calls. The lady's father is still a prisoner in the Bastille—she has no brother."

"And therefore it is the lover's challenge that I ought, in all conscience, to undergo. Your right is undeniable. What are your weapons?" And they forthwith proceeded to arrange the hostile meeting.

Meanwhile, there were in the mind of the Marchioness some reasons, not very difficult to conjecture, which made her desirous of preventing, if possible, this hostile encounter. At this time there existed in France a court of honour, composed of the marshals of France, and it was not permitted, it seems, to fight a duel until the cause of the combat had been laid before, and approved by this court. Amongst her guests, the high executive officer of this court was present. The Duke D'Aumont, whom we have had occasion to name before in the course of our narrative, styled himself, so far as we can pretend to translate his dignities, the Lieutenant of the Marshals of France, and High Constable of the Court of Honour. Calling this formidable person aside, under pretence of engaging him for the dance, she pointed out to him the Duke de Richelieu and D'Aubigny, as they stood conversing apart, and hinted at the subject of their consultation. D'Aumont, as in duty bound, approached towards them, and producing his little baton of authority, a small ebony truncheon

tipped with gold, arrested them in the name of the king. He then required of them, as the condition of their personal freedom, to give their word of honour not to proceed with the combat, until the grounds of the contest had been investigated and allowed by that court of which he was at that moment the representative.

On this requisition being made, the Duke refused all reply, till D'Aubigny, the challenger, had first spoken. After some hesitation, the chevalier gave the promise which was thus exacted from him. But to forego the combat, and leave his enemy in peace, was no part of the intention of D'Aubigny; neither would his consideration for the name of Gabrielle de Belle-Isle permit him to bring the case in all its details before the court. D'Aumont therefore had no sooner left them than, in a lower tone of voice, he again addressed the Duke:—

"This is not a cause to bring before the court. The honour of Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle has already been sufficiently compromised."

"I think so too," replied the Duke; "but now that we have engaged our word"—

"We have engaged not to fight—to that we have pledged our honour. But to those who are resolved either to inflict death on their enemy, or to receive death from his hand, there are ways open that the court of the Marshals of France cannot debar them—always supposing that they meet with a brave and unflinching adversary."

"Such an adversary, I flatter myself, chevalier, you shall find in me," said the Duke.

"I doubt it not," replied D'Aubigny. "Trusting to that, I gave my word to D'Aumont. I count upon your courage, Duke."

"And may I lose my reputation for courage, if you can propose what I dare not accept."

"Here are the dice," continued D'Aubigny, pointing to a card-table that stood by, "he who shall lose in three throws"—

"Well, he who shall lose"—

"Shall blow his own brains out. That is a species of duel which the constable of the court of honour cannot interfere to prevent."

"A most ingenious device," said the Duke—"a perfect stratagem upon the constable!"

"Do you hesitate?" said D'Aubigny.

"A strange proposition!—an infernal game—staking our lives literally."

"Do you refuse?"

"No—it is out of all rule—grotesque—preposterous—but I accept."

"I was confident you would."

"But," said the Duke, "in all emergencies of this kind, one has some affairs to arrange. An interval of six hours between the throw of the dice and the report of the pistol, will not be a superfluous delay for either of us."

"Be it so—after six hours."

They approached the table where the dice were lying, and each of them took a box. Some of the guests gathered round them. It was impossible for the Duke de Richelieu to proceed to play without attracting a number of observers, and several of the bystanders began immediately to propose bets upon his success. "But what do you play for?" said one of these; "you stake no money."

"We play on our word," said Richelieu carelessly.

"I'll take half your stake," said another, "win or lose."

"It would be difficult, I think, to divide our loss between us," he answered. "Besides, the chevalier does not ordinarily play; he takes the dice in this instance out of a peculiar re-

gard to me, and would not care, I suspect, to receive payment of his wager from any substitute. Come, chevalier, proceed."

D'Aubigny threw five.

The Duke, seven.

"You have won this bout," said D'Aubigny with studied sang-froid; "you will now commence."

The Duke threw nine.

D'Aubigny, eleven.

The players were equal. They threw for the third time.

D'Aubigny, seven.

The Duke, seven.

They were still equal, and the three chances had been tried. The Duke looked up in the face of his opponent. "Shall we rest here, chevalier?"

"This is my answer!" said D'Aubigny, and he threw again with some violence.

D'Aubigny, nine.

The Duke, eleven.

Richelieu was the winner. They rose from the table. D'Aubigny drew his watch from his pocket—"It is now," said he, "three o'clock at night, or rather in the morning—at nine you shall be paid."

The Duke attempted to detain him; he would have dissuaded him from keeping his rash and terrible engagement, but he refused all further colloquy, and immediately left the house.

CHAPTER V.

WHITE IS WHITE.

BUT the duel we have described in our last chapter, was not the only event destined to signalize the *soirées* of the Marchioness de Prie. The Duke de Bourbon had reached the limits of his power and influence at court. A complete revolution had taken place in the cabinet; Cardinal Fleury had become prime minister, and the Duke de Bourbon, though a prince of the blood, had been arrested. The fair favourite of the fallen minister shared in his disgrace; and that very evening, as she stood amidst her guests, an order came from the king, commanding the Marchioness de Prie to retire to her chateau in a remote province. In her own *salon*, amidst her numerous friends—certainly amidst a host who admired and envied—an

officer presented himself with this royal order, and bade her prepare herself for instant departure.

The Marchioness looked at the order—there was no doubting its genuineness. Just or not, resistance to it there was none. She would fly, she said, to the foot of the throne. The officer who bore the order, declared that he must execute it strictly according to its tenor. She next entreated a few minutes delay, that she might, at all events, write to his majesty. This was the utmost he could grant. Pen and paper were brought. Richelieu stood by her side; with him she consulted as to the manner in which she should address the king; and when her letter was concluded, she put it into his hands, for his final

opinion on the good policy of what she had written.

To her astonishment, instead of answering her enquiries, he hastily drew from his pocket another letter, and exclusively engaged himself in comparing the handwriting of the two. It was manifestly the same.

"This letter was not written by Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle," he exclaimed. Several circumstances—trifling in their nature—which had previously escaped his notice, now recurred to his mind, and convinced him that he had been the dupe of the Marchioness de Prie—that Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle had been cruelly slandered—that D'Aubigny in a few hours—at this thought he was about to rush out of the room when the Marchioness detained him. "But this letter," said she, "what think you of it?"

"Your letter!" said he, and he threw it impatiently towards her; "Madam, madam, one of the bravest and most honourable men in France will be murdered by this foolish masquerade of yours."—And he broke from her hold, and darted out into the street. Some portion of that precious interval of six hours had already elapsed, and he was compelled to lose another portion of it in traversing Paris before he could discover with certainty the direction which D'Aubigny had taken.

The unfortunate chevalier, without having any very distinct purpose in view, had found himself, on quitting the house of the Marchioness, on the road to Chantilly. His Gabrielle—he was impelled to see her again, though the interview would only increase his agony. For sorrow or for anger—for love formerly, for affliction now—she must still remain the sole object of his thoughts. The mere prospect of death generally brings with it a forgiving temper, and it was with heartfelt sadness, and a very little of any harsher sentiment, that he now journeyed on to take his leave of Gabrielle de Belle-Isle.

Arriving at Chantilly at a very early hour, he wandered about the house, in the cold grey light of the morning, till the domestics had risen, and he could gain admittance. When Gabrielle heard his voice upon the stairs, she hastened to meet him with glad anticipation; for nothing, she thought,

but a discovery of his error, and a return to love and confidence, could have brought him there at so early an hour. Alas! his haggard appearance, and the melancholy tones of his voice, soon dashed away these hopes.

"I come to take my leave, Gabrielle," he said. "Who knows how soon death may visit me? I would not have you think that I had died with a heart full only of bitter reproaches. I wished to say—I forgive."

"Forgive!—I must support this language," said Gabrielle; "for you are abused by some cruel deceit, or some fatal mistake. But D'Aubigny, I swear to you, by all that is sacred, by all that is dear, that I am not the culprit whom you come to forgive."

"So you have said already, and I could not believe you. What more can I say?"

"The time will come when you will regret that you could not believe me. That very night on which the Duke de Richelieu pretends that I received him here; but I must not tell you—I am bound by a solemn and religious promise—that very night—thus much I will reveal—I did not pass within this house."

"Not within this house!"

"No, I quitted it at ten o'clock, and did not return till the morning."

"Where, then?—Oh, in the name of Heaven, where were you?" cried D'Aubigny, almost as much terrified at this moment at the thought of discovering her innocence, as he had been previously afflicted by the belief of her guilt.

"That," she replied, "I am not permitted to tell. I have already, perhaps, said too much. But," she added, "grant me this only. Wait—pause—suspend all further judgment—till I can bring you face to face with the Marchioness de Prie—till, on my knees, I obtain from her permission to disclose all."

"The Marchioness de Prie!" replied D'Aubigny with a returning bitterness of expression. "Another fatality! You know well that you cannot see her—cannot appeal to her."

"How mean you?" said Gabrielle.

"She has been banished from Paris—exiled to the provinces. The fall of the Duke de Bourbon has led also to her disgrace. But you knew this; all Chantilly is buzzing with the news."

"The fall of the Duke de Bourbon!" she exclaimed, without heeding his unmerited insinuation. "Is the Duke de Bourbon no longer minister?"

"No; he is no longer minister. But what is that to us?"

"Every thing! We are saved. On your honour, D'Aubigny, has the Duke de Bourbon ceased to be minister?"

"He has."

"Then am I released from my promise. Now can I tell you. That night—Oh, how happy am I!" (and she burst into a flood of tears, which for some minutes impeded her utterance,) "that night, provided with a letter from the Marchioness de Prie to the governor of the Bastile—I passed it in the arms of my dear father! Now, if you doubt me, go, take *his word*; go, question him, and put your question before he knows that his answer will decide on the life and honour of his daughter."

D'Aubigny was thunderstruck. This happy revelation, what a horror was it to him! He covered his face with his hands, and stood as one doomed to hear the most dreadful sentence passed upon him.

"The order," continued Gabrielle, "to the governor was given me by the Marchioness without the knowledge of the Duke de Bourbon, whose authority she had made use of. I was bound by a solemn vow to keep this visit to my father a secret from all the world as long as the Duke was minister. You see now why, on that evening, I wished you to leave me earlier than usual, yet could not disclose to you my motive; you see now why, ever since that time, my mouth has been sealed up. Ah! is it now you who *forgive*, or is it I? No; there shall be no talk by either of us of forgiveness. We love—simply we love, D'Aubigny; the past is forgotten—the future is ours."

The future! D'Aubigny looked towards a clock that ornamented the room. In a few minutes it would strike nine!

"To die—and at this moment—it is too horrible!" was all that he could murmur. Gabrielle, who had expected so very different a result from her communication, was petrified at the look of utter despair which she traced on the features of her lover. They both stood in mute consternation.

A step was heard upon the stair. The Duke de Richelieu rushed into the apartment. "I am not too late—thank God!" he exclaimed.

D'Aubigny started at his voice. "Villain!—liar!—trickster!" he cried.

"Be calm," said Richelieu, and grasped the hand of D'Aubigny, which he had already laid upon his sword. "You are entitled to this anger. I do not resent it. I have thrown a foul slander—but most unwittingly—on the purest of women. I have myself been tricked, duped, deceived, by the Marchioness de Prie, who surely could not have been aware of the mischief that would ensue upon her foolish imposture. Pardon me, D'Aubigny. There is no reparation, no acknowledgment, that you can require of me that I will not make. What shall I say? I am heartily ashamed of the part I have played in the transaction."

"This is noble," said D'Aubigny, and he gave his hand to the Duke.

"Be my peacemaker," continued Richelieu, "with Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle. And, in order to propitiate her just resentment, let me have the happiness of announcing that her father is this day released from the Bastile. The order has issued; by this time his prison-doors are open."

Gabrielle de Belle-Isle gave her hand to the Duke in token of reconciliation. "The world shall know," said Richelieu, "if such a truth can receive any confirmation from my word, that the Chevalier d'Aubigny is the bravest of men, and that Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle is as pure as she is beautiful."

The clock struck nine!—but it was only to usher in, to two at least out of the group, a new era of happiness.

THINGS OF THE DAY.

No. IV.

MUSIC.

THE kind of public homage paid in foreign countries to musicians, dancers, singers, and all that race, exhibits an extravagance which would be amusing if it were not preposterous. Listz, a mere piano player, which is a mere artizan of music, a mechanical affair, very little above a weaver at a stocking loom, wholly a thing of practice, and capable of being equalled by an automaton figure at a travelling show, has been received, *fêted*, and followed with almost royal honours in Berlin. We did not expect to find the Berliners such fools, though it must be acknowledged, that when the Germans are determined to be sensitive and sublime, they leave all other absurdity far behind. They are extremely apt to model themselves on their baron of memorable name, who, when he jumped out of a window in Paris, and broke his bones, said he was only learning to be lively. Listz, lately on leaving Berlin, was *fêted*, serenaded, and escorted out of the city by 1500 youths, warlike, civic, legal, and medical—the whole rising generation of the lawyers, doctors, poets, and fiddlers, of the metropolis of Prussia.

The dancers, however, are more triumphant still. Taglioni, on her late visit to St Petersburg, was *fêted*, not only by the nobility, but by the Autocrat of all the Russias himself. She was seated at the table with the Empress and the imperial family, and, so far as we can discover, received all the honours of a crowned head. If all this had been done to some eminent genius—if the mustache of his Imperial majesty had been smoothed down to some memorable poet—if the soft words of the Princesses had been addressed to some painter, capable of commemorating their beauty, and sending down their smiles for a thousand years to come—all might be intelligible; or if the national admiration had been gathered round some famous historian, who was to redeem Russia from obscurity, and blazon her rather sallow cheek with some of those colours which still flush Greek and

Roman fame, we might comprehend something of the national excitement; but to see all these heaps of homage gathered round a French *grisette*, this national altar raised as a pedestal for a shabby specimen of the *gens de coulisse* of the Academie Royal de Musique—all this gathering of garlands flung upon a mere caperer, whose whole earthly merit is that of shooting out one leg at right angles with her body, and twirling on the other, in that species of motion which has so often been compared to a fly upon a pin! On another occasion, this saltatory enchantress, on leaving the door of the Opera-House at St Petersburg to return to her hotel, found a britchska ready to receive her at the door, with silver spokes to its wheels; and, for any thing that we can tell, lined with beaten gold and furnished with jewelled harness. We shall not vouch for all these marvels, but they certainly were in the German papers, and the probability is that they were true. The singers have been from time to time as much in the eye of fortune and crowned heads. There is a fellow of the name of Monain, in Italy, making more noise at this moment than an invasion, and convulsing the land pretty much in the style of a general earthquake. All the princesses are in love with him by instinct, all the princes are intriguing to have him at their courts. The Pope and Cardinals are clubbing their sequins to coax him to Rome, and a triumphal arch is erecting on the Simplon for his transit to Paris and London, when he shall have left but his echo behind him in Italy, and given over the land of song to silence and despair. Rubini has lately been erecting a rival throne in Spain to Espartero and the Regency. His arrival at Madrid was fortunate for the peace of the country; for it occurred immediately after the late insurrection, and threw oil on the troubled waters. All Madrid, with a hundred thousand knives in its hands, no sooner heard this male syren, than the knives were sheathed,

and their ears became the conduits to universal peace; for Rubini sang them all into good-humour with each other, loyalty to the little Queen, and, what was of most importance, submission to the great Regent. He caught cold in a serenade, and was lost to the theatre for a week. During that time the government was nearly lost again; the Madridlenos, no longer spelled by the Signor's cadenzas, returned to the original ferocity of their nature, and, finding time hang heavy on their hand, began talking politics and stabbing each other again. The six battalions of the Royal Guard would have made but an insignificant figure against the patriots of the streets, and the bayonet would have soon gone down before the *luchillo*; but a second revolution was escaped, for Rubini appeared once more. His first canzonet calmed the agitation; the furious songs of the rabble were exchanged for lisps of *Idol Mio* and *Mio Bene*, and *Espartero* reigned again in the hearts of a unanimous and song-loving people.

We have a little of this foolery at home, but it has all the defects of imitation, and it is wholly confined to those weak people, who, for want of some other mode of yawning away their evenings, go to the theatres. It happens that such is the prolific state of British theatrical talent, that the two theatres are now going on side by side in a progress of unspeakable dullness, very solemn and unutterably stupid, like two hearses rivalling each other in the slowness of their progress, and the moodiness of their drapery. We have no desire to press too severely on the credulity of those who may honour these pages with their inspection; yet we pledge our credit for the fact, that for the last two or three weeks, the two theatres of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane, have been performing precisely the two most stupid dramas that ever drawled through four mortal hours on any mortal stage. *Acis and Galatea* at Drury-Lane—though whether Mr Macready performs *Acis* or *Galatea* we are utterly unable to say, never having indulged ourselves with seeing the performance; but as he probably sings quite as well as he acts, he perhaps takes the heroine, or, as doubtless he dances as well as he does either, he may perform *Pan*, or *Polyphemus*. *Comus* beautiful as a poem, as a drama

is dull; and yet these are the two performances which have been prominently brought forward, and with new scenery, machinery, and decorations, as the phrase is, at that express period of the year when the theatres are generally supposed to put forth their strength; namely, at the meeting of Parliament, with the town full, and before the idlers of fashion have begun to give and take balls. We have had one or two melancholy attempts at melancholy dramas, and one or two lively little adaptations from the French, as usual. Is dramatic power utterly dead in England, or is it only a cripple that can walk only on French crutches? If it be such, it must soon cease to walk at all. How strange is it that the country which of all others is actually the most natural, which is but saying the most original, in all its habits, should exhibit no transcript of itself upon the stage. If the French theatre should copy nothing from real life, we should feel no surprise, because French real life is copied from the theatre. The Frenchman, from the throne to the galleys, is always acting; from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, all is in the gardener's frame; in the senate and the streets he is alike acting according to the heroes of the opera. He pens his last will and testament with a flourish, and swallows his final ptisan with the air of Socrates pouring out his hemlock to immortality.

The German stage is unreal for another reason; because the German considers reality beneath him. Naturally of a heavy temperament, nothing will satisfy him but an extravaganza. Thus he rambles at once into the region of ghosts and goblins; his heroes are monsters of mysticism, and his heroines are fiends with petticoats, of which they are too apt to divest themselves. We have now come to an end of the dramas of Europe; for the Spanish theatre now exhibits nothing but the fooleries of its *Graciosos* and the legs of its *Bolero* dancers, and the Italian theatre has been singing and syllabub for the last hundred years. So runs the world away; but we must remonstrate against a remarkably silly habit which characterizes a remarkably silly set of people amongst ourselves. It is that of throwing garlands of artificial flowers on the stage, when those persons feel peculiarly en-

raptured by the displays of some pet performer. Miss Adelaide Kemble, for instance, when she finishes the exploits of the night with a bravura, and the souls of the simpletons are heated to the throwing point, generally has half-a-dozen of them—of these flowery projectiles—flung at her from the upper boxes. The fault is not hers if the projectors are fools; but, as Parson Evans has it, "I hate all your affectations." The heroine need not be much pained, it is true, by the ex-

pense to which this puts her admirers; for as this is the cheapening age of every thing, these paper trophies cannot cost more than a penny a-piece, and are certainly not worth more than half the money; but the absurdity of the thing is, that they are intended to express the enthusiasm of the moment, while they are only the proofs of a prepared rapture, being brought in the pockets and petticoats of the devotees, and thus being specimens of the *impromptu à loisir*.

NUNNERIES.

A paragraph in Galignani's paper states, from the *Precurseur de L'Ouest*, that on the night of the 18th ultimo, as a patrol was going along the narrow street which runs by the side of the Convent of the Bon Pasteur, they found a girl on the pavement, screaming from the injury she had received by a fall, in attempting to make her escape from the convent through one of the upper windows by means of a sheet. On being taken to the hospital, it was found that her leg was broken. When she recovered her speech, she related that the nuns had wished to cut off her hair, and, on her refusing to submit to the operation, they had shut her up in a solitary chamber, and given her only bread and water. Driven to despair, she contrived to force away the planks by which the window was blinded, and attempted in the way described to reach the ground.

Here we have an instance of the sort of control which exists in nunneries, and of the sort of feelings to which that control gives birth. Whether this girl was turbulent or not, we find her condemned by a self-elected tribunal, without judge or jury, without magistrate or law, to the punishment of a felon—solitary confinement and bread and water. The question is not, whether the refusal to have her hair cut off was a crime—a question on which we conceive that few of our jurists would be inclined to think that the lady abbess had the law on her side—but whether any institutions should be suffered to exist in a civilized country, which possessed the power of condemning any body for any thing by their own mere will. Amongst all other portions of the people, if a man steals a tooth-

pick, or a woman a paper of pins, neither the jailer nor the hangman can exercise his office until the affair comes before the public tribunal; but the wretched being who is either duped or driven into a nunnery, forfeits the rights of a citizen, puts herself into the hands of a woman probably cankered with age and bitter with rigid discipline, surrounded by a dozen hags as old and heartless as herself; and then proceeds that course of convent justice which would be scoffed at by every soul without the walls, but which has the power of fettering and famishing within them; and finally, after long endurance of this torture, and utter hopelessness of remedy, urging the unfortunate being to attempt an escape at the hazard of breaking her limbs, or perhaps her neck. That the fact is true we cannot have the slightest doubt; for Galignani's paper is sufficiently careful and neutral, and the provincial paper had the means of ascertaining the circumstances on the spot. There are, perhaps, a hundred nunneries, or more, still in France; and it is melancholy, and even frightful, to think of the multitudes of human beings who are thus actually put out of the protection of the law, and on whom there can be no doubt that severities are exercised similar to those which drove this unfortunate girl at Angers to her desperate attempt at escape. If she had not made that attempt, the dungeon and the bread and water would never have been heard of. What must be the innate cruelty and injustice of the church which suffers such things? The first high declaration of Christianity itself was, that it came to preach liberty to the captive, and deliverance to those that were bound—a declara-

tion not more true in its spiritual than in its temporal sense; for its first operation every where was to lighten the bonds of slavery, to give mildness to power and authority to law, to abolish tyranny and extinguish torture. Rome has had the credit of counter-acting this dispensation of mercy to the utmost extent of her power, of renewing personal slavery under the pretext of spiritual obedience, of making the temple an avenue to the dungeon, and of riveting the renewed and heavier chains of mankind, by the hand of a pretended religion. It is true that nunneries may afford a place of refuge to destitute young women, or deserted old ones; but the good of Romish institutions is always weighed down by an universal preponderance of evil. The vows which bind women to the life of the convent are, in themselves, an intolerable evil; generally taken at a rash and early age, they condemn the wretched creature either to unavailing regrets, or to a droning dulness of life which makes her little better than the stone she kneels on. The monotonous round of duties without interest, and devotion without ardour, of discipline rigid without utility, and of life spent in reveries and regrets, has broken the hearts of thousands, where it left them any hearts to break. Yet, obnoxious as this system is, even in Romish countries, the weakness of our legislature, and the criminality of faction in power, have suffered nunneries to grow up within the British Islands. Several have been established even of late years; and as, like the Pharisees of old, they compass heaven and earth to gain a proselyte, they contrive to recruit their number.

We are friends to toleration; we should not coerce the Mahometan or the Hindoo, the follower of Confucius, or even the worshipper of the Fetish. If we were not able to convert him by argument, we should never use force; but we should not suffer force to be used against truth, any more than for it. The whole spirit of British law is against the whole spirit of Romish

government. We should not prohibit the nunnery, if women were foolish enough to desire to live there; but we should prevent them from being made miserable by their own act, and binding themselves irrevocably by vows, which, in a week, a month, or a year, they might long to break forever. We should altogether prohibit vows. The law of the land makes it penal for any man to impose an oath except by legal authority. The law of the land prohibits a man to sell himself as a slave; for it makes slavery illegal in the land. The law of the land prohibits a man to have power over his own life; for it prohibits suicide, and punishes for attempts to commit it. Yet, by sanctioning the nunnery and its vows, the law sanctions oaths administered by private authority—a complete bondage to superiors—to a most oppressive, though a most useless form of discipline, and virtually sanctions suicide; for in the feebleness of the convent life, the confinement, the want of air, and let it be also said, for it is to be said with truth, the exclusion from the possibility of marriage, have killed hundreds and thousands at an early age. We should utterly abolish vows. Nunneries might remain as receptacles for women weary of the world from age, illness, or the loss of their connexions. We should not object to see Protestant houses of refuge, places of quiet and secure retirement, for respectable women no longer able to take a part in general life, or for young women willing to combine their narrow means, and live with some of the comforts of a respectable situation in society. But we should altogether prohibit any form of obligation, whether public or private, whether statutory or mental, which would compel them to remain within the walls an hour after they desired to leave them. The Popish nunnery, with its irrevocable vows, is wholly incompatible with civil liberty, and not less incompatible with human improvement and human happiness.

BIBLIOMANIA.

This folly was supposed to have been buried in the family vault of the Duke of Roxburghe. But old gentle-

men past their labour and their senses, must have something to do with their pocket-money; and, if they cannot

read books, they can at least keep catalogues; and, if they cannot benefit literature, they can benefit the traffickers in first editions of Tom Thumb, and unique copies of Jack the Giant-Killer. We have never heard of any one work of any kind of use, beauty, or genuine rarity, having been published by any bibliomaniac club in the globe. The merit which demanded all admiration from those servile survivors of their understandings, was, that the incomparable volume in question, generally of no more than from half a dozen pages to a dozen, had half a page more than any other known copy in existence; or that it contained a woodcut in the very barbarism of the arts, to which none of its rivals for glory soared; or that it had belonged to the most learned Rigdum Funnidos of the 15th century, and was enriched with his autograph, R. F., in the first blank page; and, for the Adventures of Prince Parise-nenos, in this unique fashion, with "only the last three pages missing," the auctioneer gets L.500 from those patrons of literature, who would have seen all the living genius of their country breaking stones in the street, or banqueting on the horse-legs' soup of the new dietary, without the offer of a sixpence.

We recollect the sale of the "Decameron." Old Boccaccio himself would have been astonished at the bustle which his very gross relic of a very gross time created among the Solons and Solomons of Britain. Whose was the prize to be? became a question as much agitated among the veteran visitors of book auctions, as ever the soul of a Quidnunc, sauntering down St James's Street, was disturbed by the manufacture of a New Ministry. At length this incomparable prize was knocked down to the late Duke of Marlborough for L.1250. A thousand Caranos were in despair, ten thousand tongues proclaimed their grievance at not having been able to possess this monstrous volume, of which there were but two copies besides in the circuit of the globe—one in the harem of the Grand Turk, and the other in the zenana of

the Great Mogul. We saw the volume; nay, handled it—nay, turned over its pages, and we have seen many a more sightly work of the arts sold for five shillings. It was a clumsy, coarsely-printed, and rude-looking little squat book; and, if we wanted an example of the absurdity to which rival nonsense can urge the silliest of mankind, we should quote the sale of the "Decameron." It has since fallen into the hands of Earl Spencer, who probably values a print of a prize cow more than all the strophes of Eschylus, the tragedies of Shakspeare, or all the stanzas of Ariosto. We have no objection to him for any contempt of Boccaccio which he may be inclined to indulge, for a more corrupt ruffian never polluted any language.

But we have been led to talk of those things from a sale which took place a few days since, in which Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis" happened to be the "gem." It had all the merits of being an "editio princeps,"—unique, rare, unrivalled, miraculous, and shabby. The whole consists of three or four pages; and yet this production was struggled for until it ran up to L.37, almost the price of a child's education for a year, or of a tolerable library, and about ten times more than the generality of old dilettanti and busy book-buying gentlemen give in charity from January to December. Yet the poem is a vile one, and ought to be extinguished as a blot on the memory of the great dramatist. It can be purchased, too, for sixpence on any stall in London. What, then, was the charm? was it the poetry? No; it is scarcely worse in morals than it is in metre. Was it the fear to lose any fragment of Shakspeare? No. It might be had any where for about the thousandth part of the sum paid by virtue of the auctioneer's hammer. The charm was, then, in somebody's having what nobody else had got, and being able to put it up to look at on a shelf; as the American Indian hangs up his glass beads, and, as he gazes on them against the wall of his wigwam, triumphs over the beadless portion of mankind.

DR DEE.

The late intended earthquake, which has been put off only for the purpose of giving precedence to Sir Robert Peel's income-tax, a much more formidable shaker of the island than any blowing up of the central gas-works of the globe, has renewed the name and fame of Dr Dee. The doctor's verses were to have been the epitaph for the monument of mankind, his muse was to have officiated as chief mourner at the universal obsequies, and his predictions were to have been registered in memorials more imperishable than even Mammoth bones for the perusal of the geologists of another system of the globe, and when some millions of years shall have finished the new composition of things, and our posterity shall be entitled to write books to prove that their ancestors never existed.

John Dee was really a very clever fellow, and, if he had not adopted a trade in which cleverness and knavery always go together, he might have been one of the luminaries of England. He was born in London in the early part of the sixteenth century, and became a student of Cambridge, where he soon rendered himself distinguished by a most gluttonous appetite for learning of every kind. Like King Alfred of punctual memory, he divided his four-and-twenty hours into portions whose order nothing was to violate, but of those he gave but four hours to sleep. But he came into the world in an unlucky age for the acquisition of true knowledge; all the real sciences were in their infancy, while all the false were flourishing with prodigious luxuriance. Astronomy and mathematics no doubt existed, but they were mere stunted shrubs and sapless twigs, under the shadow of such showy coverers of the soil as astrology, magic, and the philosopher's stone. In all these showy sciences also there was an additional character, which added vastly to their general stimulus of an inflammable imagination. It was supposed that none of those discoveries could be completely made without assistance from that nameless personage who has so peculiar a dread of holy water. This made the study a serious affair. Every philosopher was supposed now

and then to receive a visit from his Asmodeus, or at least to carry on a correspondence which never passed through the national post-office, and it is not impossible that many of these students were as much duped as duping. A solitary labourer in the mines of Popish theology, or the metaphysics of Thomas Aquinas, could scarcely finish his twelve hours' study a-day without dreaming dreams at night, or could half doze himself even in the day in the palpable obscure of his cell, without thinking that he heard voices and saw shapes in the twilight which had no business above ground. The majority of them were in all probability half mad, and those who were whole mad of course set the fashion, and were followed as the shining lights of the day. Solitary confinement even now is found too hard for the tough fibre and dull brain of a felon, whom it frequently turns into a lunatic. The eighteen hours a-day, which seems to have been the temporal allowance for a first-class man, or senior wrangler of the sixteenth century, was a solitary confinement, with the further circumstance that the brain was on the rack all the time, and that the mind was young, susceptible, and imaginative. I have no doubt that this would account for whole volumes of the visits of spirits, for legendary tales, and for not a few of the miracles of the breviary. Dee had an Asmodeus, and some rather ostentatious attempts to raise him, for the admiration of a circle of fellow students, attracted the notice of the heads of colleges. Those were delicate times for irregular investigators; for though the Reformation had begun under Henry VIII., the law of Popery, and, what was worse, the habits of Popish law, had been but little clipped, and Henry VIII. would have hanged a magician with no more ceremony than he abused the Pope. The reign of Edward was too short to establish any thing but the succession of Mary, who has justly inherited the title of bloody; and Dee, taking a wise view of the present and the future, was doubtless well advised in making a speedy retreat to the Continent. He remained for a while at the University of Loraine; but being in danger of

famishing among the Flemings, notwithstanding all their hospitality, he returned to England at the age of twenty-four, and commenced his profession as an astrologer. By avoiding magic he now began to subsist in safety, and as Protestantism leaves men to settle their own concerns, Dee was allowed to provide fortunes for the fools of all ranks, and lay a poll-tax upon simpletons of every size. But Edward died, and Mary ascended the throne. He and his fraternity were now in a delicate position, for Rome claims the right to all miracles. The English astrologer, so long as Romanism was paramount, was like the shop-keeper contending against the great wholesale merchant. Dee was brought before the privy council, and accused of calculating Mary's nativity, with the regicidal intent of discovering when she was to die. The times were fond of roasting men, and, to secure Dee for the stake, he was charged with heresy as well as magic. How he escaped from the double charge is but obscurely known; but we should conceive it to have been the strongest proof of his talents that he had ever given. He was tried for his enchantments against Mary, and as the charge was definite, he refuted it and was acquitted; but heresy was a more clinging charge, for the very reason that it was indefinite; and Bonner, who never let a victim get out of the reach of his claws on the mere ground of innocence, kept the acquitted regicide in prison until he should clear himself of his heresy, whatever that might be. Whether he bribed the bishop, or turned Papist, is among the secrets of Bonner's conscience, though both were probable; for Dee seems to have been too much of a *philosopher* to have any religion but for convenience. At all events, he was let loose in the course of a couple of years. Yet those were singular times, and the most powerful understandings, whether made superstitious by the troubles of the period, or perplexed by the prejudices of their forefathers, bowed down to charlatanry. Even the great Elizabeth, during her anxious retirement at Woodstock, when doubtless the dungeon and the scaffold constantly presented themselves to her eye, and when in fact she was sent to that Tower from which so few emerged but to the scaffold, is said to have consulted Dee

as to the probable duration of Mary's life, though whether this might not have been the officiousness of her servants is still dubious; but it is curious that the auspicious day for the coronation was selected by his advice, and from other marks of royal confidence it is evident that he was regarded as an eminent philosopher, if not as the possessor of supernatural knowledge. Whether Dee was an enthusiast or an impostor, is still sufficiently doubtful. In some of his visions, however, knavery evidently played its part. Thus he declares he saw the angel Uriel, a being of extraordinary beauty, who promised to lead him into the knowledge of all things, and especially the power of calling up spirits. Visions of this order may have occurred to many a dreamer mystified by study or maddened by opium; but the angel Uriel gave him a convex crystal, which he had only to look upon to discover all the secrets of this world and the world to come. Here, of course, at least was knavery, and the enthusiast merged in the impostor.

It is curious enough that this "*crystal*," as it was called, is probably in existence at this moment. After his death it was in the possession of Lord Besborough; from whom it came to Lady Elizabeth Germaine; from her ladyship to the Duke of Argyle; and from the Duke to him to whom every thing odd, strange, and absurd, seems to have come by right—Horace Walpole: it was in fact nothing more than a polished piece of cannel coal.

But Dee, finding himself gaining celebrity, thought fit, like other persons prospering in trade, to take a partner, whom the malicious would probably have called a confederate. This was one Kelly, who had commenced life as a low attorney, and had been a forger. It must be confessed, that he had all the preliminary education; and even his ill-luck in his original career was of service to him in his new. He had been tried for the forgery, and sentenced to have his ears clipt. In consequence he wore a black skull-cap which came over his cheeks, and this not merely concealed his losses, but gave him a peculiarly oracular appearance. Kelly was a clever fellow, and immediately became a proficient in the art of conversing with spirits of all kinds. He talked politics with them, as well as

matters in general ; and, delicate as the time was for volunteer politicians, he made his predictions at once so mystical and so ridiculous, that he escaped the grasp of the court, which in those days had remarkably long claws.

It has been said, that every man has a chance of making a fortune at some time or other. And we have lately had one of the first authorities of the land telling us, that "in England, if a man cannot make an income, it is his own fault." We are not quite convinced on the subject, and we believe we are in a prodigious majority. But certainly Dee, who was now called Dr Dee, had every opportunity of making an unfair fortune. Between his enthusiasm and his artifice, he talked some very sapient people into a notion that he was *not* the greatest rogue in the neighbourhood of London ; that in his studies he had really discovered the philosopher's stone, and the liquor of immortality ; and even that his house at Mortlake was a palace of wisdom, where the best use which mankind could make of money, was to deposit it in the bureau of the most gifted philosopher of the globe.

Where there are knaves they will find dupes ; and this we believe to be a much more practical maxim than either of the foregoing declarations. A great Polish noble, Count Albert Luski, came at this period to England, to worship, as he said, the glory of Queen Elizabeth. Of course, there was some intrigue at the bottom of his expedition ; for no foreigner ever came into this country for nothing. But the count soon turned fool ; after having been received at court with peculiar civilities, and been put under the especial care of Leicester to show him the lions, Count Luski determined to consult Dr Dee as the first of philosophers, and the only man on earth to give him the means of turning every thing into gold. Dee was too keen a personage not to see at once, that the Count might be made a philosopher's stone himself, and help the alchemist in making the precious metals much more abundantly than by furnaces and crucibles. He and Kelly accordingly taught him the language of angels without delay, and one day, when the Count was in the visionary mood, showed him one of their sprites. We thus have the narrative—"There

seemed to come out of the oratory a spiritual creature, like a pretty girl, of seven or nine years of age, attired on her head, with her hair rolled up before, and hanging down behind, with a gown of silk of changeable red and green, and with a train. She seemed to play up and down, and seemed to go in and out behind the books, and as she came to go between them, the books displaced themselves and made way for her."

This was, however, only preliminary ; for the angelic dialogue carried on by Kelly and Dee, by the help of the "magic crystal," declared to the Count that he should become the possessor of the philosopher's stone, that he should live for some hundred years, perhaps as many as he chose, that he should be chosen King of Poland, in which character he should march against the Saracens, conquer them and every thing else, and be the most famous of all Poles present or to come. To accomplish all those fine things, however, it was declared to be absolutely essential that the philosophers, with their wives and families, should leave England, and reside on the Count's estates until the grand operation of cheating him was complete, and he could be cheated no more. At length the Count was stripped, and, when on the verge of beggary, he was forced to get rid of them. But they only flew at higher game. The Emperor of Germany was in want of money, like all princes at all times of the earth. Like all princes of his day, he dreamed the exchequer hidden in the crucible, and, like the generality of mankind in all ages, he seems to have been a fool. He received the conjurers with vast cordiality, and prepared to count his treasures, but the treasures did not come. Rudolph grew uneasy, and finally angry. The Pope's nuncio then suggested the impropriety of dealing with men who "very probably dealt with Beelzebub," and besides produced no money ; and at length an order was given that they should leave Prague within twenty-four hours. Their movements on this occasion were probably expedited by the knowledge that the nuncio had applied for their transmission into his hands, as professors of the black art, and that they might esteem themselves lucky in such a case if they escaped with simple hanging.

But they had now learned the true region of credulity, and they accordingly tricked another king, Stephen of Poland, whom they promised, by the crystal, the crown of Germany. Plundering the royal Pole as much as he could bear, they next began to look out for another monarch. But, in the interval, they fastened themselves upon a huge landowner of Bohemia, a Count Rosenberg. The Count was not a seeker for the philosopher's stone, for he was immensely rich; but he wished extremely to live a thousand years. They promised him two thousand, and the crown of Poland. And on this bulky dupe they contrived to live four years.

But the conjurers at length quarrelled. Kelly, who had an ugly wife, fell in love with Mrs Dee, who was comely. The adventure now becomes too complicated for philosophy. The parties separated; and finally, Kelly, who with all his cunning was fooled by his vanity, returned to Prague to make a second experiment on Rudolph with his elixir of life. But emperors are dangerous animals to toy with. Rudolph ordered him to be thrown into a dungeon without delay. He was let out again; but the man who could neither baffle stone walls, nor fill his purse at will, must lose *caste* as a conjurer. After some years of struggle, he was thrown into prison again on a charge of sorcery. He was now in despair, attempted to make his escape by letting himself down from a loophole by his bed-clothes, fell, broke his legs, and died—the nearest death imaginable to that which he had long deserved, and which he probably escaped, like the hero of Joe Miller's story, by hanging himself.

Dee was more respectable, because he was only half a rogue; the other half was made up of craziness. He had evidently worked himself into the belief that he was a magician, and that he was talking nonsense always when he was not playing the knave. He wrote to Elizabeth, informing the queen that he was tired of the Continent, and intended to restore the illumination of his science to England.

He obtained some kind of permission, which he called an invitation, from the court, and immediately assumed the pomp of an ambassador, travelling with three coaches, each drawn by four horses, and three baggage-waggons, the whole attended by four-and-twenty troopers. On his arrival he presented himself before the queen; but Elizabeth never gave money without reason, and as she had a perfectly good reason against supplying a master of the philosopher's stone with money, she gave the doctor nothing.

But this was sorry subsistence for a man who must eat, and Dee harassed her Majesty with perpetual complaints of his distresses. The queen, who seems to have borne with his complaints much more patiently than might be conjectured from the general notions of her fiery temper, sent him money from time to time, but in small sums. At length, however, whether by his own contrivance or the spirit of vulgar mischief, the mob gutted his house at Mortlake, on the charge of his being a sorcerer, and, as he said, utterly ruined his whole philosophical apparatus, and destroyed his library of the "Grand Science." What can a conjurer do without his machinery? It is strange to say that he now obtained the Chancellorship of St Paul's, which in 1595 he exchanged for the Wardenship of Manchester, an appointment which now at least is worth a couple of thousand pounds a-year. But he lived too long, his faculties left him; he was forced to give up the wardenship. Elizabeth died, James the First had written a book against conjuration, and therefore had the malice of a critic added to the inveteracy of a controversialist, against the unfortunate professor of wealth and longevity. Dee tried him long and keenly; but his experiments on kings were to be baffled by the combined parsimony and pedantry of James. At length the great quieter of all human infirmities and importunities—death, saved the doctor from further petitioning, and in 1600, at the age of eighty-one, died the last "great" conjurer of England.

CIRCASSIA.

The Russian intelligence states that a new expedition, on a larger scale

than any of the past, is about to be directed against Circassia, from which

the Czar and his councillors expect immediate triumph, and then—the Autocrat of all the Russias is to term his own what his courtiers call the natural rights of the empire; to extend itself to the north of India, or the south, or round the world, as may seem good to his imperial pleasure. To those who are not accustomed to the style of talking common among foreigners—for to name it *thinking* would be to do it and them too much honour—it must be astonishing to hear the cold-blooded declarations of war, the seizure of territory, and the perpetual extension of power, at the worst risks or by the most merciless means, which form the staple of their conversation, when the least hope exists of getting any thing by rapine. The French are so proverbial for this absurdity, that it is scarcely worth while to laugh at them. National robbery is their monomania. Tell the gravest Frenchman of the possibility of laying hold of the most wretched swamp, or the most sterile patch of rush, on the face of the globe, and his soul is on tiptoe at the sound. The most wretched being that famishes in the streets of a French village, shakes his rags with exultation at the prospect of the national glory to be acquired by the capture of a watch-box, or the possession of a dunghill; and all the miseries which war inevitably inflicts, wherever that last curse of man is let loose, are thought not worth a bulletin, one half folly and the other half falsehood.

All Russians regard the conquest of India as a matter as much in the course of things as the coming of summer in June. They shake their heads when any Englishman presumes to doubt its perfect facility, and rather pity the dulness of John Bull. There is probably not a subaltern in the armies of the Czar who has not made up his mind that a couple of campaigns, at the furthest, would seat him, cigar in hand, in the palaces of Calcutta; and as for the higher grades, colonels and generals, they have, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, sketched the plan of a “grand manœuvre,” by which 100,000 men are to be moved to the foot of the Himalayas, to be reinforced by 100,000 Tartar cavalry—the whole to pour into the plains of Hindostan, of course beating the British in all directions, until the only matter

to be settled would be the division of their plunder and their provinces. No Englishman should ever attempt to argue down this absurdity. He throws away his time. Nothing but a cannon-ball can be tougher than the skull which he tries to make pliable, and nothing but the natural fact of finding a British battalion thundering on his broken ranks, and driving him over hill and dale, *culbuted* in the most exemplary manner, will ever teach the Northern Alexander that he could make no more impression upon British India than upon the pinnacles of its mountains. No army from the north, even if it could arrive at the foot of the Himalayas or the banks of the Indus, would have the slightest chance of being able to make head against the force which the Governor-General could gather upon the frontier. “You could not gather 10,000 men,” says the Russian, dreaming of Delhi. “We could and would gather 100,000 men, and if that were not enough to secure the frontier, half-a-million, and not leave of the Russian invaders enough to give a meal to the crows of the hills.

We say this the more, because the eternal repetition of this foreign folly seems now and then to make some impression upon the weaker heads of English Cabinets. Russian intrigue and Russian influence were a good deal confounded, and when a cunning *chargé d'affaires*, or struggling half Queen’s messenger half *attaché*, is allowed to harp upon this string, he harps upon it to some purpose, for himself at least. The whole Afghan expedition was founded upon the art of making Russia a bugbear; and at the moment when she had not a brigade nearer than the Crimea, and all her influence was limited to having two or three consuls, or some such diplomatic nondescripts, at the residences of the rugged Rajahs and Khans of the north-west of the “Golden Peninsula.” It was this which sent our troops on a march of 1500 miles to keep up “British interest” from the immediate destruction which there was nobody to inflict—to prevent Dost Mohamed from rushing into the arms of Count Simanitch, when the Count had not five pounds in his pocket, nor as many men at his command—and to establish India in eternal security against an army of invading Bashkirs

and Cossacks, who were at the moment quietly wallowing in the mire of the Kuban, or smoking their pipes within sight of the pole. Twenty thousand troops were sent up the Khyber Pass, who, after gallantly capturing in half an hour the chief fortress of the mountaineers, finished their triumphs by an addition of three millions sterling to the debt of India.

But, to return to Circassia. Among all the narratives of the war, we recollect but few which give any clear idea of its origin, or even of the country itself. Circassia may be best described as one vast mountain of nearly 700 miles long, and 100 broad, with its back to the Caspian, and its front to the Euxine. This position nearly determines the character of its climate, intolerably hot in the valleys in summer, and intolerably cold on the mountain-tops in winter; yet exhibiting almost tropical luxuriance in the more sheltered parts, and displaying in all seasons that richness and vastness of landscape which belongs to Alpine countries. This position probably determines, too, the character of the people. The inhabitants of hill countries have always had a bolder individual temperament than those of the plains, though they have nearly always been ultimately subdued by the people of the plains; evidently on the principle, that united force is sure to conquer in the end, while the disunion of mountain tribes always makes them a prey in succession. Where they have the good sense to make common cause, the result has been of another order; and the Swiss have often made their invaders rue the hour when they trode the rough soil of the Helvetian.

Circassia, from time to time, has greatly varied its nominal boundaries; but its real are defined by nature. Its exact northern limit is now the steppe along the river Kuban; Georgia closes it in on the south; Daghistan, a region as rude as itself but much more sterile, marks its extent eastward, and its west coast continually borders the Black Sea. All semi-barbarians imagine themselves the original possessors of the soil, though they may not, like the Athenians, declare themselves to be raised from acorns—that happy hit was reserved for the civilized. But whatever might have been the primal savages of this wild region, its possessors, at a very early period, were

just, as might be expected from its locality between two seas, and two fertile and populous countries, a miscellany of thieves, slaves, pirates, and plunderers. By their little boats they performed in the Black Sea the same feats which the Scandinavians in their ships performed on the waters that wash Europe. The reign of robbery lasted until they came in contact with a master of the trade. Rome, suffering no rival in the art of rapine, taught them the morality of which she herself was so indifferent a practitioner, and the Circassians, under a hundred various names, were all sent to school by the Roman sword. We hasten out of this classic period, which generally makes up for its classicality by its dulness, and stride down a dozen centuries without any remorse, leaving Lucullus and Mithridates to settle their claims to the merit of which had sent the greater numbers of the mountaineer chiefs to Elysium, and caring no more for the exploits of that rather overrated person, Pompey, than for the pacific spirit of the Czar Nicholas himself.

The modern history of the Circassians begins with the descent of the Turks upon the tottering strength of the Greek empire. The Turk drove the Greek before him as the hound drives the deer, and with nearly the same result. The Greek was fortunate if he escaped being eaten up on the spot, and, if he did so, it was only to be devoured at leisure. But the business of the Turkoman was not to waste his time in driving hardy savages to the necessity of dying with swords in their hands; he had a more attractive game in robbing the easily-robbed Greek, and a landscape more congenial to his taste in the shades of the olive groves and vineyards of Ionia, or in the cool and lovely shores of the sea of Marmora and the Mediterranean. Not taking the trouble to fight the mountaineers for the possession of rocks, he established a traffic with them for their daughters; and this singular European slave-trade has lasted nearly unbroken for four hundred years; and startling as it is and ought to be to European feelings, it is the only slave-trade since the Deluge that has been popular with both parties. The Circassian parents rear handsome daughters for exportation, as farmers rear calves and chickens.

But the daughters themselves are not merely consenting parties, they look forward to their sale as pre-ferment, speculate upon it for years beforehand; and, in case of failure, suffer pretty much the chagrin of a candidate for place, who finds that neither country, city, nor borough, will allow him to insinuate his claims to be purchased by the best bidder. The whole coast of the Black Sea and the neighbouring countries of Georgia, and, perhaps in earlier days, Armenia, were the nursery of these sultana-slaves; but their style of beauty was different. The Circassian, living in the mountains, had the general fairness of the mountain, but frequently the mould of the Tartar countenance: the Georgian, living more to the south, was more a daughter of the sun—her features were Asiatic; and the magnitude of the Georgian eye, and the richness of the Georgian complexion, and the grace of the Georgian form, were the theme of all the bards of Constantinople. The Circassian, however, found admirers for her snowy physiognomy; and the question of beauty still, like all the other “great questions” of the earth, remains undecided. It is to the credit of the Russian government—and it is its only title to credit in these countries—that it has discountenanced this unwarrantable trade wherever it could; and the Turks complain bitterly of the interposition. The Russian claim to Circassia rests upon what it calls the Turkish possession of the country, made over by the treaties which concluded the last war. But the Turks could not give what they had not got, and the consequence has been a bitter succession of skirmishes; for their operations are seldom more than shooting at each other from behind bushes and walls, but with a perpetual loss of life, and an incessant drain of Russian gold. The Turk certainly could not have left a more vexatious legacy to his enemy, nor the Russian have more experimentally felt the awkwardness of “catching a Tartar.”

The Circassians were evidently independent throughout the whole long period from the fall of the Greek empire to the supremacy of the Turkish. Even then, the acknowledgment was but trifling—it was the kind of acknowledgment which mountaineers, with arms in their hands, pay to a

power whose severities they defy, whose exactions they refuse, but whose alliance they allow, *so far* as it is convenient. About 1774, they allowed the Turks to build two forts—Anapa and Sandjank Koli—on their shore, but simply as depots for merchandize, and to protect the dealers from being robbed by the more lawless portion of their community. But the clans kept up their independence in the old way, by showing themselves ready to do battle for it whenever there were any symptoms of its molestation. A Turkish tax-gatherer, who ventured to “raise the supplies” a league beyond the forts, was sure to be shot or flung down some precipice; and the Turks were soon so fully informed on the subject, that the attempt was made no more. Even for their little show of sovereignty, they paid a handsome price. The Pasha received from his government 130,000 piastres, and all the customs of a decent 50,000 more, of which the greater part was spent on the spot. Some of the leading families were pensioners on the Porte; and in this half amicable, half warlike style, the Pasha contrived to live from year to year—the nominal governor of a country in which he could command nothing beyond the range of his guns. But the war of 1829, and the treaty of Adrianople which finished it, produced another state of things; and the “government of all the Russias” compelled the signature of the sultan to a “new map of Circassia,” by which “a line was to be drawn from Port St Nicolo, on the Black Sea, to follow the frontier of Georgia, thence traverse the province of Akkisha, and strike the point where Akkisha and Kars are reunited to the province of Georgia.” The Russian government thereby was to *have all the rights* possessed by the Turkish over Circassia. The *rights* were but little, and the war has made them less; and we cordially hope that the *finale* of the contest will be, that in Russian hands they will be of an infinitesimal order. The Russians, however, are not without their *pious* reasons on the subject. As the Inquisition hanged and burned for the good of men’s souls, the Russians shoot and bayonet for the good of their bodies. Their purpose is to extinguish so melancholy a stain on civilization as the Circassian slave-

trade. Thus they have philanthropic battalions, and batteries of conversion—are all Wilberforces' horse, foot, and dragoons—and extinguish barbarism in the style that a pestilence carries away other disease.

Yet, in all this, we have no idea that Nicholas is either a barbarian or a man of blood. But he sits on a despotic throne; and the infinite misfortune of sitting on such a throne is, that while it gives full play to all the bad passions, it ties up all the good. We question whether, if Nicholas withdrew his troops from Circassia to-day, he would not have a brace of bullets in his forehead to-morrow. The Russian is determined on conquest, no matter where. He has set his mind upon Circassia, as the high-road to Persia on the one side and Constantinople on the other, and on them only as the starting points to something else—to India on the one side and Germany on the other. If he had these, the bear would lay one claw on China and the other on England. By that time, the Isthmus of Darien would be cut through; for Russia, though sure, is slow, and moves at the rate of a hundred years an empire. America and Australia would be the next grasp, and then she would have nothing left to finish her meal but Otaheite, and Guernsey and Jersey—hard little morsels, but Russia is more of the ostrich than the eagle.

The possession of Circassia captivates the eye of the Russian cabinet in more ways than one. It is, in the first place, important to the conquest of the whole Euxine; which would be important to the capture of the city of the Constantines, the old object of Russian ambition. In the next place, its possession is important to authority over Georgia, which, in its turn, is important to the Russian impression on Persia, which again is important to the means of alarming John Bull, every half-dozen years, for the fate of India. The Russian never expects to conquer, or at least to keep, Persia, which is one of the most sterile, wretched, and cheerless countries of the earth; but, while it helps him to startle the sensitiveness of England for her Indian dominions, it accomplishes a very favourite object of the Polar monarch, and enables him to keep us at arm's length at the expense of a few paper bullets, and a

protocol now and then flung into the inflammable centre of Downing Street.

Even the war is made to answer a purpose; Russia no longer sends her growling officers to Siberia; she finds a shorter destination for them, and a surer one, in the Circassian hills. They are sent to exert their energies on the shortest notice against the gallant mountaineers; and their discontents, in one way or the other, trouble them no more. Still, this war is a vast evil to Russia; and no hostilities in which she has been engaged in Europe, have cost her during the last fifty years more blood and treasure, than the obscure, useless, and dishonourable hostilities of Circassia. Disease, confinement, and vexation, make desperate havoc among the little garrisons shut up in valleys thick with malatia, living on salt provisions, and without any resource in exercise, occupation, or the healthful use of the adjoining country. At last, they suddenly feel that they have something to do. They are roused at midnight by an assault of the natives, see the active mountaineers scaling their walls and pouring down upon them, struggle in vain, and are either slain or marched prisoners up the mountains. The forts are destroyed. A new Russian army is sent from Sebastopol—the forts are rebuilt; they are garrisoned again with the unfortunate serfs of the Autocrat; they go through the same round as their predecessors—are attacked, slain, or carried off, and the forts, reduced to ashes, are raised from their ashes again. The country north of the Kuban and the plain of the Kubarda, are the only territory which may be regarded as in possession of the Russians. But even this possession is liable to perils which compel the Russians to perpetual vigilance; picquets are stationed at every half mile across the plains of the Kubarda to Dariel, from which military posts continue almost uninterruptedly to Tiflis. This road is of great importance, as it intersects the Caucasian chain almost in the centre, and thus separates the forces of the Caucasians and the Lesghians. But even in this portion the attacks of the mountaineers are so formidable, that strong escorts with cannon are frequently required to keep the communication open. The force required for Cir-

cassia is large, not less than 40,000 men, and the mortality from sickness, still more than from the sword, is very great. Continual reinforcements are sent, and yet the general force does not become more efficient.

The war, if war it might be called, had lingered through ten years in a succession of skirmishes, when suddenly it assumed another form. A plan of operations was concerted among the Circassian chiefs. Some degree of unanimity in their purposes was produced by the presence of several distinguished officers who had fled from the failure of the Polish insurrection, and the Russians were attacked in a succession of assaults on their armed posts, with general success. This change in the character of hostilities first awoke the Court of St Petersburg to the weakness of its system; a determination was adopted to crush the resistance by a lavish display of force, and 35,000 men were sent with all haste to repossess themselves of the lost ground and rebuild the forts. This they performed, and this was all. The Circassians retired only to await another opportunity, and the war is no more likely now to close than it was in its first year.

To give a single instance of these gallant displays: On one of the wild nights of February 1840, the peasantry appointed to the attack of the Russian fort Soubashee, came down from the hills at midnight, and remained in the neighbourhood of the fort concealed. A little before morning a small company of them ascended the rampart, threw themselves on the guard at the gate, opened it, and let in their comrades. The resistance was easily overpowered, sickness to a considerable extent having disabled the garrison. The Circassians, however, were not inclined to rest contented with trophies so rapidly acquired; carrying

with them the field guns and ammunition of Soubashee, they immediately advanced against the much stronger garrison of Wichninoff, raised a battery, effected a breach, and took the place by assault, sword in hand. They thus captured five forts in succession, one of which, Abya, had a garrison of 800 men. The quantity of stores of all kinds taken in this short but showy campaign was great; and to it the natives are chiefly indebted for being able to carry on the war. The storms of the Black Sea, too, are good auxiliaries in this point of view; the Russian store-ships and vessels of war are sometimes stranded, and their guns and ammunition are instantly converted to good purpose. We have taken the principal part of these facts from the remarks of Captain Jesse, in his amusing and intelligent narrative of a residence on the coasts of the Euxine, and perfectly agree with him in deprecating the barbarous policy which both throws away so large a proportion of Russian life, and inflicts such desperate calamities on a harmless people. Thousands of brave subjects of the Czar thus perished, who might have been employed in cultivating the wastes of Russia, a country which is certainly not over-peopled. Wretchedness to a melancholy extent must be the attendant of this perpetual war to the unfortunate Circassians, however successful in the field; and for what purpose is all this suffering of both? Simply, to add new territory to an empire already almost boundless, to give a range of sterile mountains to the sovereign of endless deserts, to give new slaves to the sovereign of 60,000,000 of slaves, and to add the Caucasus to *Tartary*, and make the power accursed in Circassia, which is already exposed to constant conspiracy, more or less open, in St Petersburg.

COPYRIGHT.

This question has been settled, we suppose, for some time by the House of Commons. The author is to have his copyright for *life*, and his family are to have it for *seven years after his death*, let him live as long as he may. But let him die as soon as he may, the copyright continues for *forty-two years*. The newspapers congratulate the public on the liberality of this de-

cision. We cannot join in the congratulation. We regard it as a disgrace to British legislation, that copyright should ever have been the subject of a question; and we have no doubt that the time will come, when this very circumstance will be quoted in evidence of the barbarism of the nineteenth century.

The whole law relating to invention,

whether in science, mechanism, medicine, or literature, is founded on a principle totally contradictory to justice, and totally contradictory also to the practice of mankind in every other species of human production. Take the case of the discovery of a coal mine, or a copper mine, by the proprietor, in ground which for ages has produced nothing; does the law compel that proprietor to give up the produce of his colliery or copper work to the public after forty-two years?—yet in what does this differ from the discovery of some valuable secret in mechanics or science, which had passed unobserved for ages? Perhaps the coal mine may be incapable of being worked without a machine on new principles; yet the discoverer of the machine, without which the mine would be actually useless, must lose the benefit of his invention in a few years, while the collier or copper owner keeps his mine for ever. The intellect of man is his highest property as well as his principal destination; why is the labour of the philosopher to be less valued and protected than the labour of the peasant? If a fellow with a spade in his hand shuts out the sea from half a dozen acres, he may transmit them to his remotest generation. If a philosopher made an engine by which the Atlantic could be drained, and its bed turned into sheep walks, his property in it would not last a dozen years. If one great object of every man of virtue and feeling is to leave his family at least above the privations which belong to poverty, why is the attainment of an object so laudable and so important even to the community, to be prohibited to the intellectual part of mankind, while it is fully given to the more drudging and unintelligent? Why should not a man be able to bequeath a book, as the five hundred pounds which he might obtain for it?—or why, when the book, by being suffered to run its successful course through the next hundred years, might actually produce five thousand pounds, should he be compelled to sell it during his lifetime, or get nothing for it? Even by the new law, about fifty years ends the right of the author. Then some publisher seizes it, and makes ten times more than the author ever made of it. Why is one man thus to work for another? It is true that the infinite majority of

works of the day will not live fifty years, nor perhaps as many months. But there are works which have lived for centuries, and which will live while the world lives. What would be the value of Milton's copyright if it existed till now? What of Shakspeare's? What of Bacon, Spenser, and Burns? What of Burke? They would have been a constant income to their descendants, where they had any, at least to their heirs. And the knowledge of that fact would have been a constant and most powerful encouragement to authorship, and to authorship of the noblest kind; that which looked beyond the frivolous tastes of the hour, and by the dignity of its subject and the vigour of its performance, laboured for immortality. Why is this the age of novels, extracts, abstracts, and literary trifling of all kinds? It is because trifles produce an immediate return; while those more classic and thoughtful performances, which constitute the permanent literature of a nation, and which look to time for their rank, are cut short of their progress in the hands of the philosopher, and thrown into the hands of the pirate. Or is it possible to doubt, that in the instance of any work likely to live a hundred years, the shortening of the copyright to fifty must lower the price. Let the doubters say whether they consider a fifty years' lease worth as much as one for ninety-nine years. What is it that has ruined the drama? The want of a security of copyright. The law has lately undergone some little change in favour of possession, but it is so effectually evaded as to have become nugatory; and the consequence is, that we are reduced, in the native country of Shakspeare and Sheridan, to enjoy ourselves with wretched copies of Alfieri, and wretched translations of French and German farces. The argument, that authors when they write know that they are liable to be plundered, is no more a reason why they should be plundered, than the picking a man's pocket in the Strand should be excused on the plea that, when he put his money in his purse, he was aware there were pickpockets in the world. His answer would be, I depended on your police. However, all these anomalies will be rectified in time. The brains of man will be as much protected as his boots; and robbery will be no more

sanctioned in the instance of a new *Iliad*, or a new *Paradise Lost*, than in that of the good-will of a cobbler's stall, or the fee-simple of a potato field.

But we are told the world is all the better for this, and nobody the worse. We say, that this is contrary to the fact in many a proveable case. For instance, the grand-daughter of Milton was found in such a state of destitution, that Garrick was induced to give her a benefit to relieve the poor creature from utter famine. The French papers, a few days since, mentioned the death of a grand-daughter of *Corneille*, beyond all comparison the first dramatist of France. Who can doubt that if this woman had inherited the copyright of his works, as she would have inherited his lands if he had turned his plays into the purchase of acres, she would have been opulent, or at least perfectly at her ease?—yet this poor woman died a kitchen-maid, or some such thing. If there are not many traceable instances of the same kind, the reason is, that their poverty has been so immediate and complete, that they have sunk into an oblivion which defies all tracing. But ought this to be, even for the credit of a great country? What are the brilliant features in the reign of *Louis XIV.*, the most brilliant period of monarchial France?—not his wars, which were finally ruinous, not even his public works, which though showy, and even kingly, impoverished the country; its simplest, yet its most permanent renown, was its literature. The powers of *Bossuet* and *Massillon* in the pulpit; the daring conceptions of *Corneille*, and the rich melody of *Racine's* versification on the stage; her animated memoirs, her spirited and elegant poetry—if these were the glory of France, why are they not too solicited and protected as the glory of England?

or if we have possessed works of great and permanent beauty without that protection, why are we to suppose that increased encouragement would not exhibit its natural result in increased production?

Or are we to suppose that human genius is exhausted? In the year 1550, the drama of England was supposed to have attained the highest rank which it was ever to attain. It was obviously rude and irregular, though powerful, and marked by the vigour of original talent; yet at that moment the mind was maturing which was to create a new order of conceptions, and give the British drama a new existence and a new renown. *Shakspeare* was yet to start into light. But has the drama yet risen to its highest possible limit? Would it not be even easy to conceive an union of qualities which might raise it still higher than in the reign of Elizabeth? Might not a deeper study of the wants and powers of theatrical performances, plots more forcibly compacted, characters more prominently marked, events more naturally introduced and more consecutive, pressing forward to the grand object of “purifying the mind by the operation of pity and terror,” if combined with genius, produce more effective dramas than even the whole plays of *Shakspeare*? Is this a profanation of the name of the greatest poet of the modern world? No, it is an acknowledgment due to truth, an admission that the finer faculties of man are endless, if not boundless, and that if we desire to see those faculties in their noblest form, we must cheer them by the noblest encouragement—the protection given by the state, and the right of transmitting their labours, as at once a trophy and a treasure, to the remotest inheritor of the poet's name.

STEAM.

One of the publications which devotes itself to matters of mechanism, has just announced that a steam line-of-battle-ship is to be laid down on the stocks without delay. All its dimensions are, of course, to exceed all that the steam navy has ever exhibited. It is to carry 600 tons of coals, four months' provisions and ammunition, to carry twenty guns of the heaviest

calibre, with carronades, to have room for 1000 soldiers and a crew of 450 men; the whole to be propelled by an engine of 650 horse power. The describer speculates the facility which half a dozen such ships would give to the operations of troops round the circle of the British possessions, or in the present seat of war in the East. In the latter case, “6000 men might

be dispatched in three weeks to Alexandria, make a six days' march through Egypt, with leave of the Viceroy, and from Cassen in nine days reach Kur-rachee, on the south coast of Scinde." This is fanciful at the present period, for it can scarcely be supposed that the old viceroy, accustomed to see knavery in all public transactions, would suffer a powerful British force to land in his territory. And yet, as he might do so with perfect safety, (for no British minister could ever dare to disgrace the nation, and endanger his own neck by the scandal of violating such a compact,) he may yet admit the conviction, and make his country, not merely a place of passage for British travellers, but a high-road for the troops of England.

We should not be at all surprised if the present generation should see troops thus forwarded in little more than a month from England to India. That great country is becoming yearly of more importance to us and to the world; the vigorous retention of our power there, is becoming more essential to objects of even a higher order than dominion: the religious portion of the English mind, and it is the most effective, for it is the most unwearied, rational, and sincere, takes a stronger interest than it has ever done before in the civilization and the happiness of the people; and thus a force of national feeling, unexampled in vigour and extent, is turned upon the support of our influence in India. It is an actual libel on the English character to say, that ambition has any share in producing this feeling. It is the impulse of nations wholly unconnected with the world, and wholly above the world.

But to return to the monster steamer. She is to be afloat within the year, and then to work her wonders on the great deep; herself one of its greatest wonders. We hope that there will be no occasion for her services as a ship of war; and it is obvious that she might have important uses independently of war. Thus, in the instance of emigration on the large scale, which is evidently the most useful, a thousand labourers at once carried direct to the point of settlement, with all their necessary stores, might effect changes in a new settlement altogether superior to the slow and struggling career in which at least one

generation is sacrificed. In another point of view, still more important objects might be obtained. The necessity of keeping large bodies of troops in the West Indies and other unhealthy colonies, is one of the most painful parts of the British system, and it arises from the difficulty of sending out reinforcements in case of insurrection or invasion. Formerly, a regiment could scarcely arrive from England at Jamaica in less than three months, and then it arrived in a state of comparative inefficiency, disabled by the habits produced by a long voyage, frequently sick, and generally unfit for any thing for some time after landing. But by a steamer of the dimensions now contemplated, a regiment in full equipment from Portsmouth might be landed in Jamaica in three weeks, and arrive, surrounded with all the advantages of a state of full efficiency, with all its baggage and its comforts at hand, not following it in leaky transports, damaged, and probably even never arriving at all. This facility of sending the reinforcement must diminish the necessity of keeping the troops long, or in numbers, abroad; and we should not be surprised if in a few years the care of the islands were committed to the West India regiments, especially since the emancipation of the slaves has so evidently produced an improved race, and a higher feeling of responsibility among the black population.

As an instrument of commercial intercourse, the steam-boat has done so much already, that we must conceive that every improvement of this mighty machine will exhibit an improvement in the results of its astonishing power. A ship of this size, loaded with commercial wealth, and possessing such powers of carrying, not merely cargoes, but dealers in those cargoes, would be less a merchant ship than a floating market. What should hinder it from making a tour of the seas of Europe, year by year, of running down the west coast of America, with all its opulent towns and noble harbours, eager for British produce; or making a rapid expedition of equal length, from the St Lawrence to the mouth of the Orinoco, or the La Plata?

But in war, the power of such means of carrying huge bodies of troops, with certainty and rapidity, to the

point of attack, would have the most powerful effect on hostilities. If 50,000 British troops could have been thrown on the Continent in any period of the French war, from 1793 to 1800, there is the strongest probability that the current of French success would have been instantly checked, and thus the tremendous waste of life and wealth in the subsequent struggles avoided. If half the force could have been thrown in the rear of Bonaparte, when after the battle of Montenotte he advanced upon Turin, he must have been glad to make his escape to Dijon again. If half the force could have been thrown on the shores of the Adriatic, when he was advancing against Vienna in 1805, the insurrection in the Tyrol, supported by a disciplined army of such strength, would have probably finished its gallant enterprise in the capture of every Frenchman beyond the Rhine. If half the number could have been thrown on the flank of the French in their movement to Jena in 1806, the Prussian monarchy would not have perished, for the battle of Jena would never have been fought. A floating force of 50,000 men, always provided with food, clothing, and ammunition from their ships, enabled to retreat when pressed by a superior force, and to make a rapid movement where that pressure did not exist, or to shift the scene altogether to another quarter of the campaign, would paralyze the efforts of 250,000 men. The chief difficulties of warfare in the presence of an enemy, especially with that enemy in possession of the country, consist in the subsistence of the troops, and the conveyance of their artillery and luggage. These would be almost wholly obviated by their embarkation on board steamers, capable of conveying 1000 or 1500 men, with the ease and stowage of the steam navigation. All these objects are in some degree already attained by the use of steam. The very first war in which it was ever employed, proved the value of the steam flotilla, even on the smallest scale. The conquest of Syria was the work of the steam-boat; for though the walls of Acre were battered down by the line-of-battle ships, the conquest was virtually effected by the force which had already taken the other forts along the shore, and rendered it impossible for Ibrahim Pasha to venture within reach of the British

expedition. It was by the rapidity of the steamers that the Egyptian movements were wholly baffled; that when the Egyptian general had collected his troops to meet the threatened landing, and the British were already in their boats, and even when the cannonade had begun, in half an hour more the whole was at an end—the boats were hauled up on deck—the steamers were steering away to another point twenty miles off, and the Egyptian army left wondering where they were gone, and utterly unable to follow them, until they heard of some new capture. Thus their spirit was broken, success seemed hopeless, and the troops which had beaten the Turkish army in two pitched battles, and been preparing to march to Constantinople, were defeated and driven from the country by a few young Turkish regiments, and a few hundred English marines.

But the most interesting point of view in which those great inventions strike us, is the palpable superiority which they promise to England, and thus the probable protection which they predict to the general tranquillity of nations; for England by her commerce, her justice, and her religion, is the unequivocal and principled friend of universal peace. When the contest shall come to be one of scientific skill and mechanical dexterity, the superiority will be altogether English. The French journals teem with pompous declarations of what they are to do, when they have made up their minds to annihilate the English navy; but they have already taken some years to consider the subject, and the annihilation of our country is still *in nubibus*. The Englishman acts, while the Frenchman talks; the Englishman sends his giant steamers round the world, while the Frenchman is proud of a promenade along the sunny shore of the south. The Englishman rushes across the Atlantic, throws a floating bridge from Panama to Australia, and circumnavigates the world, before the Frenchman has invented a new toothpick, or settled in what coloured breeches he shall exhibit at the next ball at the Tuileries. The whole nation are dreadfully angry with us at present, for these and other equally valid reasons; but we are not yet annihilated, nor intend to be for a while.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

PART XII.

THEATRICALS.

THERE is nothing more amusive than looking at the play with your back to the stage, something in the way ladies, in their drawing-rooms, are accustomed to scan the proceedings in the street below, by means of a mirror attached to a shutter of their window. We find the faces of the spectators an excellent *camera lucida*; nor is there any thing connected with play-going in which we take more delight, than in witnessing the play of feature in a crowded house, and drawing our criticism from the varied expression of a thousand countenances. We can trace in their expression the various classes of play-mongering people; some who come hither from motives of vanity, others for variety, others again for mere amusement; some to criticize; some because they have no where else to go to kill the *enemy*; some for one thing, some for another. Behold that dashing dressed woman in the private box next the stage; you imagine she is here to see the performance—no such thing: she sees neither actors nor auditors—hears neither the music nor the dialogue; her own play, performer and spectator in one; her box is the stage whereon she plays her frivolous part; every turn of the head is a dramatic point with her—every movement of the fan a situation—every change of posture a study of attitude; with what affectation of coyness she half appears, and half retires behind the drapery of her box; how gracefully she flirts a book of the opera, and with what vulgar pertinacity she stares through the double-barrelled opera-glass, at a citizen's wife and daughters on t'other side of the house. You think that ill-bred, but, Heaven help you! fixity and coolness of stare belong to females—ladies, we should have said—of fashion. She talks and laughs aloud, too, that the house may take notice she is one of those who do as they please. She grins perpetually, not in gaiety of heart, but to show her teeth. Don Whiskerandos, who sits behind, keeps his nose-tip close to her ear, whisper-

ing I know not what, while ever and anon she flounces her head as if a flea, or something nastier probably, had got into her ear, but laughs the while, as if the whispers of the Don were shockingly amusing. Look at her again, and say if among God's creatures any makes so near an approach to the unreasoning brute as a foolish woman; or tell me if that poor creature does not at this moment imitate the antics of a monkey on a pole, a magpie on a rail, or a peacock on a garden wall!

Turn we now to the pit—portentous pit, sacred to critics, with power to save or damn! Have the goodness, will you, to point out to us a critic? certainly—that man in the fourth row from the orchestra, with the pepper and salt hair, staring like bristles on a hog's back—or, to speak poetically, “like angels’ visits, few and far between:” him, I mean, with the green spectacles, snuffy nose, and complexion which seems to have derived no advantage from the reduction of duty on soap: he is a critic. You see with what intensity his eyes are fixed upon the stage, one hand at the back of his ear, lest a syllable should escape him, the other grasping the book of the play, now for the first time being performed: the whole expression of his critical countenance is that of an anxiety to find fault, and a desire to convince you that he thinks he is thinking.

The days, however, are gone, when the theatrical *quidnunc* was a man of note, a name of great authority: when reporters of parliamentary debates were not, and the breakfast tables of the town were as yet unflooded with deluges of senatorial water gruel, thinner and more mawkish than that issued by the absolute potentates of Somerset House, the theatre was the talking-stock of the town: playgoers were as important as politicians; in the coffee and chocolate houses, theatrical critics great as junior lords of the treasury, and those who could go behind the scenes, as consequential as

bedchamber women in the late ministry. In these days a new play was an event—as a new tax in ours, though attended with very different sensations: then it was, not what will Pitt do, or what will Fox say, but what will Sheridan write, or how will Kemble play: then it was not, what new bill will be brought in, but what new farce will be brought out: then people talked, as now, of the House and the Treasury, but never troubled themselves with the houses at Westminster, or the treasury at Whitehall: the newspapers of those days, instead of telling us for our comfort, every morning, that we were all going to the dogs, would devote the leading article to invite us all to go to the play: in those Elysian days, the senate kept their doors closed, spouted away at one another across the table, and nobody cared to hear a syllable, knowing, as we now know, that the *end* of all the oratory is taxation; whereas the theatres furnished us with something or other worth hearing over night, and conversing upon in the morning, without costing us anything more than the price of our admission, and there is an end on't. Why is it not so now? Why are we bored beyond human endurance, by newspaper reports of parliamentary speeches German miles in length, while the theatrical business of the nation—much more amusing, and not one-fiftieth so expensive—is shoved away into obscure corners of our daily prints?

The palmy days of the theatrical critics, alas, are gone, and let the critics themselves go along with them. Let us ascend into the galleries, and look about us: curious it is among the gods, to watch the reflection in the faces of the unsophisticated spectators of what is going on upon the stage: the unmoved, stolid look of the smock-frocked clown, and stupid stare of wonder of his female companion; one glance at them suffices to show that no ray of intellectual light can ever penetrate their hide-bound skulls: they came for the pantomime, and the antics of harlequin, columbine, pantaloons, and clown, make to them the highest attraction of the drama: upon them all the exertions of the first performers are utterly thrown away. Then there is the mustached life-guardsmen, stiff, erect, with an “eyes right” expression of countenance, and

military stolidity of face—yet let a flourish of trumpets be heard, or a stage combat attract his attention, then, mark how his countenance lightens, his eye flashes, and the spirit of the British soldier is developed. Let Keely, with his half stupid, doubly comical stare, appear upon the scene—not half so diverting is the stare of Keely, as the universal grin of a well-filled house—reminding us of a gleam of sunshine playing upon the surface of the waters, or, to speak theatrically, like the sudden rising of the footlights. Or let Harley, dancing on tiptoe across the stage, show his face, whereon Momus has set his seal, how hearty the guffaw that cachinnates round the regions occupied by the divinities—with what intense gratification do not the gods contemplate the mirth-inspiring man?

Verily, a student of human life and character will find as much food for observation before as behind the curtain.

Talking of behind the curtain, reminds us of our first introduction to that mysterious region—that manufactory of mimic worlds, where conjurers in fustian jackets and paper caps, without the help of Aladdin's lamp, change you a forest into a front parlour; a desert into a dining-room; a stormy ocean into a flower garden; a palace into a den of thieves, on the sound of a boatswain's whistle. When a boy, *who* has not longed for his introduction behind the scenes? and who has not a latent longing to be behind the scenes, even when grown up to the stature of a man? *Behind the scenes*—there is deep meaning in those three words, whether we take them metaphorically or literally. At last, however, we attained to the object of our ambition—our friend, Sheridan Knowles, with his usual overflowing good-nature, gave us the *entrée*. Had the state entrance been opened to us, we could not have felt more honoured than when admitted to the only door where hitherto we had been denied admission; saluting with profound respect a group of gentleman with palid and rather sallow faces, in whom we thought we saw kings, ghosts, bandits, conspirators, and what not, in undress, we entered the house; groping our way through a series of dark labyrinthine passages, sprinkled with saw-dust, and draperied with festoons

of cobwebs, fancifully disposed, we came at length upon a strange portentous vault, fitted with racks, wheels, pullies, hawsers, and divers instruments of torture: surely, thought we, those are the Tartarean shades of the theatre, where ghosts, dramatic and melo-dramatic, sprites, bottle and other imps, are condemned to inhabit. While pondering upon the uses of the intricate machinery, an ethereal being, clothed in white, who, we were informed, represented an attendant spirit, entered, engaged in conversation with a gnome in a blue paste-board headpiece, with saucer eyes, who was engaged busily in eating bread and cheese, with radishes, of which the attendant spirit readily partook. Going up stairs, we were detained by a violent altercation between Jupiter, who was gorgeously dressed with a magnificent gilt-paper crown, and gems of real paste, and one of the carpenters, charged with having fastened a bunch of shavings to the Thunderer's rear, thereby exposing the Majesty of Olympus to the mockery of vulgar mortals: the culprit, to our unfeigned horror, addressed the father of the gods in a most irreverent manner, inviting him to proceed immediately to a certain place, which we had till now understood was tenanted, not by the gods, but by gentlemen of the opposite benches! At the top of the stair stood Mercury, his *caduceus* in one hand, and a pot of porter in the other: we have heard of

“The herald Mercury

New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,”

but Mercury with a pot of porter was a novelty. Endeavouring to pass between the messenger of Jove and the wall, we happened to strike against the thunder—a thin plate of sheet-iron hanging to a nail in the wall, emitting, at our touch, an awful sound: close by, an imp was grinding a white substance, which we were told was powdered lightning. Passing towards the *flat*, by which you are to understand the scene crossing the middle of the stage, those at either side being termed *wings*, a carpenter tapped our shoulder, expressing his pleasure at our arrival, and intimating his readiness to accept the customary “footing,” as he called it, of a gallon of beer. Having satisfied this gentleman, we proceeded towards the green-room, encountering by the way the person

who performed clown in the pantomime, complaining bitterly to the stage-manager of columbine, who had “spoiled” him, or, in other words, wiped half the paint from his face, in return for some rather exceptionable familiarities in which the clown had thought proper to indulge, to the exquisite indignation of columbine aforesaid. In the green-room, we found an individual of grave deportment, and majestic air, talking very loud, apparently proprietor of the theatre, and all that was therein: on enquiry, however, we discovered that this great man was the low comedian of the house, enjoying the trifling salary of forty pounds a-week, and considering that the chief talent of this gentleman consists in grimacing and shrugging his shoulders, we could not help thinking his remuneration by no means inadequate. A tall, tallow-faced young lady, of about five-and-thirty, in a shabby bonnet and shawl, was detailing her theatrical grievances in a very high key to a lack-a-daisical young man—who assented to any thing the tallow-faced lady said with a nod, saying nothing in return, which indeed was impossible, the tallow-faced lady talking in a loud tragedy rant, without the slightest intermission. In a corner of the room sat a pretty girl in a very short tunic, with flesh-coloured silks, and ringlets down her back, busily engaged in reading a series of little three-cornered *billets*, occasionally raising her eyes, and stealing a glance at an opposite mirror. We cannot say that we observed much of that good-fellowship and familiar intercourse between the brethren and sisters of the green-room which we had been led to expect: on the contrary, we thought there appeared much ceremony and coolness in their intercourse—the cause of our disappointment in this matter, we leave to wiser heads than ours to determine.

If the playgoing reader expects at our hands a minute account of the architectural merit or demerit, the dimensions, altitudes, or capacities, of our several theatres, he is wofully mistaken, and must refer to the guide-books upon the subject. We cannot afford to take up the pages of Blackwood with the information one finds in sundry works now on the shelves of our library, such as “Drury Lane had its origin in a cockpit, but was afterwards called the Phoenix; that

ten of the actors, who formed part of the royal establishment, and were called 'gentlemen of the great chamber,' had ten yards of scarlet cloth, with a suitable quantity of lace, allowed them annually. That the Phoenix was destroyed by fire, but arose from its ashes, according to the custom of that wild fowl, at the bidding of a Wren. That the young Phoenix underwent many alterations, but finally had its neck twisted by Holland, who made a third Phoenix on the spot, with a gizzard capable of containing three thousand six hundred spectators. That owing to the embarrassments of poor Sherry, the face of the new Phoenix never was finished, and the entire fowl was one more roasted, in the spring of 1809, to the utter ruin of poor Sherry, and the great glory of Whitebread, the brewer, who hatched a fourth Phoenix, face and feathers inclusive, at the trifling expense of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

There is a story extant of Sheridan the lessee, and Holland the architect, much too good to be omitted. The latter could by no means prevail upon the former to *settle*, that is, in plain English, to pay up his little bill; and after hanging about Sherry's house, and hovering over the theatre day after day, at last caught him one fine morning attending a rehearsal. As soon as Sheridan saw him, he went up to the architect, exclaiming! "My dear Holland, how d'ye do? You are the very man I wanted to see; I have a thousand apologies to make to you, and fully intended to call upon you as soon as the rehearsal was over."

Holland thanked him, and entered immediately upon the subject of their accounts, upon which Sheridan replied, "My dear Holland, they shall all be settled in the course of the morning; but do you know, although for my part I am one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the beauty of this theatre, which I think will remain for years a splendid monument of your taste and genius, yet they tell me that the people in the one shilling gallery can scarcely hear a word that the performers utter?" Mr Holland expressing his surprise at this remark, Holland said, "Now, I will go up into the gallery, and you shall stay on the stage. I will address you, and you shall ascertain the truth of the observation yourself." Sheridan, ac-

cordingly mounted up into the lofty region allotted to the gods, from whence he affected, in dumb show, and with much apparent emphasis, to address the architect, who stood in amazement below, repeatedly calling out, "Speak louder, I can't hear!" After some time spent in this manner, Sheridan descended, asking Holland if he heard him tolerably well? the latter declaring that he must confess that he had not heard a word Mr Sheridan had uttered; whereupon the latter exclaimed, "Why, Holland, I really know not how to believe you. Why, I have been bawling till I thought my lungs would have burst. Surely you have a cold this morning, that has prevented you from hearing me. Now, do *you* ascend the gallery, and speak to *me*." With this proposal Holland immediately complied, and when after considerable fatigue he had reached that elevated spot, and had walked down to the front seat to address Sheridan from that tremendous height, he found *no one on the stage!* Sheridan had availed himself of the interval of their separation to leave the theatre, and poor Mr Holland, who speedily discovered the hoax, had to encounter a thousand shifts and stratagems of the manager, before he could obtain another successful interview.

When this unlucky house, under the mismanagement of Sheridan, was at the lowest ebb of popular disfavour, an afterpiece was produced called the *Caravan*, in which a part was allotted to a dog called Carlo, who was required to jump into a small tank of water fixed in the middle of the stage, from whence he was to seize a doll, intended to imitate a child, and bring it on shore. Such was the infatuation of the people, that after having nearly deserted Drury Lane for a long time before, they returned in crowds to it, merely to see a living dog jump into a real piece of water. The folly spread among all classes; it was as difficult to squeeze into the pit or galleries, as it was to procure places in the boxes. A whimsical caricature appeared at the time, representing Carlo in the act of saving the manager from drowning.

We recollect at this very house, some years ago, the performances being the "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" and "CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO," counting, at the rising of the curtain, *eight-*

een persons in *all* parts of the house; yet soon after, when VAN AMBURGH converted the house into a "*menagerie*," regaling more senses than one with his wild animals, it was next to impossible to procure a place for love or money. But we must not rashly predicate a depraved taste in the town, from its occasional aberration into freaks and fancies illegitimate; merit alone will not do for London—good things are not good every day in the year. There can be nothing better than roast beef and plum-pudding, yet to be condemned to eat nothing else would utterly destroy the relish: it is the same with the drama; the town tires of the legitimate, grows cold, inattentive, and indifferent, takes a dislike to its ordinary diet, and devours liver with Sheridan's water-dog, or crunches beef bones with Van Amburgh's lions. The town cannot bear to be compelled to an undeviating routine of first-rate tragedy, or accomplished comedy: trivial, even childish things, with the gloss of extreme novelty, they run after with a delight the highest exercises of poesy and wit will at times fail to elicit; it is foolish in authors to whine over, and critics to cry out against this propensity; it is of our nature, and we do it ourselves. If the greatest men that ever lived have not disdained to solace themselves with the merest trifles, why should not the great public trifle also? It is only for a time that the infantile attractions preponderate; the public mind, tired of mere amusement, soon returns to him who can mingle amusement with instruction. There must be intermittent periods, cold fits, to which the playgoing portion of the public will be ever subject; but these are not for all times, and the time in which we write shows a healthy reaction in this respect.

The fortunes of Drury Lane have been, of late years, uniformly unpropitious, attributable, in a great degree, to the mismanagement of the committee, desirous of attaining a greater rent than the lessees could by any reasonable possibility liquidate. Twenty-two years ago they demanded, and expected to receive, from ELLISTON, the sum of ten thousand two hundred pounds *per annum*, for fourteen years. The result of that unfortunate manager's speculation is well known; he became bankrupt, and from that day

until the present, when Macready has succeeded to the empire of Old Drury at a rent comparatively insignificant, the theatre has been the scene of successive managerial catastrophes, while the proprietors have had nothing to do but meet, grumble, abuse one another, and vote dead dividends. At present we have every hope of a resuscitation of the legitimately dramatic honours of this, our peculiarly national theatre, under the management of Mr Macready—a gentleman who, whatever may be his merits or defects as a performer, is justly entitled to the merit, as manager, of sustaining with proper pride the respectability of the concern to which he has devoted his capital and talent.

It is not our purpose to dwell minutely upon the particulars of structure or decoration in any of our theatres—that, as we have before stated, not falling within the scope of our proposed undertaking; but we cannot help noticing—no one who enters Drury Lane theatre can help noticing—the extremely light, elegant, and simple character of its interior—the open-fluted, gilt Corinthian pillars on either side the stage, with the boxes enclosed by them, have a very rich and telling effect; then the old green curtain cleared off, and replaced by a rich crimson, flounced deeply with gold fringe, drawing to either side, and disclosing a gorgeous drop-scene, is a vast improvement, though somewhat heterodox—a theatre without a green curtain seeming like no theatre at all; the good taste displayed in the panels, crimson and gold forming broad unbroken masses, instead, as in some other houses, of being frittered away into little patches of colour and scrapes of gilding, giving to the general effect a trivial, gingerbread character. The pit, converted by back and side railings into so many stalls, is an admirable arrangement, obviating much railing of a less supportable character; the accommodations of the dress and other circles are equally unexceptionable.

Covent Garden Theatre, the younger sister, by fifty years, of old Drury, has fewer historical associations, with the more than counterbalancing advantage of not having been more than once tried in the fire. This theatre had its origin in a patent granted to Sir William Davenant, whose com-

pany was styled the "Duke's servants," in compliment to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The original theatre was first opened by the celebrated Rich, about one hundred and ten years ago, and its career, though occasionally unprosperous, has generally been more successful than that of its great rival of Drury. While the interior has not the rich and tasteful elegance that, before the curtain, distinguishes the rival house, it may be asserted without any fear of contradiction, that under no management hitherto have all the accessories of the scene, down to the minutest trifle—even the pattern of a shoe or the fashion of a glove—been so minutely, scrupulously, and fastidiously attended to, as since the authority in these matters has fallen into the hands of Vestris. The illusion of the scene is indeed, in some instances, perfect. Who that recollects, in LONDON ASSURANCE, the house in Gloucestershire of Mr Harkaway, with its verandahs, Venetian blinds, plate glass windows, and splendid furniture seen here and there within; and then, the exquisite little flower garden surrounding this hospitable mansion of "a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time," and the gravel walks, upon which you might almost hear the pebbles crunch beneath the tread of the performers; who that recollects this exquisite scene does not envy the force of impudence that procured for Mr Pye Hillary an invitation to such comfortable quarters? The drawing-room scene in the same play, too, was really an introduction to fashionable life: we were let in by that scene to the mansion of a person of first-rate fortune and refined taste; we, who have no opportunity of knowing how the war is carried on among folks of ten or twelve thousand a-year, are indebted to the manager of this theatre for a letter of introduction: we are quite serious when we say that the minute attention to the conventionalities of genteel life displayed in the scenes of London Assurance—and for which we are altogether indebted to the taste and judgment of the management—is a lesson of minor morals; and that, from witnessing that representation, a person who may have had the misfortune to have his education neglected, will learn more of the life of good society than he could learn in a

twelvemonth from "Hints on Etiquette" or the lessons of a dancing-master.

In the "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," in like manner, it was delightful to see the creations of Shakespeare realized to the utmost capacity of scenic effect; indeed, not only in this, but in every other production of this house, there is not left to the eye of the most fastidious any thing to wish for. The exquisite taste that pervaded the Olympic, under the same management, is transferred to a more extended sphere, and is displayed with greater breadth and concentration of effect.

At the rival house, too, a royal academican, and one of no mean reputation, does not disdain to lend his pencil to illustrate the compositions of HANDEL; so that we may safely say, taking all things into account, that the fastidious and capricious public were never so liberally catered for by both our managers of the patent theatres than at the present moment.

At the little theatre in the Haymarket the manager goes on very steadily, satisfied probably with the patronage the public so liberally extend to him; but it cannot be denied, that to an epicurean playgoer, one who must have something to stimulate, astonish, delight, or even to condemn, the Haymarket is not the place: sensations are not the rage there; old stock pieces are played by the old stock company, old Strickland and the rest, until we are positively unable to stand it any longer: then comes a *novelty*—five acts of third-rate common-places, delivered by fifth-rate characters, hardly held together by a tenth-rate plot; the hero stalking, talking, moralizing, and sentimentalizing through the whole affair, the rest of the characters forming a stage auditory, unable to get in a word edgeways. This, with the interior of a gambling-house for scenic effect, and the hero proposing to one young lady, another young lady for whom he had formerly proposed standing by all the while, by way of a situation—this sort of thing, which is called a play, published at four mortal "tanners" a copy, and turned out with some short, sharp, taking title, such as "GAMMON," "FUSTIAN," "RUBBISH," "HUMBUG," "BAMBOO," "GIBLETS,"

"COWHEEL," or the like, is a thing for boarding-schools to visit bodily, and for man-milliners—for whom indeed this description of drama seems chiefly intended—to swear by!

When the run of this precious production is over, the Haymarket puts in the waggons again: "TOWN AND COUNTRY" for instance, with WALLACK, who really should refuse to play the part, working like a coal-whipper through the semi-sentimentalism and half-heroics of that incarnation of rustic blockheadism, Reuben Glenroy; "SPEED THE PLOUGH," and all that sort of clod-hopping, which did very well in the days of bob-wigs and spencers, but really is as unsuitable to the taste of our time, as one of Pickford's heavy vans to carry the mail, or a west country barge to the purposes of transatlantic communication.

The taste of the town at present—and managers ought to look to this—seems to have settled upon operatic performances, and upon comedies of everyday life. With regard to the former, we presume that it is one of the rages that attack the town at intervals, like hot fits of an ague: the magic name of KEMBLE, and the talent of the young lady who at present so worthily sustains the credit of her name, have had a good deal to do in making operatic entertainments the fashion; and, as light, elegant, and, to the masses, novel entertainments, it is possible that they may continue in vogue as long as our native talent is able to sustain their peculiar character and spirit. But with respect to the latter, the popular taste has, within the last few years, sustained a decided revolution: even the highly polished, epigrammatic wit, and terse, pointed, sparkling dialogue of Sheridan fail to please now, as they used, because it is not in nature to have a concentration of wit in every scene, a *bon mot* in every question, in every reply a repartee: the quick, nimble, apprehensive, are delighted, no doubt, but the masses cannot seize as it flies the sparkling evanescence of the dialogue: whereupon these exquisite gems of art are for the closet oftener than for the stage, and for the few rather than the many. Much less can the improved, educated, and refined taste of our time relish the heavy sentiment, dull conceit, wire-drawn dialogues, awkward plots, or character caricatured of the moralizing

drama: nobody will pay to be preached at from the stage, when they can be preached at from the pulpit for nothing. The slow school has quite gone off the hooks, done to shivers: we laugh heartily at stilted tragedy—indeed, tragedy is out of date; and sentimental comedy affects us contrariwise: the ideal, mystificatory, mouth-ing, stalk-horsing, fog-in-a-bottle five act play system will, be assured, come down by the run, and nothing under a peerage will sustain the reputation of the man who sticks to it: the play-going world is wide awake now; we have made a grand discovery of late years, that *life still lives*, that character is to be caught from common life—that life which delights us in the representation, because it is our life in the reality—which amuses and instructs us *because we know it*—which strikes us like the faithful portrait of an old-remembered friend—it is this life of common everyday life that takes us by storm in dramatic as in narrative representation. The distinguished and popular Boz was the first, of late years, who cured the public of that short-sightedness that could see nothing amusive or instructive in the life that lay close under their eyes: what he has done off the stage, the town now delights to see done on it. Take, for example, the success of the popular performance of "LONDON ASSURANCE," than which we cannot adduce a more striking instance of the strength as well as the direction of the tide of public favour; the critics, to be sure, said a great many critical things in its disparagement; to wit, that the plot was commonplace—so are the plots of common life: that the dialogue was occasionally dull—so are the dialogues even of critics occasionally dull: that many of the good things were borrowed—so are a great many of our good things borrowed: that the interest sometimes flags—so does the interest of daily life sometimes flag: what, in fact, are these objections but so many confirmatory testimonies to the concurrence of this representation of common life, or prototype, with its original?

Having thrown away a word or two upon the state of the public taste, at the time we are writing, as regards matters theatrical, we can scarcely consider this part of our subject complete, while omitting any considera-

tion of our present state and prospects of dramatic talent, as exhibited in the author and actor. Of the former we will speak, when we come to consider the literary character in the gross; of the latter, we can find no better opportunity to say a few words than the present. We cannot boast at the present moment of any actor, male or female, who stands alone, unapproachable, unsurpassable, whose position is so lofty, and so sure, that it cannot, save by death, be shaken—such a position as GARRICK, JOHN KEMBLE, SIDDONS, KEAN, held by common suffrage, and universal assent—there is no such individual on our boards—no monarch player domineers over the mimic world. We are in that state of interregnum in which talent becomes more prominent, and pains-taking more praiseworthy, from the opportunity afforded by vacancies in the very highest walks of the drama for any worthy of the post of honour to assume it; but no such gifted individual appears; the public, wise men of the East, are waiting for the rising of a star, that they may follow it, but no star arises to greet their longing eyes. The historic giants—the future Garricks, Siddonses, and Keans, are in *embryo*, and will bestow their treasures upon posterity. Mediocrity on the stage seems the character of the present day. The rare union of the mental and physical attributes that alone form the great actor, are wanting to our tragedians; there is one—we will not mention names, either in praise or blame, these gentlemen having, like Highland chiefs, their respective factions, who would tear us into pieces if we breathed on the lustre and perfect chrysolite of their choice. We will only pause to remark how absurd it is to find fault with some people for believing in the infallibility of a Pope, when we find other people—and people, too, who might know better—trumpeting their belief in the infallibility of a player. This is one of the grand sources of error, perpetually welling up from the hearts of men, who make to themselves a god of their idolatry—men of cliques, critics playing upon one man like Paganini upon one cat-gut, or rather not so much playing on the man, as playing the man upon the public. This course has been adopted with respect to one eminent tragedian, whose acting

without the sphere of his faction, that is to say, with the town at large, is positively unpopular, yet is he a man of education, taste, and mind—can grasp the scope and scanning of his author as forcibly, more so, perhaps, than any man living, and is as completely master of the technicalities, or secondary business of his art; yet, what is the fact? nature having denied him the mobility of facial muscle, the erratic eye, wandering and lightening, or sadly fixed with the changing expression of the moment; the modulated voice, full and sonorous in development, soft and silvery in retentive passages; but, above all, the almost mysterious power, which only the very first tragedians ever possessed, or ever will possess, of absorbing, losing, merging the actor in the character—the player in his play; this eminent tragedian is not only not enthusiastically admired, but with the great bulk of the town is, as we have said, positively unpopular. The fact is, nature has denied him the *physique* for the successor of Kean; we do not know that we have not done him more than justice, when we said that all the mental attributes of success belong to him—for we think we have observed, that intensity of feeling is often wanting; but no matter what may be the refinement of a man's taste, his knowledge of his profession, or his desire for its elevation and respectability—all which, the gentleman we allude to possesses in an eminent degree—if he never can play any body but himself, play whatever he will; if the tone of voice, never varied and never pleasing, the face and its expression ever and always the same; the stage tread, nay, even the turn of the head, forbid to imagine for a moment that we are looking at *Coriolanus*, or *Richard*, or *Macbeth*, and not at Mr So-and-So, of the Theatre Royal—which you please.

We do not imagine that the warmest admirers of this gentleman can take offence at our enumeration of defects with which the man himself has nothing to reproach himself, any more than he has because he may be six feet high, or have a mark upon his nose. They will say, perhaps, that it is ungenerous to mention the defects of nature, as precluding a man from taking the highest rank his profession

or the public can bestow; but in return, we take the liberty to enquire whether it be not more than ungenerous—whether it be not unjust to the man, as well as to the public, to set up as the great tragedian of the day, one whose natural defects deprive him of half—the lesser half, we cheerfully admit—of those attributes that must necessarily unite in him who hopes to live beyond his age as a first-rate tragic actor?

At another house, we find one more of the spoilt children of newspaper criticism—and we *will* say, that if we wished evil to any man of talent, it would be that he should become the idol of a petty clique, and be by them exalted to a genius. We believe the ruin of many a young man of promising parts, who, had he been let alone, would have struggled and toiled night and day to rise to the level of his own estimation of what a man ought to do towards excellence—may be traced to the absurd and unreasonable promises of injudicious critics, who, wishing to push him forward, often throw him upon his face, never to rise again. When a man gets a clique of this sort at his back, he becomes insolent, idle, and conceited, fancies that the applauses of critics reflect the approbation of the public, and that all that man can do, *he* does. Alas, how many birds of Jove—or, *by* Jove—who, thinking they have power to wing an eagle's flight, “with an eye that never winks, and a pinion that never tires,” are found, upon making trial, grievously afflicted with the *pip*, and marvellously weak in the pen-feather! If we might soar so far above our humble flight, as to venture a word of advice to a child of genius, it would be this—that, secluding himself studiously from praise, more especially of sets or cliques of men, he should study to deserve his own: *this*, if he have the spirit of a man athirst for lasting fame, he will never possess; for excellence is above the clouds, and the nearest approach to it is made only by him who is *ever* struggling to attain it. Sets and cliques give reputation at too cheap a rate, at a rate far below the price a man who wishes the sterling article is willing to pay for it; in the solitude of his chamber let a man study to estimate himself, not in a circle of applauding friends; the greatest minds have ever stood alone,

and kept aloof from tittle-tattle criticism, and the praises that flow from the lips of gossips. What is it that makes a paltry academician think himself a great painter? Because he is *of* the academy. What coerces members of the British Association for the encouragement of eating, drinking, and gadding, into the belief that they are philosophers? Because their fellow-philosophers tell them so. What makes a youth, who may by accident find his verses edged into a periodical, consider himself a Wordsworth? Because old ladies of both sexes read them with pleasure. What makes any man a fool, but the foolish praises of hasty, injudicious, and partial admirers?

We were going to observe that the son, *not* the successor, of the greatest tragedian of our time, has suffered much from this propensity to praise assailing him at the outset of his professional career; at the time, too, when the memory of his distinguished father, who was a great actor because he couldn't help it—the soul, fire, and intensity of genius breaking forth in every look he wore, in every line he uttered, which, if he would, he *could* not have suppressed—was fresh in the public mind. Study, labour, a fair share of talent, and, above all, bearing his faculties meekly, have enabled him to overcome both his friends and the memory of his great predecessor, so as to sustain a highly creditable position in his profession; but we hear no more of the *great* son of a great father—such phenomena are rare indeed, and this is not of them.

There is no high comedian upon the stage. Our dramatic gentlemen are, since the retirement of Charles Kemble, the most extraordinary sticks—there is not one who can either look, speak, or act the finished gentleman of our, or any other day. Why should we be astonished at this, however, when even off the stage the accomplished gentleman is so extremely rare? Some are foppish, overdoing their man; others, slow, heavy, and languid, ape feebly the cool *nonchalance* of the man of fashion, which none, save the man of fashion, can perform with effect, for, in him, this is not acting, but natural; he acquires his manner from his position, and is what he is, because thus he has ever been.

THE ABBEY.

"Snug lying in the abbey."—RIVALS.

There are one or two exhibitions—though it is hardly respectful to call them by that shilling-associated title—which we have postponed, for the purpose of trying to do justice to the great names with which they are associated, and the historical, classical, and personal recollections to which a visit to either of them—the ABBEY and the TOWER—give rise. But we find, with regret, the more we ponder and reflect upon all those repertories of national monuments—whether the bones of the mighty dead in the one or their trophies in the other—whether we contemplate the scene of tears, groans, sighs, and weary nights and days of captivity in the Tower, or tread lightly over the hallowed spot

"Where even the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and the
oppress'd"—

we feel more and more incapable of treating these memorable places in the way, and with that high tone they merit.

There is something in the system by which one is compelled to visit both the Abbey and the Tower—driven in a crowd, like a flock of sheep, before the warder or ranger who acts as shepherd, which is death to all romance, and, as Burns has it, "hardens a' within, and petrifies the feeling;" then the telling down of sixpences upon the nail, as if we were going into a "bus," has something in it, we know not what, that reduces the current of your thoughts into a sixpenny level, and effectually puts an end to all the pleasure you proposed to yourself to derive from meditation. Your idea of the place becomes degraded into that of a sixpenny show; and when you are hustled by a crowd of curious impertinents, cockneys, private soldiers—who get in for nothing—aborigines from the provinces, and the like, we defy the utmost powers of abstraction to carry you beyond the notion that you are merely going through the vulgar routine of sight-seeing; killing, in short, one of the lions.

If we could choose our time—if the

Abbey and the Tower, instead of being let to small parties at sixpence a-head, could be hired by the day or hour, like one of Searle's eight-oared cutters, would we not have a meal of them? Yea, even a banquet; we would feast, revel in recollections, and the reader should have our tediousness willingly bestowed upon him, even at the risk of a surfeit. For a visit to the Tower, we should choose the early dawn of a cold, grey, autumnal morning, when the sighing wind, detaching the yellow leaf, should gently lay it at our feet, emblem of the fate of all things human—long ere the stir of busy foot was abroad, and while yet the even tread of the sentinel on the battlements, and the answering echo of his footfall, were the only sounds that met the ear, would we seat ourselves pensively in the melancholy prison-chamber, or spell over and over again the rude memorials of their captivity, inscribed by the faltering hands of hopeless captives—writing their own epitaphs!

The Abbey we should visit in a mild evening in spring, when the warm sun—element of kindling life—streams his declining rays through the traceried window, and when all the world without is springing into renewed existence. How awful the thought that *here*, within these walls, there is no spring:—

"The spring returns, but not to *them* the
spring,
Day, or the sweet approach of even or
morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's sun,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face di-
vine."

Here is perpetual winter—here the cold hand of death keeps down rebellious spirits that brooked not the supremacy of kings, and forbids alike monarchs further to oppress, or slaves longer to succumb—all base earth, royal, noble, gentle, and simple. Kings, warriors, what are they here but cowards and slaves? What is all that is left of the greatest, mightiest, and best of them, worth?—old bones, five pounds for twopence. Above

those bones what remain to do them honour?—a cold stone, a noseless block, a cherub blubbering, fame blowing a noiseless trumpet, an epitaph recording every virtue—they had *not*!

And, after all, was it for the honour of being deposited in this lofty and well-proportioned bone-house, that the crumbling dust below these marbles kept the world in hot water? We stamp upon the vault where lays all that the rats have left of Elizabeth our queen, and the reverberated sound quivers around the tomb of her sister and her victim, Mary of Scotland. Did the heartless old woman dream that she would rot in the next cellar?

"Drop upon Fox's tomb a tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;"

an' if it will, where was the use of those men keeping at such mortal distance, and interchanging words of high defiance through life, when death lays them here, at heads and tails, like beggars in St Giles's? We are here, and we tell you, Edward the Confessor, Richard the Second, Elizabeth, and the rest of the royal skeletons—and you, meaner phosphates of dukes, princes, field-mmarshals, admirals of the red, courtiers, ministers of state—and you also, crackskulls of Poets' Corner—that the humble individual who has the honour to address you—we, even *we*, the warm blood careering merrily through these blue veins; our osteology kept together by sinewy ligaments, wrapped up in warm surtouts of good stout muscle, and covered with its appropriate cuticle; able to move about and go whether we list, take the air, hear the lark carol, and look at the sunbeams dancing on the rippling waters; yea, we consider ourselves worthier, greater, mightier than ye all!

Hark in your ear, Bess, down below—can you sign our death-warrant? We should rather think not, old lady! Where are your lying poets, idolatrous courtiers, your pet dogs of humanity, your two-legged poodles, yea, and your wise men—where is that old muff, Burleigh; where honest Walsingham; where courtly Leicester; where gallant Essex, and still more gallant Raleigh? Where is Anthony Rudd, who preached before you, and told you that age "had furrowed your face, and besprinkled your hair with its meal?" Where

are all the poor wretches you put to death, d'ye hear?

No answer.

Lie still, ye unimportant, useless dead—what are ye now more than meanest dust? The present crier of the court at Westminster Hall over the way, is of more moment in the eyes of men than the whole lot of ye—yea, even the live beadle of Pancras parish is more gorgeous, and Coroner Wakley oftener in the mouths of men. What had you in life more than I have now?—power, flattery, pomp? power, to abuse it—flattery to be befooled in the ear with—and pomp, to contrast with the dank, dark hole wherein are stowed away your miserable relics. Bah! let me *live*—as long as I can, as well as I can, and as contented as I can; let me thank God for what I have, which is better to me than all your subterraneous majesties and graces ever had; be yours the preterite, mine the present and the future tense; and when death comes for his debt, what can befall me worse than to be like you—buried and forgotten? Where will be, then, in brief, the difference between us? no more than this—you rot within, I without Westminster Abbey.

To come down a peg or two, leaving meditations to Hervey, who understood that sort of thing, the Abbey is a pleasant lounge in warm, or we should rather say very *hot* weather: then, it is of the temperature of an ordinary ice-house, and with a pair of cork soles, a muffler, and a skull-cap—without which no one who does not wish to join company with the illustrious dead should enter the fane—we can get on very pleasantly: depositing your hat and cane with a foolish-faced, whisker-fringed man in a black gown in Poet's Corner, you dangle about, looking at the tomb of John Dryden, observing, by the way, that the nobleman who had the honour of contributing the stone—a Duke of Buckingham, we believe—has had his own name cut in letters as large as those of the great man he professes to commemorate: this is like the picture of Jacky Tar going to heaven holding on by a bishop's tail! Whitbread the brewer put up a bust of Milton in Cripplegate Church, but he had the good taste not to inscribe beneath it, "put up here by Whitbread the brewer:" however, when a

duke does a handsome thing, he has a right to take care that his merit shall be handsomely acknowledged.

In that corner behold the chastest tablet and best inscription in the church,

O RARE BEN JOHNSON!

There is the tablet to the memory of poor Goldsmith, the profile of the poet—a true Hibernian profile, by the way—with the inscription from the pen of the great Sam. Johnson: then there is the monument to Shakspeare, and Prior, and Gay, and—but a batch has by this time been collected, and you are desired to move onward, stopping only to deposit your “tizzy” on the tomb of some defunct Abbot, who has the perpetual chink of silver rattling in his ear—pity the good old soul cannot hear it—and you are free of the house. The guides, as we have said, conduct you at such a rapid rate, that you have no time to admire or think over what you see: in fact, each chapel would occupy with pleasure an entire day, and that of Henry VII. you would hardly thoroughly exhaust in two; when the guides leave you, however, you can stroll more at leisure through the body of the church—and if you have a sentimental fellow-mediator—one who will not talk, but who will think with you, there is no greater pleasure of the calm, contemplative kind, than flitting from tomb to tomb, and pausing to recall wandering recollections of the doings in the flesh of the mouldering tenants below. As an effect of contrast, you cannot do better than spend the fore part of your

day in Westminster Hall, amid the rush of witnesses and clients, the bustle of attorneys,

The tedious forms, the solemn pite;
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall—

and then walk across the way to the Abbey. The vanity of all human ambitions cannot be more forcibly illustrated. In the Hall, you see learned gentlemen in wigs, crowing, arguing, and combating like rival bantams for fame. You see hordes—perfect swarms of the briefless, condemned for life to look on while other men are eating; or, what is an hundred-fold worse, to listen, while other men are speaking, for the hopeless thirst of fame. You behold awful, eminent judges on the bench, representing years of midnight anxiety and toil, employed in reaching that envied elevation, for the hope of fame. Half a minute's walk brings you to a silent city, where kings, heroes, beauties, titles, fortunes, sleep neglected—the sleep of death—no one remembering, caring for, or troubling their heads about them. We behold in the tombs how petty is grandeur—how puny, power—beauty, how unsightly—fame, how obscure—fortune, how mean; and if, after this, we return to the legal arena, so far from seeing any thing admirable, or mighty, or great, we behold a little busy hive of stinging unprofitable creatures, humming and droning away their little lives, and leaving no more lasting memories behind them than the drones of the hive of lesser insects.

KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING.

When we take a lounging walk along the Strand, through Temple Bar, down Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, into Cheapside, turning on our heel at the Mansion-House to look about us, contemplating the intense life and concentrated bustle of the scene, deafened with the babel of discordant sounds—carts, drays, wag-gons, whip-cracking, blaspheming, blocking-up; or, sauntering westward through Bond Street, the Squares, and away to the Park, at half-past five o'clock in the London season, who would think—or who, with eyes and ears, or, if he *have* any brains, with brains full of all around him—

This sentence is like to wax consumedly long—who, we say, *would* think that all the world was not here? or, that there should be such a thing as disease, imprisonment, or death, in a world of life, action, and energy like this?

Alas! we see not the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious London in our out-o'-doors perambulations. We contemplate the battle, delighted with the noise of musketry and cannon, the clash of sabres, the waving of banners above the sulphury air, the neighing of the war-horse, and the sound of the trumpet; or, it may be, we are fighting our own battle, at

most of us are in London, striving to cut down our neighbour and set our foot upon his neck; or, engaged in the more congenial avocation of plunder, have no time to contemplate other battles than our own—we see not the dying, we hear not the groans of the wounded, and pressing on, as our fate may determine, to victory or death, we leave to women and children the business of burying the dead!

We have no time to be sick in London; men of business may die, to be sure, now and then, but no man of business ever was known to be sick in London: time is money, and sickness, consuming our time, is a thief and a robber; sickness is a very pleasant thing for those who have nothing better to do, but we Londoners cannot afford such luxuries. We have our business to mind, and not the spleen or the vapours; and the result is, that troubling ourselves very little about the vapours or the spleen, the spleen and the vapours take themselves off into the country, and fasten themselves on the rural gentlemen in rainy weather. There is no more salubrious, we were going to say *air*, but that would be a *crammer*—but there is no more salubrious life than life in London. We appeal to the bills of mortality; we would appeal to the office of the Registrar General in Somerset House, if we could believe that documents issuing out of Whig offices *could* be any other than lies by authority; but it is a known fact, and your physician will tell you so, that there is no more healthy place to live in than London.

Granted that the air is twice as thick as the air in barbarous regions, then as your true-born Cockney, in Douglas Jerrold's farce of the "Prisoner of War" says, it will last twice as long; but the truth is, breathing is for idle people, and we by no means envy the effeminate voluptuary who sips air as he would sip claret. We are content to breathe dense air in town, because we cannot have town without it; but air is not necessarily bad because it smacks of society. The doctors say that London is the worst place in the world for a practitioner, because of the absence of epidemics; there is no typhus, no small-pox, no plague, (plague take it,) no intermittent or continued fevers, no nothing, except as the workhouse doctor, who attends us in common with the other

casual poor, observes, the influenza, and that, says the doctor, is but a snivelling complaint after all. The workhouse doctor informs us, that there is but one disease in London which oversteps the average—disease of the heart; and, when we think of the devilish work a fellow has to make the two ends meet—when we know that if a man, an author for example, lifts his head a moment from his desk—if an orator stops to spit, an artist to wash his brushes—a thousand pennyless, characterless, brainless brutes are on the watch to offer their disservices, and to do that for next to nothing which is nothing worth, it is truly no marvel, if men, struggling with the unfair odds that beset the adventurer in London life, find their pumps worn out long before their time, or that that malady of the poets, a broken heart, instead of being, as hitherto, a dreamy fiction—a figure expressing the worn-out, shattered spirit—should be a sad reality, and a supplementary addition to the many ills that flesh is heir to.

It may be safely averred—and let the College of Physicians contradict it—that no place of the like population, in town or country, has a more enviable freedom from bodily disease than the world we live in—London, that is to say; but in the like ratio of our exceptions from physical, we are deplorably afflicted with mental infirmities. Suicides—those tragedies of domestic life, frequent memorials of excited hope, fear, jealousy, despair, hatred of life, loathing of pleasure pursued to excess, false ideas of honour, and a thousand nameless and inappreciable things, present themselves before our memories—so many arguments, that the mind *here* makes the disease: the artificial system is carried too far, and the soul is torn and harassed out of the yet healthy body. Then, of madness, raving, and melancholy, our hospitals of Bethlem, Hanwell, and St Luke's, give us more than our fair proportion. These are our plagues, our moral plagues—these our epidemics, epidemics of the soul. But to return:—

Where are all the killed, wounded, and missing of this gladiatorial arena—this great battle-field—this temple of anti-socialism—this mighty exponent of the competitive principle? What has become of those *hors de combat* in

the hand-to-hand struggle of life? Alas! nobody, save some useless, dreamy, sentimentalizing animal, not worth twopence, like ourselves, has leisure to think a moment upon subjects whose consideration—*never pay!*

Where are all the superannuated veterans of our metropolis—people of the last century—*quina, sexa, hepta*, and *octogenarians*—grandfathers and grandmothers of the town? where are our Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals of civil life? Few old people—decidedly old, we mean—are to be seen in the strong current of our leading thoroughfares: they would be trodden down and trampled upon in the rush of vigorous life. It is on the sheltered sides of private streets, when the sun is warm and high, and the flags dry and clean, that you will see the venerable grey-head, the crutch-headed cane, and the shrivelled galligaskins, creeping forth to take the air; here, and to the suburbs and environs, antiquated consols and reverend long annuities retire; jointures in bombazeens, and rent charges in stomachers, high-heeled shoes, and spectacles, abound. Dorcas associations are multitudinous; and to the poor are distributed more tracts than halfpence. Companions, readers—wretches hired for their victuals to bear the peevish insolence of age—are seen creeping about with their employers, tending their tottering steps, and looking even more wretched than they. Chemists' shops abound; and broad brass plates, indicating the proximity of medical and surgical attendance, stare the invalid in the face from every second door.

In a neat little garden, or shrubbery, for example, you may see a venerable old gentleman seated, basking in the sun, while a group of long-haired, bright-eyed grandchildren gambol about his feet, upon whose little tricks and antics the grandpapa smiles with grave complacency: or in a Bath chair, steadily propelled along the pavement by a stalwart footman, guided by a handsome lad of sixteen, and flanked on either side by a lovely girl, the mother of a fine family, thus nobly accompanied, takes the air; or, in a patent carriage, propped up by piles of down, reclines a languid beauty of fashion, looking more anxious and unhappy than if she sold Lucifer matches at a halfpenny a box.

Lord, when we think of it, who would not be old, gouty, paralytic, or rheumatic under such favourable circumstances! happy they who take to their beds with the consciousness of having sons, sons' wives, daughters, and daughters' daughters solicitous for their recovery every day, and all day long: who can tie up the knocker, and silence, by the help of the tan-yard, the very stones of the street; can command the retired room, the southern aspect, the close fitting curtains, the noiseless step, the skill of Chambers, Bright, or Holland; who recover amid the congratulations and the smiles, or experience the sighs and tears of dutiful children and affectionate relations! We envy the sick and dying—in elegant houses in the squares, where even a sick room, looking out upon conservatories, shrubberies, and enlivened by singing birds, must be a paradise! What a pleasure it must be to be laid up, and how comfortably ill these great people must be: call to ask how the great man does, powdered lackey in purple plushes, and white coat covered with lace, like uniform of Austrian general officers, pokes bulletin into your hand:—

“His Grace passed rather a sleepy night, and was heard to snore at intervals: about daybreak, his Grace coughed twice, and the physicians were sent for. His Grace fell asleep again, but without further snoring, and woke up at half-past twelve, calling for sherry and a biscuit.” Visiter expresses delight, and so forth; writes his name in visiter's book with silver pen, presented by the man of plushes, and the door flung wide open by the fat porter, who has roused himself for the moment out of his habitual lethargy and leathern chair; visiter takes his leave, praying heaven to spare a life so dear as that of his Grace to all who expect to get anything out of him!

How different the sensation of the labouring man when the languor and depression of sickness, produced by the inclemency of the weather, or the severity of his toil, render him unable any longer to struggle with his growing malady! With what reluctance he retires from labour, and lays himself down upon his miserable bed; his wife and children beholding in the powerless right arm and the brow of

anguish, not only the sickness of the husband and the father, but the privation of daily bread, the distraint of their few bits of furniture for rent! The pawning of the last cotton gown, and of articles that even the poor cannot take to the pawnbroker without a blush, for medicine and attendance: the hopeless effort to restore the provider of their home, by denying themselves even the necessities of life: then, the final breaking-up of the miserable family: the husband carried to the hospital, the wife and children to the workhouse, and the household gods to the brokers for arrears of rent! Oh! it is a dreadful thing sickness entering the mansions of the children of toil, whose patrimony is in their brawny arm, and whom poverty dogs with uninterrupted step, no more

than a day's march behind: tangible and real privations and miseries come along with it, darkening the door and the faces of the indwellers: and when death, entering, makes desolation of that home—striking him whose robust arm sustained the roof-tree and kept the family together, then, indeed, is the visitation terrible—inscrutable the dispensation!

This sad subject we must awhile pursue; and the selfish, the frivolous, and the vain—that half of the world, which, as it knows not how the other half lives, neither cares how it sickens and dies, nor when it may be buried, will pursue their way rejoicing; while we mournfully enter upon a painful portion of our subject, and pursue our way through the workhouse, the hospital, and the prison.

THE EVENING WALK.

My lonely ramble yester-eve I took,
Along that pleasant path that by the brook
(Skirting its flowery margin) winds away
Through fields all fragrant now with new-mown hay.
I could not choose but linger as I went,
A willing idler; with a child's content,
Gathering the wild-flowers, on that streamlet's edge,
Spared by the mower's scythe; a fringing ledge
Of spiky purple; *Epilobium* tall,
Veronicas, and cuplike coronal
Of golden crowsfoot; waving meadow-sweet,
And wilding rose, that dipt the stream to meet.

And that small brook, so shallow and so clear!
The mother-ewe, without a mother's fear,
Led her young lamb from off the shelving brink,
Firm in the midway stream to stand and drink.
'Twas pleasant, as it dipp'd and gazed, to see
Its wonder at the wat'ry mimicry;
As here and there, the ripple glancing by,
Imaged an up-drawn foot—a round black eye,
Wide staring; and a nose, to meet his own
That seem'd advancing from below. Anon,
From the dark hollow of a little cove,
By an old oak-root, richly groin'd above,
Where lay the gather'd waters still and deep,
A vaulted well: e'en thence there seems to peep
A round white staring face, that starts away
As he himself starts back in quick dismay.—
Again advancing, with a bolder stare,
He butts defiance. Lo! it meets him there,
And answers threat with threat. He stands at bay,
Perplex'd; and ripe for warfare or for play.
Who had not loiter'd, gazed, and smiled like me,
Pleased with the pretty wanton's antic glee?

And cried, "O Nature!" (with my thankful heart,
 "How graceful, and how beautiful thou art!"

But all around me in that pleasant place,
 Was ripe with beauty, harmony, and grace.
 The glow of sunset mantled earth and sky—
 The evening breeze came softly shivering by,
 Laden with incense. 'Mongst the tedded hay,
 The fresh-discover'd carpet, emerald green,
 Outspread its velvet softness; sight, I ween,
 Tempting to wistful gaze of lowing kine,
 That in their stale, embrowned pastures pine,
 Loathing and restless; and impatient wait
 The tardy opening of that barrier gate.
 The mower's whetstone then abandon'd thrown;
 Silent his whistling scythe—himself was gone;
 But gamesome Echo, as he trudged away,
 Caught up the burden of his rustic lay;—
 Then, as the doubled cadence died remote,
 From an old thorn-bush near, came dropping out
 A sweeter strain; so tremulously low
 At first, as if the very soul of wo
 Wail'd in its music: but that dying close
 Melted in air, and, on the fall, arose
 A burst of rapture, swelling clear and strong,
 In all the wild exuberance of song.—
 Methought, as all unseen I hearken'd nigh,
 The little minstrel sang exultingly,—
 "Man to his home is gone, and leaveth free
 The weary world at last, to peace and me."

Peace! peace! but not all peace.—E'en there was heard
 The voice of mourning: a bereaved bird
 (Ah! piteous contrast to that Minstrel blithe)
 Hover'd about the spot, where late the scythe
 Wide sweeping, had to prying eyes reveal'd
 Her lowly nest—so cunningly conceal'd.
 Then, by rude hands displaced and scatter'd, lay
 The downy cradle of her young; and they,
 The callow nurselings, they with chirpings shrill,
 And quivering pinions, from her loaded bill
 That late received their portions—where were they?
 Gone—in close wiry cell to pine away,
 Where never parent bird's returning strain
 Shall wake them up to life and love again.

So—loitering—lingering—musing as I went,
 Homeward at last my devious steps I bent,
 (Leaving the meadows,) by the forest road
 That skirts the common. Many a neat abode,
 Dwelling of rural industry, I pass'd,
 And little fields and gardens, from the waste
 Cribb'd, long and narrow. Oh! invidious eye,
 That passeth not these poor encroachments by
 With look averted, if it may not see
 In strictness of judicial trust; or free
 To gaze unharmed on the poor man's toil
 That blesseth not the increase of the soil.

Stirring with life was every cottage door.
 The humble owner there (his labour o'er)
 Stood in the sunset, watching down the west

The round, red orb descending. To his breast,
 One hugg'd a little infant: one, with knife
 Of clumsy fashion, for the neat good-wife
 Wrought some rude implement; or made repair,
 In the old milking stool, or crazy chair.
 One stood intently poring o'er the styer
 Where munch'd his pig; with calculating eye
 Measuring its growth, and counting o'er and o'er,
 How much the profits, of so many score.
 And many a one still found some task to do
 In his small garden; and perform'd it too
 With cheerful heart, as if such toil were play,
 After the heat and burden of the day.
 And many a one, as close I pass'd him by,
 Bade me "good night" with rustic courtesy.
 A homely salutation! that to me
 Endeareth evening: seemeth then to be
 (So oft I've thought) a kindlier sympathy
 'Twixt all God's creatures. Should I reason why,
 Vain were the attempt. I only feel 'tis so—
 Yet one perhaps of deeper search might show
 The source whence those mysterious feelings flow.

Is it perchance, as darkness draweth nigh,
 Type of the grave, where soon we all shall lie;
 And sleep, the type of death, comes stealing on,
 When all our strength, and all our cunning gone,
 The strongest sinews and the wisest head
 Shall lie alike defenceless as the dead?
 Is it that *then*, by some mysterious cause,
 Man toward man in closer union draws?
 That then, perhaps, as in the dying hour,
 Distinctions fade, of rank, and wealth, and power,
 And human hearts instinctively confess
 The mutual bond of mutual helplessness,
 Mutual dependence—ay, of great and small—
 On one—the God and Father of us all.

Slowly the straggling cottagers I past,
 Still homeward wending, till I reach'd at last
 (There was I ever wont to stand and gaze)
 A lonely dwelling, that in bygone days,
 But two years back, or little more, had been
 The neatest tenement on Rushbrook green.
 A better sort of cottage, it contain'd
 Two upper rooms, whose windows, lattice-paned,
 Peer'd through the thatch, and overhanging leaves
 Of a young vine. On one side, from the eaves
 Sloped down—addition trim of later date—
 A long, low penthouse; oft with heart elate
 Eyed by the builder.—"There for sure," said he,
 "When winter comes, how snug our cow will be."
 And the goodwife, like fashionable wives,
 Had her own pin-money. Her straw-roof'd hives,
 Ranged all a-row against the southern wall,
 Yielded in prosperous seasons, at the fall,
 Such profits, as she spread with honest pride
 Before her well-pleased partner. Then, beside,
 She had her private treasure, hoarded up
 For Christmas holiday; a sparkling cup
 Of rich brown mead, a neighbour's heart to cheer
 On winter evenings; and throughout the year

For passing guest, a kindly-proffer'd treat,
Of mild metheglin—mild, and pale, and sweet.

There was no garden kept like Isaac Rae's.
Soon after sunrise in the longest days,
And in the twilight—his hard taskwork done—
(His long day's labours in the summer sun,)
There might you see him, toiling, toiling on,
Till every fading streak of day was gone.
'Tis true, no garden could with Isaac's vie
Round all the common; cramm'd so curiously,
And yet so neat and fruitful. Then the wall—
For *hedge* it were almost a sin to call
The living rampart—that was Isaac's pride;
And there he clipt and clipt, and spied and spied,
That from the quick-set line, so straight and true,
No vagrant twig should straggle into view.

There were no children kept like Isaac Rae's,
And he had seven. "Well, my Phœbe says,"
Himself once told me just three years ago,
Presenting proud his last-born little one—
"She says—the Lord sends hungry mouths, 'tis true,
But then he sends the meat to fill them too,
For we have never wanted, thanks to him!
Nor sha'n't, while Isaac Rae has life and limb
To labour for them; nor it sha'n't be said
His children ever broke the parish bread;
Not while the Lord is good to us, and still
Gives me the strength to labour, with the will."

The will continued, but the strength,—alas!
There came a painful accident to pass.
His master's team, for many years the same
His voice had guided, every horse by name,
Like household dogs, accustom'd to obey
Its tones familiar; one unlucky day
Startled to sudden madness, broke away
From all command; and struggling to restrain
Their headlong progress—struggling all in vain—
His footing fail'd—he fell—and he was gone—
Right o'er his chest the wheel came crushing on.
And yet he lived and lived. Oh, lingering death!
How terrible thou art, when every breath
Is drawn with painful gasp; and some poor heart
Of mother, child, or wife, for every start
That shakes the sufferer, feels a deadlier throe—
Feels, as I've heard poor Phœbe say, as though
Each time a drop of blood were wrung from thence.
It was the will of All-wise Providence
That Isaac long should linger in his pain,
Yet never known to murmur or complain,
No—nor to wish the tedious time away,
Was he, while helpless on his bed he lay,
Nor one impatient, fretful word to say,
Helpless and hopeless—yet, a little space
Hope faintly dawn'd. In the kind surgeon's face,
(A man of kind and Christian heart was he,)
The ever-watchful wife was quick to see
A changed expression, but she dared not say
"Is there a hope?" lest it should fade away,
That blessed gleam! and leave her dark once more:
So she was mute, but follow'd to the door

With asking eyes.—He (kindly cautious) said—
 “There *is* a chance—but——” so unfinished
 Leaving the sentence. ’Tis a cruel task
 To look discouragement, on eyes that ask
 Only for leave to hope,—a hard one, too,
 Having permitted hope, to keep in view,
 Dashing her timid joy, the spectre fear.
 At length they whisper’d in the poor man’s ear
 That *he might live*. He only shook his head.
 But when a low consulting reach’d his bed
 About the county hospital—how there
 Patients were treated with the kindest care—
 How all that medicine, all that skill could do
 Was done for them—and how they were brought through
 The tedious time of slow recovery,
 Better than in their own poor homes could be ;
 Then lifted he his feeble voice to say,
 “Send me not there—Oh ! send me not away
 From my poor home—my true and tender wife,
 And loving little ones, to end my life
 In a strange place, with all strange faces near :
 My father and my mother both died here—
 Here in this very room in peace they died,
 And sleep in our own churchyard side by side ;
 And I shall soon be with them where they lie ;
 Send me not hence in a strange place to die !
 I shall not linger long—’twill soon be past—
 Oh ! let me see my children to the last.”

He had his wish—they sent him not away ;
 So there upon his own poor bed he lay
 Yet a few weeks, awaiting his release ;
 And there at last he closed his eyes in peace.
 In *Christian peace* he yielded up his breath,
 But oh ! *for him there was* a sting in death—
 His wife ! his little ones !—and they were seven,
 All helpless infants. . . But for trust in heaven,
 Trust in *His* word who sayeth—“Leave to me
 Thy fatherless children,” great assuredly
 The dying father’s parting pang had been.
 I saw the widow, e’er the closing scene,
 The funeral, was over. There she sate
 (’Twas on a Sabbath morning) calm, sedate,
 Composed and neat, as she had ever been
 On the Lord’s day, when I so oft had seen
 Her and her husband, and their eldest three,
 Hastening to church : and now prepared was she
 And her seven orphans, all in decent show
 Of humble mourning, that same path to go,
 Following the father’s coffin. They were there,
 The little creatures ! huddling round her chair,
 Troubled and mute, with eyes upon her face
 (Some tearful) fix’d, and all as if to trace
 Its meekly mournful meaning : all save he,
 The youngest Innocent : upon her knee
 He clamber’d up, and crow’d with baby glee,
 And stroked her face, and lisp’d his father’s name.
 Then might be seen, convulsive through her frame,
 A universal shudder : nor alone
 Struck to *her* heart the call :—a wailing moan
 Among the elder orphans rose, and one
 (The boy of whom his father was so proud)
 Fell on his mother’s neck, and wept aloud.

Her eyes were misty—but no tear she shed,
 Kissing with quivering lips the boy's fair head,
 As on her breast (the face conceal'd) it lay.
 And then, to all around, who came to pay
 (Neighbours and friends) to the respected dead
 Their last sad tribute, some few words she said
 Of thankfulness to each, and spoke of *him*
 Calmly : while many an eye with tears grew dim.

The funeral moved :—and through the humble door
 He pass'd, who left it to return no more.
 Against the side part, as 'twas carried by,
 They jarr'd the coffin :—then a stifled cry
 Escaped the widow, and a sigh, as though
 From that insensate form, to ward the blow
She felt upon her heart : a moment all
 In silence stopt, while one arranged the pall ;
 Then sounded slow the bearers' heavy tread,
 As to his last long home they bore the dead.

The staff and stay of all the house was gone,
 And evil days came darkly hurrying on ;
 And yet with all the energy of love
 (A widow'd mother's!) that lone woman strove
 (The poor have little leisure for their grief)
 To feed her little ones without relief
 Of parish pittance.—“ He would grieve,” she thought,
 “ To know his wife and babes so low were brought.
 The hand is cold that toil'd for us, 'tis true ;
 But I can still work hard ; and Jemmy too
 Grows helpful, and he'll earn a trifle soon
 T'ward his own keep. The cottage is our own,
 And for the garden I can dig there now,
 Tho' not like him indeed ;—and then one cow”
 But then she stopt and sigh'd. Alas ! she knew
 There was a heavy debt ; contracted, too,
 To a hard creditor, of whom 'twas known
 That he severely reckon'd for his own.
 “ But then,” thought she, “ it may not all be true
 Folks tell of him ; and when I humbly sue
 Only for patience—for a longer day,
 He will not take my children's bread away.”
 Thou had'st to learn sad truth, poor simple one !
 How ten times harder than the hard flint stone
 That human heart may be, whose god is gold.
 The prayer was spurn'd—the widow's cow was sold.

That stroke fell heavy ; but it crush'd not quite
 The noble spirit that still kept in sight
 Its faithful purpose. “ All's not gone,” she said ;
 “ Their father's words upon his dying bed
 Were—‘ Phoebe ! keep them from the workhouse walls
 Whilst thou hast strength. There's not a sparrow falls
 But *One* above takes note thereof ; and He
 Will not forsake thy little ones and thee.’ ”

So she strove on. Yea ! morning, noon, and night ;
 For the late traveller oft observed a light,
 As o'er the moorland waste he look'd afar,
 From Phoebe's cottage, twinkling like a star
 Athwart the darkness. And I've heard one tell—
 One in her prosperous days who knew her well,

An old wayfaring man, whose lonely road,
 Oft after midnight, past her poor abode,
 Led to the Village Inn—I've heard him say,
 How many a time when he has pass'd that way
 At that dead hour, attracted by the ray
 Of her small candle, he has look'd within,
 And seen her, with a hand all pale and thin,
 Plying her needle. "Ay, *so thin*," said he,
 "As 'twas held up between the light and me,
 Through it the flame with ruddy brightness shone—
 And her poor face!—so sharp with care 'twas grown,
 The brow so wrinkled, one could scarce have known
 'Twas that same face so fair to look upon,
 The pleasant, comely face of Phœbe Rae.
 Once," he continued, "when a deep snow lay
 On all the country; one cold winter's night,
 I pass'd her cottage casement, whence the light
 Shone forth, but with a dull and fitful flare;
 And when I look'd within, a dying glare
 Flamed from its long, bent wick; but not a spark
 Lived on the hearth, where all was cold and dark.
 Yet there beside, in her accustom'd place,
 The widow sat, upon her arms, her face
 Fallen forward on the table, where had dropt
 Her work, when the relaxing fingers stopt
 Benumb'd with cold. She slept the heavy sleep
 Of one who desperately has striven to keep
 O'erwearied nature from her needful rest,
 Then all at once gives way. I did my best
 (Gently awaking) to revive, and cheer,
 The drooping spirit; but her pain lay *here*,"
 (Striking his breast.) "Nor mine the power to give
 A cordial that had made her hope and live—
 I could not say—'Poor soul!—thy sorrows cease—
 Thy children shall have bread—thy sick heart peace'—
 But *she has peace* at last—and they have bread.
 The parish feeds them, and her weary head
 Lies by her husband's."

Honest Adam Bell!

The old man loved those simple peasants well,
 Whose chronicler he was; whose board had fed,
 Whose humble roof had shelter'd his grey head,
 Whose hearth had warm'd him, and whose babes had clung
 About his neck, with fondly stammering tongue,
 Lipping old Adam's name. Too true he said.—
 The cottage now is all untenanted.
 The din of childish mirth resounds no more
 (Heart-cheering music) from the humble door.
 Closed is the door, and closed the casements all;
 There long unanswer'd may the traveller call.
 Creaks the loose vine, down straggling from the wall,
 And through the thatch, with vegetation green,
 (House leek and moss,) are the rude rafters seen—
 Loose on its hinge, the garden wicket sways;
 The forest colt within th' enclosure strays,
 Where never yet, since Isaac fenced it round,
 Was hoof-print seen. There idle weeds abound;
 Nettles and docks, and couch grass, matting o'er
 The walks and beds that useful produce bore—
 And rambling bindweed, with its flowery rings,
 Up the young apple-trees tenacious clings,

Strangling the long wild shoots, and thickly winds
 Round currant bush and gooseberry ; her vines
 Knotting them fast, and dragging to the ground
 Their matted heads, with barren verdure crown'd.
 And lo ! poor Isaac's pride, that prickly screen—
 What spoiler's hand relentless there hath been ?
 Alas ! neglect, by slower means 'tis true,
 But not less sure, the spoiler's work will do—
 Strong were the vernal shoots ; the shearer's care
 Specially needed, but—he was not there.
 And while succeeding summer still was young,
 High in the straggling sprays the throstle sung,
 And through the stems, unsightly bare beneath,
 Push'd in the lawless stragglers of the heath.

Such now, so silent and so desolate,
 Is Isaac's cottage. At its crazy gate
 I linger oft ; and yester-even I staid,
 Till tender twilight with her stealthy shade
 Veil'd the red sunset. " Here is peace"—said I—
 " In man's abode, in earth, in air and sky ;
 But the heart shrinketh from this deathlike rest."
 I thought upon the skylark's ruin'd nest,
 Upon her prison'd young, their captive lay,
 And on the orphan babes of Isaac Rae.
 Then from the cottage wall depended still,
 A broken hoop, that oft with emulous skill
 I'd seen the happy creatures urge along :
 And in one corner lay a little prong,
 Fashion'd for childish hand ; a wooden toy,
 The father's shaping for his eldest boy.—
 I said how the loose vine swung to and fro,
 Its long stems creaking with a sound of wo !
 But round the little casement still remain'd
 A tall blush rose-tree, there by Phœbe train'd,
 And loose depending o'er th' interior gloom,
 One pale, dew-sprinkled flower, the first to bloom,
 Hung down like weeping beauty o'er the tomb.

I look'd and listen'd. All within I knew
 Was dark and tenantless ; yet thence stole through
 A sound of life and motion ; something stirr'd
 The light leaves of the rose, and a small bird
 From the dusk chamber, through a broken pane,
 Flew forth to light, and the fresh fields again.
 " Art thou," thought I, " sole tenant of the cot ?
 Innocent creature ! Thou profanest not
 What once was the abode of innocence
 Scarcely less pure than thine."

As if with sense

Of that whereon I mused, the bird at hand
 On an old mossy pear-tree took his stand,
 And dropp'd his wings, and tuned his little throat,
 To such a tender, soft, complaining note,
 So sweet ! so sad ! so tremulous ! I said,
 Surely he mourns the absent and the dead.

THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

No. IV.

THE natural tendency of the human mind to admire the performers of illustrious actions, and to forgive the faults of the historian in consideration of the great qualities of his hero, must have contributed very much to the astonishing approbation with which my friends and companions received my account of Fluffy Jack. Whether the energetic measures adopted by Mr Mullins in my behalf had any thing to do with the flattering unanimity which now prevailed in our society, I am not prepared to say; I shall only remark that it is an inestimable advantage for an author to have a powerful friend—a gentleman who will not only see no faults himself, but will wage undying war against any person who detects the slightest flaw. Such friendly critic I experienced in Mr Mullins, who undertook to wop any man of his weight who didn't confess that the narrative of Mr Winnles's adventures was the most admirable composition in the English language. Mr Mullins, I have before observed, is prodigiously strong, and a perfect master of the art of self-defence; and I was therefore unanimously declared to be the greatest author of ancient or modern times. It is probably not the first time in the history of English literature that the strength and resolution of a critic have made the fame of an author; for I have made the remark from my own personal experience, that an Englishman uniformly acts on the philosophical principle of a division of labour, and allows the tailor to make his clothes, the cook to dress his dinner, and the critic to furnish his judgment. And exactly in the same way as he feels a personal pride in the correct fit of Stulz, and the savoury skill of his domestic Ude, he plumes himself on the infallibility of his literary opinions—though perhaps as incapable himself of criticising as of cooking a French dinner, or cutting out a surtout. The only misfortune in my case is, that the influence of the respected Mullins does not extend beyond his own immediate sphere—so that I am perhaps in the situation of the literary protégé of some

country newspaper, who, on the strength of great laudations in the leading article, is considered by the old ladies of a whole country town on a level with the Lockharts and Wilsons of the rest of the world. Let me therefore study humility amid all this din of praise, and attribute a portion even of Mr Mullins's enthusiasm to the fact, that he is generally most decided in his commendations when the cold-without, with which he invigorates his eloquence, is drunk at my expense.

There was an interval of several weeks, during which I was much engaged with my professional duties, between the reading of my last biography and the next meeting of any considerable number of our society. We were dispersed in a great variety of directions, and it was only as the course of my journey drew me near Manchester, where I anticipated a very full assemblage, that I began to make preparations for another contribution to the literature of our circuit. So far from finding any difficulty in collecting materials, my only embarrassment was the selection of a subject, from the immense number of candidates who were submitted to my choice. Every person was anxious, apparently, for the honour of his predecessor, and some went even so far as to hint at retiring from the society, in order to be themselves the heroes of my succeeding histories, promising me ample details of their lives and adventures; but I determined to follow my own course, and to devote my attention to rescuing from oblivion the fate and fortunes of those who had left our circuit for some years, and to leave the present members altogether untouched. With this view I resolved to address myself to my worthy friend Mr Piper, requesting him to favour me with as many details as he was able of the circumstances attending the appearance amongst us of a very young gentleman, which had created a great sensation, many years before most of the present members had joined the society, and whose memory was still preserved among us by the

reputation he had left, of being the handsomest fellow ever seen upon the road, and the nickname to which his rank entitled him, of the "Court Card." Mr Piper was highly gratified with the opportunity I afforded him of getting quit of an immense weight of anecdote which had pressed upon him for many years; for he is unfortunately not gifted with eloquence in proportion to his information—his voice is weak and his modesty very remarkable—so that he has never had it in his power to entertain the circuit with his reminiscences; the conversation there, as in

most other places, being monopolized by gentlemen of powerful lungs and no bashfulness. The Court Card is, therefore, the hero of the following narrative, which, retaining all the facts communicated to me by my friend, I have taken the liberty of arranging in my own way; and this hint will perhaps be sufficient to account for a circumstance which at first sight might appear singular, that the story commences many years before the Court Card, or any other personages of the story, had any connexion with this honourable society.

CHAPTER I.

On the evening of the 10th day of September 1804, it was very evident that great events were expected in the fine old manor-house of Eresby. A splendid building it had been in the days of its first proprietors, with grand corridors and lofty halls—with rich tapestries hung upon the walls, and grotesquely-carved ornaments on the oak rafters of the ceilings; but time had had its usual effect on Eresby Manor, as well as on inferior things, and it had long fallen from its high estate, and settled into a sort of nondescript building, between a farmhouse and a ruin, never visited by its proprietor, and occasionally let by the tenant of the estate, who resided in a modern mansion at a great distance, to any one who was not deterred from inhabiting it by its extreme loneliness and its very dilapidated condition. It lies in a deep valley in one of the most beautiful districts of Devonshire, within a mile of the loveliest of all inland seas, the Bristol channel; and is surrounded on all sides by the most splendid scenery in England. But it was not the loveliness of the scenery that had tempted its present occupier to make it his abode; he seemed to have little appreciation of the natural advantages it possessed, except in so far as they extended his sports—for the gun and the fishing-rod seemed the principal objects of his attention; and by limiting his thoughts to these two admirable companions, he appeared to be totally independent of any other society. The inhabitants of a straggling line of houses which occupied

the whole course of the valley downwards to the sea, had at first wondered what could induce a gentleman of Mr Auriol's appearance to take up his quarters at the old manor; but gradually he had become a portion of their neighbourhood—as much so, indeed, as the old manor itself—and they would have now been equally astonished if Mr Auriol had ceased to occupy the house. His wife was seldom seen among the villagers; she seemed either very proud, or in very bad health; but still, as all that was known of her was her kindness to the poor when they were in distress, the coldness of her manner was forgiven, and the lady at the old house was quite as popular as her husband. They had now been settled at Eresby five or six years. They had seen nobody—for there are no families resident within several miles of the valley—except occasionally the clergyman of the parish, who, perhaps, called on them more as a professional duty than as a neighbourly compliment. And therefore, the events, whatever they were, which were now about to take place, were only of importance to the very limited circle in the neighbourhood of the house.

Mr Auriol sat beside a glorious wood fire, which was roaring and flashing up the prodigious chimney of the great dining-room, and throwing a fitful light on the prominent carvings on the rafters, leaving the deep recesses of the wainscoting in darkness—a poker, that most inestimable comforter of the afflicted, companion of the lonely, and refuge of

the idle, was from time to time vigorously applied to the larger logs, and that healthful occupation, alternated at intervals with a rapid walk through the immense apartment, served to work off some of the nervous excitement under which he was evidently labouring. He even went so far as to open the door, and listen in the deserted corridor, but it was impossible to hear any thing but the whistling of the autumn wind among the turnings and twistings of the passage. At last, as if unable to restrain himself any longer, he rang a large hand-bell, which stood in a small niche beside the door, and, as if satisfied with what he had done, returned to his employment of stirring up the fire.

The door in a short time was gently opened, and a little thick-set, rough-featured man walked towards the fireplace on tiptoe.

"It's all right, sir," he said. "I thought I'd just come up and tell you so myself. Never saw any thing going on better in my life."

"He! Mr Hookey," said Mr Auriol; "you're very good to take so much trouble—but be careful, sir," he added; "your responsibility on this occasion is awful, and failure may be attended with most appalling consequences."

Mr Hookey seemed struck with alarm at these pompously spoken words of Mr Auriol.

"Responsibility — consequences, sir?—I hope you don't—'pon my word, sir, I don't know"—

"Yes, sir, if you fail to exert your utmost skill—but no, it is too dreadful to contemplate the possibility of disappointment. I have always felt a conviction that a line that traced upwards through seven hundred years of fame and power, would not be allowed to fail!—I knew it! And now, after seven years of marriage—of hope delayed—to have my expectations gratified! I view it as an interposition of Providence, sir, and am grateful accordingly."

"You've great reason, Mr Auriol," replied Mr Hookey; "'twas the luckiest thing in the world I had settled at Risby-on-the-Sea, sir—you wouldn't have found another practitioner, sir, nearer than Barstibble, sir—and you couldn't have been luckier in a lady's

maid, sir. I thinks Miss Gribble a perfect treasure, sir."

"My wife has great confidence in her," said Mr Auriol, in a tone which showed that he did not share his wife's opinion of the merits of her attendant. "Is she better now?" he added; "'tis a pity she's so ill at this agitating moment."

"She'll kill herself, sir," replied Mr Hookey, "out of sheer regard to her lady. Such a creature I never saw. She'll be ill after it—I'm sure she will; but I'll order her to bed the moment the affair is over, and treat her as if she was as much an invalid as her missus. She's a perfect treasure, she is; and if I was a gentleman—a rich man I mean—I don't know what I wouldn't do to Miss Gribble—I don't indeed, sir."

But Mr Auriol was too deep in his own contemplations to pay much attention to the panegyrics of the voluble Mr Hookey.

"Hadn't you better go?" he said, in a tone that showed he was somewhat tired of his companion.

"Quite right, sir," replied that worthy gentleman, slipping out in the same noiseless manner as he had entered; "things are drawing so close I can't be spared from my post. It's a maxim with me—it ought to be so with all medical men, sir—never, on any account, or at any time"—

"To waste a moment in 'words when action' is needed," interposed Mr Auriol; "retire, sir—a chattering ignorant blockhead," he added, when his command had been obeyed, and he was reduced once more to the society of the poker; "but fortunately he has had great experience in matters of this kind, and all will go well. 'Twill be bad news for my lordly cousin at Lindores. He has been married twenty years, and has no children. How he'll envy my happiness. If it kills him; why"—a prodigious thump on a refractory log concluded the sentence; but it was very evident how the speech would have ended, if it had found vent in words. It was indeed a great day for Mr Auriol. Born of a younger branch of a noble Scottish house, a number of intermediate deaths had made him next heir to the title and estates of Lindores, when he was simply a lieutenant in a regiment of the line. The

chief of the family, with the predisposition—which he showed in common with most people—to hate his successor, was by no means soothed by the first proceedings of Mr Auriol. He received a legal notice from that gentleman not to proceed with some improvements on one of the estates, which some indiscreet friend had persuaded him would be hurtful to his interest. Lord Lindores vowed vengeance against the upstart relation, of whose very existence he had been ignorant till the extinction of another branch of the family, and a deadly feud existed between the cousins; for Mr Auriol, coming suddenly into such dazzling expectations, was filled with too great an idea of his own consequence to submit to any concession. He married the portionless daughter of an English baronet, sold out from the army, and retired, as we have seen, to the cheap solitude of Eresby Manor. Mrs Auriol had been a beauty, and had married the handsome lieutenant for love. Eresby at first, to a woman with no resources, who had been the ornament of ball-rooms, and had always felt miserable when alone, was worse than a nunnery or a prison. Love in a cottage, that she had pictured to herself in her dreams of romance, was a very different thing from matrimony in an old ruin, with three hundred a-year. Discontent made her fretful—her fretfulness made her husband unhappy; and though she still retained the inclination to please him, she had got so much out of the way of it, that she had nearly lost the power. She became cold in her manner to every body—even to her husband. But as it is impossible to exist without some person to share one's confidence, and as she had long found it impossible to rely entirely on Mr Auriol, she had made more a companion than a servant of Miss Gribble, who had officiated as her maid. Solitude gives a great advantage to a clever designing woman over a weak one; and in a short time the positions of these two women were exchanged in every thing but in name. The lady was under Miss Gribble's authority; and found it an iron yoke, which it would have been impossible to break, if she had had energy enough to wish

to try it. But of that there was no danger. Weak natures delight in being guided; and to Mrs Auriol emancipation would have been cruelty. Even the approaching event, which was to crown Mr Auriol's felicity, had no effect in softening her manner towards him. All his pristine tenderness was re-awakened; he saw a bright era of rank and honour opening before him;—he forgot all her chillness, and forgave every thing in the gladness of his gratified ambition; but she repelled him with coldness and reserve, and devoted herself more than ever to the society of her maid. Mr Auriol took to his fishing-rod and his gun again, and ceased from any further demonstrations of his affection. Married people's love is more tried by solitude than by misfortune. Domestic happiness always flourishes most in a populous neighbourhood. Perhaps these thoughts were passing through Mr Auriol's mind, for he was evidently in deep thought.

"All right, sir!" exclaimed our medical acquaintance, Mr Hookey, rushing into the room; "finest baby as ever was seen."

"What is it?" enquired Mr Auriol.

"A boy, sir; you're quite right, sir—a reg'lar trump, sir."

"Thank God!" said Mr Auriol solemnly, and covered his eyes with his hand. "Is it likely to live?"

"Live! what's to make it die, sir?—I'll insure its life for seventy years—it's an immense long-lived child, sir—shouldn't be surprised if it lived to a hundred, sir."

Mr Auriol looked in the face of the excited practitioner, and saw very evident symptoms of his extraordinary exertions. Other people might have supposed that brandy and water had something to do with the red cheek and flaming eye; but no suspicion crossed Mr Auriol's mind. He went to a table at the side of the fire, and filled up two glasses with wine. He gave one to Mr Hookey, and said, "I drink the health of Sholto Archibald Auriol, the future Lord Lindores."

"Quite right, sir," said Mr Hookey, emptying his glass; "I say amen to that—it's easier than saying the name, sir—amen."

CHAPTER II.

Year after year passed on, and still the old manor of Eresby was the residence of Mr Auriol. Some slight change had taken place in its appearance; for the loud voices of children were ringing through the old halls, the tapestries that used to hang in idle tatters were mended, a few articles of modern furniture introduced, and flowers were again cultivated in the long deserted garden. Yet, in spite of these improvements, and the companionship of Sholto Archibald and his little brother Walter, who was little more than a year younger, Mr Auriol found his situation almost as solitary as before. His wife had become more melancholy every year, and more under subjection to Miss Gribble; and if it had not been for the friendship that had sprung up between the young people and the children of Mr Waters, the clergyman, who resided at Ralston, about three miles farther down the coast, the retirement of the place would have been insupportable. A boy and girl composed the family at the parsonage—the boy the same age as Walter, and the girl a few years younger. A beautiful sight it was of a fine summer evening, to see Walter Auriol, and Henry and Emma Waters, in the old garden at Eresby Manor, their light forms and gay laughter contrasting strangely with the mouldering walls and moss-grown sundial. All the day long the three happy children seemed never to tire of running all over the choked-up alleys, and down to the brook that hid itself among the thick foliage of the old orchard; the elder brother, in the mean time, was instructed to think above these childish amusements, and Miss Gribble would have thought it beneath him to associate with the children of a simple vicar; accordingly, the young gentleman rarely joined them, unless to interfere with their sports—to show his superiority by making himself as disagreeable as possible. Fortunately Henry Waters discovered that the future noble was not so heroic as his rank would have required, and administered a drubbing that made him fly for protection to Miss Gribble; but he and his sister were instantly

banished from the old manor by that irate virago, and the life of young Walter made miserable by the loss of his companions. Mr Auriol would fain have interfered; but by long habitude he was so reconciled to the idea of sacrificing every thing for the sake of the heir of his name and honours, that he took no steps in the business. It was therefore left to the benevolent Mr Waters himself to soften the offended dignity of Miss Gribble by humble apologies, and by commanding his son to make his excuses to the injured tyrant; and after a while the ancient state of amity was restored. But there still lingered in the magnanimous bosom of Sholto a hatred mixed with fear—the bitterest hatred of all—towards both Henry Waters and his brother. But the two went on in their amusements, caring very little for his wrath; and at last, to the great delight of both parties, Mr Waters called one day at the manor, and offered, if Mr Auriol would entrust him with young Walter, to educate him along with his son. Walter was soon transferred to the parsonage, and only occasionally ran over to the manor. His reception on these occasions was not such as to endear his home to him very much. His brother was sulky and gloomy; Miss Gribble managed always to keep him from being alone with his mother; and his father was so absorbed in the contemplation of the future grandeur of his eldest son, that he paid no attention to the younger. Strange power of paternal pride! for Hyperion and a satyr were not more unlike than the two boys. The eldest was a short, square-built, low-featured individual, with harsh manners, and the vanity that consumed him impressed upon his whole appearance; while the other was a fine open-countenanced bold-eyed boy, uniting in himself the peculiar beauty of both his parents. If he could have seen the glow that came to the wasted cheek of his mother, and gave a new brightness to her eye when she saw him; if he had seen the pride that filled her as she heard his praises from Mr Waters; and had seen at the same time the timid look she directed to Miss Gribble, who had now

risen to be recognized as her friend and companion, he would not have left her, as he now too often did, with his heart bursting with sorrow at the coldness of her manner. He would have felt that she loved him; and would have known that she was only prevented from making him aware of the full extent of her tenderness, by a fear of being accused by Miss Gribble of neglecting her eldest son: for there are some low creatures who heap every thing on their favourites, and regard attention to another as an injustice to themselves.

"Oh, very well marm, I see how it is!" she said; "it's very evident to every body who *you* likes."

"Can you wonder at my liking Walter?" replied the lady submissively.

"Me wonder? Oh no; far be it from me to wonder at any thing of the kind! Mr Walter is far handsomer than the other—his brother, marm; his eldest brother—him as will be lord, marm. I'm not a-going to deny that; nor to wonder at it. Oh no! I only gives you notice that every body is a remarking of it—and it looks so unnatural not to like the heir the best—it is indeed, marm. I only advises you to hide your preference a little better, marm—that's all that I ever ventures to do—Wonder, marm? Oh no!"

"Well, don't I always show my preference to Sholto? Don't I keep the other away from me? and treat him coldly—harshly—till sometimes I ask myself, can I be his mother?"

"And what do you answer when you asks yourself that 'ere question, marm? Do you answer in the affirmative, as the Reverend Mr Cursandhowl at the chapel says—or do you answer in the negative? I advises you not to ask such extraordinary questions, marm, but pay a little more attention to your eldest born, that's what I advises—and moreover, and notwithstanding, as Mr Cursandhowl says, he's worth a million of that saucy jackanapes, and I thinks he would be better behaved if he stayed more constant at the house of the man of sin, as Mr Cursandhowl calls that wolf in sheep's clothing, Mr Waters—and did not keep running over here once or twice a fortnight. My young lord don't like it; and when the title comes, will keep him out of his sight—that I'm sure of, marm."

"I haven't seen him—no—not for a month" faltered the mother.

"Yes; but then you see Sholto every day—you can gaze in his beautiful face, and look in his beautiful eyes, and hear his beautiful voice. If ever there was a lord's son an angel, it's him as will be young Lord Lindores. I don't think I ever sees you a-kissing him. I really advises you, marm, to kiss the dear boy. It would look so motherly, marm; it would indeed." Mrs Auriol made no answer, but tears came to her eyes, and the amiable Miss Gribble pursued her triumph. "Oh! you're always so ready a-erying when I stands up for the eldest son; but I thinks it's my duty, marm, or the dear child would be neglected altogether. He has no friends but me, marm—no, not his own father and mother, marm, and that's what it is that makes me always take his part; and here he comes, marm; I hears his foot in the passage."

Mr Sholto Archibald Auriol here entered the room. He was now sixteen years of age, and might easily have passed for half a-dozen years older.

"Come in, my dear young master," said Miss Gribble; "your mother was just a-saying she was a-lon'ging to see you—wasn't you, marm?"

"Where's father?" said the youth, without paying any attention to Miss Gribble's address. "I don't care whether she was longing to see me or not—where's father, I say?"

"He has gone over to the parsonage, to bring the boys and Emma baak with him," said Mrs Auriol.

"Always the way. What are these Waterses always doing here?"

"That's the exact same thing as I was a-saying, sir, to your mother; it's a providential croincidence, as Mr Cursandhowl says"—

"Hold your tongue about such a low-born rascal," replied the youth. "A man wants to see father on business, he says, of importance"—

"Hadn't you better walk over to the parsonage, and bring them home?" said Mrs Auriol.

"Me!" replied the son; "I'll do nothing of the kind; a pretty thing to ask me to do—to go over to the parsonage, as if I was a common messenger!"

"A pretty thing indeed, marm," chimed in Miss Gribble, "as my

young master says. He has more pride, marm, than to demean himself in any way of the kind. He knows his station, marm, and I have always taught him never to let any body else forget it, marm, and that's more."

"But the business is of importance," said Mrs Auriol. "Where does the man come from?"

"What should I know?" replied Mr Sholto. "Do you think I talk to such fellows?"

"Well, some one had better be sent for Mr Auriol. He was to be back by twelve o'clock, and it's now nearly one. Are you sure they are not in the garden?"

"I don't know—and don't care," said the youth as he stalked out of the room. But whether from curiosity about the business of importance, whatever it was, or for the opportunity of being uncivil to his brother and the Waterses, he lounged towards the garden. At the end of the main walk he saw the party assembled; Mr Waters was among them; and the three young people were apparently as happy as youth and fine weather could make them. Mrs Auriol was in conversation with Mr Waters, when a sudden cessation in the joyous exclamations of the two attracted his attention. He looked down the walk and saw Sholto approaching, followed at no great distance by the stranger who had asked to see him; and had been directed towards the garden as the likeliest place to find him.

"This man wants to see you," said Sholto, placing his foot at the same time on a bunch of flowers which Emma had gathered to carry home.

"Who is it?" enquired Mr Auriol, whose solitude had made him too nervous to receive any one without trepidation.

"What should I know," replied the graceful youth; "can't you ask him?"

The stranger by this time approached, and lifted his hat with a profound obeisance.

"I'm sent here by the great W.S.'s of Edinbro, Multiplepointings and Hornings—ye'll maybe hae heard tell o' them—they're well-kent in the Court o' Session—to tell ye that Lord Lindores is dead!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the astonished auditor.

"There's nae doubt on the pint. Here's a legal certification of the de-

mise; and our offish has ta'en possession till your lordship gangs down to the Castle."

It was the first time Mr Auriol had been addressed by his title, and he started. He had some thoughts of diving into his pocket for half-a-crown to reward the messenger; but on reflecting that Messrs Multiplepointings and Co. would probably take good care of themselves in their bill, he resolved to save the useless expense.

"This is quite unexpected. What would you advise me to do, Mr Waters?"

"Your lordship should lose no time in entering on possession. I should recommend you going to Edinburgh immediately, to put yourself in communication with your agents. There will probably be a number of forms to go through; and whenever the business part of the arrangement is completed, I shall be very happy to go down as escort to Lady Lindores."

"Nobody wants any service of the kind," interposed Sholto. "Mother can take good enough care of herself; and old Gribble can manage it all."

"You should thank Mr Waters for his offer, Sholto."

"Why should I?—His journey would be at our expense, I s'pose—and I won't have it; and that's enough."

"I'm afraid we must not contradict the Master of Lindores," said his lordship apologetically, "on this happy occasion. I think I shall start this very hour."

"I've gotten a poshaise at the yett," said the messenger; "if you like we can get in't as far as Brunstiple."

"Lord Lindores and I shall go inside," said Sholto; "and, as for you, you can either walk or hang on behind, whichever you like."

"I wad like to ken wha ye are, young man, afore I answer the observations you've made to the society. Ye'll be the wallet, may be, or his lordship's body futman? Noo, if such is the case, I gie ye fair notice, that if ever yer ugly mooth is opened!"

"That is my son, sir," interrupted Lord Lindores, who dreaded the beligerent propensities of the Scotch messenger—"my eldest son, sir; the Master of Lindores."

"That! I wadna hae believed it; but, if such is the case, I humbly ask his pardon; and beg to assure him, if I hadna been misled by his beha-

viour and appearance, I wadna hae treated him with such disrespect. But we shouldna lose time with clishmaclavers. The suner your lordship gets down to the north, the better for a' concerned."

"You are quite right Mr—ah—ah!"

"Morrison's my name—George or Geordie—it's a' the same thing in the north."

"Well, Mr Morrison, I shall merely go and announce this important intelligence to my wife; and we shall then start immediately."

"Peremptorie et sine mora; and that's baith good sense and good Latin," replied the legal Mr Morrison, as, along with the rest of the party, he proceeded to the house.

In the great dark dining-room they found Lady Lindores propped up in a large old-fashioned arm-chair, and Miss Gribble, as usual, at her side.

"I've come to wish you joy, my dear," said Lord Lindores, holding out his hand; "and to present our two boys to you in their new rank—the Master of Lindores, and the Ho-

nourable Walter Auriol. My cousin is dead, and I have succeeded to the title and estate."

By a great effort the lady raised herself in her chair, and, holding out her arm, said, "Come to me—come to me."

Her eyes were fixed on Walter; but Miss Gribble interposed with her sharp shrill voice.

"Sholto, go to your mother. It was Sholto you called, marm—your eldest son—I think I was right, marm—warn't I?"

"I don't want to go to her," said Sholto. "I hate all that sort of nonsense."

But Walter had flung himself into his mother's arms.

"Very well, marm—very nat'ral, indeed," continued Miss Gribble: "You're always a-kissing that favourite boy of yours, and neglecting my young lord—people notices it, I assure ye, marm." But the effort had been too great for the invalid's strength; and Miss Gribble's indignant eloquence fell upon unhearing ears. Lady Lindores had fainted.

CHAPTER III.

About eight years after these events, a traveller arrived by coach at a village in the north of Scotland, and after depositing a carpet-bag of very slender dimensions in the bar of the humble Public, proceeded up a splendid avenue towards a noble house in the centre of a park. The deer were resting under the fine old trees, and the pedestrian himself was the only object in motion in all the landscape. It was not long, however, before another figure was seen coming in the opposite direction, looking anxiously forward as if in expectation of a meeting; and at a bend of the avenue the woman—for to the softer sex the individual evidently belonged—turned aside towards a clump of trees, to which she was soon followed by the other.

"You've come, I see," said the sharp voice of Miss Gribble—"it would have been better if you had stayed away."

"You're quite right, my dear—quite right in saying that I've come,"—answered the man; "but about the other part of your speech time will show."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Money—lots of it, and soon.—Come, come, old gal, this here aint the way to receive an affectionate, loving, tender, hus"—

"Silence!" almost shrieked the bashful Miss Gribble—"remember your engagement. What money do you want? You've had all I can scrape together already."

"Gammon that is;—I say again, that 'ere's gammon; and, to make matters perfectly secure, I repeat it for the third and last time, that 'ere is gammon. Now do you understand?"

"What can I do? My lord is so close, and my lady wont stand it much longer"—

"Why, how much has the young cove at Oxford?"

"Four hundred a-year. It was to have been six, but Sholto persuaded his father to give him two of it."

"He did, did he? he's a clever 'un, that 'ere. Then I 'spose he gets on precious well himself. What's the ticket for him?"

"He has a thousand a-year independent—and his brother's two hundred"—

"And the run of the house?—Then I'll tell you what I wants. I must have three hundred a-year paid reg'lar, or I'll publish our certificate, and have you away to keep house for me, like a honest woman should. You've laid by a trifle, I s'pose?"

"Not a penny.—That boy would beguile a bird from a tree, and never leaves me a shilling."

"What boy?"

"Sholto."

"He'd be a rare hand at the poaching, if he's such a clever 'un at getting the birds from their perch. But see that I don't play a trick with the perches you're all on here, if you don't stump up handsome, as I have told you. What's three hundred a-year? Why, nothing. Sholto could pay it all himself, and never feel the loss. But as I likes that 'ere feller—I do indeed, Hannah—I'll let him off easy. Let him pay two hundred, and the young blood at Oxford, one. And any little thing extra I may want must come from you; and I know you won't grudge it, will you, old gal?"

"I tell you it's impossible.—Sholto is above my management."

"Then you must screw the old lady."

"I have told you she can't bear it long. She'll die."

"You're quite right, my dear. Always so sensible,—and if she dies—what then?"

"Even as it is, he hates me; and wants to turn me out of the castle."

"He does, does he?—I like him.—He's a trump. And do you think of going, Hannah? If you do, your faithful Joseph's arms are open to receive you—and his purse empty; Hannah—I conclude you don't intend to leave the castle?"

"He may drive me"——

"Oh no, he mayn't—I know better than that!" said the man, with a low laugh. "Your roots are pretty deep in the soil here; and a rare good soil it seems. I shouldn't care to be transplanted here myself. Do you think I should flourish, Hannah? But come, my dear, do you agree to what I ask?"

"I can't, I tell you. I can't raise half the money. Will you take a hundred every year? I think I could give you that?"

"Do you think me a fool, Hannah? I never used to be thought so. No, no, once for all, is it a bargain—yes or no?"

"I tell you it can't be done. My lady has sold her jewels already to supply you. What have you done with the money?"

"Think of my charities, Hannah—with all my subscribings to useful knowledges, and orphan asylums, and all the societies—you don't know nothing about the pleasures of them praiseworthy actions," said the man with a sneer—"Do you think money can last a man for ever? But don't trifle any longer. The money I must have. If you don't get it me I must raise it myself. Can I see your mistress?"

"My lady you means—no."

"Oh, you're positive?—I'm not to see her?"

"No—you shan't see her," said Miss Gribble.

"Then I'm afraid our marriage can't be kept secret much longer," said the man; "and you'll have to change your name, my bride, my beautiful," he added, putting his arm round her waist.

"I shall deny every thing. You've no proof."

"I've proof of that, Hannah, and a few queer things besides. Bess Hallet, our charming bridesmaid, is still alive. I saw her at Eresby a month ago. Can I see your mistress, I say?"

"You'll only see a corpse if you force your way into her room. She's so weak, the smallest start would kill her."

"Well, I recollects when I was in the medical profession, I had no objection to see a interesting subject. But I've given up them scientific pursuits, and limit my labours to the brute creation, and will therefore see the young lord. It would really be a pleasure to meet him; he must be such a reg'lar swell. Them high-born chaps always is—only they're rather inclined to look down on the plebeians, as if they were only fit to be walked on. I will see him"——

"Oh no—for any sake—for my sake"——

"Oh, goodness me!—why didn't you mention it afore? For *your* sake? What a sweet gal you are, Hannah! I'm sure you'll dub up that 'ere three hundred pounds. I needs it, I assure you. I'm going into partnership in a very grand concern, and want to appear the perfect gentleman that I am

in reality; related, by George, to half the noble families in the kingdom. Have we any marquises in our family, Hannah? If we have, name them, that I mayn't appear uncivil to our connexions."

"Oh, how can you talk so, knowing the situation we are in?"

"A very good situation it is, Hannah; so just let me see the young nobleman. I am sure he wouldn't hesitate to advance such a trifle to such a regular aristocratical individual as your doting hus"—

"Yoicks! yoicks!" cried a voice at this moment, which Miss Gribble in an agony of apprehension recognized to be that of the Master of Lindores. "Ferret 'em out, Rover! at 'em, Neptune! I saw a bonnet in this copse, and a he fellow close beside it. Ride round, George," he continued to his attendant, who was also on horseback; "the rascal is perhaps setting snares. Yoicks! yoicks! set the dogs on the woman; tear her down, Rover!" The dogs rushed up the little footpath that led into the copse, while the manly sportsman rode round and round, cracking his whip and hallooing them on. The agitated Gribble ran for protection close to her companion, who, with a couple of blows with a stout stick he held in his hand, sent the two dogs howling out of the covert. As if his blood was up from the encounter, he pursued the retreating assailants down the walk, and at the end of it perceived his way blocked up by Sholto and his horse. He rushed forward, and seizing the rein, raised his stick. "You cowardly scoundrel," he said, "how dare you set your dogs on me?"

"Hold! hold!" cried the young lord. "George! whip him off—the man will murder me."

"'Twould serve you right if I did, you unnatural whelp; but as I can make more use of you if you live, you're safe. Do you know me, sir?"

"No—I never saw you—indeed, I did not. Let go my horse, he'll rear and fall with me. Do let him go!"

"There! and now look again. Did you never see me at Eresby manor?"

The young gentleman withdrew his horse a yard or two, and recovered his courage when he found himself out of reach of the stranger's cudgel.

"No, you poaching scoundrel!" he said. "I'll have you transported for

this. I don't care whether I ever saw you at Eresby manor or not; but I'll teach you to come here attempting to murder a nobleman on his own estate—I will. George!" he added, to the domestic, who had stayed at a little distance, in the earnest expectation and hope of seeing his master well thrashed by the stranger—"flog out the woman; let us see who the companion of this villain is."

George, upon this, put his horse over the low fence, and in a few minutes Miss Gribble walked out of the copse.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the young noble—"Old Gribble, upon my 'soul!'—So, so, old woman, you go a courting in rare fashion, and choose most respectable beaux, I must say. Go home this moment, and pack up, and be off: You shan't sleep another night in the castle; and as for this fellow, he shall be snug enough in two hours from this time in jail. Off, I say."

"Don't ye move, Hannah, now—don't ye," said the man; "and as for you, Short-toe, or whatever your name is—for I have forgotten it, though I was at the christening, too—my beautiful Hannah here—the charming creatur—will have a few minutes' conversation with you, and deliver a message from me—won't you lovey?—that will maybe hinder you from breaking in on the private flirtations of two lovers like her and me?"

"Lovers—ha! ha!—get out, I tell you; and, George, ride down to the village, and tell them to put this vagabond in the stocks. I'll make oath against him when he is once caught, and he'll have good-luck if he escapes Botany Bay."

"Oh, Sholto, be wise—be kind—there's a sweet, winsome darling. You can't be so cruel—I know you can't."

"Can't I?—I'll soon show you that; and, unrolling his long whip, he kept his horse well in hand, and applied the lash very vigorously to the cheek of the stranger.

"You will, will you?" exclaimed the man, smarting under the stroke. "'Tis the dearest blow you ever struck; and now, Hannah, lovey, I shan't trouble you to speak to the young gentleman: I'll have a little conversation in a week or two with the old lord myself."

"Oh, no, no!—spare us—spare us," cried Gribble, holding out her

hands in supplication; but the stranger, casting a scowl of mingled scorn and hatred on the sneering face of Sholto, turned suddenly down the path, and walked rapidly away."

"Don't follow him, Sholto, darling—he'll kill you! He's a dangerous man. You don't know him—you don't, indeed."

But perhaps the sturdy figure and stout staff of the stranger had as much effect in hindering Sholto's pursuit as the adjuration of Miss Gribble; and in a short time the park was left to the undisturbed possession of the deer, as it had been before the incidents of the last half hour. The entreaties of the now humble Gribble had been insufficient to mollify her young master's wrath on their way to the castle. He jumped from his horse, and hurried into the house. "Mother," he said, bursting into the room where Lady Lindores was busy writing, "you either part with Gribble or with me. One of us must leave the place this day."

The lady looked at the face of her attendant, but gathered nothing from its perturbed expression.

"What is it?" she enquired—"what has happened? You alarm me."

"I caught her in company with a thief of a fellow who tried to murder me; but I horsewhipped the rascal as he deserved. He said he knew me at Eresby, but I never saw the villain; and Gribble encouraged him in his assault."

"At Eresby?—In heaven's name who was the man? Hannah, tell me—conceal nothing."

"Your son, marm, will tell you all. He won't attend to a word I tells him. It would be wiser for him to be quiet; wouldn't it, marm?"

"Who was it from Eresby that said he knew him?"—pursued the lady—"Do not keep me in suspense. Who was it?"

The attendant stooped down and whispered in her ear.

"Can it be?" said Lady Lindores, as if thinking aloud. "But why am I surprised? Have I not known it would come? Has not the present moment haunted me for years?—and a worse moment than this which is still to come. I have seen it, as plainly as now that it approaches. But let it come. I am prepared."

"Sholto," said Miss Gribble, "I

thought you would be kinder to your old nurse, that has known and loved you ever since you were born. Can you bear anger against me, and part with me in hatred?"

"To be sure, I can; I only wish the dogs had torn you down as I told them. Off you march, old woman, bag and baggage; and if I catch you in the house again, down stairs you go, or out of the window."

"And your mother, sir," enquired Miss Gribble, "what will she do without my help? She's ill now, and my lord is feeble. They need my care. Would you turn me off in old age to poverty?"

"To the poor-house; but let us have no stuff like that about your poverty—I'll be bound you, and that scoundrel who tried to kill me, have feathered your nests; but I'll have your boxes searched before you go. There's no use in letting you off with all the spoons."

"And you'll never relent?"

"Never! Come, troop—or"—

"Would you lift your hand to a woman?—to me!"

"Only to help you off—right about wheel—left shoulder forward—quick march!"

But Gribble raised herself to her full height, dashing aside his hand, and in her usual bitter unfaltering tone, with no remains of the deprecatory manner she had assumed, said—

"So you are going to turn me off, are you? Oh, very natural—but p'raps not so easy. And you'll be living in this grand house when I'm in the poor-house?—for my lord is dying, and you'll soon be a nobleman yourself; never thinking of poor old Gribble in her wretched dwelling. Let me have a minute's talk with you before I go, and show no airs to me, sir. Come with me this minute—do you hear, sir?—Come!"

Whether from the force of long custom which led him to obey, or that he was subdued by the determined energy of her manner, he followed her submissively from the room, and Lady Lindores was left alone.

"This then strengthens me in my design," she said as she resumed her pen. "I shall write for Mr Waters to visit me here. The advice of a wise and good man will save me from madness. Oh, that I had opened my heart to him before!"

CHAPTER IV.

There was a pleasant sound of summer rain as it pattered upon the broad leaves of a rustic arbour in the garden of Ralston parsonage; and few people would suspect that the two full-grown individuals, so comfortably sheltered within it, were the boy and girl who so many years before had loved each other as playfellows—Walter Auriol and Emma Waters. Years that had increased their stature seemed to have had also a strengthening effect on their affections; and it was evident to any one who might take the trouble to observe it, that they did not care how long the shower continued, to which they were indebted for so interesting a *tête-à-tête*; and probably they might have believed it was still pouring cats and dogs long after the sky was clear and blue again, had they not been disturbed by the voice of Mr Waters calling Walter as loud as he was able. The lovers paced slowly up the walk; and as perhaps descriptions of beauty are generally best omitted, I shall only say that it is not much to be wondered at if the eyes of the old man brightened as he saw so beautiful a sight. “A letter,” he cried, as they drew near; “an epistle, Walter, as crabbed as Greek, but yet I think I can decipher it without a lexicon.”

“Is it for me?” enquired Walter.

“Or to me, papa?” said Emma.

“Perhaps both are so interested in it,” replied the old man with a smile, “that you may dispute my right to it; but it is certainly addressed to me.”

“But about us?—It is no ill-natured objection from the north, I hope?”

“It is certainly from the north,” said Mr Waters, “and apparently is not ill-natured. It is only an invitation for you to go and join the circle in the Commercial Room for two days at the Spotted Dog in Congleton.”

“Oh, an anonymous hoax of some jealous Cantab,” said Walter, apparently relieved; “some person, envious of my present happiness, wishes to have a laugh against me. I think, if that be all, we may continue our ramble in the garden.”

Emma had taken his arm, and the lovers were on the point of tripping off, when Mr Waters stopped them:

“No, Walter; although the letter

is anonymous, I have a strong impression that it is no hoax; and my advice, my request to you is, that you lose no time in accepting the writer's invitation.”

“At the Spotted Dog in Congleton!—and you turn me from your door on such a fool's errand? Isn't it, Emma?”

It was very evident that Miss Emma thought it one of the greatest cases of oppression recorded in history; but her father interposed—“Don't think I turn you away, my dear Walter, unless for your own good. A week will enable you to ascertain the writer's object, and you can then come back to us—never to leave us again. Your parents have most unaccountably thrown you off, and bestowed all their affection on your brother.”

“Oh no!” said Walter; “it is by the authority that designing old woman Gribble has obtained over my mother, that all this apparent unkindness is produced. If she were once disposed of, my home would be a very different place.”

“I much fear Sholto supports her in her tyranny over your mother: but mention is made of them both in this mysterious letter, and therefore you had better be off at once. I will walk with you to the village, and we can examine the epistle by the way.”

A very few days saw Mr Walter Auriol in Congleton. He was received by the gentlemen of the circuit with the urbanity and politeness which have at all times been characteristic of their profession; and made himself so agreeable by his wit and pleasantry, that on discovering that he was merely a volunteer upon the road, he was unanimously admitted as an honorary member of the society. He had been three days at the inn, and was anxiously on the look-out for some recognition from his anonymous letter-writer; and at the end of the third evening had nearly determined to return to Devonshire, and no longer be the dupe of what he now felt certain was a hoax, when he was summoned from the room, and hurried to a post-chaise that was drawn up ready for starting at the door.

“Quite right, sir,” said a man, well

wrapt up as if in expectation of a night journey, in the inside; "this is the ticket, and no mistake. Here's all your toggery—not forgetting a nightcap, and flask of rum."

"But stop a moment," said Walter; "are you the person who wrote"—

"The letter to old Waters. Jump in. I'm the boy, and no other. I'll tell you all about it as we go. I was detained a day or two settling a few things in Edinburgh; but now it's all right. Drive on, post-boy."

The man was very respectful in his manner towards his young companion, but refused to satisfy his curiosity on the subject of the journey. As if to make up, however, for his silence on that point, he was very communicative on all others. He extolled, with many just encomiums, the distinguished circuit which, it appeared, he had belonged to for several years. He was also enthusiastic in his descriptions of the wonderful efficacy of some cattle medicines, of which he himself was the inventor; and told many marvellous anecdotes of their success. And in the midst of these interesting revelations, and of various conjectures, none of which, however, were at all near the truth, Walter in due course of time arrived in Edinburgh; and, after a few hours' delay, proceeded further northward, till on the evening of the third day after leaving Congleton, he saw the towers of Lindores Castle rising proudly above their surrounding woods. "If you'll just step up the avenue," said his companion, when they had arrived at the village, near the gate, "I will follow you in ten minutes; and take care of that 'ere copse on the left hand: it's been a most misfortunate place to one young gentleman I knows of. But I'll pay him off; won't I? that's all."

Walter walked up the avenue, and entered his father's house, into which he had not been admitted for several years, without any feeling towards it as to a home. Nay, at that moment his thoughts reverted to a small straw-roofed cottage, in a pretty little garden in Devonshire, very close to an old church; and he fancied he saw the waving of a very small white hand out of the flower-covered lattice. But fancies of the kind were soon driven out of his head. There was no one in the spacious hall. He walked forward to the great library, and, on entering

it, was surprised beyond measure to see Lord Lindores, now very feeble both in body and mind, seated in his arm-chair, and, standing close beside him, the venerable form of Mr Waters.

"My lord, are you prepared to receive him? He has this moment entered the house."

"Who? Sholto?" replied the old lord, in a voice of alarm. "No—no—since it has come to this, tell the young man I decline to see him—he is so violent."

"I don't mean him, my lord—but your son, Walter; he has been too long neglected; but I can answer for him that his heart is, at this moment, glowing with affection to your lordship."

"Is it?—Can he forgive me, do you think? but he was always a noble, manly boy—I wonder we did not see it all before. Is Gribble gone?"

"Yes—for a fortnight she has left the house, but we expect her every hour. But your lordship hasn't welcomed your son. Come forward, Walter."

Walter stepped forward, noiselessly, to his father's chair. The old man looked at him for a long time, with eyes in which recognition seemed to return very slowly. At last he held out his hand, and, in a trembling voice, said, "Do you forgive me, Walter? We have used you ill. How could I be blind so long to the bold eyes and proud bearing of the Auriols? Are you sure Sholto is gone, Mr Waters?"

"No, my lord, Sholto is not gone," said that individual himself, walking fiercely into the room, and casting looks of hatred on the trio—"and more than that, Sholto does not mean to go. I despise the trumped-up stories of a set of discarded domestics, and detected poachers;—and as to this youth, this Walter, I order"—

"What is all this?" exclaimed Walter: "I have borne your insolence, as an elder brother, too long. I have never found you any thing, from my earliest years, but a bully and an enemy; but now I warn you to desist from your mean machinations. Though you are my senior, and will be chief of the family"—

"My dear Walter," interposed Mr Waters, "moderate your choler. The person you address is unworthy of your notice. He is not your brother."

"No—he is not your brother," stammered out the old lord. "Don't

say a word, Sholto;—I tell you he is not your brother. The lawyer will be here immediately."

"And what do I care for lawyers?" said Sholto;—"for four-and-twenty years I have been recognised by father and mother.—I defy you to prove the story that has been raised to ruin me, by a set of wretches, probably bribed to the deed by this unprincipled boy, and a greedy priest, his accomplice. Why don't you confront me with my mother?"

"It is what we intend to do immediately," said Mr Waters; and, in a few hurried words, explained to Walter the cause of his arrival. He told him also that Lady Lindores, though dreadfully agitated, was impatient to embrace him. Walter would have hurried immediately to her room, but was prevented by the entrance of a stout middle-aged man, with a large roll of paper in his hand. "Yer servant, gentlemen; I couldna find ony body to announce me, so I maun act the part of bellman to mysel'. I'm George Morrison, W.S., olim clerk in the house of Multiplepointings and Hornings, but now set up for many years in business on my ain account. Yer servant, Mr Waters, I had aince the pleasure of seein' you before; and yours, Mr Walter,—I mind you weel, and the bonny bit lassie you were so gleg on, yon time, in Eresby garden. As for this young lad, I aye thocht he was my lord's footman;—and noo, that we a' ken each other, we'll proceed with the business:—"

"This is a declaration made by the right honourable Louisa Lady Lindores, that, by the instigation of the devil, and the advice of a single woman of the name of Hannah Gribble, she did, in the year 1804, for the purpose of securing an heir to the title, and thereby gaining the lost affections of her husband, falsely pretend to give birth to a male child. That the said child was the son of the aforesaid Hannah Gribble; and that the said Hannah has always hitherto prevented the deponent from confessing this horrible imposture by threats and intimidation; and the said right honourable Louisa Lady Lindores further declareth, that she was, in a year thereafter, the mother of a man child called Walter; and, therefore, that the said Walter is true and lawful heir to the title and estates of Lindores."

"Then follows a great deal of particulars," continued Mr Morrison;—"but that's the pith of the matter. Here comes a second declaration from the aforesaid Hannah Gribble; then a third declaration from the medical attendant at the time; and, fourthly, a declaration from one Bess or Elizabeth Hallet, who was employed as nurse."

"They are all forgeries," exclaimed Sholto;—"it's a base conspiracy, and I'll have you all hanged!"

"Quite right, gentlemen," said the stout old man who had accompanied Walter from Congleton. "If that feller says he'll hang ye, he'll do it if he can; but p'raps it aint so easy to get a rope about respectable gentlemen's throats as the young rascal thinks. Do you see this whip-mark on my face, ye young dog?"

"You're the poaching scoundrel I found in one of my copses on this estate," answered Sholto; "I wish it had been leaded, and gone into your brain."

"Here's a feller!" exclaimed the stranger; "'pon my davy, if I warn't bald, the unnaitral willain would make my hair stand on end. Gentlemen, you wouldn't believe in such iniquity; for my part, I think the world is coming to an end. This here sarcy jack-erneps calls his respected parents all manner of names; and, after telling his venerable mother she was a precious sight worse than she ought to be, he ups with his whip and gives his own father a cut on the cheek, as it he had never heerd tell of the fifth commandment."

"What do you mean, you poaching scoundrel?—I struck nobody but you."

"I knows you didn't; but I forgives ye, boy: we forgive a great deal to our own flesh and blood—don't we, Hannah, lovey?"

The lady, as if appearing at this adjuration, rushed forward. Lord Lindores involuntarily shuddered as he saw the sharp features of the dreaded Gribble, but sank again into the state of apathy, from which it was difficult to rouse him for more than a minute at a time.

"Oh Sholto, you never would believe I loved ye; you rejected all my caresses. Ah, you wouldn't have done so if you had know'd it was your mother—would you, darling?" She

tried to put her hands round his neck, but he pushed her from him.

"Remember, I'm the Master of Lindores," he said.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, "I told ye what a unnaitral feller he was. *He* the Master of Lindores!—He's *my* son. I claim him, and I'll prove I'm the father of him—though that 'ere aint much to boast of in any court in England. *He* the Master of Lindores!—he aint master of a sixpence; but still naitral affection is powerful; and therefore, although he haint no right to my name, not being born, Mr Waters, in the bonds of holy wedlock, still, as Hannah and me married shortly after, I'll allow him to belong to my family. Gentlemen, I beg to introduce you to Short-toe Hookey, Esquire."

"Hookey!" exclaimed Lord Lindores, in whose memory the sound awakened some "echoes that had been silent long." "Hookey! that's the name of the surgeon who attended Lady Lindores at the birth of my son Sholto; I called him Sholto, for it's an old name with us and the Douglasses. The thirteenth baron was a Sholto—he died at Flodden."

"Quite right, sir; you and I had a glass of wine on that happy occasion; and I humbly thank you for all your kindness to the young man ever since. Short-toe, have ye no gratitude, you rascal?"

"Gratitude!—curses on all your heads; but I defy your plots. I shall take possession of my rightful inheritance whenever the greyhaired dotard beside you dies. In the mean time, I shall order the domestics to flog you from the door;" and for that benevolent purpose he hurried from the room.

"Won't you kiss your mother afore ye go?" said Mr Hookey. "'Pon my life, Hannah, that 'ere boy does no credit to his edication. If I found him a clever 'un, I'd stock him with cow-medicines, and set him up as a doctor in New South Wales; for as to myself, I think I shall retire from the profession, and live comfortably on the allowance Mr Morrison has secured me."

"Hush, man!" said Mr Morrison; "eat your pudding, but say nothing about the dirty dish ye get it frae. Your income shall be regularly paid; and now, I think, nothing remains to be done but to wish joy to the new-found Master of Lindores."

When it came to Mr Waters's turn to shake his hand,—"*Walter*," he said, "you are now the beloved son of your parents. Rich in their affections, and the power of doing good, you have not a wish ungratified."

"Oh yes! I have, though," said *Walter*; and whispered a few words, among which decidedly the most audible was "*Emma*;" and as Mr Waters shook his hand with a still warmer emphasis than before, there is every reason to conclude that the observation, whatever it was, met with his full approval.

Mr Hookey retired from the Circuit, and it is conjectured that he in reality carried his intention of sending his son to New Holland into effect; and I am happy to say that *Walter*, now Lord Lindores, continues his name on our books as an honorary member, and only last Christmas sent to our annual dinner at the Hen and Chickens a haunch of venison and a large assortment of game.

CABUL AND AFFGHANISTAN.

THE strong interest which our Indian affairs have assumed, and their real importance to the public, induce us to recur to them once more. Whatever influence public opinion ought to exert on national measures, ought to be grounded on solid information, and this it has been our purpose to give from sources at once the most exact and the most diversified.

The defeat in Affghanistan has now become fully known, and painfully as that defeat must be felt by the country, and deeply as we must lament the loss of brave men in any field, we certainly are not disposed to regard it as the sweeping misfortune which it has been described. We grieve over the fall of our officers and men; but we have the consolation, that it was unconnected with any circumstance of dishonour—that it was not disgraced by perfidy in the officers or disaffection in the men—that it was no more than a casualty of war, and that even the casualty arose much more from the too great security which habitual conquest has taught our troops, than from either the superior bravery of the enemy, or treachery among the Sepoys, or a failure of military spirit, tending to shake our established reputation in the great peninsula.

It is perfectly plain that the whole calamity was the mere effect of surprise, and the surprise the mere effect of a too great reliance on the honesty of the native court, and a too complete contempt for the power of the populace of Affghanistan. Hitherto all the earlier part of the catastrophe remains obscure. Whether the Governor-General had received any information of the intended rising, or whether the Residents in Cabul and Candahar were hoodwinked by the ministers of the Shah, or whether the Shah himself was a dupe or a deceiver, are points which cannot yet be ascertained. In the present want of information, we feel it more respectful to the feelings of friends and relations, which must be hurt by the premature censure of

gallant and accomplished men, to leave the subject as it lies, and look to the general features of our conduct on the Indus.

The writer of the Narrative to which we are about to be indebted for the chief detail of the campaign, was in a situation which might enable an intelligent man to form conceptions of the truth scarcely to be expected from the military or diplomatic servants of the Company. He was the Chief of the Medical Staff of the Bombay Division of the Army of the Indus, and the letters which form his volume were written on the spot to his relatives; and written, of course, under the fresh impressions of circumstances; and doubtless also must convey a good deal of the feeling among the superior officers, with whom the chief of so important a department must have associated.

Dr Kennedy on his round of hospital inspection had suddenly received an order to "join headquarters forthwith." He obeyed: and from Bombay he embarked, "on a calm and bright starlight night," November 21, 1838, for the Sind service. Steam is now nearly as common in India as in England, and they make it keep up its character as, what Burke called it, "the most gigantic drudge in the world." The *Semiramis* of 780 tons, with two engines each of 150 horsepower, was ordered to take a portion of the expedition in tow. The Commander-in-Chief and his personal staff were embarked on board the steamer. Off she set, with the *Tapty*, a gun-brig of 175 tons, towed at a distance of fifty fathoms; behind the *Tapty*, at a distance of forty fathoms, was towed a large *muscil bugla*, or transport, of 120 tons; and thirty fathoms further still, a pinnacle of forty tons, intended as a present for Runjeet Sing. This was a fleet which would never have been dreamt of but for the steam-engine. "The strain on the steamer may be imagined, when dragging such a weight, and at such a

length, through a head sea, and against a stiff breeze direct a-head, through the whole voyage." But the *coir* ropes were not accustomed to this tremendous work; and the moment the power of the steamer was felt, the hawsers snapped assunder "like threads." Fortunately they were near enough to the Bombay dockyard to repair their loss; and it seems fortunate also that they did not do worse than snap, for the recoil of a rope thus broken is not much less dangerous than a cannon-shot. The steamer still occupies, and justly, the writer's imagination:—

"The night passed, and the morning found us in the open sea. Before us seemed to *stand* the steamer. Not a motion was perceptible in her masts and yards; their black lines streaked across the blue sky, as firmly fixed to the eye as if she had been at anchor. And yet the waves foamed and rolled past her as she ploughed her undeviating, unalterable course, with steady keel, through a turbulent sea and directly against the wind, with a permanent and unchanging speed of about four and a half miles an hour. The naval diableries of the old sea-legends, the demon frigate, and the 'Shippe of Helle,' seemed realized before us. I was never tired of looking at it."

He recommends the purchase of the decayed Portuguese settlements of Diu, Goa, and others, as the first step to destroying the Portuguese slave-trade from Mozambique, and next as another of policy, that the Indians should not see the flag of any other power than our own waving in British India. These towns still exhibit some striking specimens of church architecture. A Portuguese naval officer at Goa once said to him, when admiring one of the churches there—"If our ancestors had built forts and trained battalions, as your early governments did, instead of wasting their resources on churches and monks, we might have been what you are."

The Doctor says, "perhaps they might." But we do not think with him. It was *not* by forts and troops that England obtained possession, or keeps possession, of India. It was by the general justice of government, by the integrity of her civil officers, and by the energy of her national

character. The troops and forts were doubtless of infinite value when the struggle of war came; but it is the struggle of peace that tries the government of colonies. There no nation but the British has ever succeeded. Nearly all the European powers have had great colonies, and in succession have lost them. The conquest was always the easiest part of the achievement; the retention was the true difficulty; and the colonies either sank into sluggish and useless dependencies, or changed masters and never returned. To make the Portuguese permanent lords of India, they must have been Portuguese no longer. In India they only pursued the same conduct which they had done in Europe; and the slave of the monk in one peninsula was naturally the slave of the monk in the other.

As they passed along the coast, they came abreast of Somnath Patton, whose temple, dedicated to Shiva, ("the lord of the moon,") was the object of Mohamed of Ghizni's first invasion of India in the eleventh century. The Moslems, after ravaging the country, on arriving at the coast of Kattiwar, plundered the temple. The riches were immense; but the chief love of the Brahmins was directed to preserve a shapeless mass of stone, one of their idols, for which they offered a mass of gold. The Moslem leader, whether in scorn of their idolatry, or in knowledge of their craft, instantly ordered the stone to be dashed in pieces; and on its flying into fragments, it was found to be hollow, and the cavity filled with diamonds, placed there for concealment. Zeal was never more amply rewarded. The sun and moon in India have a large posterity to answer for. Besides all their connexions among the princes, the two great families of Rajpoots are, one—"the children of the sun," and the other—"the children of the moon." But the morals of either are far from celestial. Infanticide, and every other conceivable crime, were common among them. A curious remark is made on the traditional history of this part of India. It abounds in temples, generally on the hill tops. The Joonaghur range is dedicated to the Parasnath worship of the Jains, and is celebrated for their ancient temples. The wood fairy is common in Eastern legends, and

though we degrade it into a pretty imp, in Indian lore it represents a sort of demigod.

"The sons of God loving the daughters of men, and their children becoming mighty men, which were of old men of renown, is the unvarying legend of the origin of every distinguished tribe in India. While the name *parasdeisch*, (paradise), is hill-god country, or fairyland."

One day a shoal of whales played round them, raising their leviathan carcasses above the water. "One of them shot up his huge head, and opened his mouth, apparently for the sole purpose of giving us an accurate idea of a whale's capability to swallow any Jonah we might have to dispose of. The sight was really fearful; the dimensions of the huge crimson cavern which yawned before us appearing to require only some vivacity of imagination to magnify it into the gulf of the sea-serpent's maw."

Their first view of the Indus water was a *buffy* line across the horizon, presenting to the eye the precise appearance of a sandbank; this was but the discoloration produced by the river flood in its mingling with the sea; the water was smooth, and the wind from the land. At twelve o'clock the steamer anchored. Nothing was seen but the long low sandbank, and a beacon landmark. A more dreary prospect was never exhibited. Country boats were brought for the debarkation of the troops; buoys and landmarks were placed to guide the boats into the river, whose low, muddy banks were scarcely perceptible above the water. The boats sailing in were seen winding their way into the interior, following the tortuous course of what seemed to be the most crooked river in the world. A village of fishermen's huts appeared about five miles inland, and many masts of small vessels in every part of the river.

November 27, 1838.—The Paget transport, having on board the 5th regiment of Bombay native infantry, anchored in the Hujamry a few minutes before sunset, followed by the Sydon with her Majesty's 2d royals. As these vessels anchored, the regimental drums beat off for sunset—the first British drums heard on the Indus. This was an event which will probably

figure in every future history of this "father of rivers;" and will as probably exercise a vast influence over the surrounding regions. But the doctor has, unfortunately, not been content with praise, and has given himself the trouble of celebrating it in upwards of four pages of *poetry*. It is true that Apollo was both a poet and a doctor; but he has seldom transmitted the double gift, and, in the present instance, Dr Kennedy must be content with his laurels as a physician.

As the Indus will henceforth be the channel of an important British commerce, it is important to know that the capabilities of the Hujamry mouth of the river have been understood. The Bombay boats, of about one hundred tons, carrying the country horses, went well over the bar at half-flood; the soundings on the bar gave nine feet at low water, with a rise of nine feet at flood; and the depth of the river within the bar, for some distance, was not less than fifteen feet. But the shiftings of the channel are so continual, that the chart of one year is by no means safe for the year following. The haven of Kurrachy is the true station, and the town may yet be the Alexandria of the Indus.

One of the first and the most important remarks of the writer on our style of Indian campaigning, is the enormous quantity of baggage. We are to observe that this remark arises, not from an officer accustomed only to the simplicity of European field-service, but one who, from a thirty years' service in India, is perfectly acquainted with the necessities of the soldier in that country. He unhesitatingly pronounces the superfluity of the baggage to be so enormous, that "a force of 50,000 men in Europe would be moved with greater facility than a division of 6000 men *could stir* in India." He admits that a difference of climate must make "no trifling addition to the baggage of an army within the tropics; but the quantity of unnecessary tents and furniture which appear in the train of the Indian camp, forms the most serious impediment to its movements." His proposal to meet this extravagance—(which ruins officers, as well as falls terribly on the Company's Exchequer, to say no-

thing of the most important point—its paralyzing all military efforts)—he proposes that the muster of tents should be dispensed with on field-service. That there should be suffered but one small tent for every two or four officers; and that a slight increase should be allowed by Government for the mess of regiments on field-service, to be able to afford loans of necessities to officers who may be detached, and save the incumbrance and expense of each officer's carrying a camp-case, liquor baskets, &c., with additional servants of his own. He considers the hospital stores to be quadruple what is necessary; "and the fact, that regiments carry *large slipper baths* of copper and block-tin, will at once show our disregard to that species of efficiency which depends upon light baggage. The Commissariat train surpasses *all estimate*."

In allusion to the arm most difficult of conveyance, the artillery, he says, that it has been extravagantly increased; and this too, as, from the general subjugation of the country, it was less required. "The artillery corps of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, form a force which exceeds (especially the most expensive, the horse-artillery) the *whole* royal artillery of Great Britain at the period of emergency, in 1812, when the whole of Europe was in arms." And this, too, has happened when a continual reduction of the infantry (the true strength of the army) has been going on, until it is inadequate to the mere militia and police duties.

Nothing can be clearer than that the whole policy of our Indian government requires to be established on a new principle; which, after all, would be only a return to the original one of our connexion with India. We went there as merchants and settlers, and as such we should have continued; and on this principle alone, (modified, of course, by circumstances,) India can be rendered either a safe government, or an advantageous dependency. The change has not been altogether the fault of England; and it has been wholly against the will of the wise, the just, and the conscientious portion of England. In the early settlements, the attacks of the plundering princes on our factories required resistance; and the victories of

Clive, with a mere handful of men, showed how effectually and how simply they might be resisted. But then came the attempt to establish the intolerable and utterly impolitic principle, that every power whose existence menaced the safety of the British power must be extinguished. Then came the government of Hastings—a period unquestionably exhibiting great vigour and singular success, but unhappily exhibiting an utter and profligate disregard of common humanity in that very able and ambitious personage. Hastings is, perhaps, not chargeable with any baser motives; he does not seem to have amassed wealth nor to have had even personal distinction strongly in view: we hear of no bargain with the Cabinet for title, or the Company for emolument. But he obviously lent all his powers—and they were singularly vivid, active, and comprehensive—to the creation of a "British Empire" in India. We are not Utopian enough to say, that this empire ought now to be abandoned. It could not be abandoned without infinite disgrace to England, and infinite loss even to India. But its principle of perpetual conquest, so often reprobated at home, and so constantly persevered in abroad, must be abandoned. What have been the results of the system to England? An enormous increase of debt, no revenue, little commerce, a constant and heavy demand on our troops for reinforcements, and, from time to time, painful pressures on the public feelings in the shape of military reverses. The defeat in Affghanistan we by no means regard in the important point of view in which it has struck some of our contemporaries. We lament that a single life should be lost, or that English men or women should have fallen into barbarian hands; but the true point of view is, its warning to us. It may have come to bid us reconsider the whole plan on which our Indian Governments have been proceeding for the last fifty years. In pursuance of that plan, we have had desperate wars to meet; the Mysore and the Mahratta: but why were the disjointed and ill-furnished Indian classes induced to forget their own brawls, and combine, in either instance, for our ejection from India? possibly from the fear of being even-

tually swallowed up by the perpetual advances of our Indian power. We do not say that there were no sufficient grounds for an attack in the treachery and even in the insults of the native princes. We regard the Indian character, in its native state, as altogether perfidious. But if, instead of exhibiting to their irritated passions British troops ready to invade their provinces, we had exhibited only a strong colony at Calcutta, at Madras, or at Bombay, fully prepared to defend itself, and in no instance attempting conquest beyond its own immediate boundary, it would have been no more attacked than if it had been encircled by a boundary of fire; the Rajahs of the interior would have been sufficiently engaged by their own profligate quarrels, their troops would have been occupied in their forays; and while they were thus rendered more and more harmless by the hour, the colony would have become more and more thriving, a mart for British commerce, secure from all impediment. A small government with all the influence of a mighty one, free from its expenses, its hazards, and its crimes, a refuge for the unhappy people of Hindostan, glad to escape from the anarchy and robbery of the native governments; and an example of probity and order, prosperity and peace, which must, in time, and that no long time, have had an important effect even upon the vices of the native governments. But all our European ameliorations have been retarded by the enormous expense of our conquests; our conquests rendered useless by their extent; and our offers of friendship to the native governments answered by continual conspiracy among our vassals, bitter hostility among all powers able to resist, and a vexatious and restless sense of dependence even among those most closely connected with us by alliance or necessity. The result is, that India, the richest country of the world, does not contribute a shilling of revenue to England; that India, whose commerce once made the wealth of every nation through which it flowed, from the days of Tyre and Sidon to those of Bagdad and Aleppo, and from those again to the days of Venice and Holland, has scarcely contributed in half a century to the greatest and most active commercial coun-

try of the earth—our own, as much as it contributed to the little republics of the Adriatic and the North Sea in a year. Even with the opening of the charter, it remains the most struggling branch of British commerce, and probably shrinks beneath the value of Australia, a colony of convicts, grown up under our eye, filling but the corner of a wilderness, and making only its first experiment on the power of raising subsistence for itself. Still, we are perfectly conscious that we cannot now wholly reverse what has been done. But instead of conquering provinces which we can never subdue, and making subjects of men who will never obey our authority, the whole policy of India should be defensive; the whole power of the governors should be directed to the instruction, the quiet, and the wealth of the people. Our Affghan war is said to have already cost seven millions sterling. Half the money, with the cheapness of Indian labour, and the known willingness of the princes for such an improvement, would have made a railway from Calcutta to Bombay, and from Calcutta to Delhi.

From the documents which have already been published relative to the negotiations with Persia and the Seikh, and other powers on the northwest, it may actually have been fortunate that our career in Cabul has received a check; if we had succeeded there, we should possibly have made our next experiment in a march across the frontier to Persia. The siege of Herat by the Persians seems to have acted as a nightmare on the British Indian Government. On the possession of a paltry town in the heart of a desert, a wretched collection of hovels, of which nobody had ever thought before, seemed to be the balance in which our Indian destinies were weighed. It was actually, and most absurdly, described as the key to India, and, of course, the Persian monarch, having got such a key in his hand, had nothing to do but to open the lock, and walk into the Bengal provinces, seat himself in the governor's chair, and, what do next? Our imagination wants the vividness of the "state papers;" but if his Persian majesty was not content with his Indian supremacy, he had only to march his army overland, and take posses-

sion of London. It is notorious that there were thick reports of an intention "to march an army to Herat;" an operation which, in all human probability, would have cost ten times the loss at Cabul. They might have found no Persian army to fight, but they would have laid their bones in the wilderness. In this country, Alexander the Great, after having reached the mouth of the Indus, lost nearly his whole army; probably not one British soldier would have ever returned. The very idea of a Persian invasion of India is ridiculous, and could therefore never have nestled in the brains of any one but Lord Auckland himself. If the Cabul misfortune has prevented this chivalric performance, it may have been the only way in which rashness combined with ignorance were to be lessoned into common sense. It has certainly cooled the gratuitous gallantry of sending armies to fight with snow and hunger, pestilence and storm. We now hear nothing more of the heroic march to Herat; while the result of our follies in Affghanistan is reported to have been the actual revival of Persian hostility, and the march of a Persian force of 60,000 men against that place. Our wisest policy is, to let them try their fortune; if negotiation will send them to their homes, so much the better; if not, let the Persians knock out their brains against the walls of Herat; and even if they should make a break and hang Kam-ram, in either his sober fit or his drunken, for the chance is doubtful in which he may be, the change of the dynasty needs not affect us more than a change in the dynasty of Tongataboo. On this point, too, it is to be remarked that our diplomatic servants in the East ought to be listened to with considerable reserve. In Europe, during the last century, the despatches of our envoys on the Continent were chiefly details of Voltaire's last pamphlet, on the *debut* of some court minister or court dancer, matters much the same; until Napoleon gave them something to do. The despatches from the whole list of our well-salaried functionaries, from the Wall of China to the Dardanelles, (at least those portions of them which have transpired,)

have been all the most solemn intimations of the silliest intrigues. The Khan and tribe of naked wretches terrifies one diplomatist with fears of an Asiatic invasion. The gallop of another troop of horse-eaters across the desert, stimulates another to predict an universal conspiracy to break down the British power. The march of a Persian army, who could not stand half an hour before a troop of horse artillery and a British brigade, or who, if they could, would be forced to devour each other within a week, supplies a camel's load of correspondence; and the unfortunate Secretary for Foreign Affairs is startled out of his peace of mind by the movement of a few thousands of ragged robbers, who, long before the news has reached him, have left their monarch in some swamp or sand, and "robbed" their way home. The expedition of General Perowski towards Khiva, the very thing that ought to have been wished for by a British diplomatist who desired to demonstrate English strength and Russian weakness, frightened the whole class of *chargés d'affaires*.

How the Russian Cabinet could ever have entertained so ridiculous an expedition, is inconceivable. But the general, after the most horrible succession of famine and freezing, after eating his camels, horses, dogs, and every thing eatable, and, if report says true, things that not even the horror of famine could render eatable by any body but a Russian, was glad to make his escape to Orenburg, completely *Tartarized*. The true policy is, to let the savages fight each other. All the princedomos surrounding the British territories in India, are utterly powerless. They can make no more impression on the British than on the granite of their hills. A mere brigade here and there to prevent the ravages of robbers, would be amply sufficient for security. The idea of an Indian insurrection without troops concentrated in the interior, would be absurd. The native princes are profligates, but they are not madmen; and the idea of a Persian invasion, an invasion of poltroons—of a Sikh invasion, an invasion of peasants—or an Affghan invasion, an invasion of highwaymen—needs not disturb the pillow of even the most

Auck-landish governor-general who shall ever tremble on the throne of India.

The writer gives us now and then touches of graceful recollection, which pleasingly relieve the bustle of this stirring Narrative. He had embarked in one of the lumbering slow boats, and was tossed for a long time at the mouth of the river.—“Our occupation, to pass the dreary hours on a rolling sea, and under a burning sun in an open boat, was characteristic of civil life. A volume of Cowper’s poems being available, was read by one for the amusement of the others. And the opposite styles of “John Gilpin,” and the poem on receiving his “Mother’s Picture,” with other dips into the “well of English undefiled,” were sufficient to make us forget the disagreeables of our situation at the muddy mouth of the Indus.” We then have an evening scene, pretty, tender, and even poetical.

“We had been in no danger, but the fair wind and balmy air, following after five hours’ exposure to the sultry sun and glare from the water, were abundantly refreshing. In a moment our anchor was lifted up, our sails were spread, and in less than half an hour we lost all sense of the sea smell, and found ourselves on the placid, lake-like water of the river. Vast mud banks extended as far as the eye could reach, on either hand, and flocks of sea and river birds were feeding in fellowship upon them—the gigantic flamingo, and the larger and smaller species of gull, and ducks and teal in great numbers. The contrast between our evening and morning course was like an age of retirement in ease and honour, after a youth of trial, labour, and endurance. * * * But we had not eaten since breakfast, and, as the sun set, we betook ourselves to our basket of provender, and had the gratification of a hearty meal to close right comfortably the discomforts of the day.”

Eating and drinking may be homely matters in general, but they certainly assume a higher rank in the class of pleasures when they have been preceded by a day of such heat and trial. The emperor who offered a reward for a new pleasure, had probably never been hungry in the course of his life; if he had not eaten four meals a-day,

he might have found his new pleasure every afternoon, in the simple meal of the tired and the hungry.

“When we awoke at a quarter past two o’clock, after midnight, we found our vessel secured to the bank; and the tents of our encampment appeared in full moonlight within a hundred yards of us. Nothing could be more delightful than the landing, stepping from the boat to the bank on a dry firm ground, and hearing immediately that our baggage boats had arrived from Bombay, that our tents were pitched, and all prepared for our reception. Our beds were instantly removed from the boat to the tent, and in less than an hour, the boat and the sea swell were forgotten in sleep, and our first night in the land of Sind was of the most refreshing repose.”

All this is very pleasing and grateful, and shows a kindly mind; and yet this good-natured and intelligent man is evidently bent on conquest. He sees nothing but in a martial point of view; the Indus is to be only a branch of a grand Indian fortification; its banks are to be military roads; its creeks, anchorages for batteaux, and what not; and the whole country is to be but a camp, where troops are to be lodged and exercised, until they march to—where, we cannot tell;—to Persia, or the Poles. In this spirit he writes—and writes with the ardour of an enthusiast of steel and gunpowder. “Depots of stores, and well-equipped detachments at Kurrachy, and Sukkur, and Dera Ishmael Khan will not only place the navigation of this whole river in perfect security, but will form an invincible barrier to an invading army from the west!” An invading army from Persia, without a shilling in its pocket, and its troops without the chance of eating any thing, but each other, in the first day’s march! or from Russia, with the half of Asia between! mountains, rivers, and deserts for their graves!

But the Indus is not to be relied on as a wet ditch, but as a canal for the easy and cheap conveyance of *heavy ordnance and ammunition* to the scene of action! where an invading army would find a well-equipped artillery, which no expenditure could enable them, under any circumstances, to meet upon any thing like terms of equality.” We believe not; indeed,

any one who has heard any thing of the state of Asiatic exchequers or troops—horse, foot, or dragoons—knows, that the fear of an invasion from either west, east, or north, is absolute trifling with fact and common-sense. It would take ten years of Persian vigour to send an army across the Indus, and ten minutes to send them back again. On the north, what could a wretched crowd of frost-nipped and footsore Russians, headed by frost-nipped and footsore generals from St Petersburg, do against the brave, highly-equipped, and brilliant troops of British India? After marches of years, they would be prisoners in a month, and on their way to the dungeons of Calcutta and Bombay, before the news of their capture could reach Moscow. A Russian invasion might, doubtless, produce some disturbance among the more remote of the peevish sovereignties which linger out a feeble existence in India; and if we followed their rabble among mountains and jungles, we might lose brave men; but the idea of losing a pitched battle would be ridiculous and imaginary; it would be actually unsustained by any one instance during a hundred years.

“Too great a venture,” says the warlike doctor, “cannot possibly be placed in the possession of the harbour of Kurrachy, whether as a military and naval station, or in a political and commercial point of view. It is the key of Sind and the Indus, and of the approaches, either military or commercial, to Central Asia.” Even when he talks of the commercial opportunities of this noble river, it is all in the dominant style. The British power is to command the whole course; forts are to dot the shores; camps and captains are to superintend the navigation. He plans conquests over rice-pots, and turns his ledger into sword and shield.

The kingdom of Sind, on which our troops had now entered, had once been a tributary to the Affghan government; but on the splitting of that state into five republican provinces, the Talponi tribe in Sind became independent, which, in Indian phrase, seems pretty nearly convertible into “robbers and beggars.” The king of Cabul, thus deprived of his tribute of fifteen lacs a-year, had frequently,

of late years, demanded it of Sind, with the curious, but expressive, threat of giving his claims into the hands of the British. At last the measure of seizing on Sind was adopted by us—and for what possible reason? The march of a Persian army to Herat, (which, after all, it was not able to take,) and the presence of a Russian captain at Cabul, where he seems to have gained nothing, and from which he suddenly disappeared, never to be heard of again, he very probably having been murdered for his watch and rings by some of the Cabul “grandees.” But this was enough to startle the government, to make the British troops hurry forward in defence of the western frontier, “on the point of invasion” by an army at that moment running away from the walls of a beggarly town in the desert, and to rouse the whole diplomatic energy of our functionaries against a solitary and unlucky wretch, who was then probably picked to the bones by the crows of Cabul;—the principal terror having been gravely asserted to be the presence of a *Russian fleet* at the mouth of the Indus!—of all the absurdities that ever entered the brain of a puzzled potentate, this being the most immeasurably fanciful. Or, if a Russian fleet could be found in the shallows of the Indus after a voyage round the Cape, this being the very thing which common-sense would have desired for the total extinction of even the Russian *prestige* in Asia. Its capture would have been inevitable.

Here, however, grew the Cabul expedition. The offer of Shah-Soojah to give Sind (which was not his to give) into our hands, was followed by our putting him in a position to exercise the due act of sovereignty. He was to be set upon the throne of Cabul, and we were to have Sind. He was to have a contingent prepared, amounting to 6000 men, under British officers, and we were to fight his way to the throne. For this purpose, two grand divisions of the Bengal army were to cross India. A third division was to march from Bombay, through Sind, and to occupy Shikapore; while the Bengal troops were to advance to Candahar. In these statements we adopt the doctor’s authority, for we have never been able

to comprehend the diplomatists ; and if we have gone astray, we must lay the criminality on the head of our medical guide. But it seems clear that the lamented Burnes had what Johnson would call his perpetual "jactitation" about the infinite wealth of the Indus, and the infinite necessity of our being *masters* of it, and every thing else under the sky of India, was the original fruit of the forbidden tree. Not that we are careless of the advantages of a commercial intercourse ; we wish to see it established with any and every part of every nation ; we fully acknowledge the direct and palpable intent of Providence, in penetrating the solid continents by great rivers ; we are aware of the striking advantages of the Indus as forming a canal through the level of a most fertile and beautiful country, in a navigable course of 1600 miles. But the policy against which we protest, is the attempt to seize ; the palpable desire to coerce the commerce, the appetite for the possession of the Indus, all evidenced in the attempt to *master* the province commanding its principal outlet to the ocean.

And this mispolicy becomes still more impolitic, when we recollect that the whole commerce of the Indus must as naturally have fallen into our hands, without shooting anybody, or seizing any thing, as if we had built a pile of Indian skulls, or powdered all the princes of the mountains into dust. The activity, cleverness, and credit of the British merchant, would have effectually commanded every rupee of the Indus ; and no foreigners could have entered into effectual competition with them in India more than any where else ; and when we see the vigour with which they maintain their trade with the European continent, in the face of bitter jealousies, angry rivalries, and despotic decrees, what must be the effect where they had only to diffuse their traffic at pleasure over the unobstructed and magnificent expanse of western India ? We have not a doubt that a space of a square mile or two, just large enough for the erection of a factory, and a fort to secure it, in a favourable position any where in Sind, and which might have been purchased for a few thousand pounds from the natives, would

have saved us from all the disasters in Cabul—from the tremendous expense of the expeditions there—from the not less tremendous expense to which we are at this moment subjecting ourselves in sending out troops by the thousand, and given us the whole commerce of the Indus besides. But at all events we must get rid of the Russian bugbear, and the absolute nonsense of a Persian invasion.

The history of the Sind princes is curious, and, if we have the sense to be taught by it, sufficiently descriptive of the kind of authorities with whom we make treaties. We mentioned, that in the rebellion which divided the Affghan kingdom, (itself a kingdom of rabble, established by a robber, Mohamed Ghizen,) the Talponi or Talpori tribe, then inhabiting Sind, refused to pay any more tribute, or, perhaps, had not the means of paying any. About forty years ago, a rabble leader, who took it into his head to rob on a larger scale than on the high-road, raised an insurrection, and made himself king. He subsequently made his brothers partners of his power, and the government was a triumvirate. This division extended at his death, and the result is, that Sind, a country of about three hundred miles in length, and one hundred in breadth, has now no less than *nine* Ameers or sovereign princes. These mighty persons agree in nothing but hating each other. They live in a state of constant robbery of the wretched people ; the land, of course, was stripped of every thing. The Ameers were only the principal beggars of the country.

As we shall have a long account to settle before we get rid of these provincial paupers, we give Dr Kennedy's statement of their present "constitution."

"The districts are divided by lot among the princes, each selecting a village in succession ; and as contiguity of site is the last object considered, it follows that scarcely any two adjoin ; whence, as the animosities of the head are shown by the vibrations of the tail, the peace and happiness of the country may be imagined ; where the monarchy is held together merely by the fear of foreign interference—where no two adjoining villages are held by the same independent sove-

reign—and where the village police authorities recommend themselves to their respective sovereigns by thwarting, resisting, and annoying the police authorities of the village adjacent to the utmost extent of their power, short of open hostility.”

This is a wretched state of things, and it is pitiable that any human beings should be placed under such a savage burlesque of government. But it is nearly the same throughout the whole East; and, at all events, we have no right to turn universal reformers. However, “it was decided that the frontier of the Indus should be insisted on, and the princes compelled to pay an annual tribute, though to a smaller extent than formerly, to Cabul; namely, four lacs, and the fixture of a force of 5000 men in Sind—twenty-eight lacs being ordered to be paid to Shah-Soojah, in the shape of arrears.”

On the signature of the treaty, the army moved from Jorruk on the 3d of February, and advanced towards Hyderabad. Their information seems to have been singularly inadequate. They had been told that a large native army was ready to oppose their march to the capital, and they found nothing but solitude; though the news had been so inconveniently believed, as to have put them through all the tardy formalities which belong to an army preparing to meet a powerful enemy. They might have gone in their night-caps. Hyderabad was found to be a wretched place—“dirtier and meaner than the average second-rate provincial towns in India.” But no two persons brought back to camp the same account of the numbers of the garrison. By some they were reckoned at 15,000 fully prepared, well-armed warriors, and only longing for an order to attack the Bombay battalions.

This is really a very curious circumstance of campaigning, though perfectly familiar to those who happened to be on the continent during the late war. There were few things more difficult to rely on than the supposed numbers of the enemy's troops, the same body, according to different narrators, varying from one thousand to ten thousand, or more. On this occasion, however, more exact knowledge was attained.

Among others who went was a Major B., a friend of the doctor's—a rational sort of a person, who used his eyes for facts more than his imagination. He not only used them, “but he employed intelligent natives, accustomed to observation, to ascertain the strength of the enemy, and his estimate was something above 1500, and under 2000. He drank a bottle of beer and another of Madeira with a Greek, the commandant of the Hyderabad artillery, and ascertained that his liquor was better than his ordnance—that his guns were nearly as certain to have killed the gunners as the enemy, had they been fired; added to which, the redoubtable commander admitted, as his heart warmed with liquor and love of the English, and joy at the honour of drinking with an English field-officer, that he eked out his stipend of seventy-five rupees (L.7, 10s.) a-month, by inserting some two hundred paper men upon his muster-roll, and that,” through the goodness of Heaven, “he was sole muster-master.”

Then follows an anecdote of manners, pleasantly told. As the Major was riding homeward to camp, he was joined by a well-mounted Beloochy (Sind) horseman:—

“And the freemasonry which enables good fellows to distinguish kindred spirits at a glance, made them at once acquainted. ‘Is your horse an Arab? I'll race with him,’ said the Beloochy. ‘Good,’ said the Major. ‘Here goes,’ and away they rode, neck or nothing, for a mile, and the Beloochy dead beaten. ‘I'll try you again on smoother ground,’ said the Beloochy. ‘Any where, either smooth or rough,’ said the Major, and the ground becoming more level, away they went again in the same frolicsome mood, but the Major still leading. ‘It won't do, I see,’ said the Beloochy. ‘My horse is fat, and not in galloping trim as yours is.’ ‘The more the pity,’ said the Major, ‘there is no pleasure like riding with a good soldier on a good horse.’”

It is unlucky that our Indian contests ever went beyond rivalry in horse-racing. There are evidently men among the natives who might be employed to better purpose than to kill, or be killed. The Beloochy seems to have taken a liking to the

good-humoured Englishman, not the less for his having left him in the rear.

"They rode together until they had reached the river. But the Major's horse was restive at the sight of the ferry-boat, and the Major, somewhat wroth, began to beat him in. 'Don't beat him, don't beat him, if you love me,' said the Beloochy. 'Tush, Allah! I'll show you how to put a horse into a boat, without beating him.' The simple mode was, to fasten a rope to one of his fore-legs, the two boatmen pulling it up till it was raised in the attitude of King Charles's steed at Charing Cross, until it became an impossibility that he should kick; thus secured, the Beloochy, taking up an oar by one end, and giving the other to the Major, they stood on each side, and, applying it to the horse, pushed him on, until losing his balance, he had nothing left for it but to fall on his nose, or jump into the boat, which he forthwith did, with the meekness of a lamb. 'You have taught me a wrinkle, my friend,' said the Major. And at least one British officer and one well-mounted Beloochy parted in mutual good-will, after half an hour of pleasant fellowship."

All this is very well, but it seems odd that the Major should not have known that tying up one leg of a horse is a common expedient in England, to prevent his kicking when being shod, and that even as to getting into the boat, he might have spared himself even the tying, if he had thrown his pocket handkerchief over his charger's eyes.

Every thing in this march seems to have exhibited in a singular style the gullibility of John Bull, with all his sense, and even with all his local experience. The Bombay army was detained for two months at the commencement of its advance, apparently by nothing but the idea that it was necessary to avoid hazarding itself too suddenly in the presence of the *immense* native army. When it had begun to move at last, it was found out that there was *no* native army at all. Yet these two months allowed Dost Mohamed to make his preparations and fortify Ghuzni. In like manner, it was roundly asserted that the foot of Monara, at the entrance of Kurraehy harbour, was most formidably manned and armed; and

that one of the Ameers had arrived with a column of 3000 men for its defence. Admiral Maitland, (the same officer, we believe, to whom Napoleon surrendered at Rochfort,) a sensible and manly person, said, "By all means, then, we shall have the first trial of them; the sooner the better." Dispositions were quickly made for the attack; the 40th regiment and the artillery landed, and the ship, the Wellesley, brought near for action. When all was ready, the fort was humanely summoned a second time. The answer was a good deal in the Gallic style:—"The fort may be stormed, but shall not be surrendered." This was the Beloochy copy of General Cambrone at Waterloo—"La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas." Immediately on which heroic determination, the gallant general had surrendered himself. The Wellesley opened her broadside without loss of time, and the sea-face was knocked down, the garrison not having fired a shot after the first round. After some time, as they were seen running away, the fort was taken possession of; and the fugitives being all captured in their retreat, were found to amount to *twenty men!* The commandant certainly deserved credit for the magniloquence of his courage. The famous Marshal Turenne declared, that he never would believe any fortified town to have water in its ditch unless he saw the man who had put his finger in it and *tasted it*. A little incredulity of the same sensible order would have saved a vast deal of vexation in this campaign.

India is the land of thieves, but the Beloochies thieve from the Indians. The march of the Bombay column was accompanied by a kind of flocking army of highwaymen—a moveable column of petty larceny, which laid hands on every thing, sometimes even carried off loaded camels from the ranks; and when they found a straggling officer, or a camp-follower, who seemed to be worth stripping, committed murder without delay. This was not hostility, it was profession—not hatred to the British, but the Beloochy employment of feet and fingers every day of their lives. The doctor, quietly, had his experience of national character among the rest.

On the morning of the 21st, on

riding towards the new ground of our encampment, I was met by Captain Outram, who told me in the most consolatory tone and terms he could devise, that one of my camels, with all its load of baggage, had been carried off by thieves. This was no jest. I had no knowledge of what was gone. It might be all my clothes, part of my tent, and all my supplies, I knew not what. I galloped to the staff-lines, and found that my camp-case, with all my table furniture of plate, glass, and crockery, and half my wine, was the missing property." This was bad enough; but the doctor shows his good feeling in forgetting his loss in the misfortune which befell his friend the Captain on the same day, by falling with his horse, and having a bone of his spine broken. This brave and accomplished individual, however, recovered after a month's suffering, and is now, we believe, a British Resident at one of the native courts. Even the baggage was partly found, a troop of the irregular cavalry belonging to the division having galloped to the village of the thieves and seized the head man. To ransom him, the villagers brought back the camel and the chief part of the plunder. The plate had by some chance escaped, and their prize was copper!

From the heat of the weather the march was now chiefly by night. On the 2d of April, they moved at midnight for a march of twenty-two miles to Shoovy, which was completed by the cavalry before six, and by the infantry at half-past eight o'clock. On this march they first met with the spectacle, afterwards so familiar to their eyes, of a Beloochy left weltering, when he had been shot, doubtless in the act of plunder. This gives rise to some striking observations.

"We stopped to examine the corpse. It was that of a powerful athletic man, whose luxuriant, raven-black tresses fell in rich thick curls about his shoulders; the picturesque head-dress of the Beloochies being their natural hair, allowed to grow as wildly and profusely as nature permitted, and *finer hair, in fuller, glossy, long curly ringlets, I have never seen!* While on this subject, I may mention, that, in crossing the desert, we found ourselves in contact with a new tribe, of much finer features, and more athletic bulk and greater height than any

we had left in Sind. I have seldom seen a countenance of a sweeter, milder expression, or more deeply interesting to contemplate, than that of the representative and relation of Mirout Khan of Khelaut, the governor of Gundava." He thinks it even like the pictures of the Italian painters representing the most sacred of all countenances.

At this station, two of the thieves caught in the fact were ordered to be hanged on the road-side. The head of the village seems to have had a due sense of the native character; for when ordered under a penalty not to suffer them to be taken down from the trees, "You must then hang them very high, and cut away the branches," said the head man, "for my people will take them down, for the sake of stealing the ropes." The doctor objects to this punishment, on the ground that the people had been thieves from their cradle, and accustomed to knavery and murder, and therefore not to be judged by our morality. But we do not hang men for a deficiency of their moral sense, but for the mischief of their actions—a mischief which they know to be such, as well as the most abstract moralist alive. And as that mischief, in this case the loss of camels and baggage, to say nothing of bloodshed, might involve the loss of many lives, or the ruin of the army, the most effectual way to put a stop to the villany was clearly the best. But on the question of *what* way, we agree with the writer, that hanging was *not* the best. A good flogging on the bare back would have had much more effect by way of an example. The man once hanged, there was an end of the lesson, as well as of the ruffian himself; in a day or two, in that climate, he must be thrown into a hole and forgotten. But the fellow who went back to his tribe, well bastinadoed, or soundly scourged, carried his moral with him wherever he went; his story would be known—his back would be a placard—and his toes a proclamation. That the individual in person would be cured of his propensities for life was not improbable; and the gallant Beloochies, who had an opportunity of seeing the condition of his cuticle, would not unnaturally be induced to consider whether even a

camel was worth such an excoiation. We even think that this kind of discipline might be advantageously adopted on a larger scale than it is at home. Confinement is laughed at, and transportation is but travelling; yet, hanging will not be permitted by common humanity. Still, the public must be protected, and though the old custom of flogging at the cart's tail would now be justly regarded as offensive to public feelings; yet flogging *within* the jail, in the presence of the sheriff, would be the appropriate punishment for all thieves, and would undoubtedly be the most instructive and effective warning to larceny, great and little.

The troops now reached the Bolan Pass, which has been so much talked of. The march through it, wholly unimpeded by any but its internal obstacles, occupied the division of cavalry with which the writer moved, during no less than *six* days. The description is formidable. On the 12th, the infantry and the cavalry marched from Daudur in the plain, and in three hours reached the entrance of the Pass, a valley at its outlet not half a mile wide, the first hills reaching in ranges not more than four hundred feet high; the Bolan river, with a broad, shallow, pebbly bed, winding across and across the valley. At the very entrance, appeared signs of the "seat of gentle swains that usually occupied the banks of the Bolan. Midway up the hill was seen an opening, presenting, when examined, the *beau-ideal* of the robber's cave in Gil Blas, being the upper ventilator to an excavation, entered by a tunnel below, through which only one horse could be carefully led at a time; but within, equal in area to accommodate a hundred men. The approach to this gateway was well concealed. The place spoke for itself, and a fitter habitation for men of blood, or a more appropriate locality for deeds of violence, cannot be well imagined."

After an advance of three miles, the Pass became still more difficult, narrowing to about two hundred yards, with hills a thousand feet high on either side. The day was excessively hot, the thermometer at 110°! The next day's march was through a still narrower gorge, not fifty feet broad, the mountains rising perpendicularly

to a thousand feet; while every where in the face of the rocks were excavations, partly natural, partly artificial, which bore unquestionable signs of having been inhabited by ruffians more savage than the scene. "The heart ached to think of what men had seen and manhood suffered in this horrible wilderness." This march of ten miles formed the lower strength of the Pass; they had to cross the river *seventeen* times. In the winter it must be impassable by any animal that treads the ground. On the fourth march they reached Aubigoud, ("the last water,") a place where the Bolan sinks into the ground, and percolates into the lower valley. They here first felt the high mountain air; the thermometer was "already fallen to 94°!"—a heat almost sufficient to roast an ox in England, but which they felt a relief. Another march brought them to the Sir-i-Bolan, (spring of the Bolan;) from this they were urged to a march of twenty-eight miles, as there was no water to be expected between this fountain-head and Sir-i-Aub, in Affghanistan. They now met with a characteristic adventure.

The concluding ten miles of the Pass were through a fearfully wild ravine, *winding zigzag, like the teeth of a saw*, between frightfully overhanging precipices, with the clear blue sky above, deepened in colour by the sombre shade in which they moved at the bottom of the gorge. After they had marched about six miles, an alarm was given in front, that some stragglers of the enemy's plunderers were seen, and on turning round one of the rudest and strongest defiles of the Pass into an open space, where accessible hills on either hand receded in rounded bluff headlands instead of precipices, they saw a party of probably a hundred men scrambling eagerly to get over the ridge of the hill, and out of sight. The hills on the left still commanded the Pass; several of the enemy were seen ensconced in the cliffs, and our deputy judge-advocate-general took occasion to dismount from his horse, and fire a rifle at one of them. Speaking professionally of our fugleman, "it was sending up a charge which he could not bring home." But the fellow's fire in return was more effective, and a horse was shot; imme-

diately a desultory fire was opened anew by the rest of his company.

The doctor evidently thinks that the sharpshooter had much better have kept himself still, and we think so too, and even more strongly than the doctor. These men had offered no injury whatever they might have intended, and a life taken on chance was certainly not conformable to the justice with which this military lawyer might be supposed conversant. The result, too, might have been perilous. "Our infantry were at least three miles in the rear, our artillery a stage a-head, we had only 300 of her Majesty's 4th dragoons, and about the same strength of the 1st Bombay cavalry. Six hundred horsemen in a narrow defile had great reason to be thankful that the attack did not commence until just as we had emerged from it, and, most happily for us, the baggage was in front. The order was issued to push on, and in a few minutes we were clear of the danger!" However, they had not wholly escaped, for on their putting up, to ascertain casualties, they found that one European and three natives were wounded, six horses killed, and a few slightly wounded. "This was cheap, indeed, compared with what it might have been;" for, as he subsequently observes, had they been attacked in the middle instead of the end of the Pass, and had the number of men whom they saw around them—fully 300, probably as many more not seen, for many were evidently there—thrown up breastworks to block the road, nowhere fifty yards across, and rolled stones down the hills, but few of the party would, probably, have survived to tell the tale of the Bolan Pass. As it was, the officer commanding, and the doctor, lost each a camel loaded with baggage.

At length they reached the end of this difficult entrance to the country of the bold Affghan. A steep ascent, of about 500 feet in half a mile, suitably concluded this fearful succession of defiles—and they stood on the table land. Reaching Sir-i-Aub, and halting on the 19th to refresh their horses, they enjoyed the first sight of a country, European in all its freshness, and tropical in the magnificent luxuriance of its productions. They had ascended 6000 feet from Daudur, at the foot

of the hills. Water now boiled below 200° of Fahrenheit. The maximum of the thermometer was 88°, the minimum 50°, at sunset 65°. At Daudur the maximum had been 106°, minimum 82°, the sunset 98°. "The pleasurable sensation of the European climate was not to be described. We were never weary of admiring the spring blossoms of iris and harebell, with which the turf was enamelled. The cultivation round the village was equally new, finely irrigated fields of lucerne and clover; the spring wheat was pale green, in the first blade, not a span high, while, in the country below the Pass, the yellow harvest was already ripe, and the reaping had commenced.

The Affghan country is evidently one of those table lands, which, by a most striking and admirable arrangement of Providence, is to be found in the torrid regions of the globe. Thus, in the central regions of Hindostan we find the Mysore country, a vast region raised into a purer and cooler atmosphere, and approached by *ghauts*, or defiles, perfectly similar to those by which the road ascends to Affghanistan. Central Africa is similarly a vast elevated region, directly under the line; and though yet too little known for any exact description, evidently sharing the advantages of the temperate zones. We find the same disposition in South America, where under the very equator ascends an immense region almost European in its breezes, its beauty, and its productions. These are evidently a part of an original system for either the occasional refreshment of the races destined to settle in the lower countries, and thus forming great repositories of health and fertility for the fevered dwellers in the burning plain; or possibly intended even for the superior purpose of propagating a race of manlier vigour and more intelligent mind, formed to retain the national character in its highest tension, and to raise the whole population to a nobler standard of mental and bodily power. It is true, the moral effects have but imperfectly followed in India; but it is to be recollected that savage governments make savage nations; that the utter absence of an intelligent or scriptural religion has given them up to the dominion of the grosser appetites; and that the great experiment, of freedom and edu-

cation conjoined, must be tried before we can pronounce that this fine arrangement of nature is incapable of administering to the substantial dignity of man.

On the 20th of April, the column marched to Quetta, the capital of the province of Shaul, a capital of hovels, but surrounded by scenes of singular beauty. Until their tents arrived, they rested in "a noble orchard." They were here astonished at the profusion of fruits. We recommend the description to the best regards of our Horticultural Societies, which with so much boasting, and such expense, and probably with such zeal, have hitherto done so little in improving either the plenty or the species of the fruits of England. *En passant*, it is really remarkable that all our fruits are to the full as dear as they were fifty years ago, and not an atom better. Our *fêtes*, in fact they

have chiefly degenerated into flower shows, and a new apple at half price, or a good potatoe at any price, is beyond their most exalted achievement. Let them read Dr Kennedy and learn of the savage Affghan. "Fine standards, of the size of *forest-trees*, apple, pear, peach, apricot, and plum, were surmounted and overhung with gigantic vines, which, wreathing round the trunks and extending to the remotest branches, festooned from tree to tree in a wild luxuriance of growth, such as I had never dreamt of seeing in fruit-trees and the vine. It was the first month in spring, and they were covered with blossoms which perfumed the air, and presented a feature of horticultural beauty surpassing description." We shall conclude with this extract, though the remainder of the work might supply materials of very graceful thought and very important interest.

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A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM HERAUT TO OURENBourg,
ON THE CASPIAN, IN 1840, BY CAPTAIN SIR RICHMOND SHAKESPEAR.

[This is a narrative consisting of the journal taken by the author upon his route in 1840. Being a subaltern in the army of the Indus after the taking of Ghuznee, he was employed upon an important diplomatic mission, the object of which was to obtain the withdrawal of the Russian army, which was at that period advancing upon, and within three days' march of, the city of Khyva. Sir R. Shakespear, having marched from Heraut to Khyva, was successful in the arrangement of a treaty between the Khan of Khyva and the Russian General, the prominent conditions of which were, on the part of the latter, that he should withdraw the Russian army within the limits of the Russian empire; on the part of the former, that the Khyvans should restore to the Russians all the Russian prisoners who had been taken and held in slavery by the Muscovan subjects of the Khan of Khyva. The detention of these prisoners had always formed the pretext of Russia for its advance against the Khan's dominions; and, in order to destroy this effectually for the future, Sir R. S. guaranteed to the Russians the restoration of *all* the prisoners within the Khan's dominions—and for this purpose, personally undertook to collect and march them in safety into Russia. He accordingly liberated and took charge of these prisoners, upwards of 500, and with the whole number crossed from Khyva to the Caspian. He left the prisoners at Ourenbourg, passed through Russia, being every where received with enthusiasm by the countrymen of the prisoners, and on his arrival at St Petersburg obtained a ratification of the treaty from the Emperor, and had the honour of receiving his thanks publicly.]

On his arrival in England, he received promotion and rank for his services, and is now Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief of the Bengal army, at present in the Khyber pass on its way to relieve General Sale.]

On the 11th of May 1840, a packet arrived at Heraut, from Sir W. H. Macnaghten, with important instructions for Captain Abbott. As this officer was absent from Khyva, Major Todd considered it advisable to de-

pute me to carry out the wishes of Government, and on the evening of the 13th I made my farewell call on the Vuzeer, Yar Mahomed Khan, who insisted on accompanying me to my halting-place, a village about two

miles from the city. This is certainly a delightful part of the world to one fond of excitement. A fortnight ago, I was thinking of putting coloured glass in my windows, and making other alterations in my quarters, as there appeared every prospect of my remaining at Herat for many a day; it was then decided that I should go with despatches to Cabool, and, just as my arrangements were completed for this trip, I received instructions to move towards Khyva! If I fail in getting to Khyva before the Russians drive the Khan Huzarut from that city, I have every chance of being carried away in the uproar; the whole country will be in confusion, and, though my party is a respectable one, it is any thing but invincible; the chances, however, are in my favour, as all the chiefs through whose country I pass are in friendly correspondence with us, and each of them knows that civility to me is sure to be profitable to him. In short, the chances of distinction are so great, and the hazard so slight, that the heart of even a wren would be gladdened by the prospect. I halted until the evening of the 14th to take leave of all my native friends, and the party of Englishmen with whom I have been so long and so intimately associated. The farewell of the Affghans is full of ceremony; prayer follows prayer, and one unacquainted with their character could not believe that the man who in the most solemn manner calls upon God to bless you—to take you into his keeping—who prays that your journey may be propitious—it is difficult for an Englishman to believe that, while so doing, a native of this country, if he does not mean any thing worse, means only the performance of a mere ceremony. But such is the custom of the country, and in sooth, on every occasion they have the name of God on their lips, though their hearts are far from him. How different was the parting with my English friends and companions! Ah, well! good-luck to them, and may I again fall amongst such worthy and gentlemanly men. An old Persian gentleman was, I think, sincere in his good wishes, an old Hajee, who, one way or another, has received some favours at my hands. He appeared much distressed, and talked about the dangers of the road, &c. Wishing to cheer my

old friend, I told him I should study the art of mule-driving on the journey, so that, when sold to the Incomans, I might be able to make myself useful. He was much horrified, and when he had finished his hurried exclamations of "God forbid!" &c., he said he hoped better things, though he confessed that the hour of my departure was far from favourable, and much similar to the one on which Colonel Stoddart started for Bokhara! I urged, that though there was much sense in his remark, still I hoped we had outwitted the evil fates by leaving the city by the Maleck, instead of the Kootubchak gate, which would have been the direct road. His reply was made in a solemn voice, "Colonel Stoddart, though going in the same direction as yourself, made a much greater circuit than you, for he left the city by the Candahar gate, and yet you see the result." This was a very pleasing and gratifying remark of the old gentleman; but not wishing for any more such consolation, I turned the subject on his own affairs, and then bade him good-by.

My party consists of the Cazee, Moollah Mahomed Hassan, who, from his being somewhat of a conspirator, we have been in the habit of calling "Brutus"—his son, Mahomed Daood, an active young fellow, who is so fond of adventure that he cheerfully leaves his young wife to come with us—Khoda Woodee Khan, a man of old but ruined family, who ought to be faithful, if there is such a thing as gratitude in this part of the world;—and lastly, Fazil Khan, a fine specimen of the troopers of the irregular horse of India, true as steel, fearing neither man nor devil, and obeying the orders of his immediate superior to the very letter. Brutus, I should say, is about 60 years old; he is a man of considerable rank, a Moollah and Cazee, whose family in former years possessed great influence and wealth in the valley of Herat; he is passionate and violent, but of unflinching courage, and has much influence with the tribes I shall have to pass through; his opinion of his own rank and consequence is very great. His son is invaluable; he looks after the horses, loads the mules, ties my turban, helps to cook the dinner, and appears at that meal in a good dress, humour, and appetite. Khoda Woodee pro-

ceeds more leisurely about his work ; he is a quiet gentlemanly man, blessed with a most luxuriant beard, and whether doctoring a mule or eating his food, he is always sedate, and seems to think a good deal, but never speaks if he can help it. Fazil Khan is, simply, the most faithful, single-hearted creature I have ever met with.

With the above party I am to dine, breakfast, and associate for an unknown time, and I would not change any of them. In addition to the above, I have seven Demauk Kipchag troopers from the Vuzeer, who look as if they were good men for work. One of them is called "the Wolf," from a curious habit which he is said to possess of rushing into danger. I dare say we shall have occasion to put his vaunted courage to the test.

I am writing this at 9 A. M., on the 15th May, not having had time, in the multiplicity of arrangements previous to my departure, to keep a journal. I took leave at sunset yesterday of my brother officers, at about five miles from the city. All the mules had passed us, and the only absentees were Mahomed Daood and Khoda Woordee. Brutus explained the absence of the former, by saying he had sent him on duty to the city ; but Khoda Woordee's absence could only be imagined by supposing he was thinking of something which every body else had forgotten. The march was to Purwaunah, about six and a half miles through the range of hills north of Heraut ; a capital road, fine moonlight, and only one false alarm on the route. Just as I had taken off my boots and called for a pipe, Khoda Woordee galloped into the court, saying, that when close to the halting-place he had been chased ; that a poor wretch, who was on foot in his company, had been seized, he feared, by the seven horsemen from whom he had thought it judicious to flee. He begged that I would allow him to take some of the Kipchag troopers and go to the rescue of his companion. I consented, and had some idea of going myself ; but I am glad I did not, for while Brutus was groaning and praying for his son Mahomed Daood, who, he feared, must have fallen into the hands of Khoda Woordee's pursuers, in came young Daood in convulsions of laughter, saying, that seeing some one riding a-head of him, and wishing to have a

chat, he put his horse to a canter, and that the person a-head of him increasing his pace, he (Mahomed Daood) called lustily to him, in the name of the Prophet, to pull in his horse, but the louder he cried the quicker fled the leading horseman, who, I need hardly say, was Khoda Woordee, who for once thought too much, in as much as he mistook a young stripling for "seven Turcomans on a chupas." Some time afterwards, when my convulsions of laughter had somewhat subsided, I saw Khoda Woordee sneaking about the door of the ruin, which was my halting-place, and asked why he had remained behind the party ? But I could not find it in me to quiz him, particularly as he gave an excellent reason for stopping behind. Old Brutus and I had a good cup of tea, and sweetmeats, before going to bed, and the "lovely moon smiled on our slumbers." We have just eaten a capital breakfast, without feeling the want of knives and forks, or tables and chairs. I have been advised to adopt the Affghan dress on this trip, and find it far from an unpleasant costume, and—shall I confess it?—becoming. The most objectionable part is the nether garment, which, in direct opposition to an Englishman's ideas of fashion, is so preposterously wide as to be inconvenient ; those made for me (I begged for small ones) have nearly a circumference of six feet for each leg ; in fact, as a facetious friend of mine observes, "the thing is not a pair of breeches, but a divided petticoat." Mine are of a bright red colour, and my shirt is of the same blushing hue ; my coat is something like a long surt-out, without a collar. It is made of a light blue chintz, and trimmed with cashmere shawl. The cloak is made very full, with long sleeves, and of a light brown colour. The turban is of white muslin, and arranged with great skill by Mahomed Daood, in large folds. The wristband is a light striped shawl, and the boots much like those of the Horse Guards, but with pointed toes. At Heraut I always found, when conversing with a native of the country who had never before seen the European costume, that he was so absorbed by astonishment at the difference of dress that he could think of nothing else, and that instead of listening to my arguments he was counting my buttons. I have nearly 300 ducats tied

round my waist under my clothes; and Brutus, Fazil Khan, and two private servants, are similarly loaded in different amounts, making a total of 1500 ducats, or about L.900. Our party consists of thirty, and we have thirty-five horses and mules.

May 16th.—Khoosh Robat—Made a very pleasant march yesterday of twelve and a half miles. The road generally excellent and the weather delightful. Crossed a pretty little stream, where are the remains of an old bridge. The Khoosh is a small stream; the caravan-serai here is magnificent, large enough to quarter a brigade of infantry; the roof is still in good order; I could not get any tradition concerning it. About halfway we passed a reservoir of water. These buildings prove the wealth and generosity of former kings, who little thought that their works would last longer than their own fames.

May 17th.—Killa-i-Juppatt, forty-five and a half miles. I am ashamed to say quite knocked up. I rode an Arab horse, who could not walk with the Turcomans, and shook me dreadfully. We stopped at two places on the road, one for a cup of tea and the other for a few hours' sleep. The first seventeen miles of the road are truly beautiful; you cross over the crest of the hills, which must be, I should say, at an elevation of 7000 feet. There are hundreds of hills sloping off in all directions, and covered with the most luxuriant grass; every variety of colour was to be found in the weeds, and every little valley had its own peculiar stream of the purest water. The Herautees may well boast of the beauties of Bad Khyss (as this part of the country is called) in spring. The remainder of the road is in some places destitute of water. Saw several khails with large flocks of cattle. When we passed the khails old Brutus was very anxious to make some little show, so the troopers fell into something like order, the mules got an extra hint to step out, and my running footman was requested to dismount, and place himself a-head of his master. This was all very grand, as the little boy's book has it; but, alas! all the men of the khails were absent, and the women and children hardly deigned to come out of their black tents to look at us. Brutus, however, had the satisfaction of passing in state a considerable *kafilah* bound for Heraut.

A rather amusing conversation took place between Brutus and an old Turcoman who had joined our party. The latter ventured to hint that the nether garment of the Affghans was a *little* too large, and by this remark brought down a torrent of ridicule from the old conspirator, according to whom Turcomans are mere savages, who dip a bit of bread into a melted sheep's tail, and pronounce a long and solemn grace over this *meal*. The old Turcoman was very wroth, and as the dispute appeared to get too warm, I came to the Tartar's rescue, saying, that the best soldiers were those who cared least for their food and comforts; and that, as for the Affghans, they required one mule for their turban, and another for their nether garments. Old Brutus is a surprising old gentleman for work; when every one of the party but he and the Wolf wished to stop, he persisted in pushing on, and I could only get a little rest by throwing myself off my horse and calling for my servants. The cause of all this haste is to get out of the country of the Jumsheedees Demauks, who are said to be notorious and expert thieves. This place is on the banks of the Khoosh River. Plenty of grass.

May 18th.—Yesterday evening I made the acquaintance of a patriarch amongst the Jumsheedees, a very pleasing old gentleman, of mild and winning manner. He took us to his khail near the road, and gave us buttermilk, and sent his son to show us the road. His khail was a large one; the khurgahs, of which there were about twenty, were arranged in lines, and the calves and lambs inside the square. The females seemed very busy at their domestic arrangements, and the children fat and happy. My old friend said he had suffered very much from the Persian force, which, during the late siege of Heraut, was sent to this valley; he and all his tribe, with every moveable thing, retreated to the hills; but they fled so precipitately, and to so great a distance, that they lost several hundred cattle. We marched eighteen miles during the night; the first half of the road is through the different little valleys close to the banks of the Khoosh, the remaining distance is along the bed of the river, which you cross at a tolerable ford.

At sunrise started again, and moved

twelve miles along the banks of the Khoosh. Our place of rest during the heat of the day was ill chosen; heat great, flies troublesome, grass indifferent, and water distant. Total distance thirty miles.

May 19th.—Travelled six and three-quarter hours last night; road generally good, but many quicksands in crossing the Khoosh; in one of them the Wolf got a most effectual ducking, and lost his gun, which, however, we found again after some search. The sleeping-place was in a damp grassy spot; but if it had been in the bed of the river, I don't think I should have objected, being most completely tired. At sunrise loaded and mounted again, and marched five and a quarter hours: total distance forty-four miles, to the Moorghaub, a muddy, rapid stream, the banks of which are thickly fringed with tamerisk jungle. Here we found a kafilah of grain bound for Heraut, and a man with a note from the Cazee of Yellatoon to Major Todd, in which I found it written that Captain Abbott had not only succeeded in stopping the advance of the Russian army, but had reached St Petersburg, and procured an order for the return of the force and the destruction of the forts. I don't believe this, though what on earth could make this Cazee of Yellatoon write such a falsehood, is difficult to imagine. At any rate, I shall go on to Khyva; I have decided on sending the Wolf back with this letter; he promises to reach Heraut in two days, and to return to me at Merve on the sixth day from this date.

May 20th.—Before starting yesterday, the Cazee came to my tent and said that three Turcomans were carrying away some natives of Heraut as slaves. On coming out, I found young Daood had seized the bridle of the leading Turcoman, and was bringing the party to our camp. There were ten slaves, two females, and the rest boys—mere children. I am ashamed to say that I was silly enough to let my anger lead me into the absurdity of expressing the disgust and horror which I felt, and was guilty of the folly of lecturing Turcomans on the evil of their ways. The poor children seemed thin and harassed, but not the least frightened, nor very anxious for their release; though it is

possible that fear of the three Turcomans prevented their speaking out on this subject. I asked Brutus to sit by me and write the names of the slaves, of their relatives, and the people who sold them. They had been sold, it appeared, by the Jumsheedees and Hazarehs. I had no power to release these poor creatures, and had I taken upon myself to do so, I should most probably have defeated the object of my mission, which will amongst other things, I hope, lead to the cessation *in toto* of this most detestable traffic. Had I turned the poor children loose, they would soon have been retaken. We let the party therefore go, and passed them again about three miles from the river. Both the females and the smallest of the boys were mounted on the camels. I trust that this humane arrangement was not made merely while I was passing. My party could not be restrained from showering curses on the Turcomans; and Fazil Khan begged me with moist eyes to release the slaves. We moved this night twenty-two miles; plenty of wood and grass along the road, which is generally good, though there are some steep sandy ascents. The valley of the Moorghaub, along which we are now moving, is narrow, and bounded by sand-hills, which are covered with bushes of camel-thorn and other stunted herbs. The valley itself has a fine soil, and has been highly cultivated in former years, but it is now deserted. Stopped to sleep and feed the cattle for a few hours, and started a little after sunrise; passed a place called Sundook Koochan. Connected with this spot is a tradition, viz., "That once upon a time a box fell to the ground here." (The ark?) This is all I could get from the Turcomans, who grinned and said, "Yes, a box fell there, and therefore it is called Sundook Koochan."

May 21st.—Started before sunset, and marched twenty-two miles. This particular spot is much dreaded by travellers and kafilahs, as the Turka Turcomans often cross it when on plundering excursions. Very heavy jungle on this part of the road, which is still along the Moorghaub; slept, and fed the cattle at about two miles from the Bund-i-Yellatoon, or bank which throws the water of the Moorghaub into the canal of Yellatoon. The flood this year has been so great as

completely to destroy this bank, and the canal is consequently dry." At sunrise, started again, and moved ten miles; heat oppressive; total distance thirty-two miles.

May 22d.—Marched nineteen miles to the camp of a friendly Turcoman, who did his "little possible" to make me comfortable, and brought me his son and a colt, both of which he said were my property. I of course thanked him, but I told him that I only received one kind of Peshkush, (present,) viz. slaves. At sunrise moved eight miles to Yellatoon, where there is a governor and cazee. Old Brutus was very anxious, when we came near this place, to see whether these worthies would come out to meet us, and at one time he fondly hoped they had done us that honour; for being shortsighted, and seeing some troopers coming towards us, a complacent smile crossed his coarse features, and stroking his beard, he muttered, "After all, they are Mussulmen;" but Daood soon dispelled the charming illusion, saying, "Oh father! these are dogs and sons of dogs, and have sent *servants* to meet us." Great was the old man's ire, and deeply he vowed not to enter their tents; but seeing several people collected a little distance off, I made up to them, and, on dismounting, found they were the authorities of Yellatoon. They gave me a hearty, though rough welcome, and led me to a tent which had been pitched for the occasion. One or two words of prayer, and a stroke of the beard, took place immediately we were seated, and raisins and bread were brought in and devoured. The Turcomans have not the slightest pretensions to politeness; they do exactly whatever suits their fancy, and expect their guest to please himself in every way. They have one custom which I found sufficiently troublesome: they consider it unpolite to leave their guest alone, and unless you keep the door shut, you have a constant flood of visitors, who enter, sit down, stroke their beards, and exit. Last year the governor of Yellatoon stole Mahomed Daood's cloak,—at least so sayeth Brutus. This governor is of the same tribe as the Khan Huzarut, upon whom he is entirely dependent. He is much interested in making it believed that the Russians have retreated, and seems much vexed if any

one doubts this circumstance. This advance of the Russians on one side, and our own in Affghanistan on the other, have greatly alarmed the more intelligent among the Asiatics, who say, "Do you think we are such dolts as not to perceive what will be the end of all this? You and the Russians will meet and shake hands, and we shall be crushed in the operation." Just as I was leaving Yellatoon, the governor brought me two superb hawks, which he begged me to accept. I pleaded the impossibility of carrying them with me; upon this he immediately gave me an old man to take care of them, and the only way of escape was to give the old man a couple of ducats, and tell him to look after the hawks until my return. Brutus says that the birds are celebrated for their speed, and worth at least four slaves each.

May 23d.—Marched last night about ten miles, good road, and this morning came to Merve, about twelve more. There is a small shell of a fort here, and a considerable bazar. We are shut up in a small enclosure, and no one allowed to come and see us. The authorities of this place were very anxious that Brutus should halt at some other spot, but he has refused most stoutly to leave me: he is so enraged at the treatment which I have received, that he has done nothing since our arrival but abuse the fathers, grandfathers, and relations of *all* Turcomans, and he now appears to be much relieved. For my part, I am heartily glad of the arrangement, and trust the exclusion of visitors will be continued, though officially I have remonstrated against it. The governor, in reply to my question, "Whether the Khan Huzarut of Khyva wished me to be treated as a prisoner during my stay at Merve?" has sent a very humble answer, saying that he feared some of my property would be stolen, and my rest disturbed by visitors, and that therefore he prevented any Turcomans from entering the square assigned for my residence.

May 24th.—Brutus very anxious for the visit of the governor, but I feel confident he will not do us that honour. To-morrow is the grand market-day, and horses, camels, grain, and slaves, may be had in great abundance. I must buy camels, as I have to carry

water and grain for ten days for my party.

May 25th.—The governor sent his servant to say he could not call, as he was in mourning for his brother, who, by the way, died eight months back; he wants me to call on him, but this I have not agreed to. I said, if he had made the excuse the first day I would have called; but as he was a servant of the Khan Huzarut, who was our friend, I thought it due to the latter to make the customary present before leaving, so I sent a Cashmere shawl. He is a dog, but it is as well to throw him a bone, as I am compelled to pass through his kennel. The Wolf returned to me before sunset; he reached Heraut from the Moorghaub, a distance of 140 miles, in 36 hours; at Heraut he got a fresh horse, and rejoined me at Merve, a distance of 260 miles, in 105 hours! He has brought me an English newspaper dated 4th March, 82 days from London to Merve! Before his arrival I was talking over with Brutus the chance of his getting safely through the perils of the journey; "Why," said Brutus, "fatigue can't kill him, and no one in this country *will* kill him, for it is more profitable to sell him; and as the Wolf has already been three times sold to the Turcomans, a fourth will make no great difference." The horse he has ridden here from Heraut is ruined; if he survives, he can never be of service during this journey, his back being dreadfully wounded by the saddle. It may be as well to describe here the khurgab, (literally donkey-house,) which is the dwelling of the Turcoman tribes. I am now living in one which is eighteen feet high. The wall is five feet high, and is formed of dried willow boughs, crossing each other diagonally. At each cross a leather thong is passed through both the pieces of willow, so that the whole can be shut up and placed on a camel. This wall is first pitched, and a broad strap of carpeting passed round it, binding it to a doorway. The roof is formed of a ring of willow-boughs, having holes in it for the insertion of other willow-boughs, covered at one end, which radiate from the ring, and slope down to the wall, to the top of which they are firmly fixed; over this framework thick felts are bound; and, with good carpets on the floor, a

dwelling is formed, which keeps out heat, cold, and rain, and is easily removed to any other spot. It is certainly better than any tent, and has the advantage of excluding thieves. The camels are bought, the leather bags for water ready, all supplies laid in, and off we go to-morrow.

May 26th.—Called after all on the governor. The fact is, I could not omit this attention without appearing to slight the Khan Huzarut. I found a very old gentleman, with a very white beard, sitting under an awning. He did not move one inch to receive me, (served me right for calling, and yet I think I was right, and the old fellow wrong, in spite of his grey beard.) I fear I must bring this insult to the Khan Huzarut's notice. Called immediately afterwards on the Khuleefa, another greybeard, but a very different character; he received me like a patriarch. This old gentleman has very great influence with all Turcomans, by whom he is much respected and trusted; he is considered almost a saint; and the Turcomans are only too glad to make him the distributor of their charitable donations. I believe he is well worthy of the trust, though they say that some of his *attachés* eat an unconscionable share of the poor-rates. The Khuleefa is a very small man, of very quiet and retiring manners—a *rara avis*—a bashful Turcoman. His face is pleasing, notwithstanding the loss of the bridge of his nose, which was caused by frost. From the Khuleefa's, I returned to my own quarters—loaded, and started; heat very great; total distance twelve miles. The regular road crosses the river Moorghaub close to the town, but the boat is injured, and we have followed the river in hope of finding a ford. I am the guest of a jolly-looking Turcoman, whose khail is very extensive. My host speaks nothing but Turkee, and I know nothing of that language; but I fancy we both feel alike, for he brought me a bowl of buttermilk directly I arrived, and this was exactly what I wanted. We have left the Salore Turcomans, and fallen amongst the Surruks; the former are said to have 10,000, the latter 15,000 families. They appear very similar, except that the women here all wear red head-dresses of a curious shape. Brutus is much scandalized at their

wearing no veils. I have seen one or two tolerable beauties amongst them; their morals are not spoken highly of, but they appear to me to be quiet, careful housewives. There are several Jews at Merve, and, to my surprise, I found one located here, who astonished me by offering me 100 ducats for a bill on Heraut. True to his caste, he asked exorbitant interest. He is now busy getting the fair sex of this khail to make up covers for my horses' ears and bellies, a precaution necessary, owing to the number of venomous flies on the road we are taking. There are two roads from Merve to Khyva, or, as it is more generally called here, Corgunj. One is called the Rah-i-tukht, the other, the Rah-i-chushmah; we take the former, as it has more water. It is said, however, to be the longer by two or three stages. Brutus thinks the governor of Merve means to play us false. The man he has sent with us has suddenly decided that it is impossible to take the Rah-i-tukht, as the river is not fordable. Brutus says that the other road is often dangerous; and, at any rate, the camels we have with us are only sufficient to carry water and grain for our party, with the assistance of wells, and I have ascertained that for four days I should find no water whatever on the Rah-i-chushmah; so sending for the guide, and hearing all the *pros* and *cons* which he could urge, I told him that I had made up my mind either to return to Merve or to go by the Rah-i-tukht. He talked a good deal about impossibilities, &c., and went to make some enquiries. I hope, by the assistance of the Jew, to turn his flank, by getting a guide from this khail. I had secured one at Merve, but the governor sent for him, and told him not to come with me. The Jew has succeeded in getting a guide for me, who agrees to take me halfway to Khyva, on condition that I give him his food while with me, and eight tillahs for his trouble. The demand is most exorbitant, but I see no other way of avoiding returning to Merve.

May 27th.—After many intrigues, on the part of the governor's servant, to detain me and to prevent the guide I procured yesterday from coming with me, I at last got away from the khail, and marched sixteen miles; water and grass abundant, camel-

thorn most luxuriant, wood rather scarce; stopt during the heat of the day. It now appears that the guide, who is to receive eight tillahs from me, only knows *one* road, and that *that* road is impassable; he has, however, he says, found a Turcoman who has just come across the desert from his khail on the Khyva road. In the evening, we moved seventeen miles and a quarter to the river Moorghaub; grass scarce, wood plentiful.

May 28th.—Marched in the morning fifteen miles along the banks of the Moorghaub, which we crossed at an excellent ford—the stream about thirty yards wide, three and a half feet deep, and bottom hard. The river is, however, full of quicksands, and the greatest care must be taken in searching for a good ford. There is but little grass on its banks, wood abundant, the air cool and pleasant. In the evening started again, intending to make a long march, but at five miles came on another stream; very foolishly tried to find the ford myself, and got into a bad quicksand in which I nearly lost my horse. The mules and camels crossed lower down without any accident. The Wolf this day showed his carnivorous nature by killing and dividing one of my two remaining sheep without leave asked or given. I rather think he will in future see the necessity of controlling his appetite within the rules of propriety. Amongst other things, he had to walk the march through the heavy sand and under a hot sun in his large riding boots.

May 29th, Friday.—The Turcoman who is to receive eight tillahs from me, is missing; his mare trotted into our camp last night covered with mud and water, and we fear the poor wretch must have been drowned, as it is known that he could not swim: I have now only the guide whom he had provided for me to trust to. Moved this morning four miles, when we came to a third stream of the Moorghaub, where we had difficulty in finding a good ford. We are halting on the bank while the people go to search for the body of the unfortunate Turcoman. At one P.M., no light being thrown on the Turcoman's fate, we started, and moved fifteen miles, when we came to a fourth stream, nearly as large as the first, which detained us two hours. We then moved

four miles into the desert. I sent for the Governor of Merve's servant and my only remaining guide, and cross-questioned them as to where they intended to take me. The Governor's servant acknowledged that he had no idea whatever of the road. The guide said, he knew of two reservoirs of water in the desert, and that he would stake his life on taking me to them before twelve o'clock the next day; he confessed he was much surprised at coming on the last stream, as he thought we had been clear of the river, but that he had crossed much higher up. He is a very intelligent-looking young fellow, and I will trust him. I take with me water sufficient for one day, and have told this young guide that he shall have the eight tillahs promised to the deceased Turcoman, whose family I will try to provide for. He says that he is confident of finding the water, and that "my sword is on his neck if he fails."

May 30th.—Started last night at half-past one, and moved eleven miles and a quarter; when the first dawn of day appeared, it was fine to see the young Turcoman gazing like a startled antelope from side to side, scampering up to every mound and peering over every sand-hill. He saw me using a telescope, and begged to be allowed to look; upon my giving him the glass he seemed a little frightened, suspecting infernal agency; but, summoning up his courage, he shouted, "In the name of God!" and applied the glass to his eye, prepared for the worst that might happen. It was long before he could arrange the focus to suit his eye, but at length an exclamation of "God is great!" showed that he began to see the use of the instrument. He had been most anxious, during the last two miles, for a certain mark which he said he must be near. At length he pulled up, and said, that if I would give him a trooper to go with him, he would find the water and return to me. I complied, and lay down in the mean time for a nap. My dream was a confusion of drowning Turcomans, telescopes, streams of water, and the horrors of dying of thirst. In an hour and a half these dreams were disturbed by shouts and yells, and on getting up I saw the Turcoman, with his cap in his hand, screaming, and urging his horse towards us. Long before he reached us, his shouts of

"Water, I have found the water, there is plenty of it!" were to be heard, and after five miles we reached it. The reservoirs were mere pools dug in the bed of a small ravine; the water was muddy, but of good flavour; and the coarse grass on the edges of the banks proved a "bonne bouche" to the horses. Having reached this water, the difficulty is to hit upon the road from Merve to Khyva. The Turcoman says he hopes before night to hit upon a road from Meshed to Bokhara which crosses the road to Khyva. Started again in the evening, and marched fifteen miles, until it was so dark that we feared the camels might lose our track. No signs of the road as yet, but my guide says he can go as well by the stars as by daylight; he says, we must move all night, and warns us that we shall not reach water until late to-morrow.

May 31st.—Moved last night thirteen miles at the tails of the camels; it is dreadful work, crawling along at two and a half miles an hour, particularly without any road. At last, by the greatest good-luck, in the middle of the night, and without a moon, the road was discovered. It was pointed out to me, and though I dismounted and tried hard to distinguish it, I failed. The Turcomans of the party, however, were very positive, and took the greatest trouble in tracing it. After marching some hours they begged me to halt until the morning, lest the track should be lost. We slept two hours, and then started again. By daylight even, it was difficult to trace the road, the soil being nothing but loose sand, which drifts with every breeze. The only good marks are the bones of dead camels and other animals, of which there are great quantities. Some public-spirited people have been at the trouble of occasionally putting the skeleton of a camel's head on a bush near the road, and this is considered an infallible sign. At one or two places branches of trees are also heaped together as a mark, but these are few and far between. This desert is very uneven. I have seen one very like it in India, which extends along the eastern bank of the Indus near Bhawalpore. There are innumerable bushes of a dwarf description, and in places the ground is almost hard, but some of the sand-hills are of great height and of the finest red sand. We came on twenty-

seven miles this morning; the heat was dreadful, and the loose sand and the fatigues of the previous night added much to our thirst; all the water we had in the leather bottles with the riding-horses was consumed, the camels were far in the rear, and there was no appearance of a well. The Turcoman guide, however, was positive as to the vicinity of a well, and in reply to my question of "Whether my sword was on his neck if he failed?" he laughingly said, "Yes, I will find the well if you'll find the tillahs;" and on we plodded, a fiery hot wind blowing. At length I almost despaired, and Brutus wanted to lie down, but I thought on the Turcoman's former successes, and pushing up the sand-hill over which he had gone, had the happiness to see him dismounted and leaning down peering into the long-sought well. My panting steed got an extra kick from my heels, and I was soon by the guide's side pulling up a bucket of water, which, alas! was so very offensive in smell and taste, that I could not drink it. The servants, however, and the horses, drank it most greedily. The Turcomans say that there is nothing injurious in this water; on the contrary, that it is cooling to the blood. It is strongly impregnated with saltpetre, is perfectly clear, but of so unpleasant a flavour and so offensive to the nostrils, that, notwithstanding the heat and my excessive thirst, I could not swallow it; and with parched lips I waited four long hours until the camels arrived. I derived some little advantage from making the servants pour quantities of this nasty water over me while I held my nose. I was so nervous lest the camels should lose the road that I could not sleep. Late in the evening a man arrived, saying the camels were near. Fazil Khan mounted immediately, and shortly returned with two leather bags of good water, and Brutus and I drank large draughts. They may talk of nectar, &c., but I never enjoyed any thing so much as this water, of which, by the way, we had some capital tea made in a short time. It was fortunate that I kept Khoda Woordee with the camels; for the Kipchag Sowars, headed by the Wolf, suffered so much from the excessive heat that they lost all sense of discipline, and tried to detain the camels until the cool of the evening,

helping themselves in the mean time from the water bags; but Khoda Woordee behaved with great firmness, and succeeded at last in frightening even the Wolf, who, being an opium-eater, felt the heat so much that at one time he threw himself from his horse, vowing *his hour* had arrived. When I look back and think how unlikely it was that even with the Turcoman I should find the reservoirs of yesterday and the well of to-day, and when I reflect that, had any thing happened to the guide, or had he been less intelligent—had we, in short, by any accident missed these watering-places, the destruction of all the party was inevitable;—I say, when I think of all these things, I acknowledge I have great cause for gratitude to Him who has guided me through this and many other dangers. We are now on the high-road to Khyva, the "*Rah-itukht*;" twelve hours' travelling will carry us to another well which contains sweet water; and in three days all the difficulties of the road will be overcome. Total distance, forty miles.

June 1st.—We halted until late this evening, to allow the cattle to recover in some measure from the fatigues of yesterday. Moved in the evening six miles—the same broken sandy ground, and the same ugly dwarf bushes.

June 2d.—Moved during the night thirty miles. At daylight I was pushing on a-head with the young Turcoman, when he suddenly reined up the old mare, and listened attentively, crying, after a pause, "*In-shallah*, we'll have a sheep to-day;" and before I could make enquiries as to the why and wherefore, off went my friend at a gallop, leaving me to follow as I best might. In about five minutes I heard the bark of a dog; a shout was then raised for the shepherd, and in due time a creature appeared, much like the drawings of Robinson Crusoe. The young Turcoman and the shepherd were old friends, and their meeting was very animated. The shepherd hoisted himself about, leaning on his staff, and the young Turcoman, throwing his left leg over the pommel of the saddle, appeared to be giving an amusing account of our party, for they both grinned, and now and then laughed loudly. In a few minutes we reached the well, which proved to contain most delicious water, and

near it we found a camp of Turcomans, with large flocks of cattle; they are about to move to the river Oxus, finding it impossible to feed their cattle any longer in the desert. The water for their sheep was drawn up by slaves. Our party have been very busy this day, drinking buttermilk and water, and praising the young Turcoman guide. Total distance thirty miles.

June 3d. — Moved during the night twelve miles, and then slept till near daylight, after which, came on six miles to the much-talked-of Tukht. This is rather a large sand-hill, nothing else. The Turcomans believe that Solomon paid it a visit. If he came here on business, he was, of course, not to blame, but if he came here for pleasure, he must have been much disappointed, and showed no great proof of wisdom. The river Oxus is said, in former years, to have flowed near this spot. That wretch of a guide who was sent with me by the Governor of Merve, lost the road last night, and went back with the camels towards Merve. He was found this morning by young Daood, close to the last watering-place. Some travellers from Khyva are here, who confirm the report of the Russian retreat. Total distance eighteen miles.

June 4th, Thursday. — Came on last night eighteen and three-quarter miles, then slept for two hours, and this morning came on twenty-two miles to the river Oxus; the heat was very great. We are pitched on the edge of a small stream from the river, and the half-starved cattle are enjoying themselves among luxuriant grass and pure water. I have not yet seen the river. The last twenty miles of this road was generally hard, and the sound of the horses' hoofs was pleasant, after having waded through so much deep sand. The name of this place is Ruppa Kalla; there is the ruin of an old fort here. Total distance forty and three-quarter miles.

June 5th. — Delayed until three o'clock this morning, by the non-arrival of the camels. At four miles from Ruppa Kalla we passed a fort called Koosh Gullah; the road is along the banks of the Oxus, which is a magnificent stream, with rather high banks. I should estimate the distance between the high banks at three miles. Through this channel the body of the

water takes a serpentine course, now on one side, and now on the other, leaving large portions of dry ground, which are invariably covered with most luxuriant jungle. Immediately you ascend the high bank you are on the desert, and, I think, the same would be found on the other side. This noble stream flows on its stately course without deigning to hold any connexion with the barren wilderness on its banks; a fine image for one poetically disposed—vanity of vanities. If I have not been guilty of the presumption of comparing my wretched little *dribble* of a course to this noble stream, perhaps I may derive some little hope by thinking, that after its long uninteresting route through barren uncongenial wastes, it at length reaches its long-sought ocean. God grant that my wanderings may bring me to old England! About halfway, I should say the stream was five hundred yards in breadth. At the halting-place I don't think it was quite three hundred yards, and there was a small sand-bank near our side.

June 6th. — Last night came on eighteen miles. At three miles passed a ruined fort, the gate of which has some slight pretensions to architectural ornament. Slept until daylight, and came on this morning eleven miles to a high mound. Here we marched off into the bed of the river for water, and passed, before we reached it, through four miles of ground that has been highly cultivated, but is now neglected.

June 7th. — Last night came on sixteen miles. At four miles passed a spot which is sacred in the eyes of Turcomans, as having been the tomb of "Huzuruti-Maduri-Baba-Adam," literally *Adam's mother*! They made offerings here, by turning loose a mare and horse; their progeny are said to be numerous, though I cannot say that I saw any of them. At nine miles came to the separation of two roads, one leading inland, and the other following the river; we took the latter; it is said to be the longer of the two, but we are sure of water and grass. Total distance thirty miles.

June 8th. — Came on seventeen miles, a good road, through heavy jungle, in immediate vicinity of the river, and sandy ground on the high

bank. Brutus was taken ill with dysentery during the night. I should pity the old man more if he did not groan so much; we are now halting on his account.

June 9th.—Last night came on twenty-five miles. After the first eleven miles left the river, and turned inland. Slept until daylight, and this morning came on ten miles. At two miles from sleeping-place we came to a small village, with a few trees and some cultivation, in a hollow, the ascent from which was rather precipitous; these are the first fixed habitations we have seen since leaving Merve. About one mile from this, passed another village, still smaller, and soon afterwards came in sight of this village, "Phitunk," which is very extensive, thickly populated, and appears to be highly cultivated; large trees in every direction, and many carts. Total distance thirty-five miles.

June 10th.—Wednesday, came on this morning thirteen miles, about a mile of which was through the village of Phitunk, and then eight miles across rather high barren ground, and the remainder through a cultivated country; round this place, "Hazar Asp," (thousand horses,) there is a fort of some size, but no strength. The Inak's garden seems a fine one, and the wealth and prosperity of the inhabitants, and the fertility of the soil, have surprised me greatly. From all accounts which I have ever read of Turkistan, the whole of the country is described as a desert, and the people as a miserable race, living in tents and possessing a few flocks of cattle; but from Merve I marched through thirty miles of cultivation watered by the Moorghaub. This cultivation appeared to extend for many miles inland, the khails being very numerous; and here the whole face of the country is a garden, and each family appears to have its own farm-house. The carts of the country meet you at every corner; they are invariably drawn by a stout pony. Their construction is coarse in the extreme; the wheels are of an enormous height, and the felloes absurdly deep; there is no tire, but the breadth of the wheel is not more than that of a common cart; the naves are exactly double the thickness necessary, and with all this wood the body of the cart is not larger than a good-sized wheelbarrow. The whole

affair looks like the "grandpapa" of the carts of the present century in England. Iron is too precious a metal at Khyva to be used if any substitute can be found, and consequently the carts here have hardly a single nail in them, and roll along screeching ludicrously on wooden axles. Instead of using iron bolts for the different fastenings, they fix them by a very strong glue which they procure from Russia, and which does not separate by immersing the parts so joined in water. This is the seat of the Inak, the brother of the Khan Huzarut of Khyva, and a very powerful and influential person in all affairs of government. He received me very kindly, assigning me quarters in the house of his Vuzeer, who is the brother of the Khan Huzarut's minister.

June 11th, Thursday.—Came on this day thirty-eight miles, the road very circuitous, and through the cultivation, which is divided alone by small ranges of sand-hills. I have never in India seen the ground more carefully cultivated, nor more densely populated—the whole country is beautifully wooded.

June 12th, Friday.—Entered the city of Khyva. There is a fort of some size here, but of no strength; all the houses are made of mud, the outer walls being solid and the inner partitions supported by wooden framework; they are of a considerable size, and the rooms are lofty, but unornamented, and without windows; if sufficient light cannot be procured from the doorway, a hole is knocked in the roof. Water is so near the surface that it is necessary to lay a foundation of wood or stone for all the walls. The gardens in the neighbourhood of the town are very numerous, and appear to be kept with much care. The bazar was crowded, the streets narrow and dirty: the climate is delicious. In the evening I was summoned to the Khan Huzarut's presence. His highness received me very graciously. There is no pomp or show about his court, no guards whatever, and I did not see a jewel of any sort. The court robes are the same as those of the working people—a cotton stuffed cloak, and a high black lambskin cap. I was informed that it would be "out of order" if I appeared before the Khan without my boots. It was in vain to point to my Wellingtons—these

were pronounced as *nothing*; so, rather than be suspected of disrespect, I pulled on a large pair of Affghan riding-boots over my gold-laced pantaloons: these, with my beard, made rather curious additions to the undress uniform of the gallant Bengal artillery. I fancy by appearing booted it is meant to show that you are ready to obey the Khan's orders at a moment's notice.

June 13th.—Summoned again to the Khan Huzarut's presence. I was taken to a garden seat, a favourite spot. I passed through a long gallery, with a flat roof supported by beams, and, after one or two zig-zags, entered a court surrounded by buildings, containing a large pond of water, on the edge of which there were many fine trees. From this court we made one or two zig-zags to another similar court, and from thence to a third, the zig-zags from which led to the Khan's dwelling. After ascending two or three flights of narrow steep steps, I found myself in a large verandah, and in the presence of Khan Huzarut. The interview passed off very pleasantly, and the Khan was pleased to give me access to his presence at any hour.

June 14th.—This evening I waited on Khan Huzarut on business at the garden seat. I have omitted to mention that the eldest son of Cazee Moolah, Mahomed Hassan, who had been sent several months previously with money and letters for Captain Abbott, returned to Khyva on the day of my arrival. It appeared that he reached Khyva after Captain Abbott's departure, and followed him to Mungisbauk on the Caspian sea. There he heard that Abbott had moved along the Caspian to Nova Alexandroff, a Russian fort; and following his traces, he at length found Abbott a prisoner and wounded among the Cuzzacks. It appears that fifty Cuzzacks at night attacked Abbott's small party, and soon overpowered them. Abbott was four times beaten to the ground, and in protecting himself from sabre cuts, lost the fore and middle fingers of his right hand, and received several other wounds. He was found by the Cazee's son in a wretched state, seventeen days after the attack; three of his servants had been distributed as slaves, and he himself had been allowed but little food, and deprived of all his property.

The presence of the Cazee's son, and some of the Khan Huzarut's Sowars who accompanied him, frightened the Cuzzacks, and Abbott was allowed to move to the camp of a neighbouring Turcoman, who received him very hospitably. After a short time the Cazee's son accompanied him to the vicinity of Nova Alexandroff, where they parted, Captain Abbott telling him to wait three days, and, if in that time no letter arrived, to return to Khyva.

On the fourth day, no news having arrived, the Cazee's son came back to this city; but before he left, he heard that Captain Abbott had been received by the Russian authorities at Nova Alexandroff, by whom he had been placed on board a ship which was to carry him across the Caspian. Brutus's head is in the skies in consequence of his son's valour and perseverance; and he may well be proud of him, for there are few men who would have entered upon the journey which he undertook, and but very few who would have succeeded in reaching Abbott. I have done my best to bring the young man's conduct to the notice of government, and have given him a handsome red Cashmere shawl, to let the Turcomans see that we can appreciate such good service. I was much surprised a few days after my arrival at Khyva, by seeing a person in an European costume enter my khurgah; I saluted him in Persian, but I soon found that he spoke French. His story was sufficiently amusing. It appears that he was a native of Italy, and had there earned his bread by making plaster-of-paris statues; but owing to the immense number of competitors in this branch of industry, he found it difficult to procure even a bare subsistence; and being of an adventurous spirit, he resolved to try to penetrate to some spot where he might manufacture statues without a rival. Urged on by this laudable ambition, he worked his way on board a ship to Petersburg; but here, to his horror, he found hundreds of his countrymen, each with such a stock of statues, as at once convinced him of the hopelessness of success in that city; but still undaunted, he made his way through Russia, and ultimately arrived at Tiflis, where, to his extreme delight, he found himself the sole and unrivalled artist in his profession.

Here then he fondly hoped his wanderings would cease, and he commenced his operations with great vigour, and at first with much success; but just as he had set a-going a thriving trade, the priests discovered that the making of images was forbidden in the Book, and they therefore strictly forbade the Faithful purchasing his manufactures. Still undaunted, he determined to try some other line of business, and put himself as apprentice to a German watchmaker at Tiflis, and in the prosecution of his studies in this branch, he ultimately found his way to Teheran. Here an ambassador arrived on his road to Kokaun, (near the Chinese frontier,) and delighted my poor friend beyond measure by offering to take him to Kokaun; "for," said he, "though, perhaps, the bigoted fools may refuse my images, still they will eagerly purchase my clocks; and, thank God, at any rate I can hardly fear to find a rival at *Kokaun* in either branch."

The man cannot read, but he is shrewd, and has promised me to keep a list of his bearings and distances on this journey, which has never before been travelled by an European. He says that though he cannot write any known language, still he has invented a system of hieroglyphics of his own, so that, "if I ever get back to you, I shall be able to explain my notes."

It may be as well, now that this journey from Herat is over, to make a few remarks respecting it. The fatigue was certainly very great, but I know not whether the climate of Herat has improved my constitution, or whether habit has made me indifferent to many little comforts—but I did not suffer. I had only a small tent of two cloths, through which I might have taken altitudes of the sun, and at night I never dreamt of pitching this apology for a tent. I am convinced that when marching for months together, and independent of supplies at the places where you halt, the native plan of dividing the distance to be crossed in the twenty-four hours into two stages, is a good one; and should another army of the Indus leave India, I think they would find this plan answer. Your camels and your cattle have the cool of the morning and evening for work, and the middle of the day to feed, and they have a good night's rest, instead of being loaded

or harnessed in the middle of the night. The last five or six miles of a sixteen-mile march ruined our gun-cattle on the Affghan campaign; when the same sixteen-mile march, if divided into two portions, morning and evening, would have given no fatigue to the beasts. As for the trouble to the men of pitching their tents, I think the natives seldom pitched theirs, and the Europeans only when the heat was very great. The men have the trouble of twice loading, but they ought not to grudge this, seeing that the baggage-cattle will last them longer. They certainly take as little care of their horses as any people in the world: one groom is considered sufficient for three, and the only grass the animal gets is what he can pick up within the range of his tether: three cosseers (six lbs.) of barley is considered ample in the twenty-four hours. Immediately you dismount, the girths of the saddle are a little loosened, and a blanket thrown over. In about an hour, when he has somewhat cooled, the saddle is taken off his back, and a blanket and all the thick felts you have, are clapt on, and there the poor beast stands (however hot the sun may be) until about an hour before you load again, when the one groom takes the clothing off his three horses, and with the bare palm of his hand goes through a process which he is pleased to call cleaning the three horses. He never dreams of washing or cleaning the hoofs, and his chief aim seems to be to clean the tail carefully; this he drenches with abundance of cold water, and if the flies are not very troublesome, he ties a knot about halfway; the saddle is then clapt on his back, with heaven only knows how many pads under it to prevent its galling. When all is ready, you are requested to mount, which is an affair of much ceremony, at which all hands attend; one man takes hold of the off stirrup, a precaution necessary to prevent the saddle coming round with your weight; a second gives you the near stirrup, a third puts his right hand under your left arm, and all the lookers-on, as you rise, exclaim in chorus, "Oh God! may it be propitious!" and when the whole party is mounted, a hearty ejaculation of "In the name of God!" is given, and off you start. The result of this neglect of the cattle is, that of

the whole number which came with me, every one, horse, yaboo, or mule, except the horse I rode, of whom more anon, arrived dreadfully pulled down, and there was only one baggage pony out of the whole of the cattle that had not a sore back; some of the saddle horses in particular were dreadfully galled; but if the Affghans have the knack of causing sores, they certainly know how to cure them. One poor beast in particular, a saddle horse, (the one ridden by the Wolf from Heraut to Merve,) had on the march an enormous wound on his back, from which a most offensive smell exhaled. I had little hope of this beast surviving, but they brought him to me to-day in almost tolerable condition, his wounds had healed up, and he looked healthy. They never poultice to extract matter, but stuff loose cotton into the sores, and change this cotton frequently; when the sore has filled up, they rub henna over the part, which they believe makes the hair grow and hardens the skin. We have heard much of Turcoman horses and Turcoman horsemanship—I confess my opinion of both is, that they are alike contemptible. I had for my own riding a horse called Choorlie, which had been bought of the Turka Turcomans by the chief of the tribe of Hazarah Demauks, by whom it was presented to government. This horse's speed and powers of endurance were so famous amongst the Turcomans, that every man I met had heard of him, and the importance of my mission was considerably enhanced by the possession of this animal; and yet I would not give, in India, 400 rupees for him. He has a great deal of Arab blood, yet his head and neck run out exactly on a prolongation of his back-bone, and with his nose stuck out he shuffles along more like a cow than a horse; his mouth is dreadful; I would not undertake to turn him round in much less than an acre of ground, and he is of so sluggish a disposition that I was obliged to keep the whip constantly playing against his side. As for leaping he has not the most remote idea of it, and I don't think it possible he could get over a four-foot ditch without having a tumble—so much for his faults. Now for his virtues—he keeps his flesh well under long marches, eats any thing that comes in his way, is as quiet as a

lamb, walks fast, and ambles nearly eight miles an hour. I timed this horse at a race, over very bad ground indeed, and when he was not in the least pressed by other horses; the distance was one mile, five furlongs, and 170 yards, measured by a perambulator, and this distance was done in three minutes and forty-five seconds. I am no judge of such matters, but whether this was a good or bad time, it must be borne in mind that the ground was covered by small ravines and loose stones. He is a perfect horse in the eyes of the Turcomans, and whenever he is taken to water the people collect to look at him; he is a dark bay, strongly formed about the hind quarters, with a long high-ridged back-bone, rather heavy shoulders, and stands about fourteen-three. His name, "Choorlie," was given by the Turcomans in consequence of a large scar which he has over the knee of his near fore-leg; but in general their celebrated horses take the name of their owners. The price of one of these known and tried horses is about 1200 Company's rupees (L. 120,) though of course there are some that are not to be bought at any price. The Turcoman mode of training is very different from that followed by our racing characters. At one year and a half old the tuition of the infant Childers commences;—a child is placed on his back, who walks him about slowly, at first a very short distance; and when he can masticate grain they give him a little barley or jewarree; the clothing is always very warm; a great deal of food is given in the twenty-four hours, but very little at any one time, and but little water, but the pace is never increased beyond a walk; and when not taking exercise he is either in the tent or close to it, so that he becomes from his earliest days perfectly domesticated and docile. At about three years and a half old they commence training him for a trial, which is but little different from his former training; the distances are gradually increased, but the pace does not alter for many days. At length the poor beast, not being able to walk over sufficient ground in the day, is led about at night until his flesh is brought to a consistency. If melons are procurable, he gets large quantities of these in addition to his other food; and at this stage of the training he is allowed to eat as

much grain as he pleases, but never much at any one time, and he is never allowed much water; a system of sweating is then gone through, and gradually the pace is increased into his best gallop, at which he is at last kept for ten or twelve miles, and then he challenges all the world! without having received one ball or seen a drenching horn. Think of that, ye knowing ones! The only advantage, unless you are a racing character, in purchasing one of these tried horses, is, that you get a beast whose constitution and sinews are hardened by constant exercise, which has been so gradually increased that the animal is not strained or injured, and is able to go through the severest exercise for days together, without loss of condition. But if you are fond of scampering across country, or twisting and twirling your horse about, you must not come to this market, for all people will decide that both horse and man are mad; and a compact little Arab for hunting, or a pleasant canter, is worth all the Turcoman's horses I have yet seen. All the best Turcoman horses have a cross of the Arab blood. I brought with me a handsome compact Arab as a present to the Khan Huzarut. This horse was seldom ridden on the march, and taken more care of than the other horses; but he had been accustomed to two grooms scrubbing his back for hours morning and evening, and to more grass and grain than I could give him, and he fell off sadly on the road, arriving here in such wretched condition that I wished to keep him for a fortnight; but on the second day I was requested to send him to the palace. I urged the miserable state of the nag, but they told me that a Turcoman liked to judge of a horse when he had little flesh; and on my sending the horse, all the spectators were loud in praise of his form and strength. The head of the Turcoman horse is long, his neck is light and long, and he has seldom any crest; his shoulder is heavy, his pasterns are short and straight, hoofs good, hind-quarters and loins very broad and strong, but his hocks not sufficiently curved, and his fore-legs covered with splints, which are occasioned by the peculiar mode of shoeing; in short, he is exactly adapted to the work required of him—to march twenty or thirty days, at the rate of fifty or sixty

miles per diem, with his nose straight before him, never once turning round, and never breaking out of a walk or amble. So much for their horses, now for their horsemanship. Any man who has crossed a Turcoman saddle, *must* feel that though it is difficult for him to tumble off, still it is morally and physically impossible for him to govern his horse. In one of our saddles a man is part and parcel of his horse, and the animal *must* obey the rational being; but seated on one of these affairs called saddles here, a man feels that he is at the horse's mercy; he has the consolation of knowing that the beast is perfectly quiet, and will walk straight along the road; but being yourself raised at least five inches from the back-bone of the horse, and your knees being forced out from his sides by the pad on which the saddle-tree is placed, you feel at once the utter impossibility of governing your horse; and to one accustomed to a light-mouthed Arab, well on his haunches, the first touch of the mouth of a Turcoman horse is sickening; you feel at once that the case is hopeless, and that you *must* progress in a straight line. Now, as this peculiarity of mouth and saddle is universal, the result may be imagined when a body of men, on such saddles, and horses with such mouths, charge. It is impossible, as a friend of mine observes, to change "the direction of the headlong impetus;" and if the flank is turned, the whole are thrown into deplorable confusion. I should say that one of Skinner's horse, with sword and spear, would master three Turcomans similarly armed; and I will answer for it, that H. M. 4th Dragoons cut up 5000 Turcoman horse, *if* the latter presumes to charge, or will venture to wait for a charge. A good deal is said in neighbouring states of Turcoman valour; but I cannot hear that they ever attack parties of equal numerical strength, and in a fair open plain. Their assaults are something like those of the *valorous* cat on the feeble mouse. If a road has not been *chapowed* (plundered) for a year, and caravans are constantly passing on it, twenty or thirty of the Turka Turcomans, or some other tribe perhaps 300 miles distant, will train their horses for a couple of months, and make a descent on the road, along

which they sweep off the caravans, killing or carrying into slavery all the human beings. Now, let us see the opposition they have met with. They have first of all what to other people and horses would be a most harassing march, but they, man and beast, are trained and hardened to it. The first string of camels they come upon will be most probably of twenty-one in number, carrying grain; if this is the case, it is most likely that there will not be more than three human beings with them, each mounted on a donkey, and carrying a thick stick to thrash the camels with; one rides a-head, holding the nose-string of the leading camel; another rides by the side of the string of camels, thrashing any particularly lazy beast; and the third brings up the rear. They have plodded through the sand all night; it is just daylight, and all three are half asleep as they ride along. Suddenly a cry is raised from the rear, and, brandishing their swords and spears, down come the Turcomans, shouting as if they were going to do an act of valour which should immortalize them and their nation. On the first cry, the three unfortunate wretches with the camels have thrown themselves on the ground, and with foreheads in the dust, are muttering prayers to God for protection, and to man for mercy. They are seized and bound, and one or two Turcomans are told off to conduct them and their cattle to the khail of the tribe. The camels and donkeys, immediately after their drivers throw themselves on the ground, commence munching the thorns and grass by the roadside, and when all is ready are led off from the direct road. The three poor wretches, fatigued by the night's march, without water or shoes, and with their hands tied behind their backs, are driven by blows and menaces, screaming, after the camels which they so lately governed. Well may they shed tears of anguish, for well they know their fate. Never in their surliest mood did they inflict such cruel treatment on their cattle, as they themselves are now doomed to undergo from their fellow-creatures; and all hopes of home, of wife, children, and kindred, have vanished like the dreams of the previous night! The rest of their life is doomed to be passed in slavery, amongst a people indifferent to human sufferings, and

unacquainted with mercy! This deed of infamy performed, the Turcomans move on to the well, or lie in wait for another kafilah; perhaps the next may consist of travellers; an old man, his wife, and only son, have been persecuted in one city, and, to save their little remaining property, are flying to another town, where they have friends, to the daughter of one of whom the son has been long betrothed. The old man's wife and the slave girl of the family (most probably called Fatima) are seated in panniers on the leading camel's back; two more camels carry the wealth of the family, and perhaps they have two servants riding on the top of the loads of wretched ponies, one of these will have the old man's pipe, and both carry leather bags of water; the rest of the party consist of poor moollahs (priests) and tradespeople, wretchedly armed. It is but a few hours since the party left the well, after what they consider a comfortable meal. The old man and his spouse are chatting sociably about past misfortunes, and drawing bright pictures for the future; the beardless boy has a good gun swung over his back, he is riding a handsome horse, is well clothed, fancies himself a hero, and is perhaps thinking of those bright eyes which for so many years he has heard so highly praised. Fatima is dosing in her pannier, holding the master's gun, which, owing to its weight and the old man's infirmities, has been committed to her care; the two servants are somewhat in the rear, screaming in chorus some national song; the rest of the travellers are some distance a-head, when suddenly a shout is raised, and in a moment the Turcomans are on them. Willingly would the old man or his son risk their lives to save the females—the old man shouts to Fatima for the gun, but she, at the first shout of the Turcomans, has gone off into hysterics, and is clinging fast by the gun, screaming to her mistress, who has fainted. The old man then bethinks him of his pistols—these are loaded but not primed—they are tied in a bag and in his holsters; before he can extricate them from the bag, and prime, a spear is passed through his body. The son is perhaps willing enough to fight, but he has not been much in the habit of using his fire-arms; his gun is loaded but not primed, and before

he can bring it round, and remember in which of his numerous pouches he will find the priming powder, he is thrown from his horse and disarmed. The two servants have been seized without opposition, and the other travellers have fled in all directions. The camel carrying the women is now made to sit down, the unfortunate wretches are dragged brutally to the ground, and their veils torn off; their cries for mercy and attempts to screen their faces are alike food for mirth to these accursed savages, who, curling their scanty mustaches and shaking their spears, loudly boast of their invincible valour, and ask, "Who was Roostum, whom they talk so much of?" The old man's lot is by far the most preferable; for while muttering prayers his eyes are closed for ever, and he will no more feel oppression or grief for the sufferings of his wife and son. The poor women, if possessing any beauty, are allowed to ride on the camels and have food given to them, lest hardship and suffering should reduce their value when produced for sale. The men of the party have the same fate as the three camel drivers, and another tale of blood and barbarity is registered against the race of Toorkestan. The last booty and captives are sent on the track of the first, and, if satisfied with the plunder gained, the Turcomans proceed to their khail, where they are received as heroes returning from victory; or if they have hopes of more plunder, they make one or two forced marches in search of travellers equally helpless. But they never attack a formidable party, nor have they ever been known to make a second assault when foiled in their first; and it stands to reason that so puny a race—so sunk in vice—can have no chance against any thing like an equality of numbers, where brave and determined men are the parties attacked. What they depend upon is the first surprise, and if they fail in this, they scatter like the sand of their desert from the slightest breeze. It is generally believed that the Turcomans are a race of miserable creatures, without wealth. I am of opinion, on the contrary, that there are few nations amongst whom abundance is so generally diffused. They have all very large flocks of cattle, and numerous slaves; the latter cultivate as much land as will produce grain sufficient for the family, or as

much as there is any hope of selling. Thirty tillahs, or L.21 sterling, is a common price in the market here for a stout man of middle age. Five tillahs, or L.4, is the price of a tolerable pony; a good camel fetches seven tillahs, or L.5, 12s., and sheep are sold for one tillah, or 14s. each. A great deal of Jawarree (which here is the only food of the horses) is sold at about 40 lbs. for one shilling, and the only tax levied by the government is one-fortieth of the grain produced. Each family is bound, if called on, to find one horseman. The Khan crossed the desert from Khyva to the Moorghaub with 50,000 horse thus collected; but on an emergency he could easily assemble double that number, and these troops could traverse a country where Europeans would perish. To the honour of the Khan Huzarut be it said, that he has put an end to all plundering excursions, excepting on the countries or kafilas of nations with whom he is at war. The hospitality of the Turcomans is more in proverb than reality. I have been the guest of several, and always gave my host in coin more than double the value of every thing I received; and I never knew any scruple made as to accepting the money, though I have had complaints as to the smallness of the amount given; and they have often refused to sell me sheep at less than three times the proper price. This nation is very bigoted in its religious faith, much more so than the Affghans. Brutus and my party are much abused for eating with me, as I am considered a kafir or infidel. Brutus gets very wroth on these occasions; he refers them to the Koran, which bears witness to the truth of the New Testament, and he asks, indignantly, whether in the Koran it is written that man shall smoke intoxicating drugs, eat opium, drink wine, and commit other vices too horrible to mention, and (continues he to the gaping Turks) "if these things are not permitted, how dare you presume to call yourselves Mussulmen?" Any other man speaking out so plainly would most assuredly be put to death; but, as a Cazee and Moollah of known family, Brutus is here considered almost a saint; and as he has a great command of language, he frightens these people by volleys of Arabic, which he lets fall in merciless showers on their devoted heads.

These scenes never take place in my presence ; but I often see Brutus in a fury, and it relieves him much to abuse these sons of burnt fathers—this race of dogs, as he always calls the Turcomans.

But this essay on Turcoman horses, horsemanship, and valour, is merely "*en passant* ;" and now, "*revenons à nos moutons*,"—the review of the march from Heraut to this. I would divide the distance thus : from Heraut to Merve, 265 miles ; from Merve to Khyva, 432½ ; total distance, 697½ miles, which we crossed (not including the halt at Merve) in twenty-five days, (I count to Khoosh Robat, only one stage from Heraut,) or an average of twenty-eight miles a-day. We should have done it in shorter time, but the fording of the Moorghaub and the sickness of Brutus detained us. The only part of the road which was trying to man and beast, was the 170 miles across the desert from the Moorghaub to the Oxus, and this portion was very fatiguing, uninteresting, and disagreeable. The heat during the six days we were in the desert was very great, and the doubt as to finding water was harassing. During every other part of the road, particularly in the cool of the evening, it was pleasant enough pushing along with the mules. On these occasions, all the Kipchag horsemen, except the Wolf, took the lead ; the Wolf's duty seemed, by his own choice and general approval, to be confined to looking after the loads of the mules while on the road—and he was most active in the execution of this duty, jumping off, jerking a box to one side, tightening a rope, and mounting again in a moment. After the mules came our baggage ponies, and the man who rode the last always held the rope of the led horse—the Arab which I have already mentioned. Immediately after the led horse, Brutus and I followed, and then my two private servants, one carrying leather bottles of water, tea apparatus, and bread and sweetmeats, and the other my pipe ; for this he had large holsters, and a pan of burning charcoal swinging from his saddle. Under his pony he had also a leather bottle of water ; so that, without stopping, I could have a *kullian* at a moment's warning. After three or four pulls, the pipe was handed round to any one disposed for a whiff, and old Brutus was *then* a constant smoker ;

but since his arrival here he has requested my man not to bring the pipe to him, as he says his character as a Cazee will suffer in the estimation of these hounds (the Turcomans) if he is seen smoking—but, to proceed regarding our procession. After the servants came Brutus' servant and Mahomed Daood ; Khoda Woordee and Fazil Khan brought up the rear. We generally shuffled along at four miles an hour, and Brutus would tell me some anecdotes of his very eventful life, interrupted every now and then by an admonition to the muleteers of "push on, ye rascals—step out, ye lazy knaves," while I in turn gave him stories of "Yankee Doneah," as people of this part of the world invariably call America. Khoda Woordee, for the express benefit of Mahomed Daood, would tell some tale of years gone by, in a sort of chant, with a strong nasal twang, and Fazil Khan would think on his bhae (brother) and the last order he received from me ; these two, I firmly believe, being the only ideas that ever entered his head. Thus we would while away the time until eleven or twelve at night, when a good place for grass was selected, the loads unpacked, the tea cooked, and then for "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmysleep." Before daylight some one would awake and shout to Mahomed Daood to commence loading ; he, thoroughly tired with his exertions and the last day's march, would turn round, muttering "Barley, muleteers, give barley ;" but here "his exposition of sleep," as sweet Bully Button hath it, would be too much for him ; but another shout being raised to load, up he jumps, shouting "Up, ye muleteers ! sons of burnt fathers, arise, will ye ? Oh may your houses be ruined ! will you sleep all day ?" and a hearty kick or two makes the grumbling tired mule-drivers rub their eyes, and growl out a sulky "*beehushum*" of obedience. Another cup of tea before starting, and on we go until about ten A. M., when we pull up at a convenient spot for the cattle. About two in the day, something or other was brought for dinner ; if we had killed a sheep the day before, I always liked to have Brutus, his son, Khoda Woordee, Fazil Khan, and the commander of the Kipchag Sowars at dinner ; but these were feast-days, and rice and a few raisins was often our only food. I was

most fortunate in the selection of my party, with one exception, of whom more by and by. Never did men behave better, and it was impossible for men to be more attentive to their duty. I should like few things better than to take a three-months' trip in any direction, in the cold weather, with just the same party. The exception to the good men and true, to whom I have alluded, was a Moollah, whom my people brought to me at Herant, saying that his son was a slave at Khyva, and he wished to go with me to endeavour to effect his release. Now, as there are in the city of Khyva nearly 12,000 slaves of the inhabitants of the valley of Herant, I could not promise to effect the release of this stranger's son, more than that of any other of the 12,000. This I explained to the man, but told him if he could effect his son's release, he might accompany us, and I would find food for himself and his horse on the road. The man was profuse in thanks for my liberality as he called it, and prayed loudly for my health, wealth, and prosperity. At Merve this man's horse died, and I purchased another for him; and he came on here eating his own dinner, and feeding his own horse at my expense. Here he found a high tone of Mahomedanism prevailed, and, like a cur as he was, he determined to try and effect the release of his son by joining in the cry against us, and he actually went and fabricated a lie, which he took some trouble to spread, saying that Brutus had desired him not to say his prayers on the road, at least to avoid doing so in my presence. Now this lie, if it had been believed, might have caused the death of myself and party. I can't say that I was not angry when I heard of the creature's baseness, but I am happy to say I did not show my anger; but sending for all the party, I asked them one by one whether they had been in the habit of praying when I was present, and whether Brutus had prohibited their doing so? The fact is, that at the usual hours the men dismounted, and prayed as a matter of course, whether I was present or absent. I then quietly asked the creature whether I had fed him on the road—whether I had given him a horse when he must otherwise have remained behind, and then asked why he told such lies—concluding by

telling him that I washed my hands of him for the future. He has since been busy spreading this report, but he is not believed. The country from Herant to the crest of the hills is mountainous and picturesque, but it has the defect (common to all Affghanistan) of being destitute of foliage. From the crest of the hills you gradually descend to a plain which extends, with little variation, from the river Moorghaub to the mountains. When, with the army of the Indus, we ascended the Bolan pass, I little thought that I should penetrate through the whole of the hilly range of Kohistaun, and at length descend on a plain, equal in flatness and in extent to the plains of Hindostan. I crossed the river Moorghaub a few miles above the spot where it is lost in the desert, and before the floods caused by the melting of the snow in the mountains had subsided. The road along the Oxus is travelled by the carts of the country, and grass and wood are very abundant. The river is navigated by boats of considerable size, and appears to be admirably adapted for steam navigation. In the wood and grass on its banks I saw several pheasants, and one wild ass. Being anxious to endeavour to fix the latitude of Khyva, I commenced taking an observation of the altitude of the moon, but soon found that I excited much suspicion. Having occasion to see the Khan that evening, I put my box sextant into my pocket, and the conversation, as usual, turning on the skill of Europeans in manufactures, I produced my instrument as a sample, and made the Khan himself, much to his surprise, bring down the sun, and move the image of one of his courtiers about from right to left. The whole court was in raptures, and I was asked in plain terms to make an offering of the toy to the Khan. This I promised to do before leaving, but in the mean time I can amuse myself without any suspicion of sorcery.

June 30th.—I was this day summoned to one of the Khan's summer houses, to be present at one of the feasts which he is in the habit of giving at this season of the year. We were shown into a large court, in one corner of which there was a kurgah pitched: in this was his highness invisible to vulgar eyes. Sixty moolahs (priests) extended in one line

down one side of the court, and sixty of his highness's relations and the nobles of his court, down the other side. We (Brutus and I) were taken to the right side, and seated next the princes. When we arrived, the moollahs were loud in the discussion of some theological question, which they tore to pieces at a sad rate, without (in my eyes) a proper respect for the presence of royalty. The Koran was then brought, and a passage read, one of the moollahs attempting to expound; but he never could get through a sentence without meeting with interruption from some opponent: three or four would join in on either side, and both parties were equally positive. I saw something very like jostling, and his majesty was more than once compelled to send his Vuzeer to call the parties to order. Three long hours did these theological discussions last: they were carried on in Turkee, and explanatory of a book in Arabic. The sitting with the knees doubled on the bare ground was painful, and I was much rejoiced to see preparations making for the feast. At length long slips of chintz were brought in, and laid in front of the lines of visitors—these were our table-cloths. On these were placed cakes of bread, which were brought in by thirty slaves, marching round in procession; taking the time from the senior officer of the household, we tore up these cakes and eat them. The thirty slaves again entered in procession, each carrying two small china plates, which contained preserved fruits. After this another procession: the thirty slaves entered, carrying each a large bowl which contained a sort of national soup, which had such a very objectionable appearance that I did not touch it. The next procession of slaves brought in dishes of pillaw, which was not well cooked; and on their being removed, a great number of slaves entered bearing raisins and dried plums, which they deposited in front of the spot where his majesty was supposed to be still sitting; meaning by this to show, that those who received them should understand that they came direct from the hands of majesty. On some of these being handed to us, Brutus whispered me to take a large handful and pocket them, which of course I did. A great number of loaves of sugar were now

brought in, and placed in the centre of the square. About a dozen of these were split into two equal portions, but all the rest were broken into small pieces: the half is only given to men of rank, and Brutus appeared gratified at our receiving this distinction, and begged me to pocket mine. Luckily I wore an Affghan dress with large *pockets*, or I know not what I should have done with the spoils. After the sugar had been pocketed, all hands rose and moved towards the door, and so ended this festival. I was so cramped that I could hardly walk; and the idea of 120 human beings marching out, each with one pocket full of sugar, and the other full of raisins, was trying to one's risible faculties; but I followed the customs of the court, and carried off my spoils as grave as a judge. The town of Khyva consists of a few streets of mud houses: there is one covered bazar, which, though small, is a handsome and substantial building. The colleges are showy buildings, ornamented with coloured tiles, which have a gay effect; but the water is so near the surface, that it is hardly possible to give a sufficient foundation in it. Owing to this cause the minarets all slope from the perpendicular, and the walls are in general separated at the corners of the buildings. The chief beauty of Khyva consists in the luxuriant growth of the trees, and in the number and extent of the gardens. These are invariably surrounded by a thick wall of twenty or even thirty feet high. The buttresses are formed something like bastions, so that at first these gardens may easily be mistaken for forts. Long rows of poplar-trees, branching off from a pool of water in the centre, is the usual plan of the gardens, and the house is generally built in one of the sides, and commands a full view of the garden. I arrived at Khyva on the 12th of June, and remained there fifty-two days; this season is sometimes unhealthy, owing to the rice crops, which, as usual, cause much malaria, and consequently fever and ague; but we were exceedingly fortunate, and I heard of very few cases. The climate is very healthy, and the seasons much similar to those in England, except the winter, which is intensely severe. The fruits are very delicious, particularly the melon, than

which nothing can be of more exquisite flavour—they boast a hundred different sorts; there is one of a long oval shape, which is of a light green colour, and delicate as new-fallen snow. A child may eat any quantity of this fruit without suffering.

The grapes are most abundant, but I have not tasted any equal in flavour to those grown on the banks of the Furra Rood, a river in Affghanistan. Here the vine is supported on sticks, and in winter, after pruning, they bury the main branches under the earth to protect them from the frost. Apples, pears, plums, &c., are all found in great abundance.

The Khan is a good-natured, unaffected person of about forty-five years of age; he has invariably treated me with much kindness, and appears very anxious to gain information regarding England, and Europe generally. He is much respected by his subjects, with whom he bears a high character for justice. He has a very large hawking establishment, and is very partial to this sport, for which he is in the habit of making frequent excursions on the opposite banks of the river, where game is said to be very abundant. He also moves out annually in the spring, to superintend the opening of the canals for irrigation. The whole of the cultivation is dependent on the supply of water drawn from the river by these canals, as the showers of rain are very slight. The fish in the Oxus are very abundant, of excellent quality; and lower down the river, at Kurakulpauk, the natives subsist entirely on them. The trade is chiefly with Russia, from whence the sugar and broad cloth are sent in caravans. The teeth of the sea horse, from the polar regions, is also an article of commerce. From Mungisbauk to Khyva, a camel can carry his load in twenty-two days; and from Petersburg to Mungisbauk there is one uninterrupted communication by water. Peter the Great formed the canal communication between Petersburg and the Volga, and thus won from Cowper the memorable line, "The astonished Caspian hears the distant Baltic roar."

With such advantages, it is unnecessary to say that we can hardly hope to compete with Russian merchants in the Khyvan market. Owing to the late war with Russia, no merchandise reached

Khyva, except through Bokhara, from Ourenbourg; but a glance at the map will show that the proper outlet for merchandize from Eastern Russia into Northern Asia is not from Ourenbourg, but from Astrakhan, from whence sailing vessels cross in two days to Mungisbauk. So that, in twenty-four days, the Russian goods can be sent from one of their large towns directly to the capital of Toorkistaun. If the Khan of Khyva and his successors consult their own interest by giving protection to merchants, I think there is very little doubt of their having the whole of the Russian trade with Northern Asia carried through their city.

August 3d.—I have been too busy with office matters to resume this rambling journal up to this date; in the mean time the following occurrences have taken place:—Brutus has returned to Heraut; the Khan Huza-rut has made over to me all the Russian prisoners, and I am to take them to a Russian fort on the eastern shore of the Caspian. The announcement of this determination put the mettle of my establishment to a severe test. The sufferings of Captain Abbott and his party, among the Cuzzacks, have not been forgotten; and as I gave out that I should take ship at Nova Alexandroff, it is hardly surprising that some of the muleteers and understrappers should have begged to be excused sharing my fortunes any further. Old Brutus seemed to consider it a matter of course that I should take him; and on my first breaking to him my determination to send him back to Heraut, he was loud in his exclamations of the impossibility of returning without me—"He might live a thousand years, but he never would return to Heraut unless in my company. How could he? would not his face be blackened to all eternity? Heaven be praised! neither his father nor grandfather had eaten the salt of ingratitude; and as for himself! what petition should he make? was it not evident to all people that he lived but in the favour of the gentleman," &c. &c. The old man, I really believe, had I wished it, would have accompanied me with the best grace in his power; but his age and infirmities prevented my ever dreaming of such a thing. He has a young son and an old wife to look after; young Daood

had been purchasing some presents for his young wife, to whom he had been married about a month previous to our leaving *Heraut*, but his only remark was, with a sigh, "Well, father, you must take these Russian boxes to my house;" and he has been invaluable in superintending all the thousand preparations for this long and harassing march. Khoda Woord-dee considered it a matter of course that he should accompany me; and Fazil, "the faithful," said, he "of course should not return to Hindoostan except in my company;" and he has been about a fortnight endeavouring to explain the purport of a letter which he wishes to have sent to his Bhae, (brother,) to the effect that a certain young damsel in Rajpootana may be released from her betrothal to him, as he is going to accompany the gentleman to *Peterspork*. Brutus is much horrified at my expressing a determination to shave off my beard when I arrive in Russia. At first he thought I was joking; but finding that I was serious, he begged me to reflect that the beard was given to man as an ornament; that, according to *the Book*, damages might be recovered from any one who deprived you of this appendage; that to lose it, was the most serious disgrace and misfortune that could befall a man; but that knowingly, and from forethought, to *deprive one's-self* of such an ornament, was, he begged to submit to my superior judgment, *not* the act of a wise man; and here followed some flattering remarks on the promising appearance of *the beard* that was in danger. I humbly urged that the custom of Feringistan was such, and that surely the dust was an argument in favour of the razor; but my remarks made no impression on the old conspirator, who remained stroking his own thin beard with a very serious thoughtful countenance. After some time, I asked him what would Khoda Woord-dee do in Russia? This was too much for the old gentleman's gravity: we had a hearty laugh at the idea of any barber being rash enough to think he could remove the forest of a beard which flows from Khoda Woord-dee's chin. The Kipchags did not relish the trip, and I was not anxious to take them. They have accompanied Brutus on his return to *Heraut*.

Old Brutus was very anxious to

grace his return by taking away several *Heraut* slaves with him, amongst the rest, the daughter of the Kutub: long and often did he dwell upon the latter woman's sufferings. She, the daughter of the "Sayer of Prayers," behind whom the king and nobles of *Heraut* prayed! Shame on him if he left her here! I could only assist him in my good wishes, but these were of little value. At length he determined on making a representation to the Khan Huzarut on the subject, and the result was, that the woman was promised to him. The next day he rushed into my room in a perfect fury; it was some time before he could collect his breath enough to tell me the cause. At length, amongst curses on those sons of burnt fathers, this race of dogs! he told me, that instead of the Kutub's daughters, they had released and sent to him a female relation of the notorious plunderer, Bi Bood! one of the greatest villains that an age of misrule ever produced. And now, said Brutus, "if I do not return this woman, there is no hope of the Kutub's daughter, as in the eyes of this race all women are alike; they have given me one woman, and *that* was their promise, and, if I send back this woman, Bi Bood will never rest until he has ruined me and my house? Upon what calamity have I fallen, that it should be my lot to release one of Bi Bood's house?"

I was very sorry, indeed, to part with Brutus; he has decidedly more heart than any of the *Herautees* of my acquaintance, and some of his peculiarities were most amusing, to say nothing of his being valuable to me in negotiations with these bigoted Mahomedans. I think the tears on his cheek were genuine, and I wish him all luck and happiness. I have exalted his head by having a tukti rowan, or travelling litter, made for him; the affair is painted green, with two golden balls, and carried by two ponies in shafts; it has much the appearance of a meat safe, but in the eyes of all people here, it is considered a very elegant travelling carriage, and Brutus is delighted at the prospect of this passage through the *chartoo*, or centre market-place of *Heraut*!

I moved out to Zaca, a village about nine miles N.W. of Khyva, the first five miles being through very rich cultivation, and the remainder across

a spur of the sand-hills. I am pitched in a garden belonging to H. M., and am to receive charge of the prisoners to-morrow.

August 4th.—Busy all day paying the unfortunate prisoners. There are as yet 325 males, eighteen females, and eleven children; the latter were all born here. The average number of years of slavery of Toorkistaun is thus:—males, ten years and a half; females, nearly seventeen. One of the males has been sixty years in slavery, and some of them only six months. With one exception they were all in fine health, and appear to be strong, stout men. They are all Christians of the Greek church. The poor women are small and plain; their husbands and children are with the party. The women were all seized near Ourenbourg; the men were seized thus:—256 males fishing on the eastern shores of the Caspian, thirty-eight near Ourenbourg, and thirty-one bought or seized from the Persians; the last-mentioned chiefly belonged to the regiment of Russian deserters which was in the Persian army under Samson. I gave each man a ducat, and have hired a camel for every two. They all seemed, poor people, very grateful, and altogether it was one of the pleasantest duties I have ever executed. This evening one of the Russian women came to me in great distress, saying, that her two children were still detained in Khyva. I have promised to secure their release. The other Russian prisoners have told me of several of their countrymen who are still in captivity, and the collecting them will cause much delay. The minister came out here to see me this morning, which is considered a very high honour. I took the opportunity of speaking to him regarding the two children and the other slaves still detained, and he has promised to have them sent to me.

August 5th.—Started at sunrise and marched fifteen miles, nearly the whole of the road through rich cultivation. Gardens are to be seen on every hand; small villages and detached farm-houses are very numerous. At nine miles passed a large village called Caizabad, where there is a considerable bazar, one mile from which crossed a very fine canal about thirty-five yards in breadth. The halting-place was at one of the numerous

formal gardens. Before sunset started again, and marched twenty miles during the night, chiefly along the edge of sand-hills. This was merely a slip of sand, the cultivation being on either side of it. The river is said to be only a short day's march from this—about, I suppose, twenty miles; it is said to have encroached very much of late, and on this account the estates here have been much neglected. This place is called Dusht Houz; total distance this day, thirty-five miles. Caruley Yuz Bashe, the commandant of cavalry, accompanying me, is a handsome active man, and I am well pleased with him. He is much in favour with the Khan, and has received orders never to appear again at court unless he can give a good account of me. I was repeatedly asked by the Khan, before leaving, to fix the number of troopers I would like to have with me; but this I always refused, saying, I was his guest, and would go with one or two horsemen, or with a thousand; but until I reached the Russian frontier I trusted to his majesty for protection, with whom the disgrace must rest if any misfortune happened to me, as he could alone take the necessary precautions. Caruley was one of the party sent by the Khan to oppose the Russian advance under the Khoosh Beggie. This party succeeded in surprising and carrying off 200 camels belonging to the Russian army; but as no blood had been spilt, they decided on attacking a small Russian detachment which had taken up a position behind a slight intrenchment. Their mode of attack, after mature deliberation, was to drive on the camels which they had just seized, and to advance in their rear; the result was, as might have been anticipated, that the camels being wounded and frightened by the fire opened on them from the Russian intrenchment, turned on the Turcomans, throwing the latter into hopeless confusion; taking advantage of which, the Russians succeeded in securing such of the camels as had not been shot; this Russian force did not exceed 10,000 fighting men and forty pieces of artillery. The reports so industriously spread in India of an intended invasion on our provinces were altogether without foundation, as no idea of an immediate advance beyond Khyva could have been entertained. The expedition failed from the exces-

sive severity of the winter, which destroyed all the camels: but, apart from this, when it is remembered that from Ourenbourg to the mouth of the Oxus is a distance of 800 miles, and that in the whole extent there is not one fixed dwelling; that no supplies whatever could be procured, and that even fuel was not to be found;—I say, when these obstacles are taken into consideration, we can hardly be surprised at the failure of the expedition. There are two men appointed to collect and superintend the hired camels, of which I find we require 220. One of these is a Cuzzack, by name Niaz, an enormously fat creature without any beard, but of a pleasing, good-humoured expression of face; the other is a haggard, dissipated-looking Chowdoor Turcoman, from whose face I have no hopes. To add to my annoyances, they have given the power of collecting the Russian prisoners to this man, whose name is Khojah Mahomed. Now the Chowdoors are the chief dealers in Russian slaves; they are settled about Mungisbauk, and have seized at different times several fishing boats; in these they embark, and capture the unfortunate Russian fishermen on the Caspian. It is not likely that any of this tribe should assist me in collecting the Russian prisoners, especially as it is known that one of the objects of my journey to the Caspian is to put a stop to their piracy! Accordingly, Khojah Mahomed made great protestations of his zeal and promises of activity, but did nothing whatever. The Russian prisoners released themselves occasionally and came to me, but none were brought by him. At last two Russian prisoners, with chains on their feet, escaped from Khojah Mahomed's own house, and came to me. This was too much for my patience, and I declared my determination of bringing his rascality to the Khan Huzarut's notice; but Caruley and Niaz begged me to overlook the man's offence, saying, that the Khan Huzarut would certainly have put him to death if I complained of him. The creature, too, humbled himself before me, and said he had eaten dirt, and begged me to forgive him, binding himself by all possible oaths to behave better in future. He had the collecting of half the camels, and it would be difficult to get away without him, so I consented at last to spare him; but there is no

hope of the man, villain is written too legibly on his face, and he will be a "calamity" during the whole march. I have a Yamoot with me, by name Beerdee, an ugly little fellow, but invaluable; he has been once or twice to Heraut, and been treated very kindly by Major Todd. The minister wrote to me, saying that the two children, concerning whom I spoke a few days back, were in the hands of a very influential person, a lady in the palace; that after much negotiation he had succeeded in procuring the release of the youngest, a boy, whom he sent to me, but that it was impossible to effect the liberation of the other child, a girl nine years of age. The mother on hearing this became frantic, vowing that nothing should tear her from her child, and that she would prefer remaining in slavery with her darling "Shureefa" to freedom without her. She then taunted me with the promise I had made to effect the child's release; and, to make a long story short, I at last ordered my horse, and rode that night into Khyva, arriving about ten in the morning. My arrival occasioned some alarm to the minister, who was exceedingly anxious to know the cause of my sudden visit; but I considered it advisable to lead him astray on this point, saying I wished to see the Khan on various subjects, and hoped to be admitted that evening: this request was complied with, and after discussing many points, I was at length told I might retire. There is a Turcoman superstition regarding a petition made by a person on the eve of departure, and to refuse this request is supposed to bring ill-luck on the journey. Taking advantage of this, I urged that his majesty had given me all the prisoners, but that there was in his own palace a child detained. The khan urged that she did not wish to go; I pleaded her not being of age. He was silent for some time; at length, turning to the minister, he muttered, "Give him the child." Shortly afterwards, a beautiful little girl was brought to me. It was very dark, so, taking a lamp, I advanced to have a closer view of my hardly-earned prize, when the little puss screamed out lustily, vowing nothing should make her go to "that Russian slave-dealer!" The Turcomans were greatly amused. Luckily, I had brought Beerdee Yamoot with

me, and the little "Shureefa" made no objection to going with him, jumping up behind his pony, and looking much alarmed when I approached. She was about nine years old, and I think I have seldom seen a more beautiful child. We rode the whole of the night on our return to our camp, and Shureefa gave Beerdee an account of her separation from her mother, which he translated to me. "She was torn from me, and, striking me on the forehead, exclaimed, Oh, luckless one, would that thou hadst never been born!" On reaching our camp, the Russians gave a shout at the sight of Shureefa; and the next morning she and her little brother were brought by their mother to make their bow to me. But still the little rogue feared my Persian robes, and appeared much alarmed.

August 12th.—That rascal, Khojah Mohamed, still fails in bringing in any of the Russian prisoners, and I fear I shall be detained here for some days. Fortunately, the khan is coming here on his road to a shooting excursion, and I shall be able to see him if necessary.

August 14th.—The khan arrived this morning, and I obtained an audience. After pointing out the exertions I had made to recover the prisoners, I showed the khan a list of those whom I knew to be still detained, and said in plain terms, that unless assisted by him, I must beg to decline the share in the transaction which had been assigned me; that it was quite useless to go to the Russian frontier unless I could take *all* the prisoners, and that my "head was confused" with the trouble I had already taken in this matter. His majesty was astounded at my plain speaking, and gave his minister an order in a tone which made him *shake*. I have been advised to move one stage further, and have been promised all and every one of the prisoners, and have received an order threatening death to any one who shall detain them.

August 15th.—Left Dusht Houz this day, and was delighted to find one of the officers of the household waiting with seventeen of the Russian prisoners. I have cross-questioned all the prisoners, and find there is the son of one of them still a prisoner on this side. The head of the village where he is detained has been sent for. The

only others of whom I can hear are three on the other side of the river, and Caruley has sent troopers to fetch them. On the 18th, the head of the village came to camp, and swore on *the Book* that the lad concerning whom I had sent was dead; but the next day the father saying that he had positive intelligence of his son being concealed, and still alive, Caruley sent three troopers to the spot, and after much difficulty they succeeded in digging him out from a vault in the granary. From Dusht Houz to Arbogue, we marched a distance of 125½ miles, along the alluvial soil near the river Oxus. There were frequently several khails of Turcomans in sight in all directions, but the only fixed village is Old Ooregunge, which is 109 miles from Khyva. It is on the site of the ancient city, which is said to have existed in the time of the Fire-worshippers. For many years it has been altogether deserted, the river having changed its course. A prophecy has descended from generation to generation, that in the latter days Ooregunge shall be again inhabited; and within the last five years the river has returned to this side, and filled the bed of a considerable stream, from which canals have been cut for irrigation; and people are fast collecting, there being now about 1000 families resident here, and a considerable market twice a-week. I tell the Turcomans that the sooner they repent of their slave-dealing and other sins, the better, for the fulfilment of the prophecy evidently approaches. There is a tower, or rather pillar, here, about 120 feet high, which has been formerly handsomely ornamented; there are also the ruins of four tombs, the roofs of which have been gaily decorated with coloured tiles. Treasure has been found here, and some mummies. Altogether, it is a fine field for the antiquary. At Arbogue we arrived on the 26th, and here we halted for two days, to lay in water and to make all arrangements for crossing the barren steppe which separates us from the Caspian. The horizon is much similar to that at sea, and of all uninteresting marches this is the most tiresome. The wells are from seventy to thirty miles apart, and in many instances the water is five paces from the surface, and nearly always of bad flavour. This enormous plain is inhabited by Cuzzacks,

who feed large flocks of cattle on a small herb which is most abundant, and wander from well to well. These Kurgis never cultivate land, and the greater number never taste flour during the whole of their lives. The men and women of this tribe, whom I have seen, are very ugly, small, and emaciated; but I am assured that many tribes of Kurgis Cuzzacks are celebrated for their great size and strength. Their food is invariably soup and meat, neither rice nor bread forming part of their meals. The different descriptions of meat are thus estimated by them—1st, mutton; 2d, horse-flesh; 3d, beef; and 4th, camel flesh. The flesh of the horse is said to be very nutritious, and I hear that several of the *grandees* of Khyva eat it on principle. Niaz (my fat guide) is a poet, and, at my request, sung me a song of his own composing. It commences with a loud and long hullo, and ends in a volley of words shot off with the greatest volubility: a good pair of lungs seem to be the chief thing necessary. This is all I can make of Beerdee's Persian translation of the words of the song, which is addressed to some fair damsel:—"Oh, h—h—oh! I am mounted on an ambling pony, clothed in velvet and khuncobs, and have eight yards of gold!" To which proud boast the fair one answers, "Oh—h—h—h—oh! I care not for your ambling pony, your velvet khuncobs, and your eight yards of gold. I care alone for you." These Cuzzacks have no *horses*, but hundreds of ponies, which generally amble well. This ambling is natural to them, and is not acquired by instruction. When a colt has obtained a certain age he is tried, and if he is found to possess the hoped-for amble, his ears are split, to mark his superiority over the less gifted, who are, I fancy, generally devoured. This amble seems to be the Cuzzack's idea of perfection, and "yokshee yoorgab," a good ambler, is the greatest commendation. The women ride over the country as constantly as the men, and are said to have considerable privileges. My fat guide has been once or twice to Ourenbourg with letters. I asked him to give me some account of the governor of Ourenbourg, General Perofsky. "He is a man of a *snakish* appearance, complexion black, eyes

yellow, and coat covered with ducats." All the audience shook their heads, and said such a man *must* be dangerous.

The Russian prisoners amounted to 416 souls, and as my own party was considerable, it was decided by the united wisdom of "They the Tutor," Caruley, Niaz, and Beerdee, that half the Russian prisoners should march the first day under Niaz; that Caruley and his Sowars should accompany me on the second day; and that Khojah Mahomed should bring up the rear with the remaining half of the prisoners—I took the precaution of leaving ten of Caruley's Sowars as spies on Khojah Mahomed. This arrangement was found to answer very well; and, thanks be to God! not a man, woman, nor child, was lost during the whole of this most fatiguing march. We were most truly fortunate in every respect, the weather was most favourable, neither too hot nor too cold, and I am not aware of a single instance of any of the prisoners suffering from thirst or hunger. Not a horse or camel even was lost. When crossing one of the stages over this steppe, the whole of the prisoners were together—it was a glorious sight to pass them. They speak no European language but their own, and our only mode of salutation was the "Az salam Alliekoum." This they shouted out to me as I rode by them; and thus the salutation which a true Mussulman will not exchange with an infidel, became the only greeting between Christians.

The plain was so open that the camels crowded together, and marched over *en masse*, the children and women riding on panniers, singing and laughing, and the men trudging along sturdily; all counting the few days which remained ere they should rejoin their countrymen, and escape from what they must have long considered a life of hopeless slavery.

The release of these poor wretches has surprised the Turcomans amazingly, and, to crown all, the Khan has granted orders, prohibiting, under the penalty of death, the seizure of Russian subjects, or the purchase of natives of Heraut. This prohibition of the slave trade is quite novel in Toorkestaun, and I humbly hope that it is the dawn of a new era in the history of this nation; and that ultimately the British name will be blessed with

the proud distinction of having put an end to this inhuman traffic, and of having civilized the Turkoman race, which has been for centuries the scourge of central Asia. About eight marches from Nova Alexandroff, I sent one of the Russian prisoners with a Cuzzack to give information of our approach, sending by them an English letter to the governor of the fort. On their arrival at Nova Alexandroff, they were looked upon as spies; my letter could not be read, and the intelligence of the release and approach of so many fellow-subjects was too astounding to be credited! a whole night was necessary to convince the Russians in the fort of the truth of the good tidings. It was pleasing to see the rush of the prisoners to greet their countrymen. That evening we pushed on one stage, and the next morning approached the fort. The war between the Turcomans and Russians has hitherto been carried on with such barbarity, that it was not surprising that Caruley should remind me, about six miles from the fort, that he had already exceeded his instructions in accompanying me so far; the camelmen also began to grumble loudly at the danger of going too near the fort. Now this was a little perplexing, for though the Russian prisoners had not much property, they had still much more than they could possibly carry; and to leave it on the ground and march on the prisoners, almost naked, would have a bad effect; to say nothing of the chance of the Russian prisoners (finding themselves in a large majority) helping themselves to the camels. However, I gave the order to unload, and made Caruley himself count the camels. This being done, I asked the people from whom the camels were hired, whether they had received their beasts; and on their replying in the affirmative, I asked Caruley whether the Khan Huzarut's orders had been obeyed, and he answered "Yes." I told him to stand on one side, that I had nothing to do with him; but I would give ten ducats to any man who would lend me twenty camels to carry some property to Nova Alexandroff, and would be security for the safe return of the camels. The twenty camels were soon procured, and with the aid of my own and "They the Tutor's," we got on well enough, and made a grand appearance. The men marched in a

line with the camels, carrying the women and children close in the rear; and thus we approached the Russian fortress. The worthy commandant was overpowered by gratitude; his receiving charge of the prisoners would make a fine picture, and was a scene which I can never forget. The fortification here is small, but constructed on scientific principles; it is on the edge of the high shore of the Caspian sea. The garrison does not exceed 500 men, who suffer much from scrofula, though relieved twice in the year from Russia. At Arbogue we ascended a cliff of about 300 feet: this bears all the signs of having been, in former ages, the sea-shore; and I am disposed to think that originally the Caspian and Aral seas were united, and that there was a promontory jutting into this ocean, including Mungisbauk and Arbogue. Now a reef crossed this cliff in two places, and it is traced in modern maps, and designated the Chink: it was across this promontory that our route lay from Arbogue to Nova Alexandroff. I am unable to throw any light upon the assertion which has been made, that in former ages the river Oxus flowed into the Caspian sea. This tradition is commonly mentioned and generally believed by the Turcomans and Cuzzacks; and Beerdee assured me that he had crossed the original bed of the river, which was easily to be traced; and he mentioned as an indisputable proof, that the trunks of very large trees were still to be found near the former bed of the river. If this is the case, I should consider it conclusive, for no trees could possibly have thriven in this climate unless on the borders of a river. Supposing this assertion to be correct, the promontory which I have mentioned would have turned the Oxus into the Caspian, and the mouth being choked by an earthquake or some other cause, the river would be turned by the other shoulder of the promontory into its present course near Arbogue into the Aral. The Wolf rode over to Nova Alexandroff from Heraut, where I had sent him shortly after my arrival at Khyva, and brought me English and Indian letters; he declares he was shot at six times on the journey. He will be very useful in accompanying Mahomed Daood and the tail to Khyva. Three ves-

sels have been sent for our conveyance to Oochuck, on the northern shore of the Caspian, and from thence we travel by post-stages to Ourenbourg. I have eighteen camels and twenty-six horses, all government property, and it is absolutely necessary to have some confidential person in charge of them. They must be sent back to Khyva, as it is impossible to feed them here, and this road will be impassable in about two months more, owing to the excessive cold. Under these circumstances I shall only take Fazil Khan and Khoda Woodee with me, sending all the rest back under Mahomed Daood. I have been four months residing altogether amongst Mahomedans, and I confess I cannot help feeling something like shame at the appearance of the bottle; it is a point wherein I must allow the Mahomedans can taunt us. The presence of the dogs, too, is objectionable, though at one time I was very fond of the canine genus. Little Beerdee came into my tent, very much distressed, the evening of the first day after our arrival, and after many times muttering "Tobah, Tobah!" oh, "repentance, repentance!" he informed me that they were fattening some of the *unclean* animals with the intention of devouring them! Pah! "There was a woman there too," said he, "she had her head, face, and neck uncovered, and she wears no breeches." Upon my enquiring how he had ascertained the *last* fact, he said, "she was moving about, and I saw up to her knee!"

This shameless person went up to the unclean animal, and gave it bread! She patted its head! laugh!! and stroked its sides!! Lahole o la Kowate Istukfaroolah—"Disgrace and pollution! may Heaven defend us!" "Well Beerdee, what did *you* do?"—"I only fled; before this I should not have minded going with you, but now, for God's sake, give me my despatches, and let me depart." It was useless to argue that the unclean animal was the work of God, that it was only from its disreputable life to be objected to, but that here he himself had seen it *fed well and cleanly*. "For

God's sake let me depart," was his only answer, and in a whisper, "they worship images! I saw it, all of us saw it!"—"Why, Beerdee, can you tell me the reason why you turn to the Kibla when you pray?"—"Don't ask me such questions, I saw them worship images," and off he goes to Khyva, to tell many a funny tale, no doubt.

September 17th.—This morning parted with Mahomed Daood and the establishment. Well, good-luck to them, they have followed me over many a weary mile, and, *Inshallah*, if I rise, they shall rise too; never had man better servants. The only difficulty was to persuade them to go back, though the terrors of the sea were before them if they accompanied me, and these terrors were, in their imagination, any thing but contemptible, to say nothing of the images and the unclean animals! The Russians gave me a feast, and drank the healths of the Queen of England and Emperor of Russia, and did me the honour of toasting me also. "They the Tutor" much alarmed at the guns and hurrahs, and much scandalized at the bottles.

September 18th.—The prisoners came on board, and the worthy commandant bade God spare us. Gave him three cheers on leaving. Sailed at sunset, light but favourable breeze.

September 19th.—Progressing but slowly. "They the Tutor" was *rather unwell* yesterday, and has not been seen this day. We are sailing over a smooth sheet of water, as clear as crystal, and not eight feet deep; you may count every seaweed. Land has been in sight all day to the south. They say the waters of the Caspian decrease yearly.*

September 20th.—Land in sight occasionally this day, and the water not above eight or ten feet deep. A dead calm about noon, which lasted all night.

September 21st.—A strong breeze sprang up right in our teeth. Took advantage of a slight favourable change in the wind, and moved about twelve miles into deeper water. Here

* It is a curious fact connected with this sea, that by the last Russian surveys, it appears that the sea of Aral is 104 feet, and the Black Sea 116 feet above the Caspian, thus making the Aral and the Black seas nearly on a level with each other, with the Caspian in a hollow a little more than 100 feet below and between them.

the wind settled against us, and we were twenty-four hours anchored, a heavy swell running and shaking this little boat as if it were but a cockleshell.

Late on the evening of the 22d, we got a puff in our favour, and gradually the wind came round and brought us in, in gallant style, early in the morning of the 23d, to the anchorage of Oochuck, as it is called by Turcomans and Cuzzacks, or Goorieff by Russians, as pretty a spot for fever and ague as I have seen. The vessels are surrounded by high grass, which covers their decks, and the mud is black and glutinous. This place is at one of the mouths of the Ooral river. We are now waiting while people go to fetch carriages for us from the neighbourhood. "They the Tutor," and indeed all but the old sailors, suffered dreadfully from sickness. He said that the riding on a camel's back in kajores (panniers) was painful, but that the shaking in this vessel was something he could never have dreamt of; two days more, he protests, would have killed him. Long and loud are his exclamations of Shookr Alhum-dullillah! Thanks to Almighty God!

On the evening of the 24th, five or six carts and carriages were brought for our conveyance to Goorieff. "They the Tutor," a German naturalist, a Russian doctor, and I, started in a sort of phaeton, drawn by three ponies; off we went like mad. "They" in a dreadful perturbation; I really sometimes think that these shakings and novelties will be too much for him.

This place, Goorieff, is chiefly a village of fishermen; the houses are all of planks, comfortable and clean. It is only within the last few years that the Caspian has retired from this ground. Enormous quantities of fish are caught here, and a considerable trade is carried on in consequence with Astrakhan.

October 1st.—Arrived at Ourenbourg after a most harassing and tiresome trip by the post carts. There was a village of *boxes*, (for the dwellings cannot be called houses,) and a small field fortification at every station; but the only place of any consequence is Ooreilsky, which is a considerable town, with some fine houses. It is

the headquarters of the hettman of the Ooral Cossacks, a very agreeable, accomplished gentleman. The arrangements regarding post-horses are excellent, and the pace good, but, oh! the carts, they are dreadful. I have travelled far, and in barbarous countries, but never did I suffer so much *pain* as on this journey. The tract of country from Goorieff to Ourenbourg is occupied by the Cossacks of the Ooral, who are amongst the hardest soldiers in the Russian ranks; they have many privileges connected with the fisheries on the river. The fish is caught in very great quantities, and is a considerable article of traffic.

On my arrival at Ourenbourg I parted with my long-cherished beard, and inserted myself into the tight garbs of Europe. Here I found a very pleasant society. There is a considerable fortification, and a large force. The bazar is a very busy scene, and natives from all parts of Asia may be seen wandering about, staring at the wonders of European skill and science. Since my arrival, the natives of Khyva, who had been so long in confinement, have been set at liberty, and are to be allowed to return to their homes with their property. The total number of natives of Khyva at Ourenbourg, Ourvelskee, and Astrakhan, who thus owe their release to English mediation, is 640, which added to the 416 Russians brought with me, makes a very satisfactory little total in our favour, to say nothing of the numbers which the prohibitory orders may be hoped to save from a life of slavery.

From Ourenbourg I posted to Moscow, *via* Lunbeersk. At Moscow I took a place in the diligence, and arrived at Petersburg on the 3d of November, where I had the honour to receive the thanks of the Emperor for the kindness which I had found it in my power to show to his subjects. This city, and the road to it from Ourenbourg, have been often described by many more able persons than myself; and having carried my unfortunate reader safely into civilized life, I will now make my bow, and wish him, when next he moves, a pleasanter journey with a more amusing companion.

SKETCHES OF ITALY.

No. IV.

APPROACH TO VENICE.

THE approach to Venice from Mestre, is any thing but promising. From Padua we kept looking out in vain for a first view. Our way was along a dusky road, with a canal on one side, and cabbage gardens with statues as common as cabbage stalks on the other. At length we saw one long unusual-looking black boat. Hurrah! a gondola! We arrive at last at that little Italian Wapping, Mestre, where we are, but not to-day, to embark. Driving to its shabby locanda, and having too much time on hand, we ask for the high canal to Venice, and, being duly instructed, proceed along an unsavoury suburb, and come suddenly upon an unwholesome extension of yellow-brown water. "Eccola!" says our guide. The place where this *eccola* was pronounced, this prospect of the land of promise, was crowded with ragged and seedy looking gondolas, and dirty fellows to row them. How unlike the fairy boats we expected, and the gondoliers that chant Tasso, (in the books,) as they propel them! To be rowed along such a rank-smelling sluice as we saw before us, for rowing's sake, was not in question, so on we walked by its bank for nearly half an hour, the water gradually improving a little in complexion. Indeed, a few fish could now be seen with their tails towards Mestre, and making the best of their way to the Adriatic. Discerning little fish! A large green lizard which we here took into captivity, and kept in a cage for half the summer, was the only object of any kind in our walk, and the only green thing we saw, except the water. At last we come to a bend in the canal, and see Venice. *That* Venice? No, it can't be! and yet again it must: towers, and spires, and domes, seen over a dead swamp, and about seven miles off in the direction we were told to look. It is Venice, by all that is flat, stale, and disagreeable. It is our doom to pass the night at Mestre, as we may; early to-morrow those long sea canals, with the dull swamp which they intersect,

shall no longer be between us and those ancient and renowned dominions of St Marc. We shall have visited his church, and be making large entries in our note-book of wonders already seen, with an endless vista of sight before us. With these reflections we walk back to our hotel. There are few locandas in the north of Italy so bad but can afford out of their gains (where marble and labour are both cheap) to erect certain historical tablets on their fronts or staircases, to record the visit of some distinguished personages to their establishment. At Fano, at Faenza, at Bologna, the walls of the stairs and of the *salle à manger* exhibit the heraldic bearings of royal and noble visitors, who from time to time have deigned, during the last half century, to surrender their illustrious selves and suites to the vagabond landlord and his fleas, for *one whole night*. *Pernottavano*, says the inscription—he never pretends to more. The injury done to travellers who have not been born princes, by these occasional glimpses of royal sunshine, is obvious; for if *you* dare to be dissatisfied, the host has but to point to his wall of many quarterings, and regret that you should be more difficult to please than a Kutusoff, a Potemkin, or an Esterhazy—or than, it may be, *Carlo Felice* himself! If you ask for bread in a way displeasing to the waiter's feeling, he may *point to a stone* to satisfy you. Our fellow at Mestre boasted in one room of nine coats of arms of grand-dukes and princes, and three blank ovoids remained to be filled. We also read over a *siste biator* on the stair, how the Emperor Francis the First, his august Consort, their serene son and his beloved partner, on their progress to Venice, being stopt by a *Borrasco*, *pernottavano* at this hotel; "Honoured by whose condescending humility, the Brothers Benedict and Angelo Barletta in *perpetua ricordanza a tanta maestà questo monumento consecravano.*" In this part of Italy such monuments occur, not only in-doors, but out of doors,

and often in Latin! We have been put out of countenance when halfway through a street inscription, (which is by no means light reading,) by finding what we had mistaken for an interesting notice of some historical site, or some record of classic antiquity, was but a vulgar impertinence about a mended road or a bridge repaired. But morning is come, breakfast is over, bills are paid, passports are examined, douanes are satisfied, and we are on the wide sheet of the expanding Adriatic—Venice is still four miles off, but looks only half that distance. The lighthouse of Murans rises like a tall Arum out of the sea, the trees and houses that gird this glass-making islet, seeming to grow beneath the level of water, as smooth and shining this fine morning as a sheet of its own manufactory. Small piles or stakes, 100 feet apart, here begin to conduct us over the liquid way; and nothing occurs, but that a small cotton stocking, by way of a bag for pence, suspended at the end of a stick, and with a Madonna del Mare stamped on its sole, is suddenly popped in for alms at one of our open windows; a little shrine on one of the neighbouring piles, and a picture of the said our lady of the sea, placed out of the reach of the breakers, explains the incident. The railroad which is eventually to connect Milan and Venice is already begun; the Venice extremity has run out two miles towards the main land, and ends here abruptly like a broken bridge. To apostrophize *distant* Venice as the tourists do, as a city of noble edifices rising out of the sea, (such being unquestionably the fact,) is all very well, and very veracious; but to plain vision, any given city, divorced from the magic of its name, rising out of water, and *at some miles' distance*, must appear, while this earth is round, very much the same as if it had the misfortune to be below water level. At such a distance the naked eye, though it may make out eminences, and ascertain lateral extension, and some forms of masses of buildings, can certainly do nothing more, and has no legitimate right to admiration; and even when you draw near Venice, the first buildings offered to sight (which, like pawns on a chess-board, screen the grander pieces from view,) are by no means of a character to suggest

that they spring up as by "an *enchanter's wand*," rather than in the usual course of scaffold-building. Enter the first narrow canal, with its raised quays, dirty boats, dirty crews, and dirty water—find yourself afloat in what might not unfitly be termed the Dutch quarter of Venice, and depend upon it you will not quote Byron; nay, you will almost lose your faith in Canaletti, Crome, and Prout. You vote Beckford and others to be no better than writers for effect, who had no legitimate calling to go abroad and make quiet people at home envious of things which are but fictions. All think it incumbent on them here to be poetical—even Eustace waxes warm; and as to the lady travellers and bookmakers, they regularly fall into hysterics of several pages of inverted commas, and *inverted* common sense; when we, or if we, publish our travels, they shall be at least safer guides through these dangerous shallows. While we say all this to ourselves, appearances begin to mend—one watery way hands us over to another—we pass along streets that literally *run* into each other. We have within the last five minutes seen an occasional gondola of consideration fastened by its bridle to some gay coloured pole planted in the water, and we have seen more than one darting off with liberated rein from the sea-washed door steps of a stately palace. At length the low arch of a very small bridge is right before us. What can be the reason that at this spot our gondoliers make a couple of strong strokes? The strokes are made, and they have shot us into the middle of the Rialto!! Now, indeed, a sudden murmur of delight did rise from our boat, unfreighted as it was with inverted commas. At this first adequate view of patrician Venice, palaces, Gothic windows, and marble steps crowded with gondolas, rows of colossal masks, and statues projecting over, and scarcely higher than the water's edge, chimneys with beehive and bell-shaped tops, which look like bits of ALHAMBRA brought and placed on each side of this vast Regent Street, only paved with water, along which countless boats, sharp as the arrowy swordfish, drop their fins, as they glide by and then strike out again in a thousand directions,—one minute more, and long before we get tired of

admiring object after object as they glance from door to door, or balcony to balcony, we stand where Lord Byron says he stood, and are looking through the prison bars where St Marc's lion, cupolas without number,

domes, towers, and palaces, come simultaneously into sight. We clap our hands in delight, and spring out on the hotel steps, full of enthusiasm and sight-seeing!!

VENICE.

The *Accademia* contains many pictures which it were not correct not to think excellent; but pictures of renown, like men of renown, usually disappoint when you come to make their acquaintance, and do not excite feelings commensurate to their reputation. Forsyth speaks, in his summary way of doing business, of the Venetian school, of which the best specimens are here; and there may be justice in his slashing critique, of a school of which the great excellence is, notoriously, *colour*;—but *what an excellence that is!* Of truth in *design* few can judge *right or wrong* when the appeal is to *colour*. The Assumption, (Titian,) the Feast of Canaan, (P. Veronese,) the Miracle of St Marc, and the Crucifixion, (Tintoretto,)—what pictures are these! Nowhere have we seen, except at English cottage doors, or on aristocratical carpets, before bright coal fires, such sweet babyhood as in the first of these. A chorus of radiantly-beautiful infant heads, of which the roses are only kept under by the still more rosy atmosphere of heaven, (the substructure of the picture,) casts a centripetal halo (if a solecism may interpret our meaning) on the Virgin in the midst. Maturer cherubs float beneath, borne on angelic plumage, and sustain the cloud on which she stands. All round her, and on either side, in all the audacious attitudes of inimitable *abandonnement*, there revels a choir of beattified infancy, romping, coquetting, or playing with the very toys (we really have not heart to find fault with what else were faultless) which they loved on earth. Full-winged and half-fledged ones commingle with others whose pinions are but just beginning to pullulate. Some lie on their little backs, some stump about on their little legs; but all are within the vortex of the same heavenward attraction, and are mounting away from earth! When Titian had finished this beautiful picture, the monks, (bad judges of babies

ought they to be, but on this subject see the authorities,) for whom the work was undertaken, found something wrong, and tendered their observations accordingly to the painter; who, desiring to have it back to improve it, as they concluded, returned it shortly afterwards, apparently much the same; indeed the only difference which the cowed critics could find was that the canvass had the words "*Titianus fecit*" written in large characters in the corner. Titian's earliest work is here, and also his last—a dead Christ, which he did not live to finish. The picture is fine, and derives peculiar interest from what is inscribed under it—"Quod Titianus inchoatum reliquit, Palma reverenter absolvit, Deoque dicavit." The Supper of Canaan, of Paul Veronese, is a charming piece; the prince is he of great banquet painters. His table is never crowded, but always full. There are men, and there are women, in full and in fine dresses; there are dwarfs, and there are parrots; there is music, and there is wine, flowing as from fountains, out of silver ewers! And you who look on are of the party; but you might have lost your chance; for Paul Veronese has represented *himself* looking down from the noble stair which leads to the banquet room; and in answer to *Titian's* look of enquiry (he is just coming up) intimating, by a shrug of the shoulders, that his friend is too late, while the portly old Palma stands at a neighbouring column, and enjoys the joke. At the opposite end of this long room hangs a very fine picture of Tintoretto. It records a miracle of St Marc, who appears swooping down upon an astonished crowd, who are trying every possible means of terminating the life of a saint; but every axe is blunted, and every sword is edgeless, and they assail in vain an existence which heaven has determined to prolong. The Venetians, like other people, enjoy a

joke against an enemy. They have a pleasant one against the French, who removed, as is well known, all the good pictures they could find, in the interest of the fine arts, and their own. Most of these treasures were bayoneted back; but they kept one fine P. Veronese at Paris, and sent a picture of *their* great Le Brun in its place. Instead of burning it, or sending it to a lumber room, the Venetian committee placed it in the most advantageous light—for showing its deformities, and hung a very fine picture of the Veronese master by its side! The stair of the Academia is Palladio's. We heard it called the mother of spiral staircases, of which the offspring is numerous to superfetation, being met with in every coffee-house in Paris, and almost at every barber's shop. In the *gallery* there are, of course, many Portraits of all the masters. Here every body goes. The number is too great, and the visit tiresome. The Frenchman, we observed, goes through cheapest. Before you cut your catalogue open, he has come, he has seen, he is gone! *Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*; and while some over-conscientious countryman, with his pencil in hand, is taking notes, a dying cadence of "Magnifique," or

"Ravissant," may be heard from some distant spot, "low by degrees and beautifully less;" and his ready gondola is already conveying him away to other exhibitions. We were glad to see portraits of Petrarch and Michael Angelo by contemporaries. Petrarch looks like a jaundiced citizen, who, having shut up shop, and gone for ten days to take a sniff of sea air at Brighton or Gravesend, has wrapped his head in a shawl, under penalty of being made a fright, rather than run the risk of taking cold. Laura is utterly devoid of good looks of any kind—a vulgar resemblance of Sir Peter Lely's women. We were much better pleased with the portrait of Michael Angelo—a little black skullcap reveals beyond its margin a fine square forehead, and a face expressive of thought. His eye is full of grand conceptions. He has a paper in his hand, which rests on the arm of his chair. He seems indulging himself, before the public knows there will ever be such a building, with a prospective view of his own St Peter's! Sitters for portraits ought to know that shrewd men may be made to look clever; but to look *genius*, one must have it in possession.

THE PRISONS.

We are now in prison—in a Venetian dungeon—with our reader for a companion. How atrociously ingenious, how diabolically inventive is cruelty! In a cell, which we enter stooping, we are made to notice that the round hole above the door from the passage by which it is entered, while it admits air enough to keep a prisoner alive, and was not meant to do more, excludes even the companionship of the solitary candle, which was permitted only at meal time. The light was placed *without*, and opposite to the air hole, so as to throw merely a small circular halo on the prison walls. These awful encloses bear strong testimony also to the endurance of man in suffering, and prove that mind may even be active, and that a certain exertion of its powers is possible in utter darkness and hopeless confinement, aggravated too often by the anticipation of a sanguinary death, of which the only uncertainty was the *when* and

the *way*. Upon the stone over which we stumble as we enter, Byron, composing his "Foscari," is said to have looked darkness in the face for several hours at a time. These horrid cells have even their curiosities! Of all the portraits of themselves which painters have bequeathed, none which we ever yet beheld interested us like two profiles on one low roof—a kingly head, with a crown on, and by it another face. These are the Paduan tyrant, Carrara, and his son, who were certainly strangled within these dungeons. Availing himself of the hour when his star, the candle, shone from the hole above, each, with a charred spoon for a pencil, is said to have marked the shadow of the other on the roof. Four centuries and more have rolled by, but well does the indelible charcoal still cling to the dry stone wall. Nor without its interest is the scrawl of a poor illiterate fellow, who records of himself only his

own merry disposition, though doomed to live and die here; as were all who passed along this narrow fatal corridor. "Here was confined Guiseppo —, goldsmith of Padua, *buon compagno*, &c., non posso ritornar in dietro, ma *Spero*." Hope *here*! It seems marvellous to find even the word written in such a place. Another distich we had seen elsewhere:—

'De chi mi fido, guarda mi Iddio,
De chi non mi fido, mi guardarò io."

Such an apothegm, and no where more useful than under the villanous governments of Italy: one and all, were, however, more natural *out* of prison than in it. The following is more consistent with the prisoner's actual condition; but to whom could he address it, whose incarceration was only to end with his life—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*? *Back* from these dens there were indeed no footsteps!

"Non ti fidar d'alcuno; pensa e tace,
Se fugir voi de spioni insidie e lacei:
Il pentirti, il pentirti nulla giova!—
Ma ben del valor tuo fa vera prova."

Some have drawn churches on the walls, with "Come, let us worship God in his sanctuary!" Priests in their captivity here acknowledge their fidelity to the Holy See; their names and that of their cure may be read, and "Long life to the holy Roman Catholic Church!" just as the soldiers who sank before him in attempting a river they could not ford, cried—"Vive l'Empereur!" Concerning this same Roman Catholic Church, by the way, *that never had a schism*.

Venice, not three centuries ago, defied the Pope's terrible prerogative of excommunication. She shut up the church and the chapel, and laid hold on the priests, calling herself, nevertheless, both Roman and Catholic. On the other hand, to make Bologna and Pavia obedient subjects, his holiness erased them from the list of candidates for heaven. We entered one cell which had a *window*, as well as a door; and what a window! By its side a hole is wrought in the wall, sufficient for the introduction of a cord. It was pointed out to us. We should have overlooked it. Under that window, *within*, is the very stone, of a proper height, for the victim *to sit on* and be strangled like poultry—to have his neck wrung (oh, damnable and bloody man!) against the unyield-

ing iron of his casement! The next cell, numbersix, we believe, smells strong of the fire lighted by a blessed mob some thirty years ago. "Sweet smells the old carbon!" Another cell, and the last, is that in which a fratricide noble of Dalmatia was confined for fourteen years. He was, they say, the only surviving victim of the inquisitor's tribunal, when the *secret stair* was first detected, and the people rushed down to the cells. He had shot his brother, a priest, while he was officiating at the high altar in Zara. He died about forty-four days after his liberation, aged thirty-five years—his nervous system, not able to sustain the stimulation of air and light, to which he had been so long unused, reacted on the machine, and put an end to its functions! This cell has been spared *as a specimen* to posterity, and is even, as it was, and as they all were, a wild beast's den, vaulted with Istrian marble above, and ribbed all round with wood, and rivetted to the walls with large nails. Its shape is exactly that of a trunk which you pack clothes in—a trunk with a round top. This is a colossal, impenetrable trunk. At one foot above the ground you see the planks still ready for the bed of straw; you see the shelf for the water and the loaf of bread; and you see, and shudder, at the one small air-hole above his pallet, from the dark cell into the dark corridor, at the end of which corridor there is a small slit, whence a glimmer of daylight comes to scare the very visiter, who may go away when he pleases. But these are not all the horrors. Here rolled the head from the decapitated trunk; through these round holes fell the ensanguined sawdust into the sea, "*making the green one red*," for these prisons are only just above the level of the water. Glad are you to ascend the dungeon steps, in doing which you obtain, through a parsimoniously lighted cell, a view of the Bridge of Sighs, with the stern-looking marble heads which project in high relief from the covered arch. What sounds are these? Is it possible that man can sing and wrangle behind the deeply receding windows, with the double bars, of such a locality? Yes! for they be here for a certain season only. They had no Bridge of Sighs to cross. Their friends know where they are, and why they have eyes, and see the light; they

have ears to catch the jocund sounds on the quay below. The hellish judgments of the *Ten* and of the *Three* have ceased for ever. They shall not die like poultry, not even though they had committed one of the four capital crimes which Paul Veronese has painted in the Judgment Hall. A friend of ours has put his hand into the Lion's mouth, to satisfy himself that there are really no secret denuncements unswallowed in his esophagus. The Austrian and his soldiers may be hated; but he would not drown his state prisoners. The silent mischief of the "officer of the night," and the mysterious disappearance of men, whose house and family shall know them no more, can no longer intimidate. Mute are those mutes who used to conduct him up the Scala Segreta to the presence of remorseless judges; perhaps out of rooms of state in his own palace, whose walls were hung with Titian's or Paul Veronese's pictures—rooms in which the owner banqueted but yesterday in full security. From such rooms also came the judges themselves, to deprive numbers of their fellow men of hearing and of sight. Portraits of three of these wretches, in purple and in ermine, are shown in one of the rooms. Look at them, and read the injunction

which they heard in taking office, in presence of St Marc and his lion—"Primum semper ante omnia diligenter inquirete, ut cum justitia et caritate definiatis, neminem condemnatis ante verum et justum judicium. Nullam judicetis suspicionis arbitrio, sed primum probate, et postea sententiam proferte, et quod vobis non vultis fieri, alteri facere nolite!" The very Doges themselves, it seems, were not safe: one of them, Grimani, was confined eighteen months, on the supposition of his aiming at despotism. The inquisitor's council discovered their mistake, and caused Titian to record it by the beautiful picture called "The Triumph of the Glory of the Cross." The upper prisons, though they bear the ominous title, "Sotto i Piombi," are very different places of confinement. Here there is light and fresh air. The roof of lead is full four feet above the wooden ceiling of the room. In short, Silvio Pellico has made the most of a prison by no means bad. They pointed out to us his room, where a detachment of pigeons, from the Piazza, were cooing and pursuing each other along the ledge of his window-sill—an episode which, had it occurred during his confinement, would doubtless have called forth some very touching apostrophe to the reader's feelings.

SOCIETY OF ST ROCK.

When a really superior man presents us with a conceit unworthy of his reputation, we feel less angry at the thing produced, than disappointed at his having been its author. Thus we felt to-day on visiting St Rock. "Sansovino again," said we, but our guide shook his head, and claimed the architecture for Palladio. Is it possible? Can this be indeed the work of Palladio—the grave, the classical, the correct, the lauded of Forsyth and the initiated few—of Palladio, who built for judges, and living frugally on the contingent approbation extorted from rivals, invested his great capital of fame with posterity, to be paid, principal and interest, when posterity should come of age to appreciate him? What a disappointment to us, who, primed and loaded, and ready to explode on the first of his works we should be brought to see,

were conducted to this! Harmony of design seems entirely wanting in this vast polygonous building, composed, as it is, of all the constructive materials one ever heard of, forcing attention to its own want of drawing, by its equal sins against all legitimate employment of colours. Stone, brick, and stucco, so justly repudiated by all good architecture, in the same members of a building, here unite their alien surfaces. The portico, shabby in design, is not saved from that charge by Corinthian columns, which have not room to stand at ease—nor are the columns themselves without reproach in point of taste. A man must be very tired of legitimate ornament before he would substitute capitals which look like cauliflowers run to seed; and that ugly rim around them seems placed as if in imitation of the metal hoop which a fractured column is

often obliged to wear. Windows in pairs might in themselves be an agreeable novelty, were they not made otherwise by the details within. In a double row of Corinthian columns, inequality of height, which is bad enough, is aggravated by want of uniformity in other respects; for some of these columns are plain, some fluted, some even twisted, some mounted on pedestals of granite or porphyry, as if this was the only mode by which they could reach the wooden roof, and which they only succeed, after all, in doing, by cross beams and escalloped wedges jambed in between them and their coronets. The stairs, indeed, from the lower to the upper hall, are noble, and afford a worthy *aditus* to Tintoretto's masterpieces, for almost all those works are collected here, any of which, elsewhere, would have engrossed our whole attention. The Crucifixion, however, far eclipsed all the rest. We were *three*, and we were unanimously arrested a full half hour before that painting, and absorbed in the contemplation of it. The moment—such a moment!—could only have been dared by a painter who had the command of resources such as his. An *experimentum crucis*, indeed, were this to any thing below excellence! Our Saviour is just affixed to the cross, one of the thieves is ready to be, but is not yet fixed—from him no blood yet flows. His is the horrid suspense of impending torture! The third is being swung up to the position in which he is to suffer! The first wail of the friends and relatives of the Saviour is not spent. No! the agony of their grief is at its worst! The shouts of the rabble are all but heard! Some dear familiar faces are looking up to the Saviour, and are seen by him! The calm countenance of the suffering Christ, alive on the cross—his features, not yet altered by agonies, are turned away (as in obedience to an instinctive aversion) from the blood which has already stained the cross! What a conception, and how unlike all the other Crucifixions we have yet seen! The reader supposes this building, called *St Rock*, to be a church? No—it was built for a *casino nobile*, on the departure of the plague, (attributed to St Rock's intercession,) in 1515—“*Passim urbe tota*,” so says an inscription on the stairs, “*cadavera jacere prostrata, car-*

bunculis, bubonibus, maculis obsessa.” As to the *pictures* collected there the interest is increased by the fact, that Tintoretto, the painter, was (for the murder of his wife) compelled to execute them on the spot, and wrought at them in confinement for 14 years; in short, he was sent to the galleys, and made to work at the trade he had learned—a shocking story, in all its tissue of genius and crime—society outraged, and yet almost indemnified!

The *Casino Nobile*, or place of meeting for the caste of nobility, is very ancient in Italy, very exclusive, and long preceded our clubs. Such places in the kingdom of Naples are of high antiquity. They were called *sedili*—each caste, indeed, had there its *sedile*. They answered to the people in place of coffee-houses, before coffee was imported; and as they also answered the purpose of *conversation, conference, or conspiracy*, the suppression of them was one of the first acts of the precious Ferdinand; when English counsels and an English admiral inflicted him anew on his unhappy subjects. The *sedile* was *classical* also. The semicircular seats at the gates of Pompeii, put one in mind of the old men at the Skaian gate of Troy, sitting there to discuss the ladies, and Helen of the number—the *sedili*, in short, were public, and exclusive sitting places.

Immediately opposite to this building stands the church connected with it, and belonging to the same society. Between its nave and transept, a noble choir, composed of richly carved wood and marble, stands like an ornamented antediluvian ark, and by its side a wooden pulpit, fit only for Punch's theatre. Near a fantastic St Francis, and sculptured in marble, are the Foscari and the Ursini—generals by sea, so the Venetians called their admirals, and generals by land, one of whom, Sarelli, a fine burly fellow, full six feet high in his saddle, is riding a Trojan horse, armed, like himself, cap-a-pie. Right into one of the side chapels, the Pessaro family have a vast monument *sibi et suis*—a *dozen* such would almost fill the church! Four miniature Evangelists, painted in such an elaborate manner, by Bonelli, that the very hairs on their beards can be counted, are among the curiosities of the place. This church preserves also the heart of Canova, within a monument designed by himself to the me-

mory of Titian; dying before it was completed, it was finished by his pupils, and inscribed to his own—the Emperors of Austria and of Russia contributing to the pious work. A small lozenge-shaped tablet opposite this monument continues, therefore, to tell posterity where Titian lies:—“Qui giace il gran Tiziano de Vecelli, emulador di Zeuxi e d'Apelle.” Titian died of the plague in his 94th year; but the Venetian painter, though postponed to Canova, has not lost for ever his monumental honours, for the canons, aware of what they owed to him, the painter of new churches, resolved to place him in a niche in the most honourable part of their own.

To install him within the precincts of the altar itself, without scandal, was not easy; so they decapitated a St Jerome, and substituted the head of the prince of the Venetian school! who still, to one of the *αὐτοτελείς*, passes for St Jerome, and receives votive offerings *eo nomine*. Nor know we any countenance, under any name, more calculated, even in a Catholic church, to inspire reverence or compel genuflexion, than this forgery of St Jerome—his beard is but a little less magnificent than that of Michael Angelo's Moses, and the well-known fineness and regularity of his features do justice to it.

TRAVELLERS IN ITALY, STERNE, BECKFORD, EUSTACE, THE GUIDES AND MANUALS, THE FORSYTH, &c.

We can make out a list of about forty published travels in this country, from old Montaigne, who dined in company with Bianca Capella at Pratolino, and thought she drank too much Tuscan wine, to Mrs Starke; and how few are available to real wants in travelling! Between the *nimis* and the not enough, not many have had the fortune to steer; some give you so much of the dimensions of a building that you heartily wish it had never been built; others write inventories of the curiosities contained in churches and convents, and distribute, as if it were so much transferable stock, *their* notes of admiration, or rather exclamation. Some, to give you an enlarged idea of the grandeur of a building, enlarge upon its cost, or the time it took; some write classical tours, and *furnish* the texts, the great charm of which is their occurring to one's self, prompted only by the *genius loci*. Still, however, these may be welcome to the reader at home, or even to the traveller too old to recollect the passages prompted; but there is *one* wayfaring man, whose companionship we should have enjoyed, who, like Sterne of old, stands by himself. Forsyth neither measures nor appraises; and if he quotes, it is not to show off his reading, but to support his character for taste; as to style and thought, he is the Tacitus of tourists, and, assuredly, as yet without a rival in England. With whom would you compare him for the information you desire, condensed and quickly dispatched?

Not surely with Eustace, who travels in perpetual warfare with France and Protestantism, and *transcribes* Virgil, Horace, and Silius Italicus in every page of his tedious progress? The much overpraised smartness, or liveliness, of Beckford, is utterly eclipsed by the terse sentences of a man who went forth from amidst the Scottish mists, not with a fortune and the command of the post-horses of Europe, but with far more than commonplace learning, and many very unusual accomplishments. On whatever subject he descants, Forsyth is always equal to it. Nothing weak, nothing unreflective in the matter; a style which sustains him nobly under the dome of St Peter's, or the arena of the Coliseum; but where things are to be *criticised*, not *felt*, is short and pithy as a proverb! Woe to the architects whom he places at the bar of his inexorable judgment! he scatters their misplaced Corinthians like nine-pins, and pulls down, like Samson, their own edifices about their ears. But Forsyth's *sentences*, like Lord Brougham's law decisions, are really not always *final*, and, oftener than his unusual powers would lead one to believe, require a *court of cassation*; he generalizes too much, and too often from particulars, and he is far from always accurate in his *facts*. He was but a short time at Venice, and that he did not write this part of his book entirely from notes made on the spot, we are well convinced. *His Mint*, for in-

stance, is purely an imaginative "*Zec-ca*," and as unlike the Venetian as it is possible to be. No wonder! for he employed a *different architect* from the *real one* in the constructing it. As to Palladian churches, of which he says, and truly, that Venice may be proud, he makes more than one mistake. In St George's—he bids us notice a peculiarity, two different orders of columns rising from the same pavement to different heights; both are of the *same order*—Corinthian. In the Jesuits', he speaks of a large *ciborium* of Carrara marble, planted on twisted columns of verd antique, but this ornament or deformity must be looked for in some other church, where he had no doubt seen it; nor would he have found quite so much fault with the tall ornamental chimney-pots of Venice, had he heard, as we did, of its winds. Forsyth has said nothing of the *Horses* of St Marc, which we believe were not there in his time—they were at that period groomed in France. "The horses of St Marc are admired for their style, anatomy, and breeding. Their poise and attitude are surely noble, powerful, full of action,—perhaps too full of action for their situation; but what business has an evangelist with race horses? A Christian edifice can derive no real dignity nor grace from the symbol or indication of a Pagan hippodrome, or a modern livery stable. It is not enough that adjuncts be ornamental, they must also be *appropriate*. They might as well have put up eagles, elephants, or giraffes before St Marc; and let the

merits of these travelled horses be what they may, on a worse position for their own display, or more unfit one, *as respects* the building to which they are attached, it would have been impossible to have nailed them." And now that we have prepared our way, and endeavoured to pay a just homage to our favourite writer on these matters, we shall with the less scruple mention where he is wrong as to facts, or, in our own opinion, hard as to judgments, (that he is very generally too technical every one feels.) Of his incorrectness, take the following as a memorable instance. St Peter's, as every body knows, is full of magnificent monuments of departed popes. Forsyth says, "*each* is dressed in the pontifical habit, *kneeling*, in the grave and solemn act of benediction; an act but poorly denoted by the divergent fingers." There are, we believe, in St Peter's, *ikons* of fourteen popes, whereof one is standing, *two or three only are kneeling*, one is recumbent, and *all the rest are sitting*. It is further remarkable, that Forsyth should not have perceived the incompatibility of kneeling figures dispensing the papal benediction, which requires a certain grandeur of attitude, and is, we believe, always performed by the living pontiff *erect*. As to the figures which *sit*, they rather represent the popes in that act which, in Roman antiquity, is called *allocation*,—they are evidently speaking, it may be, the speech of command or exhortation, but it is not that most imposing function which terminates the festival of Easter.

ST GEORGE'S.

The church of St George, fine as it may be in its proportions and style, being constructed of Istrian stone, presents too much the appearance of being recently whitewashed; and this unsubdued colour of the material renders the broad cornice, objected to by Forsyth as an established impropriety in all churches, which perhaps it is, more apparent here. Painted pasteboard saints, apparently in their niches, further disfigure a church which should have been left either unadorned, or ornamented in a way becoming the nobleness of its superstructure. Here we saw a grisly collection of Capucins, who had been beatified within the last

century; old men and young, with light and dark hair; wax faces and glass eyes (Venice cannot forget her *beads*) to match the hue of those they had when living! On a mould taken from the dead man's face, a cast in wax is made, and the real beard of his flesh and blood attached to it, giving an expression—and a terrible expression it is too—to the bloodless wax.

The first church we saw here was that Gothic building which contains the remains of many of the doges; St Paul and St James. It has a series of monuments erected to the chiefs and generals of the republic, which are, for magnificence and cost, scarcely second

to those of the popes, in St Peter's. One of this series was, it is asserted, copied several times by Canova as a study.

In passing the church of St Martin, we see the only remaining *Lion's Mouth* in Venice. He opens it here at full stretch, and seems roaring in anger at those who would cram into it their "Denonci segreti contro bestemiatore et irreverenti alle chiese!" Formerly each church had its lion's mouth, but now they are closed up and walled in. The press for ever, even in its worst abuses, rather than this! The church of St Sebastian is full of the works of Paul Veronese, and contains his ashes

and those of two of his sons. The double martyrdoms of St Sebastian are both fine pictures. A St Veronica is, in company with another beautiful *saint*, touching wounds, and the wounds heal, as they ought under so charming a medication; for neither of these young people have much of the saint in them. *Mutatis mutandis*, it might do for Clorinda and Tancredi, or for Don Juan and Haidee. This church is poor, and is also damp; so that the pictures of Paul Veronese, which adorn its walls, suffer daily injury,—the shades are becoming too deep, and the lights are no longer what they were.

NAPOLEON'S ACACIA GARDEN, &c. &c. &c.

Napoleon's acacia garden is a place we remember with a schoolboy's pleasure, as his only play-ground for a week, certain years ago. We had not long enjoyed the cool air of the unruffled sea, which rippled against its wall, or listened to approaching or retreating oars, which, on whatever waters, belong to the pleasant class of sounds, when clouds appeared to be gathering in the direction of St Marc's, and presently some zig-zags of lightning amidst the precipitately lowering darkness, with an occasional growl or two from the same quarter, warned us to return. We left the only garden in Venice (*publici juris*) with regret; but so slow is a storm sometimes in working up, in the usual repose of the Italian sky, to the point where you expect it to explode, that, in our way back, we had time to stop and witness a scene or two eminently Venetian—one, indeed, so disposed for a picture, that we should have been glad to have been able to make a sketch for that purpose. On one of those little elevated bridges which give the necessary continuity to the quays, and occur sufficiently often in your walk, in whatever direction, to prevent your forgetting you are in Venice, we came upon a small *œdicula* let into a wall, and inhabited by a miniature Madonna, who had just room enough for a few votive

offerings and the necessary arrangement of consecrated tapers. Among the pictured deliverances hung about here, as elsewhere, one was intended for a sea-piece, though it would be difficult to say in what school the hand was educated which had here committed to canvass the unlikeness of that treacherous element;* but a sea-piece it was, though not a Vernet, and the place where it hung seemed to be a favourite and much-frequented chapel of the *Madonna del Mare*. Her guardian was an old fellow, with cap on head, and sleep in his eye, whose duty it was to take care of her and the candles, and receive from old and young all the money they were willing (*ἔκων ἀκούσι δὲ θυμῶ*, perhaps,) to give him, in return for which he gave a framed print, value about one penny, to be kissed and kept possession of for half a minute or so, or till a suitable number of Aves had been said to it, and then to be duly returned. Some knelt for a quarter of an hour before the shrine itself, interceding, doubtless, for their friends at sea; some were not easy unless they touched the sill, while other votaries stood or knelt at different distances from the depot, either possessing faith of stouter quality, or, it might be, from fear of the exacting old fright, who sat watching and scraping the candles, and do-

* There must be a whole swarm of poor daubers in Italy, of whom it may be said that each "*picta se tempestate tuetur*," who work for the faithful at so much a square inch, and paint you suspended, submerged, mutilated, as the case may be,—but always saved.

ing all he could to entice them to come forward as voluntary contributors to his not unprofitable appointments.

At all events, the shrine is in fashion. Sailors sing out a lusty *ave* as they pass; infants are made to turn aside and kneel, and be dazzled by the candles. Every one who passes uncovers his head, and few do so without paying tribute to the showman of the fustian cap. But after all, Venice is Venice; and the unrepressed sounds of the profane in the distance, the song and the dance, the shout, or the noise of the craft shooting by below the bridge, prevent him from having it all his own way. Of course, we stood a moment to look on; and though our stopping made others stop, and brought votaries to the Madonna, and pence to him, he pretended to be scandalized at our heretical *hats*, and half shut the shrine in our faces, not so close, however, but that the old spider could look out for more flies, whom he intended to secure; and secure them he did, for some evidently quickened their steps, for fear, unless they should be alert, that the door would be finally closed, and the Virgin's hour for receiving company past. Three smart girls, and some devout of the other sex, were still on their knees on the steps of the little bridge when we moved on. The silence was perfect, the light of day was fast fading, and the party would soon have been in all the perils of darkness, but for the tapers, and the flash which occasionally lit up the horizon. These dangers, however, were evaded; for, on turning round, we saw them rise, kiss the box into which they had put their alms, and nothing else, cross themselves, and go away happy; while the old fellow, at least equally so, having collected all the stalactites from the candles, and put them by carefully, extinguishes the light, sticks the print of the Virgin behind a votive crutch, comes out of his *bureau*, fumbles about for the key, and locking up all safe for the night, hobbles off with the money-box under his arm, the contents of which he will

sort at leisure. In our way homeward, we heard the loose timbers of many a floor shaking to the dancer's tread; and in the street itself, a magic lantern offered us the actions of undying Punch, whose birthplace all Italy might contend for, as Greece for Homer. Forsyth makes him a native of Bergamo.* We found more to attract us in a small theatre, erected for the performance of legitimate tragedy, comedy, and farce, by a complete *dramatis personæ* of little heroes and heroines in wood, and stopped for some minutes listening to a piece called the Four Elements, being unfortunately too late for one which had just been concluded, written by the man, the actor and the author, within the puppet-show, and called the Triumph of the Lombards. His wife collected the money in the street: the billet for one of thesemicircle of chairs, disposed for the select part of the audience, cost two sous: the vulgar, who stand outside the railing, have, like ourselves, their treat for nothing.

What a place this Venice must have been! said we to ourselves and others at dinner. What a number of strange stories have been delivered for our edification to-day, roundly and off-hand, by our expert valet de place! We only wished we could implicitly trust him. Why did he hurry us on, without a moment's pause, from one wild romance to another? for we have heard tales one would absolutely deride beyond the *Lagunes*. By the time our dessert was served, we could bear one another's objections no longer—the fellow might be, and probably was, laughing at our English credulity—*tam vacui capitis populum Phæaca putavit?*—we would subject him (one of us was bred to the bar) to cross-examination, and endeavour, as to some of the personages, to prove an *alibi*, or find a flaw in a date, which should falsify the whole. In this spirit we rang the bell, to summon him before us. Our dignity, to be sure, might be somewhat compromised by the hasty step we were going to take—we might only afford him an opportunity of

* *Punch*, however, may, in our opinion, vindicate a more ancient origin. At any rate, he always reminds us beautifully of antiquity.

—tandemque redit ad pulpita notum

Exodium, quum personæ pallentis hiatum

In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans.

—Juv. iii. 174.

convicting us of being ill-read in Venetian story, and we half repented (one does sometimes) of having pulled the bell; but pulled it had been, and he was before us, with his usual deferential bow. Hem!—respectful salutation that, if sincere! We coughed, and looked irresolution. Had we sneezed, he would have wished us long life; but coughs are not noticed in Italy, and yet we coughed again, as if for a reply. Do the signori wish to see the Academia to-morrow? Why, yes, if by that time we should have digested all he had told us *to-day*—*fatta la digestione*. He begged pardon—he could not understand what we meant. Why, to be plain, then, we could not quite believe all the *belle cose* he had told us. “*Che belle cose?*” Why, for instance, Tintoretto’s having murdered his wife, &c. &c. The guide-books don’t mention that, and *they put down every thing*. Then about Duke

Carrara’s shooting people right and left, with poisoned needles, out of a pop-gun, before the invention of powder. It was all very well for *certi signori forestieri* who had not travelled; but as to ourselves, we had. This bold declaration of infidelity brought upon us a second edition, neither corrected nor revised, of all he had said before, coupled with a promise to show us the very pistol, the *corpus delicti*, and prove all his statements by reference to persons, books, and papers. Consequently, when *would* we be called to-morrow? Early, if all we expected to be told were to be true. “Signore,” was the dignified reply, “I served Lord Byron, and he would not have employed an *ingannatore*.” We felt ashamed of what we had said, and determined never again to *do the inquisitor* at Venice, without a better supply of the necessary apparatus for carrying it through.

THE TREASURY OF ST MARC’S.

To describe the Treasury of St Marc’s, one—the writer, must possess a whole Stephens’ Thesaurus of words, or the reader suppose some scenes in the Arabian Nights realized. The bubbling pearl; the emerald too unwieldy to wear; the ruby that no pen, not even its *own*, can do justice to, the turquoise binding of the book which St Marc holds in his hand—these are but unimportant items of such a whole;—his official chair is inlaid with jewels, and into its arms are inserted one or two, that are as much misplaced as the worst taste could possibly have contrived. The object is, as a whole, as much above all valuation as it is below all criticism; they told us what every

thing cost, and we went away bewildered with *carats* and computation. There never was a saint so richly dight as St Marc, (though we have met with a few others of the calendar who must have been supposed to have a penchant that way;) and what the saint could not possibly away with, his Lion got in his master’s name. Of what use can diamond eyes be to a lion? thought the French; and the operation of *extracting the lenses* was forthwith, and most successfully, performed, the Lion neither wincing nor wagging his tail; and even the Venetians must allow that he looks nearly, and sees quite as well, in his present glass or rock-crystal eyes, as he did with his original ones.

THE PICTURES.

Forsyth has said precisely what all who see them must say of one of the two grand pictures in this palace, that it is impossible to catch the painter’s design. In the “Glory of Paradise,” by Tintoretto, the eye is wandering amidst a whole mythology of living and defunct popes, cardinals, bishops, and saints; it looks like the Virgin Mary’s *Drawing-room*; and so crowded, that there is no chance

for any of the last arrivals to take their turn and be presented. You look and you look again, and still you can make nothing of it; and so you turn away from the heavenly music-books and the angels who hold them, and the beasts of the Revelations, not a little doubting whether a lion and a bull at such an assembly be not a transgression of that *Quidlibet audendi* conceded to painters, and abused by

all the schools, *except the Dutch*. Of the other pictures in these state-rooms, their subjects are drawn from Venetian history; but are not, however, as Forsyth has stated, all by Paul Veronese. We have the works of five or six masters, at least, and in very different styles. The long story of Barbarossa, Alexander the Third, and the contemporary Doge, is well told on an extended line of canvass, which covers nearly half the first room. To begin at the beginning: the old Pope has found it convenient to put himself under the maritime protection of Venice, and is on board one of her galleys;—within the next frame, you assist at a bloody sea-fight, in which the Venetian vessels are dressed out, as every thing in Venice is, with tapestry and silk, while her decks are crowded for action. The ships of the Republic are Homerically red sided, gorgeous lanterns hang on the shrouds, and the row of oars by which the manœuvres are to be entirely effected, are so thickly set, as to form to the eye a continuous line, on which it would appear that one might walk—more canvass, (that is, on the walls,) and the Venetians have fought and conquered, and are hurrying young Barbarossa on board a conspicuous galley freighted with the Doge and Pope, where the Pope, in gratitude, presents his own ring to the Doge, with which in future that magistrate and his successors are to wed the submissive Adriatic on the anniversary of the victory. *That ring* the French politely left them, and it is even now in the treasury of St Marc's. Lastly, we have young Barbarossa let off on

parole, but returning with his contrite father to throw themselves at the feet of the Holy Father, who winds up the drama pontifically by a blessing, &c. The Doge repairs to Rome, where the Pope replaces him comfortably on his chair at St Peter's. Over these historical pictures hang portraits of one hundred and fifty Doges. Poor Marini, the last Doge, looks melancholy, as if coming events were casting their shadows before: the others hang in pairs, but he has no pendant with whom to exchange a look. An Austrian flanks him, with a long white face, in cold uncommunicative marble! If you study the faces of so many Doges, all first-rate portraits of the school of Titian, you will have examined a very fine series of human physiognomy, worth examining for the variety of which a grave and composed expression is susceptible. The later Doges no longer wear a beard; the earlier have, almost without exception, a remarkably fine embellishment of that kind, meteoric beards, which might satisfy a poet, or vie with those traditional ones of Esculapius, Plato, the Indian Bacchus, or the modern Armenian priest. They are now coming in again, these beards! to the great delight of the ladies—perhaps they are already cultivated by the young linen-draper in England, in ignorance that without a very exact toilet, scarcely practicable by young men who open shop and dust counters, one horrible disease of *Mentagra* may get among them—frightening away the fair customers. On this subject we recollect that M. Alibert prelected long and learnedly.

THE ARMOURY.

Having passed the gigantic lions, one of whom draws himself halfway up, and peeps over the sentry-box in front of him at the surly Austrian sentinel, who bears about the same proportion to him as a mouse to a Newfoundland dog, and walked through a vast raftered ship-house (Palladio's), capable of indefinite extension in all directions, we enter the building which contains the armour. A whole line of Doges, old and young—a suit of armour for a child's wear—first attracted our notice. It was that of young Barbarossa, who

was thus unusually breeched at five years old. Entirely encased in steel, he wields his little mace of solid metal, is belted with a five-year-old sword, and wears his vizor down, in preparation for the battle; in fact, at that early age he was really made to practise arms and wear armour for an hour a-day. At ten he wore this uncomfortable clothing for a longer space; and, at eighteen, put on mail for life. Near to this infantile warrior stood the Victor Pisani, upon one of the bombs of which, in 1426, he was the first maker. This Istrian

cherub weighs 40 lbs. The winged lion figures on many a gallant breastplate—steel-clothed horses stand by steel-clothed riders, leaning on immensely long swords requiring the joint efforts of both hands. The weight of *Alaric's* heavy crest exhibited here were enough, without a blow, to crush any but a *tête de fer*. We looked into the grim gills through which he had breathed, and seeing nothing, raised the hinged steel jaw of the formidable mask, and, when we had let it fall, drew successfully upon imagination for a countenance of competent ferocity. A cuirass of diabolical invention is shown, contrived for torture, to be inflicted through holes for inserting sharp instruments into the wearer's skin. This question was for Patrician contumacy alone, and from the armour being gilt, bore the name of "Golden Punishment!" We saw "infernal machines" almost coexistent with the invention of the infernal powder which nourishes them—a phalanx of barrels obedient to one match. We saw a breastplate riddled throughout with arrows fired from a cross-bow at a distance of 100 feet;—we saw a long halbert which, like a poisonous snake, could first drop its fangs upon you, and then present a gun barrel, and, if that failed, the other end was ready with a ragged tooth and a charged missile of its own. The crescent, the sharp scimitar, and the standard of the Turk, are naturally here; one banner, in queer unchristian-looking characters, asserts the one God and

Mahomet, and recalls the Venetian prowess at Lepanto. We saw the latest form of steel-bow, and the earliest form of fire-arms, with a piece of tow to ignite the charge through an open touch-hole, together with all the improvements, from Pisani's uncertain bomb to the cannon which never fails. The most horrible part of this exhibition of destructive engines, was Carrara's cabinet, in which is preserved the key with the secret spring, by which, on fête days, he discharged his poisoned needles: whoever received the puncture, which fell light as an insect's sting, turned pale, sickened, and died, as if bitten by the cobra di capella. Even the childhood of this tyrant was nursed in atrocity, and he was taught to inflict wounds and death by a cross-bow equal to his strength. When he grew up, he had his thumb-screws, which are here exhibited; and, above all, a work-box, sent *en cadeau* to his sister-in-law, with particular directions that she only was to open it—she was saved by the eagerness of her maid, who perished by the curiosity which led her to lift the lid which confined the poisoned charge. Much of this may have been false, and how much of it true we know not; for the bloody "Council of Ten" was quite capable, in its known cruelty to this Prince and his sons, of the fabrication not only of the stories, but of the instruments produced in proof. The Buc-centaur is gone, but they have a model of this famous coche d'eau, with a splint of its mast as a relic.

BEAD MANUFACTORY.

Went to see the Manufactory of Beads, for which Venice has been famed for 400 years. We saw sheaves of glass waving like corn, in the laps of women, who sat assorting the vitreous harvest according to its size. In another stage, a number of men with shears were clipping the long threads into very small bits, the elements of the beads. In the next room lay fragments of 300 colours, and patterns innumerable, filling forty or fifty baskets. A very distressing part of the operation was to be seen below, where, on approaching a long shed, open on one side to the air, and glowing with thirty fires in all its length, stood a

number of poor wretches, whose daily and hourly employment it was, to receive the bits of sifted glass, cut as we had seen above, and melt them into beads, by means of charcoal and sand, in the midst of these dreadful fire blasts, which they were constantly feeding, and within three feet of which they stood, streaming at every pore, stooping to draw out the caldron and pour its contents upon a tray, which they then, in this state of their own bodies, drag forth into the air. A new copper of cold materials already awaits them, which must be thrust forth with into the furnace, and a cool superintendent is there to see that there is no re-

mission! The turning, the feeding, the renewed sweat, cease not till night comes to put a pause to miseries which are to last for life! The galley is a joke to this work. The workmen all die

young. We never thought of beads as such an expensive luxury before. A sixpenny necklace may cost the life of the artisan! *Look at a rosary in this light!*

THE REGATTA.

—fragor aurem
Percutit, eventum viridis quo colligo panni.
Nam si deficeret, mœstam attonitamque videres
Hanc urbem.

So festive an aspect did every thing wear at Venice, so much had been *programmed* and said, and so fine was the morning, that as soon as we had shot from our hotel door, and had rounded the corner that brought us in full sight of the long-stretching shore of the Lido, we felt sure that our expectations would for once be realized, and that to-day we should have pageantry and pleasuring abroad in abundance. The whole way to the *Piazzetta* (where all that makes Venice Venice is at all hours, day and night, collected and exhibited, the starting-place for all excursions, the landing-place for all returns, the lounging place for all idlers of all the nations), a moving mass of gaily attired pedestrians attended us along terraces and quays, where a thousand amphiprorous gondolas stood harnessed, and rubbing sides, ready to dart forth and clear their ranks at a nod; and soon indeed was the line broken into gaps, to meet demands increasing on every side. A few minutes brought us along with this cortege to the foot of the lion which stands on his column as a *sort of* vicegerent to St Marc, and his compeer the crocodile, who carries his representative on his back,—well known monuments, between which the three tall masts formerly devoted to the flags of Candia, of Cyprus, and of Greece, now deliver to the caresses of the sea or land breezes the red and white stripes of Austria's Archduke. One stroke and we pass the Mint—another bears us along the wall of the "Procuratie" gardens; opposite to which is the "Chiesa della Salute," "stored up with its inverted consoles," (Forsyth,) but looking vastly well to-day notwithstanding these its transgressions—every place around being crowded with sight-seers, well seated on its marble steps. What is that handsome-looking palace? "Il Palazzo Cornaro, Il Palla-

dio l'architetto," chants the cicerone of the boat, in his elliptic and most desirable brevity of reply. We look up and see one or two of the modern Cornari (*long life* of course to *them!*) leaning over a marble balcony—carpets, rich "aubuisons," cover the nether portion of its walls, while at about twenty feet above the sea, a gay upholstery of blue satin drapes the rough "bossages" of the front. What a scene of silks and satins on every side! and how variously applied! and how the eye wanders from the essentially magnificent gorgeous frontings of such houses as only Venice boasts, to the moving gaudiness of the river! Every dip of the oar to-day reminds us of Paul Veronese, and gives, in "tableaux vivants," *duplicates* of pictures we have already seen and known by heart! "Il Justiniani," sings out our guide, pointing out, as he passed under it, the palace of this first Patriarch of Venice. "Il Pio Quinto" was three doors further on. Presently, as our boat swirls round at an elbow of the canal, the bridge of the Rialto is right before us. "Il Palazzo Foscari," "Il Moscherino," "Ecco!" we followed our guide's finger, as he had taught us that whenever he said "Ecco" we were to look out with extraordinary attention. "Ecco," behold the window whence the baker's daughter, whilom the *chère amie* of Byron, threw herself, to get out of the way of his wrath, when he surprised her by a visit of no groundless jealousy. Nor did he suffer us to pass on without pointing out to us the abode of the Guiccioli, who, according to some, planned both the plot and its detection. "Bella Venezia," adds the enthusiastic guide (whose dreams no doubt are love and murder,) warming with the scene and the subject, "Bella citta, nascita di niente," "Look, look," as two or three eight-oared boats belonging to the municipality rush past. In them we

observe some jolly old fellows dressed in full carnival suits, and the chief magistrate, gonfaloniere, or what not, in his cocked hat, bowing to the right and left, while he wonders, or seems to wonder, as well he may, how they all make way for such a poor souvenir of ancestral doges. He looks as pleased with the empty pageantry of this Lord Mayor's show, as any alderman of Guildhall would do, and seems to have no ambition to espouse either the Adriatic or her quarrels. A very gay barge follows, in which are two young officers holding pink satin cushions, and the gondoliers bedizened out in ribbons, fine athletic fellows were they, and the boat passed us as if it were sped from a bowstring: "Signor! Signor! guarda in dietro!" We look back on a whole flotilla. The rowers upright, wearing every colour, and all the travestie dresses of a carnival, and men and boats like themselves adorned with chaplets, and with gilt figures at their prows; all silk and muslin, and fine forms and fine raiment within, and all impatience for the start without. In two minutes our motions are already much impeded by constant accessions from behind—new arrivals every minute. But boats and boats are at Venice on the most familiar terms; no brawling Billingsgate or Hungerford Stairs! One comes thrusting his playful snout like a young sturgeon directly across our course; our gondolier takes him good-naturedly by the nose, and turns the head of the misguided gondola, helping lightly with his foot what his hand had begun; prows upon prows come in one after another till we move no longer for ourselves, or by ourselves, but become locked into a floating mass of boats, a continuous plain of deck, a flexible and floating island. Fortune, who here, as elsewhere, "*brings in some boats that be not steered*," (Shakespeare,) has fixed us nearly under the stately balcony of the Capolo Palace, whose house-top obelisks do look very bizarre. But we have nothing to do with that now, for be the architecture ever so reprehensible, we are not architects, and we are in a capital place to see what is to follow; till it begins, let us look about us—one is not at Venice every day. — Yonder is the Palace Giamani, which counts seven doges, and is one of Sansovino's agreeable designs; it is now the post-office! But that is comparatively a slight humilia-

tion, for in our immediate neighbourhood there is a magnificent Gothic faaade, where a hardwareman from England has planted himself, with as little remorse as if he were in Piccadilly, and loads the stately rooms of a Corrado Spinelli with Birmingham and Sheffield goods. The very next palace (another doge's residence,) lodges a Paris dealer in "Rococo," who has been established as a curiosity shopkeeper for years, and hangs up Gobelin tapestry over carved commodes, gilt-backed chairs, and Dresden porcelain. Silk and stone have small affinity. All theory would be against hanging palace fronts and church interiors with the striped productions of the Lombard loom; but in point of fact the result is pleasing, even Palladio's gravity is not unbecoming in these rich-toned draperies, which thus clothed, as so many of our artists have proved, make delightful pictures. But our attention is suddenly called off from all this, and from the stately Rialto, to look at what is coming—a moment's silence precedes a general cry of "*vengono, vengono*," They come, they come!—A long boat, full of authorities, has rounded the corner where the Foscari Palace bounds our view, and is coming down upon us at a great rate. The mass of boats of which ours is long since one, now pack closer than before, and try to get towards the middle of the canal, and by the time the whipper-in of the watery race-course is come, the confusion of so many manœuvres is over, and we have dovetailed our prows snugly, and left ample space for the contention that we are told will soon begin. In fact, the municipal boat has scarcely swept by, when accumulating specks, at some distance, are evidently moving more swiftly than before, while the agitation of the spectators rapidly increases, and the buzz of expectation forms but one voice sent down to the distant Rialto. As soon as they have rounded the corner of the Foscari Palace, which had hitherto kept them out of sight, we discerned some horizontal lines which must indicate the foremost boats, though from their extreme lowness in the water, they look more like floating planks: those upright objects, changing their angle with a hinge-like motion, must be rowers; we can soon count them as distinct and separate objects,

working their silent telegraphic way, and often apparently touching each other, or dropping off into the rear; then do two or three already alarmingly-distanced boats fetch up their leeway—and behind all, an immense suite of boats closes in on the course. As they approach, we can discern the various ensigns and colours of the rivals, and catch the spirit of the probably to be victorious gondola. Our own gondoliers can bear restraint no longer; one seizes the post at the head of our prow, the other boards his neighbour for a better view, and Maria Santissima! is in every mouth—nigher approaches the strife, and still more nigh. Every thump on the gunwale is heard. Clouds of swallows come down in wedges, skim the sides of the wherries, and then up again, screaming as if to carry the intelligence of what is achieved at each stroke, up to the house-tops, from which they drop again for fresh information. The shout of encouragement becomes louder and louder, has burst from the spectators afloat, and has pealed from the balconies and Gothic windows above. In the midst of all, Two—*The Two*, (so thin their timber, so shell-like the tenuity of their *compages*, that how they resist the stroke that sends them through so much new space, seems a miracle,) are now close upon us. We can see the steady composure of the panting oarsmen, who listen to those shouts as if they heard them not, and with eyes that have no vision for man or woman either, bend fore and aft mechanically, and do their need like working automats. The least movement, the least seduction of eye or ear, the least swerve from absolute precision, would be fatal to their prospect of success, and they must remain, till it is over,

as if they were screwed by the foot. Still they are drinking in the excitement of the crowd. But for all this roaring from the shore, this shouting, and these “bravos,” their spirits would surely flag. Hurrah!—we back the boat that’s only next to the first—how beautifully determined she seems! The liquid plain opens like the calyx of a water-lily before her prow, as if to facilitate and be a party to her victory. A few seconds and none can doubt that now she has gained sensibly on the other! go it! go it! bravo! second boat! The Virgin, the Virgin, for the second boat!—*Both* are gone! and have passed us like a flash of lightning—another stroke, and our favourite will be—is—the first! Those excited ragamuffins on the tops of the posts, to one of which our gondolier is still clinging, and calling on the “Madonna del Mare” to lend an ear and an oar, need stake themselves no more, for the work is done, and the ladies waft the victor on with their handkerchiefs—and bright-eyed damsels shout his triumph, at the top of their little Italian voices, from the stone frames of many a living Titian. Why were you all so excited about that boat particularly? “Santa Maria Vergine, Signor,” my brother-in-law rowed her. And why was every one else so anxious for him to win? Because the boat a-head at first was the *pet* of the other part of the city *below the Rialto*, and if it had won, our division *above the Rialto* would have *lost*: a pretty thing that! “Beatissima Vergine!” and he capered and rubbed his hands, and was not fit to touch an oar for full five minutes. When his effervescence of high spirits subsided, and he asked our “most illustrious” self where he would go next? Alla Zecca.

THE ARMENIAN CONVENT.

This convent, which has for its object the education of the Armenian youth, stands on a small island, in the midst of an agreeable garden. The head of the establishment, a venerable old man, met us at the door and acted as our guide. In the first corridor through which we passed, he directed our attention to two monuments facing each other. One of these monuments, said he, (in good English,) and laugh-

ing as he spoke, is intended for a living man. It is an odd fancy, but we complied with it, because we were glad to get a *vis à vis* to the other monument. The uninscribed one was destined, some day, for Mr Raphael, of O’Connell notoriety. A printing-office, connected with this establishment, contains types for 24 languages. We saw a volume of prayers translated into all of them, and an Armenian grammar,

containing a chapter of St Paul, not to be found any where but in the Armenian Bible. This grammar had been translated by Lord Byron, whom our Armenian friend had assisted in his taste for Oriental language. These worthy Armenians possess a mummy, a thing too common to be a curiosity any where, but of which they are proud, as it is said to be a Theban,

3000 years old, and was presented to them by Mehemet Ali. We noticed it attentively, not on this account, but because it is dressed in beads *exactly similar to those* we had just seen made at Murano, and which are *still sent* in vast quantities to Turkey, for the purpose of dressing up the body for sepulture.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS !

Could it but read the nonsense on its stones,
The Bridge of Sighs would be a bridge of groans !

There is nothing to see or to think of here but the names of certain gentlemen from New York, Montreal, and Baltimore, who alone, or in "working gangs," have honoured this structure with a visit, and recorded their American impressions on the spot. Others of our considerate countrymen, wishing to extend their visiting list, give name and address, but not their trade ; and some of a patriotic and political turn of mind, consider this the most fitting place for invoking a double blessing on *Old England*, as the Land of Free-

dom and Victoria ! We could make nothing of the Bridge of Sighs ! It called forth with us no such feelings of the tyranny that had passed, as the dungeons below in their dark stone loneliness had done.—N. B. Lord Byron's muse, to have seen from this point the "tiara of proud towers," or half the things *she* mentions, must have seen *through* all the stone masonry of the Ducal Palace, including the walls of Scammozi, Calandario, Barbologi, and Daponte !

SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE.*

WERE an intelligent foreigner possessed of an *agricultural eye*, to land from a packet at Falmouth, and thence to proceed slowly northward till he reached the shores of Sutherland or Caithness, he could not fail to be struck with the fact, that some countries were far a-head of others in the culture of the land, even where soil and climate and local situation were equally propitious. He might say, "In my country I can understand why such things should be ; but here, where the press is free, where knowledge of every kind, and in the cheapest forms, is in perpetual circulation—where roads, which are the boast of Europe, and railroads unsurpassed, make every man accessible to every other—I should have expected a greater uniformity in the methods of

culture, a wider diffusion of the agricultural skill which I have seen so strikingly displayed in some parts of the island."

It is not our intention at present to enquire into the cause of this diversity, but that it exists in a degree which is highly prejudicial to the national interests, will appear by a very simple statement.

There are, in Great Britain alone, at least twenty millions of acres which are capable of being so far improved by draining or otherwise, as to be capable of yielding an annual return each of one quarter of corn above their present produce. Suppose this improvement to be effected, we should then raise twenty millions of quarters in addition to our present crops—a quantity equal to one third of our ac-

* *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology.* Parts I. and II. 8vo. Pp. 432.

Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. By James F. W. Johnston, &c. &c.

tual consumption. We should have in fact seventeen or eighteen millions of quarters of grain of various kinds to export, were the known methods of improvement only applied to the whole land. Or, looking to the future, since the population, at the present rate of increase, will be one-third greater in twenty-five years, the application of the same known means over the entire island, would keep us independent of foreign supply for the next quarter of a century.

Were it possible for an act of the legislature to compel the adoption of such methods within a given time, British agriculture might dispense with any addition to the actual sum of knowledge in regard to the principles and practice of their art, already afloat among the more intelligent of her cultivators. She might cast aside all regard for new manures, for new methods of tillage, or for any further investigation of the scientific principles upon which the art of culture entirely rests—for another quarter of a century at least.

But how many private interests are involved in such a general improvement—how many prejudices opposed to it! No legislature could ever be found to order, no executive would ever be able to enforce, so great an agricultural revolution. Capital and labour would both be deficient. One hundred and fifty millions of money would require to be withdrawn from other investments, and permanently buried in the land. Thousands of proprietors would find it necessary to sell or mortgage one part of their estates, in order to drain the rest. We may hope and trust that such a change will be gradually and surely effected, but we cannot reasonably expect it to be completely brought about within any assignable number of years.

Existing knowledge and skill, therefore, may gradually spread themselves; but we can never hope to see them uniformly diffused through the whole breadth of the land. If there be any other means of improving agriculture, we ought not to place our whole reliance on the slow adoption in one county of such better and more productive methods as are now known to be practised in other counties.

Inequalities similar in kind to those which now exist—though perhaps not equal in degree, or so striking to the

eye—will always be observable; and doubtful as the statement may at first sight appear, on the continuance of such inequalities, the surest and best founded hopes of the community are in reality to be placed.

We anticipate that those districts which are in arrear, will henceforth rapidly advance—but we are equally safe in assuming that those which are already in advance will not stand still. In countries like ours, which are eminently progressive, once set a class of men in motion and they cannot safely stand still—nay, the longer they move the more unwilling they become to sink again to rest. We are safe, then, in expecting that our most comparatively fruitful districts now, will continue to bear the same pre-eminence in the midst of the general movement for many years to come. It may be true that those who have lingered long behind, content to rest in the shadows of the valley, will, when stimulated to surmount the first elevation on which the sunbeams rest, often start forward, smitten with an eager love of light, and push rapidly on towards brighter heights; yet on those who have gone before them, there operates a double impulse—they long to reach those higher peaks from which the source of light himself may be fully seen, and they fear to be anticipated by those who are visibly following them far beneath.

But, in order that this advanced body may still keep their distance in front, no means must be neglected for clearing the way before them. Obstacles must be removed, facilities must be afforded, instructions must be distinctly given, and pioneers of every arm must be employed, to aid their progress. In other words, neither the assistance of new manures, or of new methods of culture, nor the suggestions of science, nor the investigation of those scientific principles which bear upon practical agriculture, can be safely neglected. If the lands which are in arrear adopt from the more improved, and the latter by the aid of wider and sounder knowledge be rendered still more productive—we may hope to see the produce of all increased, and such a degree of emulation kept up, as shall render it impossible for a prudent man to say where the progress of British agriculture is likely to come to a stand.

The above observations, among other points, will, we trust, satisfy our readers of this—that the comparative perfection of the agriculture of any part of our island, will not justify us in supposing that the principles of agriculture are sufficiently understood, but rather that this very high condition of agricultural practice, only renders more imperative the further prosecution, and the still wider diffusion, of agricultural science.

The literature of a country in any department of knowledge, may be taken as a very fair standard of the state of knowledge in that department, and of the demand which exists among the people for that species of knowledge. In regard to the state of knowledge in Great Britain in the department of scientific agriculture, we can safely refer to the two works now before us; while the demand for such knowledge which has been lately awakened among us, is proved by the interest which the *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology* have already so generally excited. We make this reference with the more confidence, from finding that this work has already been pronounced, by the highest American authority, to be “unquestionably the most important addition that has recently been made to popular science, and as destined to exert an extensively beneficial influence in the United States.”

Two other writers in our country have preceded our author in the consideration of this important subject. These were the late Lord Dundonald and the illustrious Sir Humphrey Davy. The former confined himself to the application of known chemical principles to the illustration of the ordinary methods of culture, and he threw out many happy suggestions, which, by slow and insensible degrees, had been more or less extensively adopted when the attention of Davy was drawn to the subject. He corrected the theoretical views of Lord Dundonald by the sounder knowledge of his time, brought more prominently forward the influence of the chemical constitution of the soil, showed that in tracing the origin of her soils, agriculture became connected with geology, then a young and rising branch of knowledge, and offered new explanations of many natural phenomena. He also threw out many im-

portant suggestions. And though, from the unwillingness of men in his day to listen to the recommendations of theory—an unwillingness still far from being overcome among practical agriculturists—these suggestions did not in many cases bear immediate and palpable fruit, yet the turning over and frequent consideration of all that his book contains, in the minds of thousands of practical men for a quarter of a century, has unquestionably led to many important ameliorations in agricultural practice.

It is an unfair and a narrow-minded principle upon which some men proceed, who refuse to allow to science any credit in the advancement of this or that art, unless in so far as its cultivators can lay their fingers on this or that invention, on this or that direct improvement, made at once, and immediately recommended from the laboratories of science. The moment a scientific fact is clearly established, or principle discovered, it is published and widely diffused among the general stock of knowledge. It is stored up in the minds of the well-informed, among other received principles to be applied to the solution of any difficulties that may occur in the experience of each. The same chemical principle which solves an important problem to the calico printer, and removes a difficulty out of the way of the worker in metals, may suggest an improvement to the enlightened agriculturist that will materially alter his general practice. The same geological observation which seems to say to the miner, buy a property here, or settle there—or to the iron smelter, here fix your furnaces, the same observation says to the farmer, remove to a distance from this spot, the land here is bad, but you will find an excellent location no great way off, in this or that direction. And yet no one ever thinks of recording things such as these among the triumphs of science; nor would a wise man rest the claims of science upon the consideration of the cultivators of one or the other art, upon its having made this or that discovery which specially, strikingly, and directly benefited them. The real triumph of science is, that you can perform no valuable process in *any* known art which a knowledge of scientific principles on the part of some one has not helped to bring into its present state

of efficiency. The more generally scientific knowledge is spread, the more numerous must its less striking, but, in the aggregate, most important applications become; and yet the more difficult also to detect and distinctly to specify. Thousands of such applications are made, of which no record is kept, because well-informed men are unwilling to claim any special merit for what they feel satisfied that hundreds of other men, in the same circumstances with themselves, would have done as well, and if better furnished with knowledge than themselves, perhaps much more efficiently.

To what then does such a consideration of the subject as this naturally lead us? To undervalue science, and to take less heed to her diffusion, unless she can bear many magnificent trophies before us, as evidences of her might in this or that field of human art? No, but to encourage, rather, her so large and abundant spread among the cultivators of all arts, that we may hear but seldom of great difficulties being overcome, that, like summer showers and heavy dews, descending day by day over all the land, a less interrupted fertility and a happier climate may prevail, than where long heats, followed by fearful thunder storms and deluges of rain, are succeeded by one rapid rush of almost instantaneous vegetation.

Thus has science for the last quarter of a century been operating upon British agriculture; thus slowly have chemical principles been making their way into the every-day knowledge of the practical farmer; and you can hardly now go into a corner of the land so remote, where, in the mouth of the practical man, you will not find some common saying which has its obvious origin, unknown to him, in some long-recognised scientific principle. The application of such principles being once made, they may pass from hand to hand, and the saying which embodies them from mouth to mouth, without one in a score, among the practical men who are familiar with the application, having ever once imagined that they were indebted for it to that very *theory* which in general they are inclined to treat so lightly. And yet, as we have said, such are the true triumphs of science, and so long as she does general and extensive good, she can content herself in re-

maining unknown among those upon whom her benefits have been largely conferred.

We have not made these observations because there are not very many known and immediate instances in which science has directly contributed to the advancement of agriculture, but because we are persuaded that what chemistry, botany, and geology are said to have done, forms scarcely a tittle of the real benefits they have been the means of conferring upon this important art. A general survey of the entire subject, as treated of in the two works of Mr Johnston now before us, will serve to illustrate both these points.

The *Lectures* are divided into four parts, of which only two, occupying nearly 500 pages, are yet before the public. The *Elements* form an entire and separate work, which exhibits a brief, familiar, and simple sketch of the whole subject, and is intended, as the author expresses it, "to awaken the curiosity of the less instructed, rather than to satisfy the demands of the philosophical agriculturist, and thus to allure the former in quest of further knowledge and more accurate details to his larger work." The first part of the *Lectures* is devoted to the consideration of the organic or combustible part of plants; the second to the inorganic or incombustible part—that which remains behind when vegetable substances are burned, and to the nature, origin, and chemical constitution of the soils in which plants grow, and from which alone they derive this incombustible or earthy portion.

After some interesting and highly important preliminary observations on the connexion between agriculture and the sciences of chemistry and geology, on the prospects of benefit to the art of culture of which the rapid progress of these sciences gives assurance, and on the importance of giving some systematic instruction in these branches of knowledge to the future landlords of the country in our highest seminaries of learning, our author proceeds to consider, in order, the several questions which naturally suggest themselves in reference to the organic part of plants. Of what elements does it consist, in what form do these elements enter into plants, whence do plants draw their supplies of these

elements, and how, when introduced into the roots and leaves, do they become changed into the substances of which full-grown plants consist? This is an exceedingly natural order, and each of the topics is clearly, and, so far as they admit of it, simply explained. The unlearned reader will, indeed, if he dip at once into the seventh or eighth lecture, find himself occasionally perplexed by new names and symbols of unknown signification; but if he begin at the beginning, he will find every thing easy and readily intelligible.

When vegetable substances, wheat, oats, potatoes, turnips, straw, hay, wood, &c., are burned in the air, they almost entirely disappear, leaving only from one to five, and in a few rare cases, as much as ten per cent of ash. That which burns away is called the *organic* part, and consists entirely of charcoal (carbon) in combination with one or more of three well-known gases, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. The properties of these elementary substances are first explained, and the attention drawn to the astonishing fact, that by the union of these four elements only, the skill of the Deity has known to build up all those varied forms of vegetable life that ornament the face of the dead earth—ministering at the same time to the delight of the eye, and to the support of the life of all living beings. After this comes the enquiry—in what form these four elementary substances enter into the circulation of plants? As to the hydrogen, it appears to be agreed on all hands that a sufficient supply enters into and always exists in the interior of plants in the form of water, which consists of hydrogen and oxygen only. The fact that water is composed of these two gases is also familiar to us; and yet how truly wonderful it is that hydrogen, which lifts balloons from the earth, and oxygen, which is to us the breath of life, and in which all bodies burn with an intolerable brilliancy—that these two gases, by the single snap of an electric spark, should be at once condensed, compressed, chained down as it were into a fluid which is the greatest enemy to fire, which is of weight enough to bear every thing before its resistless torrents, and on the surface of which, in the “great deeps,” the mightiest works of man are tossed as

a child's plaything. No fiction which the mind of man ever conceived is half so wonderful as this one natural truth.

Water is the life of plants—“Can the rush grow without mire, can the flag grow without water?” The value of this liquid is more seen in tropical climates, but it strikes the willing observer wherever his lot may be cast. Its relations to vegetable life are explained at some length by our author, and we select, as an illustration of his mode of treating such subjects, what he says in regard to *dew*, and the more willingly, because he concludes with some general reflections which flow naturally from the considerations he has presented, and with which, from a *purely scientific* writer, we can cordially coincide.

“The dew, celebrated through all times and in every tongue for its sweet influences, presents the most beautiful and striking illustration of the agency of water in the economy of nature, and exhibits one of those wise and bountiful adaptations, by which the whole system of things, animate and inanimate, is fitted and bound together.

“All bodies on the surface of the earth radiate, or throw out rays of heat, in straight lines—every warmer body to every colder; and the entire surface is itself continually sending rays upwards through the clear air into free space. Thus on the earth's surface all bodies strive, as it were, after an equal temperature, (an equilibrium of heat,) while the surface as a whole tends gradually towards a cooler state. But while the sun shines this cooling will not take place, for the earth then receives in general more heat than it gives off; and if the clear sky be shut out by a canopy of clouds, these will arrest and again throw back a portion of the heat, and prevent it from being so speedily dissipated. At night, then, when the sun is absent, the earth will cool the most; on clear nights also more than when it is cloudy; and when clouds only partially obscure the sky, those parts will become coolest which look towards the clearest portions of the heavens.

“Now when the surface cools, the air in contact with it must cool also; and, like the warm currents on the mountain side, must forsake a portion of the watery vapour it has hitherto retained. This water, like the floating mist on the hills, descends in particles almost infinitely minute. These particles collect on every leaflet, and suspend themselves from every blade of grass, in drops of ‘pearly dew.’

“And mark here a beautiful adapta-

tion. Different substances are endowed with the property of radiating their heat, and of thus becoming cool with different degrees of rapidity; and those substances which in the air become cool first, also attract first and most abundantly the particles of falling dew. Thus in the cool of a summer's evening the grass plat is wet, while the gravel walk is dry; and the thirsty pasture and every green leaf are drinking in the descending moisture, while the naked land and the barren highway are still unconscious of its fall.

"How beautiful is the contrivance by which water is thus evaporated or distilled as it were into the atmosphere—largely perhaps from some particular spots—then diffused equably through the wide and restless air—and afterwards precipitated again in refreshing showers or in long mysterious dews! But how much more beautiful the contrivance, I might almost say the instinctive tendency, by which the dew selects the objects on which it delights to fall; descending first on every living plant, copiously ministering to the wants of each, and expending its superfluity only, on the unproductive waste!

"And equally kind and bountiful, yet provident, is nature in all her operations, and through all her works. Neither skill nor materials are ever wasted; and yet she ungrudgingly dispenses her favours, apparently without measure—and has subjected dead matter to laws which compel it to minister, and yet with a most ready willingness, to the wants and comforts of every living thing.

"And how unceasingly does she press this her example not only of unbounded goodness, but of universal charity—above all other men—on the attention of the tiller of the soil! Does the corn spring more freshly when scattered by a Protestant hand—are the harvests more abundant on a Catholic soil—and does not the sun shine alike, and the dew descend, on the domains of each political party?

"So science, from her daily converse with nature, fails not to take her hue and colour from the perception of this universal love and bounty. Party and sectarian differences dwindle away and disappear from the eyes of him who is daily occupied in the contemplation of the boundless munificence of the Great Impartial; he sees himself standing in one common relation to all his fellow-men, and feels himself to be most completely performing his part in life, when he is able in any way or in any measure to contribute to the general welfare of all.

"It is in this sense too that science, tracing the footsteps of the Deity in all his works, and from them deducing his intel-

ligence and his universal goodness—it is in this sense that science is of no sect, or of no party, but is equally the province, and the property, and the friend of all."

The atmosphere consists chiefly of hydrogen and nitrogen, but contains also a very small proportion of carbonic acid—one gallon in two thousand five hundred. This carbonic acid consists of oxygen and carbon only—it is the gas that escapes from soda water and sparkling champagne. The leaves and other green parts of plants, in the sunshine, absorb it from the air, decompose it, as chemists call the process, returning the oxygen to the atmosphere, and retaining the carbon. Plants thus clearly obtain carbon from the air, and in larger quantity in proportion to the extent of leaf they hang out, and to the duration of the sunshine. But the earth also contains vegetable matter, from which the roots draw part of their sustenance—of their carbon, that is—in the form of certain soluble organic compounds, which are naturally produced during the decay of vegetable and animal substances. But here physiologists and chemists are at real or apparent variance with each other, in regard to the amount of carbon which plants derive from the soil. The old physiologists, and some of the less instructed of the existing race, seeing that soils rich in vegetable matter gave generally luxuriant crops, that by adding vegetable and animal manures to these soils they were rendered still more productive, and that the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere was so very small—have generally advanced and maintained the opinion that the sustenance of plants—their carbon—is chiefly derived from the soil—that what they draw from the air forms but a small portion of their actual substance. This opinion has been subjected by its defenders to strange twistings and stretchings, to account for such facts as these: A field almost destitute of vegetable matter is laid down to grass, when year by year, though depastured all the while, the vegetable matter increases, till at length four or six inches of rich, dark, vegetable mould are formed upon its surface. Or a waste is planted with trees, which every succeeding autumn shed their leaves on the surface, and though much is carried off in thinnings, and the entire forest is sent to market

when the trees are of sufficient size, yet the soil contains more vegetable matter at the end of all this than it did at the beginning. Or a tree falls across a stream, dams up the water, and produces a marshy spot, rushes and weeds spring up, mosses take root and grow, year after year new shoots are sent forth and die, vegetable matter accumulates, a bog, and finally a thick bed of peat is formed. Physiologists of the old school may doubt, but common sense tells us that the increase of vegetable matter in all these cases—of its carbon, that is—must have been derived from the air.

This conclusion does not imply that a given plant or crop, that the individual grasses, or trees, or mosses, in our three cases, have not each derived a portion of their sustenance from the soil. The roots of our trees, for example, are continually drawing soluble organic matter from the soil, which they send up to the branches and leaves. But the quantity they return to it in the leaves they shed, and in the roots themselves, which remain buried, is something greater than what they thus send up; and thus the organic matter slowly increases. In our arable lands the same is shown by the slow decrease of vegetable matter through prolonged culture, and the consequent necessity of either adding a fresh supply of organic matter to maintain their fertility, or of leaving them for a time to a process of natural recovery. Still the question remains undecided between the two parties—what portion of their carbon do plants thus derive from the soil, and what from the air? It appears that *borage* has been long grown in Germany, for the purpose of ploughing in as a green manure. Nearly twenty years ago Lampadius, who has done much good service to scientific agriculture, made an experiment with the view of determining the amount of vegetable matter with which this plant was capable of enriching the soil. This experiment led him to the conclusion that *borage* draws no less than *nine-tenths* of its carbon from the air. Much, however, must depend upon the climate and soil; and later experiments have shown that the crops we usually cultivate for food, derive, on an average, about two-thirds of their carbon from the air, and, consequently that, if we add to the soil, in the form of manure,

one-third of what we take off in the form of a crop, we should maintain it in its existing state of richness, in so far as this depends upon vegetable matter, were there not other causes in operation which tend to lessen the amount of organic matter in soils that are continually turned up by the plough. Our author thus concludes his review of this question:—

“Being thus fitted by nature to draw their sustenance—now from the earth, now from the air, and now from both, according as they can most readily obtain it—plants are capable of living,—though rarely a robust life—at the expense of either. The proportion of their food which they actually derive from each source, will depend upon many circumstances—on the nature of the plant itself—on the period of its growth—on the soil in which it is planted—on the abundance of food presented to either extremity—on the warmth and moisture of the climate—on the duration and intensity of the sunshine, and upon other circumstances of a similar kind—so that the only general law seems to be, that, like animals, plants have also the power of adapting themselves, to a certain extent, to the conditions in which they are placed; and of supporting life by the aid of such sustenance as may be within their reach.

“Such a view of the course of nature in the vegetable kingdom, is consistent, I believe, with all known facts. And that the Deity has bountifully fitted the various orders of plants—with which the surface of the earth is at once beautified and rendered capable of supporting animal life—to draw their nourishment, in some spots more from the air, in others more from the soil, is only in accordance with the numerous provisions we every where perceive, for the preservation and continuance of the present condition of things.”

Another point in connexion with the organic food of plants, and especially the source of their carbon, has recently been brought into perhaps unnatural prominence by Liebig. The physiologists, believing that plants derived from the soil by far the greatest proportion of their carbon, naturally enquired what vegetable substances in the soil entered into their roots and ministered in the greatest degree to their growth. To vegetable matter, generally, they gave the name of *humus*, and to a dark brown substance which dissolves out of the soil, when it is boiled with a solution of common soda, the name of *humic acid* was ap-

plied. This humic acid being often met with in considerable quantities in fertile soils, has been generally mentioned by foreign agricultural writers as the principal source of that portion of the carbon which plants derive from the soil. It will be observed that this opinion may be entertained, without denying, at the same time, that plants derive the *largest* portion of their sustenance from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. Liebig has shown that the humic acid and its earthy compounds are so sparingly soluble, that, were all the water which enters the roots of plants to carry with it as much of them as it could hold in solution, it would still convey to the stem and branches only a small fraction of the carbon they contain. So far Liebig's argument is unassailable; but there is a great gulf, as it appears to us; betwixt the obvious conclusion from this—that humic acid, namely, and its *earthy* salts, can contribute but *little* to the general nourishment of plants, and that which he affects to draw from it—that humic acid in no *other* way can directly contribute to the nourishment of plants, and that the only use of the entire vegetable matter in the soil is, by its decay, to yield carbonic acid to the roots. The compounds of humic acid, with potash, soda, and ammonia, are very soluble in water, and it has yet to be proved that they may not, especially in manured land, be present in the soil, and be thence taken up by the roots, while it is certain, also, that other soluble organic substances do exist about the roots, which, therefore, may enter into the circulation of the plant and aid its growth. In philosophical questions, a distinct line should be drawn between clearly established facts, or conclusions legitimately formed from them, and the mere opinions even of the most eminent men. On the whole, we are inclined to hold a middle way, and with our author to consider it to be satisfactorily established that, while a plant sucks in by its leaves and roots much carbon, in the form of carbonic acid, it derives a *variable* portion of its immediate sustenance (of its carbon) from the soluble organic substances that are within reach of its roots.

This fact is never doubted by the practical husbandman. It forms the basis of many of his daily and most

important operations, while the results of these operations are further proofs of the fact.

We pass on to another important question connected with the food of plants, in regard to which the views of our author differ to some extent from another of those opinions propounded in so broad and general a manner in the recent work of Liebig. We allude to the source of the nitrogen of plants. There are two compounds from which, according to our author, there is reason to suppose that plants, in the general vegetation of the globe, derive the greatest proportion of their nitrogen. These compounds are *ammonia*, which consists of nitrogen and hydrogen; and *nitric acid*, which is composed of nitrogen and oxygen only. The beneficial action of ammonia upon vegetation has been long recognized in practice, experimented upon by philosophical agriculturists, and brought prominently forward by writers upon theoretical and practical agriculture. It is given off in the gaseous state during the decay of the bodies and excretions of animals; and therefore wherever such are added, intentionally or otherwise, to the soil, the ammonia they yield must be considered as the source of a portion of the nitrogen which the plants that grow there are found to contain. In one of those numerous experimental papers with which Boussingault has enriched theoretical agriculture, he adverted to the opinion which had been long entertained by some that ammoniacal vapours probably float in the atmosphere in minute quantity, and suggested that those vapours might probably be a natural source of a portion of the nitrogen which is known to be present in plants. This opinion in regard to the presence of ammonia in the atmosphere, was founded upon the known fact that ammonia does escape into the air during the decay of animal substances, and that experimenters, Brandes among others, as early as 1825, had found ammoniacal salts in rain water. Liebig, who also found a sensible quantity of ammonia in rain water, has recently been led to propound the opinion that *all* the nitrogen contained in plants enters them in the form of ammonia, and that the minute portion which floats in the atmosphere, is the source from which they derive this

ammonia when it is not present already in sufficient quantity in the soil. On reading his chapter on this subject, we could not help granting—what we were indeed prepared to concede, and in which all recent practical and theoretical writers concur—that ammonia is of great value in promoting vegetation, and that it is one source of the nitrogen of plants; but when we found ourselves in the midst of a paragraph, which assumed it to be proved that ammonia is the *only* source from which their nitrogen is derived, we fancied that we must have inadvertently missed an important step in the argument, and we turned back again and carefully retraced our steps in search of the missing link in the chain of reasoning—but in vain. It is proved that ammonia is very useful to vegetation, and ought never to be wasted in good husbandry; but it is thence *assumed* by Liebig to be the only source of nitrogen to living vegetables. We are the more particular in insisting upon this, because the writer, borne away by his own belief, expresses himself as if he had really deduced his opinion from legitimate premises, and because we have seen many notices of his book, in which, what is merely an opinion of the writer, is really supposed to be proved. But we should be sorry to think that such an opinion was capable of proof, for we are quite sure that it does not truly represent the ordinary procedure of nature.

The author of the works now before us, appears to be so far of the same opinion with ourselves, that he mentions another important source of nitrogen to the *general vegetation of the globe*, as he expresses it, besides the ammonia—namely, *nitric acid*, a compound consisting, as we have already said, of nitrogen and oxygen only. The arguments upon which he rests this opinion are stated in his eighth lecture, and are perfectly satisfactory. To us one authority, not quoted by Mr Johnston, is conclusive. In a work of the celebrated Berzelius of Stockholm, now before us, and which was written in 1829, long before the opinions now in question were agitated, it is stated, “that every flash of lightning that passes through the air must produce a *not inconsiderable* quantity of nitric acid;” and we have seen enough of the incessant lightnings of South America, and of the

thunders that precede the monsoons in India, to satisfy us that the quantity of nitric acid produced in the air must be really enormous. When, in addition to this, we recollect that the nitrates of potash and soda have been observed in all climates to promote vegetation when artificially applied to plants, we are inclined to think that in the following summary of his views, which for the sake of brevity we extract from his *Elements*, the agency of nitric acid is rather under than over stated by our author.

“Nitric acid is also naturally formed, and in some countries probably in large quantities, by the passage of electricity through the atmosphere. The air, as has been already stated, contains much oxygen and nitrogen *mixed* together, but when an electric spark is passed through a quantity of air, a certain quantity of the two *unite* together chemically, so that every spark that passes forms a small portion of nitric acid. A flash of lightning is only a large electric spark; and hence every flash that crosses the air produces along its path a quantity of this acid. Where thunderstorms are frequent, much nitric acid must be produced in this way in the air. It is washed down by the rains, in which it has frequently been detected, and thus reaches the soil, where it produces one or other of the *nitrates* above mentioned.

“It has been long observed that those parts of India are the most fertile in which saltpetre exists in the soil in the greatest abundance. Nitrate of soda, also, in this country, has been found wonderfully to promote vegetation in many localities; and it is a matter of frequent remark, that vegetation seems to be refreshed and invigorated by the fall of a thunder-shower. There is, therefore, no reason to doubt that nitric acid is really beneficial to the general vegetation of the globe. And since vegetation is most luxuriant in those parts of the globe where thunder or lightning are most abundant, it would appear as if the natural production of this compound body in the air, to be afterwards brought to the earth by the rains, were a wise and beneficent contrivance by which the health and vigour of universal vegetation is intended to be promoted.

“It is from this nitric acid, thus universally produced and existing, that plants appear to derive a large, probably, taking vegetation in general, the largest portion of their nitrogen. In all climates they also derive a portion of this element from ammonia; but less from this source in tropical than in temperate climates.”

Besides nitric acid and ammonia,

there are other substances to which we believe plants owe a part of their nitrogen; but these, we allow, are to be considered as the most important, and we shall therefore hasten forward to the consideration of other topics.

When plants have obtained carbon, in the form of carbonic acid, hydrogen and oxygen in the form of water, and nitrogen in that of nitric acid and ammonia—how does the living plant transform these substances, so as to convert them into portions of its own substance? By what power is the alteration effected—by what succession of chemical changes is the final result brought about? This is a most interesting part of the subject, which our limits prevent us from attempting to enter upon. We may merely state, that the author shows, in a rigorously exact manner, how, in the interior of the plant, the starch of the seed is first converted into the sugar of the sap, how this is then converted into starch, or into woody fibre, and the latter again, when it is required, brought back into the state of starch or sugar. He shows also, how nearly all these changes can be imitated by the art of the chemist in his laboratory; and hence infers that what takes place in the interior of the plant, is no way mysterious in *kind*—it is mainly a series of purely chemical changes. But the mystery in living vegetables, as in living animals, is the process by which all these changes are regulated—which says, here such a change must take place, and to such an extent. A living plant is a cunningly contrived machine, of which chemistry can describe the wheels and the movements, but of which she may never be able to discover, certainly she can never hope to supply, the moving power. What says our author?

“Looking back at the vast strides which organic chemistry has made within the last twenty years, and is still continuing to make, and trusting to the continued progress of human discovery,—some sanguine chemists venture to anticipate the time when the art of man shall not only acquire a dominion over that principle of life, by the agency of which plants now grow and alone produce food for man and beast,—but shall be able also, in many cases, to imitate or dispense with the operations of that principle; and to predict that the time will come when man shall

manufacture by art those necessities and luxuries for which he is now wholly dependent on the vegetable kingdom.

“And having conquered the winds and the waves by the power of steam, is man really destined to gain a victory over the uncertain seasons too? Shall he come at last to tread the soil beneath his feet as a really useless thing—to disregard the genial shower, to despise the influence of the balmy dew—to be indifferent alike to rain and drought, to cloud and to sunshine—to laugh at the thousand cares of the husbandman—to pity the useless toil and the sleepless anxieties of the ancient tillers of the soil? Is the order of nature through all past time to be reversed? Are the entire constitution of society, and the habits and pursuits of the whole human race, to be completely altered by the progress of scientific knowledge?

“By placing before man so many incitements to the pursuit of knowledge, the will of the Deity is—that out of this increase of wisdom he should extract the means of increased happiness and enjoyment also. But set a man free from the necessity of tilling the earth by the sweat of his brow, and you take from him at the same time the calm and tranquil pleasures of a country life—the innocent enjoyments of the returning seasons—the cheerful health and happiness that wait upon labour in the free air and beneath the bright sun of heaven. And for what?—only to imprison him in manufactories, to condemn him to the fretful and feverish life of crowded cities.

“To such ends, I trust, science is not destined to lead; and he is not only unreasonable, but thoughtlessly sanguine, who would hope to derive from organic chemistry such power over dead matter as to be able to fashion it into food for living animals. With such consequences before us, it seems almost sinful to wish for it.”

The second part of the *Lectures* is devoted to the inorganic constituents of plants, and to the geological and chemical relations of soils. We shall first complete our survey of the newest views in regard to the food of plants. We have already adverted to the fact that the various parts of vegetables, when burned in the air, leave behind a comparatively inconsiderable proportion of earthy or incombustible matter. Such is the common wood-ash, and such the ash left when heaps of weeds or the parings of our grass fields are burned. What is the use of this incombustible matter—what purpose does it serve in the plant—

whence is it derived? Is it only present by accident—or does the healthy plant always contain it? Is its quantity constant, and does the same plant always yield the same kind of ash? For an answer to all these questions we must refer the reader to the works before us; but it will be interesting to trace the progress of opinion upon this branch of vegetable chemistry—not only because the subject is exceedingly curious in itself, but because the present state of opinion on this subject is connected with all the recent improvements in agricultural practice, has suggested many of them, and is now directing the enlightened farmer, often unconsciously, in all his most promising practical investigations.

The ash of plants, until a very recent period, was considered by the vegetable physiologists—who, indeed, esteemed themselves the judges paramount in this domain—as accidentally present, or at least as performing no important or necessary function in reference to vegetable life. No account was taken of it, therefore, in theory: and in practice—little as some may think agricultural practice in past times to have been affected by theory—in practice this opinion of the physiologists led to the adoption and justification of the most pernicious system of husbandry; for they naturally reasoned thus: If the organic or combustible part of plants be the only important, vital or essential portion, then of manures such as are prepared in the farm-yard, it is also the only essential part—and in soils the vegetable or animal matter—the combustible parts of them, that is, which alone supply the plant with organic food,—must likewise be the only essential portion. Accordingly, vegetable manures, or animal excrements, directly derived from vegetables, were alone considered necessary to fertilize the land and to feed the crop; and the vegetable matter in the soil was esteemed to be at once the source and the index of its agricultural capabilities. So firmly rooted was the opinion, and so widely spread, and so long has it lingered among practical men, that some of our readers may, even while they peruse these sentences, be unwilling to acknowledge, or have had no opportunity of being satisfied, that it is entirely erroneous. However,

among other errors in practice, it led to the total neglect of the inorganic or incombustible part of the crops carried from the land. It was supposed that if a sufficient quantity of vegetable matter was always kept in the soil, there could be no harm in carrying off what the land produced, or in neglecting that part of the crop which was of no economical value for any other purpose. We might illustrate this by a reference both to still existing, and to many now exploded practices among ourselves, but we rather advert to a custom prevailing among our transatlantic brethren, as described in the very interesting work of one of the best race of our own existing practical farmers. They grow wheat, sell the grain, and either burn or otherwise waste the straw. After wheat they grow clover, which they never cut, but plough in for green manure. The vegetable matter in the soil is thus kept up, all the conditions of the old theory are fulfilled, and yet the land is inevitably going to ruin. The father may not be aware that he is eating sour grapes; but the children's teeth are sure to be set on edge nevertheless.

Again, our West India planters, on their estates in Jamaica and elsewhere, find the land impoverished, and they hardly know why. There may be special local causes by which it is aided here and there, but the main cause is the same as in the United States. The canes are deprived of their juice in the mill, and the *trash*, as the refuse canes are called, is then burned to boil the sugar. The ash they leave is often considered as worse than useless—it is only a troublesome refuse.

Can any one doubt, after such examples as these, that all our practice is modified and has been modified by theory, either for good or for bad? Not that theory has at once said to the farmer, Do this, and he hath done it, but the opinions of the vegetable physiologists gradually became a part of the general stock of knowledge among all well-informed men, and, through them, gradually influenced the agricultural practice in every country of Europe.

Then these same theoretical opinions led to curious shifts and contrivances in nomenclature. It was now and then observed, that the addi-

tion of inorganic matter to the soil, of wood and peat ashes, of kelp, of saltpetre, and a score of other things, produced a remarkable effect upon vegetation—increased the crop—hastened its growth—gave a heavier return of hay, of straw, and of grain. Was the plant *fed* by these things? Not at all. These were not *manures*, they were *stimulants*. And so we had some substances which were neither manures nor stimulants, but acted by fermentation; while many other like shifts were made necessary by the advance of knowledge, not a few of which still linger among us, and will linger, standing in the way of sounder views and a safer practice, till another generation sees the light. And among the men upon whose minds these shadows of old opinions thus still rest—who have begun to ascend, but have not yet escaped from the mists of the valley—from these men we hear the opinion sagely propounded—“Chemistry must be content to follow—she cannot lead in agriculture.” But this is mere fudge; agriculture, above every other art, is accustomed to be led by theory. Every little farmer has his foolish fancies, which direct his practice; and it is only to be lamented, that while so willing to be led, she has been accustomed to listen more frequently to the voice of the mere empiric, than to that of the sound philosopher.

So far, as we have seen, she was led by physiology, and into what difficulties;—let us now see what she has begun to think since chemistry took her by the hand, and began at once to teach and to guide her. The ash of plants was the first object of study. Little came of the early analyses of De Saussure. They were inaccurately performed, and it was well that no attempt was made to deduce any important natural consequence from them. But the resources of chemical skill increased, and better-instructed men turned their attention to the subject. Sprengel we may mention as the most indefatigable in this line, and one who has mainly contributed to the establishment of the received views—though we may also add, that the highest analytical skill has never yet been enlisted in this cause. These analyses proved, that the notion of the organic being the only essential part of the vegetable,

could no longer be entertained; that earthy matter was also essential to the existence of the plant; and that, in each species of plant, and even in each part of the same plant, the earthy matter was present in a quantity peculiar to itself, while the quality or kind of matter of which the ash consisted, was also different in different plants, and generally special in each. Well, this being proved by chemistry, what followed from it? Why, that the old physiological doctrine about the essential nature of the vegetable matter, had only looked at the subject with one eye, that now the chemical doctrine opened the other eye, and the plant was then seen to consist of two essential parts—an organic and an inorganic part. But how did this affect practice? Why, thus—the old races of stimulants and fermentators, and all the rest of them, were dismissed. The plant has an inorganic part which must be fed, and must grow by the aid of inorganic *food*—it must have mineral food as well as vegetable food. From this it further followed, that vegetable manures, if they make plants grow, do so, not because they supply organic food *only*, but because they contain, and are able to supply, inorganic food also. And again, mineral substances made a plant grow, not by some hidden mode of merely stimulating it to take up and appropriate a larger portion of the vegetable matter which had been applied to its roots, but because it actually entered into its substance, and supplied that inorganic food which was not previously within reach of its roots.

Thus in regard to the soil, it followed from the same doctrine, that mere vegetable matter might be increased to any amount, as by ploughing in green crops, &c., without its being possible to save the land from ultimate barrenness, if crops were continually carried off, and nothing—no mineral matter, that is—restored to it. Let the American farmers burn their straw, and top-dress their soil with the ash; and though they do not convert their straw into manure, as in our fold-yards, yet, with the aid of their green clover, their land may retain its fertility for half a century longer, without the addition of foreign manures. Let the ash of the cane-trash be used to top-dress the young canes, or be put in the holes about

their roots, crushing it first when it happens to be melted, and though past mismanagement may not be repaired, further exhaustion will proceed with infinitely greater slowness. We have a word for our Indian empire too:—Let the indigo planters return the refuse of their leaves, when their indigo is extracted, to the fields from which they were gathered, and we assure them from experience, that their lands will not fail them half so soon.

But further than this still the same chemical doctrine goes. It has been found, that the ash of nearly all plants contains about *eleven* different incombustible substances, in greater or less quantity, all of which can be derived from the soil only. To produce a healthy vegetation, therefore, the soil must contain all these, and as the most valuable plants, those we raise for food, take up these substances in different proportions, some, for example, requiring more soda, others more potash or lime, it is clear, that to grow any of these plants, the soil must contain an especial supply of that substance, which the species we select may happen to require. And so, when we sow our selected seed, we are safe so far in adding to the soil a portion of that substance, at the same time, by way of a manure; and safer still, if we have previously ascertained the soil to be deficient in that substance,—while, on the other hand, if the soil be destitute of it, and we cannot obtain a supply, we need not sow our seed. If, for example, the soil contain gypsum, or sulphate of soda, or sulphate of magnesia, it will grow red clover; if it contain none of these, we need hardly sow our seed, unless we can add some sulphate or other along with it. The whole theory of mineral manures was first, we believe, systematically treated by Lampadius; it was subsequently expanded by Sprengel, in one of his valuable works; and though it has not yet generally diffused itself every where, it is rapidly assuming the direction of all agricultural improvements among ourselves, and the works now before us will serve an important purpose, in making generally known among practical men the nature and important practical bearing of the new chemical agriculture.

But the consequences of the same chemical doctrine of the *essential na-*

ture of the incombustible constituents of plants, lead us still further, to what appear more remote, yet are still necessary and very curious truths. The soil draws its supplies from the manure that is added to it—the plant takes them from the soil—the animal from the plants it feeds upon—and if it increase neither in size nor weight, it returns all the mineral matter to the soil again, in the form of manure. Here is a beautiful circle of natural operations, connecting together the living and the dead—the animate with the inanimate—the plant with the animal, in one common and mutual dependence. The theory, therefore, that throws new light upon one of these branches, will illuminate all. If the soil do not contain all that the plant requires, either the plant will die, or it will lead a sickly life. If the plants, again, on which it feeds be deficient in some one substance which is necessary to build up the various solid and fluid parts of the animal, it will also pine away, and sooner or later die. So that, on the constitution of the soil is dependent the health and life of all the animals that are fed upon its produce; in other words, the same chemical doctrine extends its influence to the feeding of stock, and must in future (insensibly, it may be, but surely) modify all our notions regarding the feeding of animals, and direct to the wisest, safest, best, and most economical management on the part of the breeder and feeder of cattle, as well as of the arable farmer and grower of corn.

Space will not permit us to dwell longer on this subject, otherwise it would have been curious to follow the progress of opinion in regard to the uses of the soil; of what it ought to consist, and on what its fertility depends; from the time when, half a century ago, Ruckert gave forth the view, “that a soil must contain all the substances which are found in the decomposed plant, and that, on the presence of these in the soil, its fertility must in some measure depend;” through those puerile times, during which the Berlin Academy gave a prize to one of its members for *proving* that these earthy and saline substances were actually formed in and by the plant; to the very recent period when Crome and Schubler again taught, that the fertility of a soil depended mainly on

its physical properties. But there remain two or three other topics to which we are anxious still to advert, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with expressing our entire concurrence in the old doctrine of Ruckart, established, we may almost say, by the experimental researches of Lampadius and Sprengel, supported by the opinion of Liebig, and fully and practically brought out by the author of the works now before us.

The connexion of geology with agriculture, as we have already stated, was in some measure foreseen and touched upon by Davy. It has also attracted the attention of some of the German writers; but in so far as we know, it is not treated of in a systematic manner in any existing work, either English or foreign, with the exception of the lectures on agricultural geology now before us. There are considerable difficulties in the way of establishing a close connexion between the soils of a country and the rocks of which its surface is composed, though there can be no doubt that the general agricultural character of every extensive district is dependent upon that of the stratified or unstratified deposits on which the district rests. Thus, after giving a detailed description of the nature of the soils formed from the stratified rocks of each geological period, and of the localities where such soils are seen in our islands, our author concludes with these observations—

“The consideration of the facts above stated, shows how very much the fertility of each district is dependent upon its geological structure—how much a previous knowledge of that structure is fitted to enlighten us, in regard to the nature of the soils to be expected in any district—to explain anomalies also in regard to the unlike agricultural capabilities of soils apparently similar—to indicate to the purchaser where good or better lands are to be expected, and to the improver, whether the means of ameliorating his soil by limeing, by marling, or by other judicious admixture, are likely to be within his reach, and in what direction they are to be sought for.”

We recommend to the attention of our readers the sections upon the granitic and trap rocks, and the soils formed from them, in which, by the united application of geological and chemical knowledge, many agricul-

tural problems in connexion with the soils of these rocks, which to us, at least, have heretofore appeared either difficult or anomalous, are solved in a way which has struck us as at once novel and highly satisfactory.

But the main difficulty which has always presented itself to geologists, in their attempts to connect soils with the rocks on which they rest, has arisen from the fact, that beneath the soil, and separating it from the subjacent rocks, there often lies a great thickness of sand, gravel, or clay, consisting of materials drifted or otherwise brought from a greater or less distance. As on these accumulations the soil rests, it must be modified by them, it must in reality in some measure derive its character from them. Of this difficulty our author thus speaks—

“Abundant proof, I think, has now been advanced that a close relation *generally* exists between the soil and the rocks on which it rests, and that the geological structure of a country, as well as the chemical constitution of the minerals of which its several rocky masses consist, have a primary and fundamental influence upon the agricultural capabilities of its surface.

“And yet I should be leading you into a serious error, were I to permit you to suppose that this intimate and direct relation is always to be observed—that in whatever district you may happen to be, you will find the soil taking its general character from the subjacent rocks—and that where the same rocks occur, similar soils are always to be expected. On the contrary, in very many localities the soil is totally different from that which would be produced by the degradation or decomposition of the rocks on which it rests. To infer, therefore, or to predict, that on a given spot, where, according to the geological map, red sand-stone for example prevails, a marly or other red sand-stone soil will necessarily be found—or that where the coal measures are observed, poor, ungrateful land must exist—would be to form or to state opinions, which a visit to the several localities would in many instances show to be completely erroneous—and which would bring undeserved discredit upon geological science.

“In such cases as these, geology is not at fault. New conditions only have supervened which render the natural relation between soils and rocks in those places less simple, and consequently more obscure. Yet a further study of geological phenomena removes the obscurity—

shows to what cause it is owing that in many districts the soil is such as could never have been formed from the subjacent rocks—again places the enlightened agriculturist in a condition to pronounce generally from what rocks his soils have been derived—generally also what their agricultural capabilities are likely to be, and by what mode of treatment those capabilities may be most fully developed.”—*Lectures*, p. 389.

He then considers the question of drifts, illustrating his views by diagrams exhibiting the mode in which those superficial accumulations overspread the eastern half of the county of Durham, and thus concludes his observations on agricultural geology—

“Thus, though the occurrence of extensive fields of drift over various parts of almost every country does throw some further difficulty over the researches of the agricultural geologist, and requires from him the application of greater skill and caution before he pronounce with certainty in regard to the agricultural capabilities of any spot before he visit it—yet it neither contradicts the general deductions of the geologist nor the special conclusions he would be entitled to draw, in regard to the ability of any country, when rightly cultivated, to maintain in comfort a more or less numerous population. The *political economist* may still, by a survey of the geological map of a country, pronounce with some confidence to what degree the agricultural riches of that country might by industry and skill be brought—and which districts of an entire continent are fitted by nature to maintain the most abundant population. The intending *emigrant* may still, by the same means, say in what new land he is most likely to find a propitious soil on which to expend his labour, or such mineral resources as will best aid his agricultural pursuits; while a careful study of the geological map of his own country will still enable the skilful and adventurous *farmer* to determine in what counties he will meet with soils that are suited to that kind of practice with which he is most familiar—or which are likely best to reward him for the application of the newest and most approved methods of culture.”

We regret that we are obliged to pass over the remainder of the Lectures with a passing notice of the Appendix. Among other matters this Appendix contains a series of suggestions for experiments in practical agriculture, followed by some very

striking results obtained during the last summer in various parts of the island where these experiments were tried. They present an illustration of what theory may do directly for practice—an illustration which has been so far appreciated by the highest existing authority on such subjects—the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland—that they have offered a prize for such experiments during the present year, and have specially recommended these suggestions to the attention of intending competitors. But some later suggestions offered in the same Appendix—for experiments with guano and other manures—present an illustration of the *money value* of theory to the practical farmer, which many of our readers may be able more fully to comprehend, than any of the other values of theory to which we have had occasion to advert. In these suggestions, and in a paper on guano published in the *Royal Agricultural Journal*, our author had recommended to farmers, for reasons there stated, not to pay more than 20s. a cwt. for this new manure—though then selling at 25s. In consequence of this recommendation the importers immediately reduced the price to 20s. But our author also recommended the trial of an artificial mixture, which he describes as containing all the ingredients of the natural guano—which was therefore likely to be equal in efficacy—and which could be prepared for 8s. or 10s. a cwt., and from the superabundant produce of our own manufactories. This mixture has already been manufactured for sale in various parts of the country; it has even been exported to our West India possessions—and in consequence again of this incipient opposition, the price of the guano has been further reduced to 15s. We do not pretend to guess what may be the ultimate value of either the natural or the artificial guano to the agriculture of the country, but theory, it is plain, cannot be of little importance to practical farming, when the simple publication of a theoretical suggestion by a single individual has had the effect of reducing the price of an esteemed manure as much as ten pounds a ton.

With the study of soils, the published portion of the Lectures terminates; in a third part the author

proposes to treat of the improvement of the soil by mechanical and chemical means, under the latter of which heads he includes manures—and in a fourth, of the products of vegetation, the nature and qualities of the crops that are raised from the land, the feeding of stock, and the making of butter and cheese. When finished, this book will form the only complete treatise upon the whole subject to be found in any language.

In the latter half of the more elementary work (*Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*) an outline is given of the several subjects to be hereafter treated of more in detail in the Lectures—and we turn to it for the purpose of completing our own sketch, by drawing attention to two points which have particularly struck us in our perusal of the little work. The first refers to the greater richness of animal substances and excretions as manures, than the vegetable substances on which animals live, and from which the excretions are formed—the second refers to the purposes served by the food, and to the organic and inorganic substances of which a nourishing food ought consequently to consist.

It is an opinion universally entertained among practical men, that, taking animal manures in general, any given weight of them is more valuable in promoting the growth of a crop, than an equal weight of the vegetable products on which the animal has been fed. This is true not only of animal excretions, but of the various parts of animal bodies also. This superior effect is in part explained by the fact, that they are all richer in nitrogen, and during their decay, therefore, give off a larger quantity of ammonia than an equal weight of any vegetable substance employed for food. But how does the animal matter acquire this richness? We inhale

oxygen, but no nitrogen, from the atmosphere—how, then, is the vegetable matter changed in passing through the animal? What, in short, is the effect of the digestive process upon our vegetable food? The mystery is thus simply explained:—

“Animals have two necessary vital functions to perform—to breathe and to digest. Both are of equal importance to the health and general welfare of the animal. The digester (the stomach) receives the food, melts it down, extracts from it what is best suited to its purposes, and conveys it into the blood. The breathers (the lungs) sift the blood thus mixed up with the newly digested food, combine oxygen with it, and extract carbon—which carbon, in the form of carbonic acid, they discharge by the mouth and nostrils into the air.

“Such is a general description of these two great processes—their effect upon the food that remains in the body and has to be rejected from it, is not difficult to perceive.

“Suppose an animal to be full grown. Take a full grown man. All that he eats as food is intended merely to renovate or replenish his system, to restore that which is daily removed from every part of his body by natural causes. *In the full grown state, every thing that enters the body must come out of the body* in one form or another. The first part of the food that escapes is that portion of its carbon that passes off from the lungs during respiration. This portion varies in weight in different individuals—chiefly according to the quantity of exercise they take. From five to nine ounces a-day is the average quantity, though in periods of violent bodily exertion thirteen to fifteen ounces of carbon are breathed out in the form of carbonic acid.

“Suppose a man to eat a pound and a half of bread, and a pound of beef in twenty-four hours, and that he gives off by respiration eight ounces of carbon (3500 grains) during the same time. Then he has

	Carbon.	Nitrogen.
Taken, in his food, about	4500 grains,	and 500 grains, while
He has given off in respiration,	3500	and little or no nitrogen.

Leaving to be converted into food, or to be rejected, } 1000 grains and 500 grains.

“Our two conclusions, therefore, are clear. The vegetable food, by respiration, is freed from a large portion of its carbon, which is discharged into the air—nearly the whole of the nitrogen remaining behind.

“It is out of this residue, rich in nitrogen, that the several parts of animal bodies are built up. Hence the reason why they can be formed from food poor in nitrogen, and yet be themselves rich in the same element.

"It is this same residue also which, after it has performed its functions within the body, is discharged again in the form of solid and liquid excretions. Hence the greater richness in nitrogen—the greater fertilizing power of the dung of animals than of the food on which they live."—*Elements*, pp. 171, 172.

We here see how it is that the excretions of animals, and especially of full-grown animals, should be richer in nitrogen than the vegetables on which they are fed; and the same reasoning applies to the inorganic matter originally contained in the vegetable food. As a whole, the food is greatly diminished in weight during digestion, but nearly all the nitrogen and the whole of the inorganic matter still remain in it, and therefore it must be proportionately more influential as a manure, in so far as its action depends upon either of these constituents.

Again, the study of the purposes served by the food of animals, while it shows what a truly nourishing vegetable food must contain, throws much light also on what must necessarily enter into the food of plants.

"Man, and all domestic animals, may be supported, may even be fattened upon vegetable food alone—vegetables, therefore, must contain all the substances which are necessary to build up the several parts of animal bodies, and to supply the waste attendant upon the performance of the necessary functions of animal life. Let us consider what these substances are, and in what quantities they must be supplied to the human body.

"1. *The food must supply carbon for respiration.*

"A man of sedentary habits, or whose occupation requires little bodily exertion, may respire about five ounces of carbon in twenty-four hours; one who takes moderate exercise, about eight ounces; and one who has to undergo violent bodily exertion, from twelve to fifteen ounces.

"If we take the mean quantity of eight ounces, then, to supply this alone, a man must eat eighteen ounces of starch or

sugar every day. If he take it in the form of wheaten bread, he will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of bread, if in the form of potatoes, about $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of raw potatoes, to supply the waste caused by his respiratory organs alone.

"When the habits are sedentary, five lbs. of potatoes may be sufficient, when violent and continued exercise is taken, twelve to fifteen lbs. may be too little. At the same time it must be observed, that where the supply is less, the quantity of carbonic acid given off will either be less also, or the deficiency will be supplied at the expense of the body itself. In either case the strength will be impaired, and fresh food will be required to recruit the exhausted frame.

"2. *The food must repair the daily waste of the muscular part of the body.*

"When the body is full grown, a portion from every part of it is daily abstracted by natural processes, and rejected either in the perspiration or in the solid and fluid excrements. This portion must be supplied by the food, or the strength will diminish—the frame will gradually waste away."

Among the substances thus daily removed from the body, are portions of muscular fibre (fibrin), of the clot of the blood, of gelatine, &c., all of which contain nitrogen, and must be replaced by the gluten of wheat flour, by the fibrin of lean meat, by the white of eggs, (albumen,) by the curd of cheese, (casein,) or by some similar substance in the food.

"The quantity of one or other of these removed from the body in twenty-four hours, either in the perspiration or in the excretions, amounts to about five ounces, containing 350 grains of nitrogen, and this waste at least must be made up by the gluten or fibrin of the food.

"In the $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of wheaten bread we have supposed to be eaten to supply carbon for respiration, there will be contained also about three ounces of gluten. Let the other two ounces be made up in beef, of which half a pound contains two ounces of dry fibrin, and we have

	For respiration.		For waste of muscle, &c.
$1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of bread yielding,	18 oz. starch	and	3 oz. of gluten.
8 oz. of beef yielding,	—		2 oz. of fibrin.
Total consumed by respiration, and the ordinary waste,	} 18 oz. starch and 5 oz. gluten or fibrin.		

"If, again, the $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of potatoes be eaten, then in these are contained about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of gluten or albumen, so that there remain $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces to be supplied by beef, eggs, milk, or cheese.

"The reader, therefore, will understand why a diet which will keep up the human strength is easiest compounded of a mixture of vegetable and animal food. It is not merely that such a mixture is more

agreeable to the palate, or even that it is absolutely necessary,—for, as already observed, the strength may be fully maintained by vegetable food alone;—it is, because without animal food in one form or another, so large a bulk of vegetable food must be consumed in order to supply the requisite quantity of nitrogen in the form of gluten. Of ordinary wheaten bread alone, about three pounds daily must be eaten to supply the nitrogen, and there would then be a considerable waste of carbon in the form of starch, by which the stomach would be overloaded, and which, not being worked up by respiration, would pass off in the excretions. The wants of the body would be equally supplied, and with more ease, by $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of bread, and 4 ounces of cheese.

“Of rice, again, no less than four lbs. daily would be required to impart to the system the required proportion of gluten; and it is a familiar observation of those who have been in India, and other countries where rice is the usual food of the people, that the degree to which the natives distend, and apparently overload, their stomachs with this grain, is quite extraordinary.

“The stomachs and other digestive apparatus of our domestic animals are of larger dimensions, and they are able, therefore, to contain with ease as much vegetable food, of almost any wholesome variety, as will supply them with the quantity of nitrogen they may require. Yet every feeder of stock knows that the addition of a small portion of oilcake, a substance rich in nitrogen, will not only fatten an animal more speedily; but will also save a large *bulk* of other kinds of food.”

Another purpose served by the food, in regard to which we have not space to quote the words of our author, is to supply the earthy and saline substances contained in the solids and fluids of the body. Of the earthy matter in the bones, and of the saline matter in

the blood and in other fluids, a portion is every day rejected, a new portion must therefore every day be introduced into the body with the food, or the animal pines away and dies. This brings us back again to what we have formerly stated, that the soil must contain these substances as essential constituents—since they are so essential to the vegetable tribes that these latter could not fulfil their great purpose in the economy of nature—that of feeding the animal race—if they did not contain them. This reasoning backwards from the wants of animals, had we no other arguments on the subject, were alone sufficient to explode the absurdities of the accidental or non-essential nature of the inorganic part of vegetables, and of the fertility of soils being mainly dependent upon their physical properties. In short, one leading chemical idea pervades the entire field of theoretical agriculture—explains almost every important step which is taken by the enlightened practical farmer—and points the way to those further, and, we trust, large advances which the art of culture is yet destined to make, since the accelerated march of sound opinions is bringing under their influence a daily increasing number of the most intelligent farmers of the country.

This diffusion of sound knowledge, we hope and trust, will be greatly aided and hastened by the works we have just considered. The *Elements* will open the way, and we think, by their easy style, are likely to prove interesting to the least instructed—the *Lectures* will be the resource of those who wish to obtain a thorough knowledge of the subject, and are not afraid to begin at the beginning of an octavo volume. We heartily recommend both to the attention of British agriculturists.

PASSAGES IN THE CAREER OF EL EMPECINADO.

No. II.

LA MORENA DE MALAGA.

In a chamber of the corregidor's house of the town of Cuellar, that functionary was seated, perusing sundry despatches which had been just delivered to him. One of them appeared to claim his particular attention, for, after reading it twice, he leaned back in his arm-chair, and remained for some minutes pondering over its contents. Then, taking up a small hand-bell which lay on the table beside him, he rang it loudly, and a servant entered the room.

"Go in search of the guerilla chief whose hand is now quartered in the town, and request him to come here without delay."

The man bowed and departed, and a quarter of an hour afterwards, the Empecinado was ushered into the presence of the magistrate.

"*Buenos dias tenga,*" was the salutation of the partizan.

"*Felices,*" replied the other, and desiring his visiter to be seated, at once entered upon the business he had in hand.

"I have received orders," he began, "from the authorities at Valladolid, to send immediately in pursuit of a *partida*, that for some days have been robbing and pillaging in this province."

"I am ready, Señor Corregidor," interrupted the Empecinado, his eyes sparkling, and his hand involuntarily seeking the hilt of his sabre. "Some more French hussars, no doubt," added he, as though speaking to himself.

The corregidor smiled at the eagerness of his interlocutor. "It is not with French troops that you have to deal this time," said he, "but with an enemy that you will probably have more difficulty in finding than in overcoming when met with. But, not to keep you in suspense, I will read you my orders." And omitting the forms and unmeaning phrases which in Spain usually commence and terminate such documents, he communicated to the Empecinado the substance of the despatch, which was as follows:—

"Immediately on receipt of the present you will send a sufficient force,

commanded by an active officer well acquainted with the country, in pursuit of the outlaw known as the Gitano, who, with a party of twenty men, has found his way from Andalusia to this province. Numerous complaints have been made of the excesses committed by this band of robbers, who, under pretence of harassing the French, plunder and abuse their countrymen, and more especially direct their attacks against the *curas* and parish priests, several of whom they have brutally ill-treated. You have doubtless already had reports made to you on the subject, and will find no difficulty in obtaining information as to the direction in which the brigands are to be met with."

"So, you see, there is not much glory likely to be gained in the affair, Señor Diez," continued the magistrate; "but, to console you for that, the Gitano and his men are said to be laden with booty; and in any case, the horses, which I am assured are from some of the best studs of Andalusia, will be no small prize to you, who have so many more volunteers offering than you can mount."

Some further conversation ensued, in which the corregidor gave Diez such information as he had collected concerning the whereabouts and probable haunts of the gipsy chief. The same afternoon the Empecinado and his squadron—which now numbered seventy men, all well mounted and equipped—marched out of the town of Cuellar.

In the heart of the mountain range of Torozos, in Old Castile, and on a small piece of table land out of sight of any road or path, other than a precipitous track leading up the side of a ravine which bounds the rocky platform, there stood, some thirty-five years back, a *venta* or inn of antique structure and appearance, and whose isolated position bespoke it a favourite haunt of the banditti, which time out of mind have infested the sierra. The building was of a coarse, roughly-hewn stone, which, originally white, had long since assumed a variety of dark green and grey tints. Although the

first and only story had several large casements, some glazed and others merely furnished with wooden shutters, the ground floor was much more scantily provided with inlets for light and air, having only some half-dozen circular apertures about a foot in circumference, strongly protected with iron bars, and one small doorway barely large and high enough for a mounted man to pass through. The stable, which occupied the whole of the ground floor, bore much resemblance to a vault, being somewhat below the level of the ground outside, and having its low roof supported by rows of clumsy pillars composed of fragments of stone and cement. To the right, on entering, was a flight of wooden steps leading to a narrow corridor which intersected the upper floor in a straight line, dividing it into two parts, one of which was again subdivided into four or five small dirty rooms, some of them inhabited by the innkeeper and his family, and the others reserved for the use of such guests as might prefer a blanket and mattress of very questionable purity, to the harder but cleaner couch afforded by a cloak and an oaken plank. The other and by far larger division of the *venta* consisted of a spacious hall, serving the double purpose of kitchen and dining-room, and even dormitory for most of those who passed a night at this rough sort of hostelry. It is into this hall, and to the persons who occupied it on an autumn evening of the year 1808, that the reader is about to be introduced.

Seldom, perhaps, had the dingy-looking saloon contained so gay a company, or exhibited such symptoms of approaching good cheer, as on the night in question. In the centre of one of its sides, and under a prodigiously wide chimney, which, instead of being let into the wall, was built inside the room, and jutted forward to a distance of five or six feet, were crackling and blazing as many pine logs as would have sufficed for an *auto-da-fe*. Over this huge fire were suspended by chains two large black kettles, bubbling merrily, and emitting an odour which vouched for the savoury nature of their contents. A long iron spit, in front of the furnace, was thickly garnished with fowls, mutton, and goat's flesh, and turned by the agency of a small consumptive-looking dog, who, perched against the

wall in a wooden barrel cage, was suffering under the double infliction of a most uncomfortable degree of heat and of the sort of culinary treadmill upon which he was stationed. No respite, however, was allowed him; for whenever his little tawny paws, nearly denuded of hair, showed symptoms of relaxing their exertions, he was recalled to a sense of his duty by a menacing gesture, or sometimes a blow, from an uncleanly-looking kitchen wench, whose clumsy, ill-made person, dirty complexion, and eyes bleared by the fire, were not unworthy the slipshod *Maritornes* of the immortal Saavedra.

Opposite the fire, but at a sufficient distance to prevent its heat from being unpleasant, was placed a table composed of half-a-dozen planks laid upon trestles, and around this table seated on benches, crippled chairs, and upturned casks, were a score of persons beguiling the time, till supper should be ready, by an unremitting devotion to the wine jug. The dress of the greater part of these men was one not usually seen so far north, but much more elegant and becoming to the wearer than the loose graceless costume common in old Castile. Short tight-fitting jackets, profusely decorated with small bell-shaped silver buttons, low-crowned black hats with the broad brim looped up on one side, and breeches fastened at the knee by coloured ribands, composed a costume of Andalusian *majo*, which, added to the accent of most of the party, sufficiently proclaimed them natives of the sunniest and southernmost province of Spain. In place, however, of the light shoes and dapper hose usually worn with the garb above described, boots or long leathern gaiters had been pretty generally substituted, whilst on various hooks and pegs round the room, were suspended large cavalry cloaks with ample capes and hoods. A number of well-stuffed valises and saddle-bags, and a profusion of arms, consisting of sabres, pistols, and long carbines capable of carrying a ball nearly as far as a musket could do, were either piled against the wall, or heaped carelessly together in different corners of the apartment.

A stranger entering the room would undoubtedly, after a brief and curious survey of the whole bizzarre and picturesque interior, have had his

attention more particularly drawn to two out of the twenty men assembled round the table. One of these two persons was seated at the upper end of the board; and notwithstanding the small ceremony that prevailed amongst the party, there was a certain degree of deference discoverable, which pointed him out as the chief of his wild, and, in many instances, cut-throat-looking companions. To no superiority, however, in externals, could his supremacy be attributed, as it would have been difficult to imagine a more ferocious and animal expression than was depicted in the low receding forehead, small deep-set eyes, and thick coarse lips of the Gitano—for he it was who with his band occupied the venta. There was little of the gipsy in his appearance, if we except the somewhat gaunt frame and supple active limb which usually characterize the descendants of Ishmael, and the nut-brown colour of his skin, differing from the olive complexions of those of his men who were not of the same wandering race as himself.

On the left hand of the Gitano sat a youth, whose age probably did not exceed sixteen or seventeen years, and whose femininely-handsome countenance and graceful figure were not the less striking from being contrasted with the uncomeliness of his leader. His dress was of the same fashion, but of finer materials than that of his comrades, and was put on with a care that showed the importance attached to appearances by this juvenile disciple of St Nicholas. His jacket, of which the cloth was from the far-famed looms of Segovia, was thrown open for the better display of a fine linen shirt, elaborately frilled and ruffled over the breast; a rich silk scarf was knotted carefully round his waist, and his well-fitting nether garments were met at the knee by loose boots of Cordovan leather. A quantity of black hair hung in long love-locks over the shoulders of the gipsy lad, whose small delicate features wore an expression of resolution rarely seen in one so young. He mixed but little in the noisy mirth and conversation that were going on, but occasionally addressed an observation to the Gitano, or to a young man of one or two-and-twenty beside whom he was sitting, and who, from the likeness between them, was evidently his brother.

"Esta pronta la cena, senores ;

supper is ready," quoth Maritornes, advancing from the fire, with a grin of satisfaction on her uncouth physiognomy at the prospect of a termination of her labours.

"A cenar!" shouted a dozen voices, and in a moment the table was cleared, a coarse cloth, well stained with wine and grease, spread over it, and two or three of the revellers left their seats to assist in dishing up the abundant repast. The turnspit was released from his cage, and crouched under the table on the look-out for fragments of the feast he had toiled to prepare. The viands were placed on the board, and the party about to fall to, when a man, who had remained below as stable-guard, entered the apartment, and spoke a few words in a low tone to the Gitano.

"Muleteers crossing the mountain, I suppose," said the latter, after hearing the man's whisper. *"Here is Blas, who has heard the neighing of horses or mules, or something,"* continued he, *"and in his wisdom fancies they are coming this way. Step down, Patricio, and see if you can hear any thing. Or stay, I will go myself. If travellers are passing, it may be worth while to let our supper get cold while we examine the contents of their saddle-bags."* And rising from his seat, he descended to the stable, while his followers commenced a furious attack upon the supper.

The day had been gloomy, and the night was dark, and threatened rain. Through the rents of a cloud less impervious than its companions, however, a glimpse was caught of a small crescent-shaped moon, as the Gitano and the two stable sentries stepped into the open air. About a hundred paces from the venta, a broad shallow ravine ran right and left, dividing the platform on which the house was built, from a grey and ragged mountain peak that rose directly opposite. On either hand also were the summits of mountains; and whilst on the right the ravine ascended and disappeared among cliffs and rocks, on the left it took a downward direction, and, after sundry windings, was traversed about half a mile off by the indifferent sort of sheep-path which the neighbouring peasants very inappropriately termed the *"high-road"* across the sierra.

The Gitano advanced to the edge of the ravine, and listened attentively

for some moments. Nothing, however, broke the stillness of the night, save the sound of the wind as it grumbled round the sides of the precipices, and whistled through the pine woods that clothed the lower part of the mountain. Turning towards the sentries, after a few minutes' silent expectation, he was about to bestow upon them a hearty curse for having needlessly disturbed him, when the distant neigh of a horse was heard, and almost immediately replied to by a similar sound that appeared to come from a short way down the ravine. The gipsy started, and catching hold of the branch of a tree that grew on the verge of the declivity, swung his body forward as far as he could, and strained his eyeballs, to see what was passing below him. The darkness, however, rendered it impossible to distinguish any thing fifty yards off, and the effect of looking down upon the objects was to blend them all in one black mass. An owl flew out of the decayed trunk of an old oak, and a few bats whirled and circled round the heads of the three brigands; but, with these exceptions, not a living or moving thing was visible. Suddenly the moon emerged from behind a cloud, and threw a feeble ray of light over the scene. Blas touched his leader's arm.

"*Un lobo*," said he; "a wolf," pointing to something that stirred in the gloom at the bottom of the ravine.

"Wolves! ay, and many of them, but not of the sort you mean," replied the Gitano, whose keen eye at once detected armed men, where his follower had conjectured a prowling animal.

There was not a moment to lose. Whether French or Spaniards were thus mysteriously approaching the venta, was indifferent to the gipsy, for he knew that against himself and his lawless associates every man's hand was turned. He saw at a glance that the enemy was too numerous to cope with, and his mind was instantly made up. A few noiseless bounds brought him to the stable, and loosing the halter off the horse nearest the door, he began hastily to bridle him. While thus providing for his own safety, he did not entirely forget his comrades.

"*A cavallo! muchachos*," shouted he, as soon as he set foot in the stable. "To horse! the destroyer is upon us."

The words ran through the old venta, and the revellers, thus fearfully summoned, came tumbling down the crazy staircase. It was too late, however. As the first set foot in the stable, the Gitano, on a bare-backed horse, and followed by the two sentries, mounted in like manner, dashed through the doorway, and spurring furiously across the platform, plunged headlong down the ravine, which for a moment was illuminated by the flash of fifty carbines. Ten seconds later, the space in front of the venta was occupied by the Empecinado and his guerillas, and the brigands had barely time to slam to and secure the stable door, which was of great thickness, and studded with iron knobs, when a dozen sabres and carbine butts clattered against it.

"Yield, if ye would have quarter," cried the Empecinado, after repeated demands for admission had been met by a dogged silence on the part of the Andalusians. "Yield, while yet it is time; for if resistance is offered, not a man of ye shall see to-morrow's sunrise."

A shot from one of the windows was the reply to this summons, and the bullet grazed the cheek of the Empecinado. A smart fire was then opened by the besieged, and vigorously returned by the guerillas; but owing to the darkness of the night, and the thickness of the shutters from behind which the outlaws fired, far more cartridges were wasted than lives lost. Meantime some of the men cut down a young tree, and lopping off the boughs, applied it as a battering ram to the door. But several of them having been wounded by the fire from above, and from apertures on either side of the door, which, moreover, appeared strong enough to withstand all their efforts, Diez commanded them to desist, being unwilling to waste the lives of his followers in such a paltry affair, and against an enemy whom he was sure of finally capturing. Scarcely were his orders obeyed, when from a large barn some distance to the left of the venta, issued forth Mariano Fuentes (whose band still continued with the Empecinado,) heading a score of guerillas, who dragged after them three carts laden with straw that had been brought in the previous day for the use of the horses. Ranging these carts in line close to the front of the venta, in which position

the combustible material piled up in them reached to the windows of the first floor, torches were applied, and in an instant darkness was exchanged for a vivid glare of light. The dry wood of the shutters and window-frames took fire like tinder, the heat drove the brigands from their stations, and the firing on both sides ceased. Still no signs of surrender were made by the besieged. One desperate attempt to escape from a side window of the inn was prevented; and those who made it driven back with loss. At length a violent gust of wind that came point blank against the front of the building, forced masses of the blazing straw through the openings where the windows had been. A cry of terror burst from the outlaws as they thus found themselves in the midst of flames. A few moments afterwards the stable door was unbarred, and eighteen men marching out, threw down their arms, and petitioned for quarter.

However sanguinary a reputation the Empecinado may have made himself during seven years warfare against the French, he was not naturally a cruel or bloodthirsty man. Every Spaniard at that time considered it his bounden duty to massacre the invaders of his country so often as the opportunity presented itself; and this feeling was greatly encouraged by the priests, then in full enjoyment of that influence over the multitude of which they have since been so woefully shorn. By them the murder of a Frenchman was declared an act meritorious in the eyes of God and man, and one that not only required no absolution, but might even serve as an atonement for the commission of some real sin; and such was the opinion pretty generally adopted throughout the Peninsula. The Empecinado, who, had his prisoners been French, would scarcely have left them time to mutter a prayer, showed no inclination to shed the blood of his countrymen, robbers and outlaws though they were, but preferred taking them to Valladolid. Part of the guerillas were soon busily engaged tying their arms with cords behind their backs, others in getting the horses out of the stable, while a third detachment followed Fuentes, who led the way into the venta, which he by no means intended should be burnt down before he had secured whatever

objects of value the Gitano and his party might have left there.

The Empecinado having ascertained that the Gitano himself was one of the three horsemen who had escaped, took little interest in the subordinate brigands, and cast but one careless glance at them as they stood grouped before him, submitting themselves to the bonds and the taunts of the guerillas. In that one glance, however, his quick eye was caught by the smart dress and handsome face of the gipsy boy already alluded to, as he stood in an unstudied and graceful attitude, waiting his turn to be bound. The Empecinado stepped towards the lad, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"You are but a child," said he, in a not unkind tone; "how came you already among such rude companions; and leading so wild a life? Are you a son of the Gitano?"

The young gipsy started when he felt the touch on his arm; and whilst the Empecinado spoke, gazed steadily and proudly in his face.

"I am not the Gitano's son," answered he; "but who are you who thus use violence to men who never injured you, stealing upon us like a crafty and cowardly fox, afraid to show himself in the light of day, but gaining courage when night appears?"

"You are bold of speech, young sir," replied Diez, astonished at the boy's daring vehemence; "and some in my place would be disposed to try how far a stirrup-leather applied to your shoulders would quiet so flippant a tongue. But I will not do that; and what is more, I will answer your question. My name and quality are soon told: I am a poor guerilla, and men call me the Empecinado."

There was curiosity, not unmingled with admiration, in the expression of the youth's face, as he gazed upon the frank, handsome countenance of the partizan, who though only in the commencement of his career, had already made his name well known throughout Spain, as it was afterwards destined to be throughout Europe.

"Y to soy una pobre gitana," said the gipsy, after a moment's pause. "A poor gipsy girl am I; and men call me, *la Morena de Malaga*."

"A woman, *por Dios!*" cried the Empecinado. "Hold!" added he to some of his men, who were advancing with cords. "A bargain, *gitanilla*;

will you change your service, and follow the Empecinado instead of the Gitano? Say the word, and your horse and arms shall be restored to you."

"The choice is not hard to make," replied the Morena. "Who that loves the fresh air of the mountains, the shade of the forest, and the free cheering gallop over the plain, could exist in the gloom of a prison? Let them bring out my horse, señor; bid them give me my sabre and my light carbine; and Viva el Empecinado!"

And with an almost childish joy at her recovered freedom, the gipsy amazon bounded away to seek her steed, and soon returned mounted on one of the best of the captured chargers.

The guerillas now prepared for departure. Leaving the venta in flames, they soon reached the high-road, where a score of their comrades had remained in charge of the horses. Before they had been many hours on the road, the gitana obtained her brother's release from the Empecinado, whose unbounded devotion to the fair sex rendered it totally impossible for him to refuse a request issuing from so rosy a mouth, and backed by the glances of such eyes as those of the Morena de Malaga. The young bandid had his horse restored to him, and was allowed to volunteer into the squadron, which continued its march to Valladolid, where the remaining prisoners were handed over to the authorities.

Several weeks had elapsed since the burning of the venta, and the handsome gipsy still continued to follow the fortunes of Martin Diez, whose avowed mistress she had become. Her great beauty, bold and masculine character, admirable horsemanship, and courage in action, daily increased the violence of the passion with which she had inspired the Empecinado, whose nature and pursuits rendered him more prone to admire such masculine qualities than the gentle and endearing virtues more usually prized in woman. His affection was warmly returned by the gitana, whose feelings towards him were, however, occasionally embittered by a dash of jealousy natural to women of her country and ardent temperament, and to which the Empecinado's roving propensities and reputation for gallantry sometimes gave a shadow of reason which her suspi-

cions were ever ready to exaggerate into certainty.

It was towards the close of the year that the Empecinado and his band, leaving their usual skirmishing ground near the Duero, took the road to Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, at the latter of which places some important papers were to be delivered, which he had recently taken from a French courier. On arriving at the town of Alba de Tormes, the Empecinado resolved to leave his men there, under the command of Fuentes, that they might get a little rest, and collect recruits to mount a number of led horses they had with them. He himself, with the despatches, and accompanied only by the Morena and her brother, set out for Ciudad Rodrigo, and at nightfall arrived at the suburb of San Francisco, outside the walls of that fortress. Halting at a *posada*, the Empecinado dismounted, and desired his companions to remain there, whilst he entered the city and delivered his papers to the governor, promising to return speedily. The gitana, however, petitioned hard to accompany him. She knew that this was not his first visit to Ciudad Rodrigo, and that he had acquaintances there, and this was all sufficient to rouse her jealous fears, and make her fancy that he wished to be alone, in order to visit some former mistress. Whether her suspicions were well founded, or whether he had some other reason for desiring to go unaccompanied, the Empecinado remained inflexible, laughed at her jealousy, and at last, wearied by importunity, peremptorily ordered her to remain, and hastened into the town. Some time, however, having been lost by this altercation, he had scarcely reached the governor's house when a cannon was fired, and the drawbridges were instantly raised, and gates shut for the night.

For some minutes after the firing of the signal gun, the gitana remained watching at a window of the *posada*, in hopes that Diez might have delivered his despatches before the gates were closed, and was then on his road back. When, however, double the time had elapsed, necessary for the walk from the city wall to the inn, the jealous rage of the Andalusian gipsy burst forth in a paroxysm of fury that almost terrified her brother, although not entirely unaccustomed to such outbreaks on her part.

"*El maldito ! El traidor !*" she muttered, or rather hissed through her set teeth. Her face became livid with passion, her eyes glared wildly, and her long black hair seemed to twist and twine like snakes upon her shoulders, as she drove a small three-edged poniard, which, like many Andalusian women of her class, she always carried on her person, deep into the wooden paneling of the room.

"Would it were in his heart !" cried she ; and exhausted by the violence of her emotions, sank in a chair, and laying her head upon the table, burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Her brother remained for some time without making any observation or attempt to console her. At length, and when she was somewhat more composed, he broke silence.

"Evil were the day and the hour that we joined this man Diez," said he : "What can we expect but unhappiness, or what good can come to those who abandon the tents of their tribe to dwell among strangers ? When the Gitano was our leader, we followed a chief of our race, and others of our brethren were with us ; but I fear me, sister, our lot, and thine especially, will be a bitter and a hard one, so long as we remain with this fierce guerilla. Nor can I understand thy infatuation. The Morena de Malaga, the proud maiden who turned a deaf ear to all wooers, who saw the Gitano himself at her feet, and scorned to be his bride, on a few days' acquaintance becomes the leman of a stranger."

The gipsy girl made no answer to her brother's reproaches, who, nevertheless, continued in a strain of invective against the Empecinado, whom he had joined to avoid the severe punishment that awaited him, but had never liked. The present struck him as a favourable opportunity of deserting, and returning to his old habits and companions ; but he was unwilling to do so without his sister, who, although several years his junior, by her superior energy of character, had acquired a great ascendancy over him. He could not, however, obtain a word in reply to the arguments and reasons he urged. The gitana remained motionless as a statue, with her face bowed upon the table, and concealed by her hands and abundant hair ; and her brother at length, despairing of persuading her to his purpose, retired to rest.

It was one in the morning when he was roused from a deep sleep, and beheld his sister standing beside his couch. Her cheeks were pallid, and her eyes gleamed with an unwonted light.

"Be stirring," said the Gitana, "and saddle the horses."

The gipsy knew not what to make of this sudden order ; but accustomed to obedience, hastened to the stable, and in a few minutes their horses, as well as that of the Empecinado, were in readiness for the march : nor had the young brigand forgotten to strap upon the saddle of the latter beast his leader's valise, containing, as he well knew, nearly four hundred ounces of gold. As he led the animals out of the stable, the Morena appeared, and mounting her horse, moved off at a rapid pace, followed at the distance of a hundred yards by her brother, who, in the strange mood in which he saw her to be, did not feel anxious that she should become immediately aware of his unceremonious appropriation of the Empecinado's charger and money.

The gates of Ciudad Rodrigo had been opened about a couple of hours, when the Empecinado walked out to the suburb, where he had left his companions, and not a little surprised was he on finding that both they and his horse and valise had disappeared. The innkeeper could give him no information on the subject, except that they had taken the road to Alba de Tormes, and that on seeing them depart, he had supposed they were going to rejoin the squadron. Great was the jealous fury of the Empecinado when he found himself thus abandoned by his mistress, and robbed of his gold. He was not long in fixing his suspicions on Mariano Fuentes, whom he now remembered to have seen very assiduous to the Gitana, and frequently talking to her on their various marches in a low tone of voice. Fuentes was a smart, handsome fellow, of frank and agreeable manners, and, perhaps, more likely to find favour with women than Diez himself. A variety of trifling circumstances that flashed across the memory of the Empecinado, seemed "confirmation strong" of his suspicions ; and he doubted not that his false friend had availed himself of his absence to carry off his mistress, and, perhaps, also, to inveigle the whole troop from their duty, and induce them to follow him in preference to

their captain. Foaming with rage, he retraced his steps to the town, and acquainting the governor with what had occurred, requested to be furnished with a horse and an orderly. These were supplied him; his tremendous impetuosity accelerated every thing, and in incredibly few minutes after he had learned the news of his betrayal, he repassed the *posada* on his way to Alba. Rein was not drawn, nor spur spared, till he dashed into the streets of that town. Seeing some of his men playing at the game of *cané*, he enquired where Fuentes was quartered, and on being told that he was in the house of the Duke of Alba's steward, galloped up to the door at the same mad pace. Turning the horse masterless in the street, for his desperate riding had left the orderly far behind, he ascended the stairs, and with an Albacete* dagger naked in his hand, burst into a room where Fuentes was sitting in company with his host and several other persons.

"Traitor!" cried he, almost inarticulate with fury, "Villain and traitor! where is the Gitana?"

"No traitor am I, Martin Diez," replied Fuentes, firmly, but with admirable temper. "As to the Gitana, if aught has happened, you, who took her hence, should best know what has become of her."

Struck by this calm and moderate reply to his furious interpellation, the Empecinado's suspicions were dissipated as rapidly as they had been formed. Dropping his weapon, he threw himself into his comrade's arms, implored his pardon for having a moment suspected him, and related the occurrences of the previous night. He terminated by declaring his intention to abandon every other object, and devote himself entirely to the pursuit of his faithless mistress and her brother. This resolution, however, was strongly combated by Fuentes, who represented the absurdity of such a Quixotic expedition in the then state of Spain, more especially as the fugitives had so great a start, and it was not even known what road they had taken. His arguments, and those of the other persons present, who strongly urged the enraged partizan not to sacrifice the cause of his country

to such purely personal motives, at length prevailed, as they were sure to do with a man of the Empecinado's sincere patriotism, and the following morning the guerillas left Alba on their return to the banks of the Duero.

The successes of the Empecinado, and the increasing number of his followers, at length attracted the serious attention of the French generals. Not a letter could be forwarded, or a day's rations trusted on the road, without falling into the hands of the guerillas, unless protected by a much larger escort than it was at all times convenient to send. The example, also, was doing no small harm; for, in emulation of the Empecinado, guerilla corps were springing up in all directions, and it was at last thought advisable to strike a decisive blow at the most dangerous of these bands, in order to frighten the others into submission. Nearly the whole of the French cavalry, quartered in Old Castile, was ordered to the plains of the Duero, and, divided into strong detachments, began to give chase to the Empecinado in every direction. For some time that chief managed to elude his pursuers, except indeed when their numbers were such as permitted him to cope with them, when he willingly gave them battle, and invariably came off conqueror. At length, however, he was met by three hundred light cavalry in the neighbourhood of San Domingo de la Calzada, and, after a gallantly sustained skirmish, compelled to take refuge in the sierras of Burgos. Thither the French did not care to follow, but continued to scour the country bordering the Duero, and that, with so much activity, that it was impossible for the guerillas to leave their mountain refuge, or venture into any towns. At Castrillo, the Empecinado's mother and relatives were thrown into prison, and the same severity was exercised towards the friends of Mariano Fuentes at Roa. Proclamations, too, were published and widely distributed, offering a reward of five thousand dollars to whoever should deliver up the Empecinado, dead or alive.

It chanced one morning that Diez, Fuentes, and their *partida*, were halted at a particular spot in the moun-

* The town of Albacete is as famous for the excellence of its poniards as Toledo for that of its sword-blades.

tain of the Embral de Lerma, which commands a view of the high-road to Madrid, when they saw approaching in the distance a party of five-and-twenty horsemen. As these men drew nearer, they had much the appearance of robbers; for, although admirably mounted and armed, they had no sort of uniform, but were variously and almost fantastically attired. Fuentes, with a few of his men, went to reconnoitre, and shortly returned, accompanied by the strangers, who turned out to be *alogieros** on their road from Andalusia to their homes in the mountains of Santander.

The new comers dismounted, and while partaking of some wine and provisions offered them by the guerillas, replied to the numerous questions that were put to them concerning what they had seen on the road, and the state of the war in Andalusia. Amongst other things, they mentioned that in the Serrania de Ronda, a band of irregular cavalry, commanded by the Gitano, had been committing excesses of all kinds.

"A red-handed villain he is," continued the *alogiero* who was speaking. "It is true, he sometimes attacks the French when his numbers treble theirs; but he does so merely to cloak his real profession, which is that of a robber and murderer."

"Know you aught of a gipsy maiden who formerly accompanied him?" enquired Fuentes; "she whom they called the Morena de Malaga."

"Indeed do I," replied the *alogiero*; "it seems she was taken prisoner some three or four months back, when the Gitano made an excursion into Castile, from which he returned with

only two followers, all the rest having been captured or killed. The Morena, however, reappeared in Andalusia, about a week before we left, and sought out the Gitano, who is chief of the gipsy tribe to which she belonged. He had learnt, somehow, that during her absence, she had been the mistress of an officer, it was said of the band who had surprised the Gitano, and made him fly like a stag before the hunters. This stirred up the savage nature of the man, for he had long wished to have the Morena for his wife, and she had invariably spurned his offers. So when he heard she was approaching his bivouac, he rode out a league or so to meet her. He was not long gone, and when he returned, he had a valise full of gold on his saddle. The next day a goat-herd found the dead bodies of the Morena and her brother, lying in the dried-up bed of a torrent. The deed must have been treacherously done, for their sabres were sheathed, and there was no appearance of their having resisted. The Morena had been stabbed with a knife in the left breast, and her brother had probably attempted to escape, for the bullet that slew him had entered at his back."

The Empecinado had been one of the listeners to this account of the Gitano's cowardly crime, and of the sad fate of the unfortunate girl whom he had loved much, and whom he still regretted, in spite of her having so lightly abandoned him. He rose abruptly as the narrator concluded, and with an uneven and heavy step, walked a short distance along the side of the mountain. When he returned, his features exhibited no sign of emo-

* In the province of Santander, it is a common practice for the men to leave their homes when mere lads, and emigrate to Andalusia, where they employ themselves in selling *aloja*, a refreshing drink composed of water, honey, and spices. After several years' rigid economy, they generally succeed in scraping together wherewith to establish themselves in some way in their own country, to which they begin to plan their return. In order to set at defiance the bands of robbers that infest Spanish roads, they form parties of twenty or thirty men, each of whom provides himself with arms, and buys a good Andalusian stallion. They dress themselves also as *Jandalos*, or Andalusian dandies of the first water, and taking care to arrive in the vicinity of their native town the eve of a Sunday or great feast-day, they make their triumphal entry after morning mass, when every body is coming out of church, in order to dazzle the eyes of their relations and sweethearts with their fine horses and elegant costumes. This custom, which would at first appear to have no other result than that of gratifying the vanity of a few young men, has, however, been the origin of that excellent race of horses, known as the breed of the Valley of Buron, and which has sprung from a cross between the fiery Andalusian stallion brought by the *alogieros*, and the hardy mares of Northern Castile.

tion. He was perhaps a trifle paler than usual, and a drop or two of blood stood upon his under lip.

"One more cup of wine; my friends," said he to the *alogieros*, who were preparing for departure.

The mountaineers drank to the health and success of the Empecinado.

"When you reach your own province," said the partizan, in a voice which his men thought harsher and more piercing than his usual deep tones, "tell your countrymen that you have eaten and drunk in company with the Empecinado and his *güerilas*, and that they are no robbers, as the French would fain have it believed, but brave men struggling for the independence of their country, and sacrificing to that one object all private loves and hates. But let not our friends be dejected; or our enemies rejoice. This war must have an end, and when that day comes we shall be found not to have forgotten our affections or our vengeance."

1815 had arrived, and peace was once more restored to the Peninsula. Spanish patriotism, powerfully aided by the courage and discipline of British troops and skill of British generals, had driven Napoleon's legions across the Pyrenees.

It was on a summer's afternoon of the above-mentioned year, that six or seven persons were assembled in the common room of a small tavern on the high-road from Madrid to Andalusia. The party consisted, in the first place, of the tavern-keeper himself, a jolly pot-bellied little man, with a merry chuckling laugh and sleek shining countenance, expressive of inexhaustible good-humour; whose real name had long been forgotten, even by his most intimate friends, and replaced by the not inappropriate sobriquet of *El Gordo*, or the Fat. The other members of the party were apparently habitual frequenters of the house, substantial peasants and artisans from the neighbouring village, and all were listening with great interest to tales of the late war told by a traveller who was waiting till the heat of the day should pass, to resume his journey. A pigskin of wine was lying on a wooden dresser, in a convenient position for transferring its contents to a large jug, whence they were sent gurgling down the capacious throats of the thirsty

narrator, and no less thirsty listeners.

The traveller was a man past the prime of life, of active and vigorous frame, and highly unprepossessing countenance. Although he had nothing military in his gait or appearance, he had seemingly served through the whole of the war—at least if his own account might be believed; for he made himself the hero of each one of the surprising feats of arms, wonderful escapes and successful onslaughts, with which he regaled his open-mouthed auditors. It was in the middle of one of his most astounding histories that a horseman halted at the door of the tavern, and dismounting, enquired if he could have refreshment for himself and steed. On being answered in the affirmative by the bustling host, he led his horse to the stable; and, after remaining there while the animal ate his corn, entered the house at the very moment that several solid rashers of ham, garnished with eggs, were withdrawn from the frying-pan, and placed upon a small table, together with a jug of wine and loaf of bread, to all of which he addressed himself with a zeal worthy of one who had ridden far and fasted long.

It is a common practice in Spain for travellers not to remain on the road during the sun's greatest heat, but rather to commence their day's march early and end it late, allotting six or seven hours of midday and afternoon to repose. The new comer, however, was evidently one of those iron-framed men to whom heat and cold, rain and sunshine, are alike indifferent. He was about forty years of age, but might have passed for somewhat younger, for though his face was bronzed and weather-beaten, his figure was youthful, and not a single line of grey was to be discovered in his black hair and mustache. His dress was that of a civilian, and of a plain and unpretending fashion; but an indescribable something in his whole air and manner bespoke the soldier, and the man accustomed to command.

Soon as the tavern-keeper had seen to the comfort of his guest, he returned to the party he had for a moment quitted. The good manchegan wine had so oiled the tongue of the tale-teller, that although he declared he could stay no longer, mine host prevailed on him to relate one more of

his adventures, and that of so marvellous a nature as almost to stagger the credulity of the unsophisticated rustics, and to cause the stranger to raise his eyes more than once from the contemplation of his dinner, and to cast a glance, half amused and half contemptuous, in the direction of the braggadocio. The latter at length brought his narrative to a conclusion, and mounting his horse, left the inn. His example was soon followed by the peasants, and the stranger remained alone with his host.

"Your worship has had a hot and thirsty ride of it," said El Gordo, filling up his guest's glass, and glancing at his garments, which were powdered with the reddish dust of the province. "You had better have done, as the worthy gentleman who has just departed started earlier and arrived sooner. Trees are too scarce in our country for a noonday ride to be a pleasant one."

"You are perhaps right," replied the other, "more especially as by doing as you advise I should probably have heard more of your friend's adventures, which, judging from what I did hear, must be well worth listening to."

"I knew not your worship had been attending to him," said the host, with his habitual chuckle. "In truth, he draws a lengthy bow, but nevertheless his arrows hit the mark well enough for me, and I am always right glad when he passes along this road. Our village folk flock in by dozens to listen to his talk, for after a few quartillos he generally gets into the same strain he did to-day. All that thins the *borracha* and fattens me." And with another gleeful cachination, El Gordo clapped one hand on the now lank sides of the huge pigskin, and the other on the roundity to which he owed his nickname.

"And what is he?" carelessly enquired the stranger, apparently willing to humour his host's garrulity. "Did he really serve during the war?"

"Served and not served; that is, he headed a band of guerillas, and now and then had a skirmish with the French, though I much doubt if he ever sought them. What he liked much better was a little comfortable plunder, to come in at the tail of the fight and beginning of the feast; and

when he could not do that, he robbed all he met, Spaniards or others. I have heard that in Andalusia they tell things of him that would make your hair stand on end; and it is certain that he was more than once hunted by our troops in the time of the war; but when peace came all was rejoicing and happiness, amnesties were published, and he, like many another rogue, was made an honest man. He is now always travelling about, and they say his journeys are not much for the good of his Majesty's revenue."

"His name?" eagerly enquired the stranger, whose attention had been increasing as El Gordo proceeded.

"His real name I never heard, señor," replied the tavern-keeper, surprised at the strong interest suddenly shown by the other. "El Gitano is the one he has always gone by, for he is of gipsy race, and they say chief of a tribe."

The words were scarcely uttered, when the stranger, throwing down a dollar, hurried to the stable, and before his host had time to pick up the money and toddle to the door, he galloped off, mounted on a black charger of great power and mettle.

"'Tis strange," said El Gordo, looking after him; "he came from the north, and is now gone northward again. However, 'tis no affair of mine. He is a worthy gentleman, and has paid me double his score."

The traveller had taken the same road as the Gitano, but the latter had an hour's start, and the sun was shedding its very last rays when the stranger caught sight of him leaving the plain, and commencing the ascent of a mountain over which the road passed.

"You are the Gitano?" said the horseman abruptly, when, after ten minutes' more hard galloping, he checked his steed into a walk on the near side of the man whom he had been evidently anxious to join.

"I answer to that name," replied the gipsy, looking somewhat startled at the tone and manner of his question.

"Murdering villain!" shouted the stranger; "Remember the Morena de Malaga, and prepare to die; for we are alone on the mountain side, and I am the Empecinado."

The Gitano quailed before his fierce enemy, but his instinct of cunning and treachery did not desert him. By a

quick but quiet movement, shifting the reins to his right hand, with the left he drew a knife from his belt, and made a savage stab at the Empecinado. But the latter was not to be taken off his guard. Catching the gipsy's hand in his ere the blow had reached him, he compressed it with so vice-like a grasp, that the fingers involuntarily opened, and the weapon they held dropped to the ground. The next instant their swords clashed together, and an animated combat began.

Although, as may be supposed from what has been already seen of him, the Gitano was by no means a brave man, he had not passed through many and great perils without acquiring a certain degree of hardihood, and, in the present instance, driven to stand at bay, he proved himself no despicable swordsman. Whilst, however, he was doing his utmost to parry the furious cuts and thrusts of the Empecinado, and watching his opportunity to return them with effect, he forgot to guard against another kind of danger.

The road on which the encounter took place was a broad and level one, that ran along the side of the mountain. On the left the ground sloped gradually upwards to a considerable height, but to the right was a rugged precipice, nearly three hundred feet deep, overhanging a smiling and beautiful valley. Towards this frightful declivity the Empecinado was rapidly urging his adversary, who unconsciously tightened his rein, and caused his horse to recede, as he found his guards almost beaten down, and his arm becoming enfeebled by the impetuous attacks and superior strength of his foe. Suddenly the Empecinado drove spurs into his charger, and making him bound forward, aimed a furious blow at the gipsy's head. The latter parried it with difficulty, and, at that moment, his horse's hind feet began to slide and scramble on the smooth slippery edge of the precipice. For the first time aware of his danger, the Gitano, with extraordinary activity, made a bound from the saddle; and as he did so, his unlucky horse rolled over and over in the air, and was crushed upon the rocks and stones at the foot of the mountain.

But the gipsy's position was still by no means an enviable one. When he had made his leap, his horse's hind

legs were already over the verge of the declivity, and the impetus obtained by springing from the stirrups, was too small to carry him fairly upon level ground. All he succeeded in doing was to get his arms upon the edge of the precipice, and had that edge been square, he might easily have raised his body; but, on the contrary, it was round and shelving, and immediately below it the rock sloped inwards. Deprived, therefore, of any sort of hold for his feet, unable to raise himself by leaning upon his arms, for such a movement would have caused his immediate destruction, his hands were all the gipsy had to trust to, and with them he clutched some weeds and grass that sprang out of the scanty layer of soil covering the rock. These broke off in his fingers, and he caught at others, which, after tantalizing him, by affording a momentary support, snapped in their turn, and the unhappy man now saw that his doom was sealed, and his hour come.

The Empecinado had sheathed his sword, and sat motionless on his horse, gazing sternly upon the Gitano, whose features, distorted by fear and horror, assumed an agonized and almost unearthly expression, when seen through the fast-fading twilight.

"*Misericordia!* Señor," cried he, "Mercy! mercy! and so may God and his saints help you in your hour of need!"

There was something so horrible in the tone in which these words were shrieked out, such a concentration of human despair and misery in the accent of the dying wretch, that the Empecinado's right foot left the stirrup, and he made a movement as though about to dismount and succour his foe. If such were his intention, the impulse came too late.

"*Maldicion!*" screamed the Gitano, as the last morsel of parched-up turf gave way under his bleeding and wearied fingers.

The Empecinado listened, and through the heavenly stillness of the soft summer evening, a dull heavy sound was audible to his practised ear. He turned his horse's head northward, and rode slowly away.

That morning his destination had been Andalusia; but he had now no occasion to prosecute his journey, for its object was already accomplished.

THE VERDICT OF A FRENCH JURY.

A TRIAL IN 1834.

DURING my visit to Paris, several years ago, a process was going on, which called forth the most brilliant efforts of the most illustrious pleaders in France, and was the theme of conversation in every circle in that gayest and most inquisitive of cities. In every point of view, it was undoubtedly the most extraordinary trial of modern times. Nothing was wanting to attract the public attention. For those who can only take an interest in the fortunes of persons of rank and station, it will be sufficient to say that the two parties principally concerned were the son of an old and distinguished general of the empire, and the daughter of a general in the army of Louis Philippe. Among the relations and friends on both sides, I may only mention M. de Somonville, grand referendary of the Chamber of Peers; the Baron de Ris, peer of France; Baron de Nourri, the family De Mornay, the Duchess of Dalmatia, M. St Aignan, the Swedish Ambassador, Madame Delphine Gaz and her mother, Madame de Montesquieu, the Duchess de Maille, the Comtesse Jobal, Orfila, the Duke and Duchess de Vicenza, and lastly, the late minister D'Argout, who, in spite of his well-known and easily recognised exterior, was forced to fight for a long time for admission with the National Guard at the avenues of the court, who kept order among the crowd, and to the repeated announcements of the great man, only answered "*connais pas, monsieur—connais pas.*" In addition to these, the advocates on both sides were the great orators and lawyers, Odillon Barrot, Berryer, and Chaix D'Estance. It must therefore be confessed that these names are sufficient to keep our curiosity on the stretch.

It is midnight. A young girl comes slowly forward towards the bar, a veil hangs halfway over her face, and hides her features from the anxious gaze of the spectators. Those who are nearest to her, however, observe noble and regular features, expressive eyes, and a mouth round which a wandering smile is playing. Now she is going to speak—watch well to catch the

meaning of her words, for in two hours more she will lose the powers of rational speech! You are surprised at this; and, therefore before we take down her words, let us hear the judgment delivered on her case—for she is the subject of as great wonder in the medical as in the legal circles of the famous Dr Bailly. "*Mademoiselle de Morell is insane, with lucid intervals. She is subject to nervous affections, which recur at regular periods every day. Of four attacks, one is long and violent; it begins about four o'clock in the morning, and after lasting fourteen hours, leaves her at six o'clock in the afternoon. Her mental faculties then return. But at eight o'clock, a new attack comes on, which lasts till a quarter past ten, and leaves her then till eleven. At that hour it returns, and leaves her, weakened indeed, but mistress of her own faculties, at twelve. With the exception of a paroxysm which only lasts from a quarter to two o'clock till precisely two, she has no repetition of the attack till four o'clock.*"

This is the plaintiff, who avails herself of the interval of reason to identify the prisoner at the bar.

That young man, of pleasing features and gentlemanly appearance, dressed in a brown frock coat, of the newest fashion, with a slight mustache shading his upper lip, is the defendant, Emil de la Ronciere. His eyes wander round the assemblage—he presses the hand of his father—that old man with the crosses and stars upon his breast—who looks encouragingly into his face, and says, "fear nothing, my son; you are innocent—be a man."

Every bench in that vast hall has been crowded since six o'clock in the morning. More rapt attention is bestowed on the slightest incident in the court than on the most thrilling scene of a melodrama. What anxiety in every look, to miss nothing of the interesting scene!—the smallest quiver of the prisoner's lip, the slightest sigh of the accuser—what whispers round the crowd—"how handsome he is!"—"is she fair—dark—young—pretty?" Have patience but half an hour, oh,

ye dowagers, wives, and maidens—wait quietly till all the circumstances are brought out in evidence before you, and remember that this is a court of justice, and that life and death—nay more, that honour and disgrace, depend upon the verdict this day.

In the good town of Saumur was stationed, as director of the military academy, the general De Morell, a man of the highest reputation. He lived there respected and honoured by every one, with his wife and daughter, whose characters were equally high. Among the young officers attending the academy was De la Ronciere, who had made advances, it was supposed, to Mademoiselle de Morell, and been rejected. Shortly after his arrival at Saumur, anonymous letters found their way, nobody knew how, into the general's house; they were sometimes filled with the most infamous imputations on the daughter; sometimes with the most insolent declarations of attachment to the mother; and several circumstances led to the belief that young De la Ronciere, whose habits, it was known, had heretofore been of the wildest, was the author. At last, in a moonshiny night, the 23d September 1834, Mademoiselle de Morell, who slept in a room by herself, heard her window broken open. She sprang terrified from her bed, and saw a dark figure enveloped in a mantle; the intruder rushed upon her, tore the night-dress from her person, cast her on the ground, and in spite of her resistance, attempted to bind her, covered her with blows, and after the utmost extremity of outrage, inflicted a wound with some sharp cutting instrument on the upper part of her leg. On the approach of Miss Allen, her English governess, he left her, and effected his escape as he had entered, by the window. In the moonlight, Mademoiselle de Morell recognized De la Ronciere. But it was evidently impossible for any person to get the anonymous letters to their destination, or to have committed the desperate outrage now described, without some confederates; and these are stated to be Samuel, the footman, and the chambermaid Genier. Samuel is that commonplace-looking man who seems very calm and unconcerned, if his dogged manner be not altogether assumed; and Genier is that over-dress-

ed, vulgar-looking woman with the wandering eyes and agitated expression. A dreadful ordeal, whether for the innocent or guilty, to be gazed at by so many eyes; and therefore mere manner is not a true criticism in such a trying situation as hers.

To all these accusations the prisoner gives the most positive denial; and a slight movement of the shoulder is the only outward manifestation of his feelings as the case proceeds. His father has less command of himself. A smile of bitter irony playing over his features reveals his inward thoughts. Thirty witnesses for the prosecution, and sixteen for the defence, are ready to be examined.

This gives rise to an enquiry into the antecedents, as the French call it, of the prisoner's life. It appears that he entered the army in the year 1821, in the ranks of the third hussars; that he was often reprimanded for insubordination and idleness, and was seven-and-thirty times placed in arrest. He was forced at last to leave the regiment on account of his debts, and was sent by his father to the colony of Cayenne. In the year 1828 he returned to France, leaving no very improved character behind him. At last he came to the cavalry establishment at Saumur, commanded by General de Morell. A connexion that sprung up between the accused and a woman of very dubious fame, was not calculated to brighten his reputation. This was the position he occupied when Madame de Morell and her daughter went to reside at Saumur. In 1834 his character seems to have improved, and he was invited to the general's house, which before this time (it is necessary to remark) had been deluged with anonymous letters, filled with warnings against various individuals, and occasionally with threatenings and complaints. These anonymous letters were now redoubled; their contents consisted of requests for assignations with Madame de Morell; imputations of the grossest kind on her daughter; and they dwelt particularly on the debts of De la Ronciere, and were generally signed with the initials E. R. The style they were written in was the lowest and most vulgar possible. One night the general, partly from the disclosures of his family, and partly from the bad reputation of De la Ronciere, sent a

young officer, Captain Jacquemin, during a party at his house, to request him to leave the room. De la Ronciere obeyed, without demanding any explanation of this extraordinary proceeding.

Two days after, he was observed lurking near the general's house; and Samuel was seen slipping out to him. He was dressed in an upper cloak, and had a cap on; but others had seen him at the identical time in full uniform in the theatre; in fact, he had entered into conversation with the general's family. On this very night the outrage took place in the bedroom of Mademoiselle de Morell. The moon shone bright; and in spite of her terror, which incapacitated her from screaming or giving an alarm, she recognised Lieutenant de la Ronciere. The family, notwithstanding, conceals the occurrence, and goes to an evening party on the following day: nay more, to please her mother the young lady joins in a quadrille!!

In the mean time, young D'Estouilly, who takes a deep interest in Marie de Morell, and is a friend of the general's, receives an anonymous letter denouncing him as a coward and a scoundrel. He pronounces De la Ronciere the author of it at once, and challenges him. De la Ronciere accepts the challenge, and wounds his adversary. Some time afterwards, however, he is driven into a corner, and told, that after the most searching enquiry the authorship of the letters is proved against him, and he—bursting into tears—in order to spare his father's feelings, who has suffered so much on his account already, and in hopes that no further notice will be taken, confesses that he wrote the letters. He hoped that, in the course of time, the real author would be discovered. He now also professes, that he was entirely ignorant of the contents of the letters, or he would never have confessed himself the author of such infamous productions.

After these transactions, De la Ronciere left Saumur and went to Paris, to which he was soon after followed by Samuel, who was turned away from the general's house. But on the very day of his departure, and after both were settled in Paris, anonymous letters still arrived, dated indeed from Paris, but with the post-mark of Saumur. A prosecution is commenced

against De la Ronciere, and he is taken into custody; but still there is no cessation of the anonymous letters. Many of them are signed; some with the full name, but with the letter *s* instead of *c*—De la Ronsiere. Mademoiselle de Morell, who in the mean time has also come to Paris, has a letter thrown into her carriage, and receives a severe blow on the arm: her persecutions do not cease.

A letter from the accused to Captain Jacquemin is produced, in which is the following passage:—"She is a girl of the most malevolent disposition, and was in love with somebody. When the consequences could no longer be concealed, she was forced to confess her condition to her parents; and they, to save their daughter's reputation, accuse me of this incredible crime."

De la Ronciere says he had heard of strifes and quarrellings in the family, on which he grounded his belief of Mademoiselle Morrell's situation.

At half-past four, the first sitting was suspended, after an examination of Samuel and Genier, who denied all knowledge whatever, and is resumed at eight o'clock.

The crowd is even greater than it was in the morning. Two hours before the trial was resumed, the benches are crowded as before by eager spectators, who fill every corner, up to the judge's chair. There is scarcely room left for the witnesses in the cause.

The president asks De la Ronciere if he wishes to add any thing to the statements he made in the morning. He declines; he will only suggest the physical impossibility of his getting in at Mademoiselle de Morell's window. The president asks him if he means to abide by the following words in one of his declarations, "The family De Morell wish to force me into a marriage with their daughter?" He answers that that was probably their plan, but he can advance no proof.

The president further asks him if he has any other observations to make. He points to his counsel.

The president asks him if he intends to ascribe the anonymous letters to any one else.

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"To Mademoiselle de Morell herself." (Great sensation.)

"On what do you found this assertion?"

"On the testimony of the servant, and close investigation." The case is then proceeded with in the usual course.

General de Morell, the father of the accuser, is now called. He is evidently in great pain, and the weakness of his voice makes it necessary to have all his answers repeated. On being asked if he was informed of the occurrences in the bed-room of his daughter on the morning of the 24th, he answers, that his wife had told him. He went up to his daughter's room, but found her in such a state as rendered all further enquiry at that time impossible: he himself, also, was too much horrified. For other details, he referred the court to a letter he had written, for he was too feeble to give his evidence by word of mouth. The president read the letter. It bore the superscription "Outrage," and was as follows:—

"A monster has broken into my family to cover it with shame and infamy. His outrage will destroy us all. I will summon strength to recount the circumstances. This hell-born monster entered my daughter's room and effected his fiendish purpose, in spite of the resistance of my unhappy child. The monster triumphed in the misery he inflicted. He wrote all the accompanying letters. These proofs could destroy him—could bring him to the scaffold; but the honour of my daughter forced me to keep silence, a bitter pang to me than death. Marie! loved Marie! innocent and wretched sacrifice; poor lamb, so ruthlessly assailed; thy father's heart shall never fail thee; there wilt thou ever find a shelter; but this last shelter will fail thee soon, for shame and sorrow have broken it!"

The reading of the letter created a deep sensation in the audience. The general himself seemed agitated by these harrowing recollections during its perusal. He covered his face with his hands. The looks of the accused continue unchanged.

President.—"Call Madame de Morell." (Great anxiety.)

An arm-chair is brought in. Madame de Morell approaches slowly: a black veil conceals her features.

President, (gently).—"Collect yourself, madam; take courage, and endeavour to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you know."

Madame de Morell, in a weak and tremulous voice, relates the events with which the reader is already acquainted.

President.—"Do you think the prisoner intended to commit a murder, or a crime of another nature."

Madame de Morell.—"I do not know."

President, (embarrassed).—"Did you not endeavour, madam, to ascertain by enquiry—by questions which it was natural, which it was your duty to ask?"

Madame de Morell.—"You must make allowance, my lord, for my position—My daughter—she's but sixteen years old—the education I have given her—her innocence—her"—

President.—"But didn't your daughter tell you in direct terms the nature of the outrage?"

Madame de Morell.—"She spoke of it: that she was struck—bitten—wounded."

President.—"Did you examine those wounds?"

Madame de Morell.—"Only on one place—on the arm."

President.—"And what did you find there?"

Madame de Morell.—"A bruise, and a bite."

President.—"Were you not informed that your daughter was also wounded on other parts of the body?"

Madame de Morell.—"Not for a fortnight or three weeks. She confessed to me that she had not told me all; that she might not add to my affliction. She then informed me that she had received wounds on other parts of the person."

President.—"And you sent for physicians to see the wounds—to heal them?"

Madame de Morell.—"I mentioned them to Dr Becoeur; but he did not examine them."

President.—"Did you not do so yourself?"

Madame de Morell.—"No, my lord."

President.—"Did not your daughter, two or three days after, go to a ball?"

Madame de Morell.—"Yes: I requested her to go, and the poor child collected her strength to obey me."

President.—"Did she dance?"

Madame de Morell.—"Yes."

President.—"Did she leave the party at an earlier hour than usual?"

Madame de Morell.—"Yes: she accompanied me home at eleven o'clock."

After a few less material questions, Madame de Morell seemed to be exhausted, and took her seat by the side of her husband.

Miss Allen, the young lady's governess, was called.

She neither heard the crash of the window on the 23d September, nor any alarm. She thought she heard voices as of people whispering together. She knocked at the door, and in a few minutes it was opened. She saw nobody escaping. The young lady lay on the ground bleeding from the nose; but she saw no wound except the mark of a bite on the wrist. The president asked if she had a light? She said the moon was shining. The president enquired if the moon shone so bright that she could see the mark of the bite distinctly? She replied that she did not see it then, but on the following day. The young lady had immediately named De la Ronciere as the perpetrator. The president asked why she, whose charge the young lady was in, did not call for assistance? She said, with true English apathy, "I did not think of it." (Astonishment.)

It now wants a quarter to twelve. There is a pause in the proceedings. A large easy-chair, *à la Voltaire*, is brought in for the accommodation of Mademoiselle de Morell. Twelve strikes. The president requests the audience to preserve perfect silence on the appearance of the accuser, and every noise is instantly hushed. The young lady is introduced, supported by an old attendant. Two other females follow. She walks slowly, but firmly, and sits down, without any apparent embarrassment, in the easy-chair. She turns towards the jury. Her voice is weak, but without a tremor. Her words betray no inward emotion. She appears in full possession of her powers. The utmost silence prevails in the vast assemblage; and every one listens to catch the lightest whisper, though many are too far removed to hear a syllable of what is going on.

She describes the nocturnal outrage the same as we have already heard. The president puts searching questions on every point of her statement, which she answers with the utmost clearness. But when he asked her to what extent the outrage proceeded, she was silent.

During her visit to Paris, after she had left Saumur, she had been struck on the arm with a stick—but it had left no mark.

President, (solemnly).—"Are you certain that the individual who assailed you in your bed-room was De la Ronciere?"

Mademoiselle de Morell, (without hesitation).—"I am certain it was he."

President.—"I need not remind you of the awful responsibility you throw on the accused by this declaration. You know the full consequences of your assertion. Did you know him well?"

Mademoiselle de Morell.—"It was he."

President.—"On two occasions you withheld your confidence from your mother—first, when you did not have her sent for on the night of the occurrence; and secondly, when you did not tell her of the wounds you had received. When did you speak to her about them?"

Mademoiselle de Morell.—"When they were healed."

President.—"When they were examined, were they already healed?"

Mademoiselle de Morell.—"Yes."

The president asks De la Ronciere to stand up. "Look at the prisoner, and say if you know him."

Mademoiselle de Morell turns sharply round, and looks at De la Ronciere, and says, with firmness, "Yes; I know him." (Great agitation.)

President.—"Prisoner, what have you to say in answer to this?"

De la Ronciere.—"Before God and men, I declare this accusation to be false!"

President.—"What can be the object of making a false accusation?"

De la Ronciere.—"I know not what Mademoiselle de Morell's object can be in accusing me of a detestable crime which I never committed."

President.—"Do you suppose it can arise from hatred?"

De la Ronciere.—"I have never injured the family De Morell, and cannot imagine what motive they can have for endeavouring to destroy me."

The Advocate of the Accused.—"Does Mademoiselle de Morell know the effect of her declaration?"

President.—"I impressed it on her as solemnly as I could. Consider

young lady—Is it not possible that some other person than De la Ronciere committed the assault?"

Mademoiselle de Morell.—"No; it was he."

President.—"You abide by that answer?"

Mademoiselle de Morell, (firmly.)—"Yes."

Here the sitting closed; and the accused was conducted out amid the deepest agitation of the spectators. The president ordered silence, which was immediately restored. *Mademoiselle de Morell* is now looked at more closely. She is tall, well-made, and prettier than could have been expected from her state of health. She saluted several people whom she recognised as she passed—when the court rose it was one o'clock in the morning.

On the following day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the concourse is greater than ever, especially of the ladies: *Madame Dowal*, the celebrated actress, had begged a ticket of admission from the president, on behalf of the drama. It need not be mentioned that *Victor Hugo* was among the audience.

The accused shed tears, and only mastered himself by a great effort as his old father shook him by the hand in passing the bar. *General de Morell* seems unwell; his wife sits beside him. The veil which she had worn over her face yesterday is now thrown back, and discloses fine, expressive features—stamped with deep melancholy. The examination of the witnesses is entered on. The first witness is *Robert de Morell*, a child of thirteen years of age. The second is *Guichet*, the servant of *Dr Becoeur*. He had accompanied his mistress to the house of *General de Morell* on the evening of the 23d of September, and while he waited for her at the front door, he saw a tall man, in a grey surtout and common-looking cap, approach the house. He seemed to be on the watch, and went close to *Mademoiselle de Morell's* window. He even stood on tiptoe to get a better view into her room. Two women passed at the time. One said, "Look, there's *Monsieur De la Ronciere*." The other answered, I think, "So it is." Immediately after this, *Samuel* went up to him, and said, so as he could hear him, "*Madame de Morell* goes to the theatre to-night;

the carriage is coming round; don't try it to-night." The carriage passed, and *Samuel* returned to him and said, "What's to be done now?" On which *De la Ronciere* answered, "I know a way to settle matters." The witness said he had only seen *De la Ronciere* once, and did not know him; but the women had said it was he. Who the women were he did not know.

Samuel declares that on that evening he was ill in bed, and brings his fellow-servant *Philibert* to prove it; and at that very time *General de Morell* himself had seen *De la Ronciere* at the theatre in uniform. Contradictions on all sides, which nobody can reconcile!

Monsieur d'Estouilly is called—a handsome young man of seven-and-twenty. His manner is firm, and he seems confident of the truth of all he states. It appears that *D'Estouilly* had serious intentions towards *Mademoiselle de Morell*, which some person tried to interfere with. His suspicions fell on *De la Ronciere*, and the young lady encouraged him in his suspicions. He wished to leave *Saumur*, when he found himself involved in the disagreeable matter of the anonymous letters; but the general pressed him to remain. He therefore determined to call *De la Ronciere* out; but when *De la Ronciere* had received the challenge, he came to him at the restaurateur's, with the letter in his hand, and said—half-crying, half kneeling—he was innocent in the affair of the anonymous letters; that somebody had imitated his hand—nothing was easier—that he himself could imitate any hand he chose. But the challenge finally was accepted; at first *De la Ronciere's* second, *Berail*, refused to act, but *D'Estouilly* requested him to do so as a favour to him, saying, go out with him to oblige me, or we shall be forced to give him an *ex officio* second. *Berail* then consented. After the duel, on the 1st of December, *De la Ronciere* confessed every thing; and, among other things, said to *D'Estouilly*, "though I struck and threatened her, I could not get her to say that she did not like you." Great debates arose among the counsel on this witness's evidence; but they ending in nothing.

The two seconds, *Ambert* and *Berail*, both officers in the dragoons, are examined, but give no new infor-

mation. Captain Jacquemin, who had been directed to turn De la Ronciere out of the general's house, is next summoned. After some questions by the court, and some warm words between the witness and one of the advocates, whose words of examination offended the young soldier, the counsel for the prosecution proceeds with his queries.

Odillon Barrot.—"What is your opinion of the morals of the accused?"

Jacquemin, (smiling).—"I confess I make great allowance for young men in regard to debts and beauties."—(A laugh.)

Odillon Barrot.—"I have now a question to ask of this witness, but it refers to a matter of such importance, that if he feels it would in any way be a breach of confidence to answer it, I shall not persist in putting it. I ask him, has he not heard from a friend of De la Ronciere, that he had lent him a rope-ladder of his (the prisoner's) own making?"—(Sensation.)

Jacquemin explains that *Ambert*—a mutual friend of his and the prisoner—had told him that he had borrowed a rope-ladder from De la Ronciere, and that De la Ronciere understood how to make them. The president asks for what purpose he had borrowed the rope-ladder? The witness, instead of answering, laughed—an operation in which the audience joined so heartily, that it required some effort to restore them to a condition befitting the occasion. De la Ronciere explained that he had often seen rope-ladders in his father's house, and had copied them for his amusement; he had also seen them on board ship, on his voyage to and from Cayenne.

Eliza Rouant, who is designated in the *procès-verbal* as the *confidente* of the prisoner, deposed that he lived in her house in Saumur, and she could prove that he did not leave his room on the night of the 23d-24th September—when the outrage was committed. She is six-and-twenty years old; modestly dressed, and remarkably good-looking. She declares that she had kept the door locked that night, and it was impossible he could have gone out. This alibi is vigorously impugned.—The second day's sitting terminates at six o'clock.

On the next day, the crowd is as great as ever. Glaziers and builders are examined about the broken panes,

and the possibility of getting in at the window. The mayor of Saumur is examined as to the character of the sisters Rouant. He says they are girls who certainly make themselves talked about, but are not so bad as to make them unworthy of credit. After a short pause, the handwriting of the letters is examined. It is evident that all fourteen are written by the same person—a light, practised, elegant hand. One of these letters, addressed to D'Estouilly, and subscribed "Marie de Morell," is in a light, free hand, without any attempt at disguise. The others are evidently counterfeit. The writing of De la Ronciere is then examined—and it is a fine bold hand, and not the least like the writing of the letters.

Physicians are then examined as to the state of health of *Mademoiselle de Morell*. The nurse also, *Madame Dutrobert*, is questioned as to the young lady's wounds. She says she perceived a scar on the upper part of the leg, which only a wound with some sharp instrument could produce. She saw no other scars. The physicians agree in this statement. They state that the young lady is not subject to somnambulism nor catalepsy—her whole disease arises from the nerves, which are affected at stated periods. Moreover, they maintain that she is never deprived of her senses, but that her body only suffers. Remove the nervous attack, and she is in perfect health. When all the witnesses had been examined, the court rose. On the next meeting, which was more crowded than any of the others, when the President said—"Odillon Barrot, counsel for the prosecution, is in possession of the court," there was a move in the assemblage of the most intense expectation, followed immediately by the profoundest silence. The great pleader turned towards the jury and began—

"I, whose whole life has been devoted to the sacred duty of defending the accused, see myself here to-day—a dreadful exception—God grant it may be the last!—compelled to raise my voice in aid of a prosecution. But deeply as I detest the crime, and firmly as I am persuaded of the prisoner's guilt, I shall not forget that the charge I advance is an appalling one, and that his condemnation should proceed from the calm and deliberate judgment,

and not from the influence of a passionate indignation." Here the orator gave a description of the De Morell family—the honourable character of the father—the excellent mother, and the education of the children. These he contrasted with the character and principles of De la Ronciere. He was no gambler—he frequented no coffee-houses—he led a retired life—and yet he bore an evil reputation; for his disposition and immoralities were known. At nine-and-twenty he had served in four or five different regiments. He was sent to Cayenne, and returned no whit improved. He had heaped sorrow and suffering on his father's grey hairs. The orator had ransacked the orderly books to discover the origin of his bad reputation. At one time he had cudgeled a stableman nearly to death; at another he had galloped over women and children; he bullied the poor; he insulted the authorities. If any mischief was done, people said at once, "'tis De la Ronciere." And this was the case with the anonymous letters. The orator then went over the circumstances detailed by the witnesses, and pressed them on the jury, with eloquent remarks on each. After his narrative of facts, he proceeds to meet what he supposes will be the arguments for the defence. "'Tis a wanton," they will say—"a girl who would hide her shame—who wishes to force herself on me as a wife." This was the plan they meant to follow. They sent to Samuel in prison to ask him if Mademoiselle de Morell had not been *enceinte*? When the accused was asked on what he grounded this infamous imputation, he answered coldly, "I thought it likely; because I was told she had frequent quarrels with her parents about her conduct." The orator dwells on the cold-blooded atrocity of such an accusation, and recognises in the author of it a man who all his life has been the foe of innocence, and who now, in the temple of justice, endeavours to complete the sacrifice he had commenced on the domestic hearth. "What!" he exclaims, turning to the prisoner, "you could not defend yourself without accusing your victim? but it is for us to speak in thunder to your conscience, that a child has accused *you*; that her accusation is corroborated by your own confessions, and by the evidence of your comrades. If this child has not

invented the dreadful accusation—if the fancy of a maiden of sixteen has not produced these hellish machinations—if there is not here some intrigue so utterly atrocious as to be incredible—if in these walls, in the face of justice, she has spoken truth—if she has not loaded her youth with the most appalling perjury—if she is credible—if—if, in short, she is not a monster, *you must be guilty!*"

He then gives a slight sketch of the girl's history, and closes it in these words—"She says I know he is the man—and it is impossible to disbelieve her; but we are asked to believe *her* to be the guilty party—that she herself wrote those anonymous letters—that she herself planned all those combinations—that she wrote to her mother in the name of a young officer, asking a rendezvous—that to another young officer she made unblushing declarations. She saw the confusion produced by those letters in her family—the grief, the agony of her nearest friends, and secretly laughed at it all. She has driven two officers to a duel; she has written the letters in the language, not of a soldier, but of a drunken suttler, reeking with the atmosphere of pot-houses and taverns. She, a young maiden of sixteen years old, has trodden all sense of decency under foot. She has scattered despair around, and caused unsufferable grief—and then, on the very summit of these atrocities, she places herself in triumph, and, in the delirium of her joy, peals forth a hymn of rejoicing. All these things were done—according to the accused—by the purest and most innocent of girls—by one who, in her own home, is only known as an angel of gentleness and goodness. And on what does this accusation ground itself? on the comparison of handwritings—a valuable proof!—(Agitation in the crowd—a slight laugh.)—In every heart glows an energetic contradiction to such a baseless absurdity. By heaven! I deal not in sarcastic remarks when such tremendous interests are at stake, but I cannot suffer to pass unnoticed the contemptible pretensions of those examiners of writings." Here he gives many instances in which the best judges have been mistaken, and then goes on to the letters themselves to prove, from internal evidence, that it was impossible for any daughter to have written them to her parents.

"I ask you now, Gentlemen of the Jury—for you are fathers—if a hundred of those comparers of handwriting came to you and said that one of these letters, which breathe all the impurity of vice—which remind me only of the basest and most degraded of men—that those words, which the most practised dramatist could only with difficulty invent, as characteristic of the corruption and wickedness of the human heart—if all the judges of handwriting in the world were to tell you that these were the composition of your daughter—of your child of sixteen years of age—brought up at your side—imbued with the strongest principles of virtue and religion, would you not say to them—No! it is impossible! No! you have lied! You would say it with the feelings of fathers—but you would say it with truth and justice."—(*Bravo, in the assemblage—some of the jury shed tears.*)—The orator reads some of the letters, remarking on them as he proceeds. The following is one of them, which we quote as a specimen of their general style:—"Well!—you scorn me, and laugh at my letters! but the catastrophe will show you that I am more to be dreaded than you suppose. I must summon all my hatred to be able to say to you, wretched father! I forced my way into your daughter's chamber—the noise of the crashing window-panes awaked her—she sprang from her bed—I seized her in my arms, and nearly strangled her with a napkin. In fear and terror she sank senseless to the ground. It was then that I satiated my revenge with her blood, and with her honour. When I had made her a thing to be despised and shuddered at, I left her, unnoticed as I had entered. Ha! what a night it was!—In three days hence I shall have left Saumur. When I reach Paris you shall hear of the wench's shame—here, she is still undetected. I dread the liking that these swine of Saumur have for you and my comrades, who have always treated me so ill."

The orator finds full sympathy with the audience when he maintains that this letter was never written by Mademoiselle de Morell.

"But the impossibility," he continues, "does not consist in this, that a child could not have written such words—there are circumstances in the letters which only the prisoner himself could

know. They speak of the revenge he will take for the insults of the father, and announce the duel before it took place. Did Marie know of these things? Did she know that De la Ronciere must leave Saumur; that his rôle on that stage was ended? Will it be maintained that the girl wounded herself with her own hand in order to support her accusation? Was she not in perfect health before the 24th September, and is she not now bowed down by a terrible disease? But all these—even the illness, was to be denied. In the instructions, at least, this doubt was started, but now we hear of it no more. In this most infamous defence it was intended to implicate the girl's parents themselves as her assistants in her deceit. Yes! that heart-broken father, bent down to the ground beneath the weight of misery—unnerved, and powerless—he planned it all, and was his daughter's guide—her father, who would have given his life to save the happiness and honour of his child—her mother, whose tears and sobs awakened so powerfully the feelings of this assembly! This line of defence was planned and consulted on—but now it has to be foregone. Such a defence may be thought of when people are alone. They may say to themselves, we will accuse the parents, and say the girl is *enceinte*; but in the presence of justice truth appears, and shows the infamy of having had recourse to such inventions. The feeling of shame is then stronger than the instinct of defence. To what calumnies will you now resort? what suspicions will you now excite? Oh! we find now that Marie has no accomplices; that she alone has conducted the whole plot. But it was not enough for her to commit this wickedness for its own sake; she must have some end in view. And therefore they accuse her of wishing to hide her disgrace by securing a husband at any price: and De la Ronciere is the man. But yet she does not prevent her father from turning him from the house, nor now does she keep back her family from the threshold of this court. Does she bring him to this bar that she may—marked and branded—cast herself into his arms as a wife? The plea of madness was now the only one that remained to them, but even this was speedily removed; in her lucid intervals the girl is rational and com-

posed. Yea more, by an extraordinary kind of compensation, she has then a double portion of intellect and strength. We saw her here in our presence, and were amazed at her firmness and the force and precision of her words. Look, on the other hand, at the accused: you see him hesitating, timid, conscience-struck. To escape from justice he confesses himself guilty, and this he now pretends was to spare his father's feelings. It was for no object of the kind, but to avoid the punishment that the letters in the hands of the king's advocate would bring down upon his head." Odillon Barrot now triumphantly refutes all the evidence brought forward for the defence, and winds up with the following peroration:—"Gentlemen, the unhappiest day of my life would be that in which I should contribute to the condemnation of the innocent. But in this case, I declare to you my conscience is at rest. No choice is left to me but to condemn either Marie de Morell or the accused. As a man—as a father—listening to evidence and the convictions of my judgment, I cannot hesitate. Gentlemen, my task is done. The issue now abides with you. France, perhaps the world, expects your decision with anxiety. This is not a mere interest of a family—a domestic story; this is a high lesson of morality. It rests with you to give a new security to the sacredness of private life, which has in this case been so fearfully assailed. Each period of history has its own characteristics. We know the peculiarities of the times of Louis the Fifteenth, of the Regency, of the Empire. The first concealed their grossness under a brilliant show—a deceptive glitter; the last directed all its passions to the pursuit of military fame. In our own time, there seems to have sprung up a sort of what may be called the poetry of crime: strong sensations are sought for at all hazards. The moral feelings are destroyed, and crimes are perpetrated for which experience has no name. In such a state of things, it devolves on human laws—of which you are here the representatives—to give to the Divine commands a firm support, and to society a startling lesson; to bear up the ark of justice amid the universal deluge, and offer new pledges of safety to the domestic hearth. This

unhappy child—this unhappy family—I speak no longer of their station or of their wealth—for now they are objects of compassion to the poorest and most abject—shall not leave these walls dishonoured, into which a regard for their honour has conducted them; or from henceforward it will be known, that there are crimes for which justice has no punishment, as time has no alleviation. Gentlemen, I know, I feel, you will do your duty."

The orator is saluted on resuming his seat with loud and repeated acclamations. The family De Morell gather round him, and thank him with tears in their eyes. The bar press close to him to congratulate him on his speech. His oration lasted four hours and a half. The president suspends the sitting. On resuming his seat, a paper-maker is introduced, who deposes that the paper of the anonymous letters and of Mademoiselle de Morell's letter is one and the same! (Sensation.) After some unimportant business, the court adjourns; and on the following morning greater crowds than ever force their way into the hall; and expectation has reached its highest pitch, when the president, bowing to the advocate of the accused, says—"M. Chaix d'Estance has the word." Immediately there is a dead silence, and the orator begins.

"When a miserable father came to me to ask me to undertake the defence, I was carried away by my prejudices, and used language of which I now bitterly repent. What! I said; undertake the defence of your son! No, for I feel that his conduct is indefensible. It was my earnest wish, I added indignantly, to have been selected for the prosecution. 'Twould be the happiest day of my life if I could bring vengeance on his head! Thus did I say—alas!—barbarous, unjustifiable words! But, after a little conversation, I perceived that I overstepped my duty in repelling a defendant without giving him an opportunity of being heard. Gentlemen, I have heard all, examined all, weighed all, and I *will* defend a man who is unjustly persecuted by a powerful family, and is in danger of being unjustly condemned by the force of prejudice."

He then invokes the jury to be dispassionate in their verdict, and he does not fear the result. He gives an account of the father of the accused,

Clement Comte de la Ronciere, whom he describes as a soldier of the old school—fixed—rigid—severe;—and exercising a baleful influence on the peculiar character of his son, by the harshness of his mode of treatment. The father was unbending—the son saturnine and shy.—Hence arose his first irregularities. The remarks against his name, in the regimental books, were these,—“This young man might be the first of all—but he is fickle and idle.” These continue the principal features of his character to the present hour, and come prominently forward in every part of the trial. The pleader then palliates his amours as youthful follies, and suddenly proceeds to the dinner at General de Morell’s to which De la Ronciere was invited. But that is not all, he says. At table on that day, De la Ronciere sat by the side of Mademoiselle de Morell—a fiend beside an angel! Was it by chance he held that enviable position? Such things do not go by chance in the instance of young girls of sixteen, especially in a garrison of which their father is in command. He proves that for several years the family De Morell had been tormented with anonymous letters, but formerly they were principally occupied with the affairs of Miss Allen, the English governess. He shows that De la Ronciere could have no personal interest in acting as he is now accused of doing; and that, as an officer of good family, he might have found less dangerous methods of annoyance than sending anonymous letters. Gentlemen, when, for eight months, this prosecution hung over him, and he was racking his brain to discover a motive for the proceeding, it is not unnatural that a thought occurred to him, “perhaps they wish to force me into a marriage.” It was a foolish thought, and instantly dismissed. No plot was required for such an object. The pleader then dwells on the impossibility of De la Ronciere having any accomplices, as he proves that he had not a franc in his possession. His supposed confederate, Samuel, is discovered, and dismissed from the house. He is in Paris, and Samuel follows him thither; and on the very day of his departure comes a letter, pointing him out as the accomplice, and naming five francs as his reward! After this, does he still find accomplices? he who bribes them

with so immense a sum, and then denounces them to the De Morells? And these letters, though dated from Paris, are all posted at Saumur! What then does De la Ronciere do? Does he deny the accusation? Oh, no—he writes a full confession of his confederacy with the chambermaid and the footman, and signs it with his name in full, with only an “s” for “c” in Ronciere. Is this likely? is it possible?

The pleader then adverts to his oral confession, and attributes it to the fickleness and frivolity of his character; he compares it to a confession extracted by torture.

“We come now, gentlemen, to this dreadful assault. Fearful threatenings had been held out to the family De Morell, and should have put them on their guard. And what did they do? Doubtless they redoubled their vigilance? Oh, no; Mademoiselle continued to occupy the upper story as before, with no one near her except her governess and her little brother. And De la Ronciere assaults her! For what end? for revenge? Revenge of what? Of the insults of which he himself was the author? Perhaps to revenge himself for being dismissed the house on the evening of the 21st. But *before* that time, letters had been received announcing the intended outrage. All these suppositions, therefore, fall to the ground, and there remains no conceivable motive for De la Ronciere to be guilty of the crime.”

He proceeds to dilate on the impossibility of the whole story, and the absence of proof. He mentions the difference between the evidence of the mother and of the physicians. The daughter says there are two wounds—the physicians discover but one scar—and the mother must have been instantly informed of the wounds, for they are mentioned in the anonymous letters;—and yet she never examines them! But does the illness really proceed from this assault? She bore up bravely—she went to a ball—she danced—the wounds were healed—and then, but not till then, this disease without a name takes possession of her! One of the physicians admits that it may proceed from the attack, or from some other cause. Who can have been the perpetrator of all this, if it was ever really done? It is impossible to divine. The accusation is

peremptory, and admits but one reply. There is no method of defence but a counter-accusation. It is a struggle for life or death on either side. If the prisoner is not convicted, the family is condemned!

He alludes now to the comparison of the handwriting, and argues against any conclusion against *Mademoiselle de Morell's* being the author of the letters, from the coarseness of the language in which they are written. A girl who writes anonymous letters, and disguises her hand, can also disguise her style. Cast but a glance on the character of this girl! See how firmly she entered this court—how calmly she related the incidents in the bed-room—she likes strong sensations—she is fond of the romantic and the wonderful, and these are but the outbreaks of what has now settled down into a disease. Gentlemen, one evening, some time ago, Mr Bryere, sub-intendant of Saumur, was passing the house of General de Morell about eleven o'clock. Madame de Morell beckoned to him to come in. He entered, and found her agitated. "I was playing," she said, "when a man, in a dark mantle, applauded my performance under my window. My daughter went up stairs to her room, and saw the man cast away his mantle and spring into the river. Some fishermen drew him out and laid him on the bank." M. Bryere endeavoured to calm Madame de Morell's agitation; but on the following day she sent for him again. He found her in greater perplexity than before. "My God!" she said, "I have this moment got an anonymous letter from the man who threw himself into the river! He says it is for my sake he did it, and that he is dying for love of me." And was all this true?—Had any man really thrown himself into the water? Enquiry was made in vain in all the small town of Saumur. No fisherman had dragged any body from the river. The story was fabricated by Marie de Morell, and disproved on all sides. This happened in Saumur.—Who was it that then destroyed the peace of Madame de Morell? Her daughter!—The diseased fancy that could see a man spring into the river, could conjure up still more extraordinary delusions."—(Sensation.)

The great advocate, De Berryer, now appears. With thundering voice

and magnificent action, which it is impossible to describe, he goes over the whole case, and closes with these words:—"I do not wish, gentlemen, to urge you to a verdict by passionate appeals—your path is clear before you. The *Le Ronciere* of Cayenne, the *Le Ronciere* returned to France, must be convicted. But permit me one observation. If Marie de Morell had in this struggle been unsuccessful, if you had condemned the girl of sixteen and acquitted De la Ronciere, then doubt not, that he, in the exultation of his guilty triumph, and all honourable men in the extremity of their disappointment, would have called to mind a sentence in one of the letters, 'of what use is it to love the good?'"

[Universal applause followed the conclusion, and it was announced that the verdict would be pronounced at the ensuing sitting.]

Chaix d'Estance, on the following day, rose to reply:—

"It is a proud position when an innocent man, whom all the world has forsaken, relies upon his counsel as a dying man relies upon his spiritual adviser. I send him reconciled to God, says the priest—and I send him reconciled to men, says the advocate.—(Applause from all parts of the assemblage—the president himself so moved that he does not check it for some time.)—And therefore I expose myself to the misconstruction of the prejudiced; but my voice shall be heard, and the innocence of my client shall be acknowledged. Gentlemen, ye who are about to pronounce your doom on a point involved in such impenetrable mystery, lay your hands upon your breasts! If you had seen, as I have seen, *Mademoiselle de Morell* in the crisis of her disease—if you had seen her beholding visions of men leaping into rivers, and writing anonymous letters with declarations of attachment to her mother—if you weigh all these matters well—then speak as your duty bids you, calmly—solemnly. For me, I am perfectly content. We expect life or death at your hands—I know you will give us life."

[There was a great murmur of approbation when the eloquent advocate sat down, and but one opinion of the extraordinary talent he had shown in the defence.]

The president sums up with great

clearness and impartiality, and at a quarter past four the Jury retire to their room. The court for many hours is a scene of the most lively emotion—parties discuss the points of the case, and anxious eyes are directed to the door through which the Jury must return. At last the bell rings at five minutes past eleven, and there is the deepest silence in a moment. The Jury come into court, and each anxious spectator endeavours to decipher their verdict from the expression of their faces. Several of them are evidently deeply affected. M. Malher, foreman of the Jury, reads in a clear and audible voice the following words:—

First question.—Is Emil Francis Guillaume Clement de la Ronciere guilty, in the year 1834, of a forcible assault on the person of Marie de Morell?

Answer.—Yes!—He is guilty by a majority of more than seven voices. (*Great agitation in the crowd.*)

Second question.—Is the said De la Ronciere guilty at the same time of having inflicted wounds on the person of the said Marie de Morell?

Answer.—Yes!—He is guilty by a majority of more than seven voices. (*Renewed agitation in the crowd.*)

Third question.—Are there any mitigating circumstances in the case of the said De la Ronciere?

Answer.—Yes: By a majority of more than seven voices.

At this point of the proceedings Chaix d'Estance was taken suddenly ill, and was assisted from the court. Samuel Gilleron and Julia Genier are acquitted, and immediately set at liberty. Immediately after this verdict is read, the family of De Morell leave the hall. General de la Ronciere is not present. The prisoner is brought in; he is pale, and seems exhausted. The verdict is read to him. De la Ronciere does not utter a word, and is again conducted out. In a quarter of an hour, he is brought in once more; and the President delivers the sentence, by which the accused is condemned to ten years' imprisonment and payment of all the costs. The civic guards form round him to lead him off. His head droops—he seems lifeless—no movement, no word escapes him. (*The clock strikes twelve.*)

Some extracts from the daily papers of the time will show the general

opinion that was entertained of the sentence. "An unfortunate young officer of nine-and-twenty," says one, "foolish, fickle, and inconsiderate, but against whose honour no imputation till this time lay, is punished for a crime of which there are no irrefragable proofs; and where all is mysterious, puzzling, and uncertain. The young man is condemned by the verdict of a jury, and is lost to society for ever. He moistens his miserable dungeon with tears, and broods over his melancholy condition. A father, surrounded with universal respect, sees his age, his white hairs, his life of fame annihilated. What cares the world for all this? The world loves only tears which it can laugh at; despair which it can mock; agony on which it can point an epigram or launch a witticism. With the same anxiety that it thronged to the sittings at the Assize Court, it will hurry to the next spectacle that invites its notice.

"The sentence pleases nobody," says another, "not that the public wished for a severer punishment, but that the decision is not in accordance with any reasoning on which a sentence of the kind should be founded. What can be meant by the extenuating circumstances? Can De la Ronciere be *half* guilty? One thing, at least, is certain, that the crime could not have been perpetrated without accomplices. But who can they be? The only one whose situation enabled him to be a confederate is acquitted.

"The origin of this solemn investigation, in which two families—who equally derive their importance from their connexion with the glory of France—are implicated, appears to have been little more than a garrison grudge. General de Morell, formerly colonel of the splendid dragoons of the Imperial Guard—proud of his services and his acknowledged high reputation, was characterised in all his proceedings at Saumur by a rigid severity, which often assumed the appearance of unnecessary harshness. Some of the young men felt this, and determined to worry the old martinet with false and provoking insinuations. This gave rise to the first anonymous letters. They discovered that there was only one point in which the general was vulnerable—in his affection for his daughter. The arrow

flew too truly. The general was subdued, and had to travel into Italy to recover from the shock. The dreadful trial recalled him to Paris. But the old man could give no evidence. His faculties had failed. To this father another was opposed—General de la Ronciere. He had entered the army, in the ranks, as many of the best born in France were then in the habit of doing—and in five years was colonel of his regiment. This rapid advancement he owed to his extraordinary zeal, and strict regard for discipline. When general of brigade, he was once left on the field for dead, and the enemy's lancers, in galloping by, stabbed him, as if for practice, in a hundred places. He was, however, cured of his wounds, though with the loss of an arm, and, as a curiosity, he preserved his uniform, so pierced and punctured that it appeared like a piece of Brussels lace. After this, the Emperor invited him to breakfast; "General," said Napoleon, "have you any favour to ask?" "Sire, the rank of a General of Division." "That is already yours—any thing else?" "Sire, a command on the frontiers." "I have something better for you. I name you commandant of the Cavalry School at St Germain."

He was not long in that situation when he heard that two of the pupils, of fifteen years of age, had had a quarrel, and that one had given the other a box on the ear. He summoned them to his presence—"Gentlemen," he said, "you hope one day to be officers; but you will be unworthy of the epaulettes unless you settle this affair with weapons in your hands. Take these pistols; place yourselves at fifteen paces, and advance a step each fire." At the eighth discharge, each of the combatants had a bullet in his body! In the year 1813, he was intrusted by the Emperor with

the formation and discipline of the fourteenth hussars. In two months after they had left his hands, in the most perfect state of organization, they disappeared for ever from the French army lists. They were destroyed root and branch in the fight of Bautzen.

It will now be easily perceived what course of education was pursued with young De la Ronciere. The reins were held too tight, and they snapped in the driver's hands. Too strict a training always fails of its object.—When the dreadful incidents at Saumur became known, the family of the De Morells rose up as one man.—Marie's honour was the most valuable of their possessions. De Berryer at first cautioned them against proceeding, on account of the enormous expense.—"Here are two millions," (£80,000,) exclaimed the grandfather. "I have sold my estates, and turned them all into gold to get justice for my grandchild." The fate of young De la Ronciere must be a hard one, whatever happens; for a friend of the De Morells sent a message to him demanding a meeting in case of his acquittal. "I can only give you the fourth turn," was the reply, "as I am engaged knee-deep already." The public was not pleased with the bitterness that occasionally broke forth upon the trial, and the first effort of Chaix d'Estange was rather coldly received. The second oration was splendidly eloquent, and restored him to public favour. It was thought, also, that Odillon Barrot and De Berryer made too much use of their personal influence to procure the decision of the Jury.—But in spite of all the eloquence and all the consideration bestowed on the whole process, it is still shrouded in mystery—a mystery, I must add, which, after a lapse of eight years, is now as great as ever.

THINGS OF THE DAY.

No. V.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

THIS extraordinary work is now on the point of completion ; and the boldness of the enterprize, the indefatigable labour with which it has been prosecuted, and the remarkable skill which has been exercised in bringing it to this point of unquestionable success, place it among the most remarkable scientific performances of the age. We know that any thing may be laughed at, and that the world is fond of laughing the most at the gravest things ; but we have no inclination to join in ridicule of a work which exhibits so singular a combination of the daring and the practical—of the lofty speculation and the profound science, both so characteristic of England, and so honourable to the national character. It is true that the chief engineer of this stupendous work is a Frenchman, but we see much less ground for national jealousy in his origin, than for national honour in his employment. England boasts, and justly, of her attracting the commerce of the world ; her still prouder boast should be, that of her attracting the talents of the world. A nation can give no higher evidence of its superiority, than its disregard of littlenesses of all kinds. The Roman never gave a clearer evidence of his being marked for the master of the world, than when he borrowed the arms of the conquered nations—when he adopted the lance of the Samnite, the shield of the Volscian, and the falchion of the Tarentine. We only wish that our adoptions were larger and more frequent, that we had the power of calling to our country the talents of every great sculptor, architect, and painter of Europe, and that we had thus nobly monopolized Thorwaldsen, Canova, and the builder of the Pantheon of Paris, and the still lovelier Madeline.

The Tunnel has now completely reached across the river—a distance of 1200 feet—and the projector and engineer had the gratification, a short time since, of being the first who walked from bank to bank, to the shaft on the London side. Those shafts on both sides of the river, which are intended

for foot passengers, are really grand things. They are a succession of staircases going round a vast circular excavation, between seventy and eighty feet deep, and when they shall be all lighted with gas, will be among the most extraordinary parts of the whole structure. Even now they strongly realize the poetic conception of the descent into the caverns of the Egyptian mysteries ; and the view of the interior, nearly a quarter of a mile in extent, lighted with a long succession of melancholy flames, would probably have suggested to a Greek the image of an entrance into Tartarus. But, in our day, the sublime is well exchanged for the practical, and this vast and formidable-looking cavern will be stripped of its poetic associations by the passage of carter's and waggons, bales of goods and herds of bullocks. Still it will be almost impossible to divest ourselves of the recollections really attaching to this work. We have before us altogether a *new* attempt to conquer nature—a great experiment to make rivers passable without boat or bridge—a new and capable contrivance for expediting the intercourse of mankind. The stone bridge is at all times the most expensive edifice in the world, and the bridge of boats is always liable to accidents, and almost certain to be broken up in every instance of a flood. Besides this, the fixed bridge blocks up the navigation of the river for all vessels beyond the size of a barge or a small steam-boat. The expense of the stone bridge also is enormous. Waterloo Bridge cost upwards of a million—London Bridge about as much more—Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges, which were built at a cheaper rate and in cheaper times, so constantly demand repairs that they probably have cost more than either of the modern ones ; but the Tunnel has the advantage of giving a passage from side to side of the Thames, where from the breadth of the river a stone bridge would have probably cost nearer two millions than one, and where no bridge could be thrown across without blocking up the most important part

of the Thames, that portion which may be called the great wet dock of London. Yet the expense of the whole has not amounted to more than £400,000; and even this is to be remembered as an expense greatly increased by the utter novelty of the experiment, by difficulties unforeseen in the commencement, by several interruptions of the river, by the dearness of workmen's wages, arising from the peculiar peril and singular nature of the labour connected with an undertaking carried on at all hours, and wholly by artificial light. All this, too, in constant hazard of an influx of the river, and the various difficulties belonging to working in a mine. The weight of a vast body of water above, acting alike during summer and winter, which at any moment might break in, and against whose incursions it was as necessary to fortify the outside of the tunnel as the interior, added greatly to the difficulties of the undertaking.

The original object of the tunnel was, to convey cattle, passengers, and general traffic from the rich counties on the Kent side to that great mercantile region of the metropolis—the London and East and West India Docks. How far this will be now effected, is a question which remains to be decided by experience. There can be no doubt that if the traffic be not impeded by the fear of passing under the river, it must be immense. The convenience of escaping the long circuit up to London Bridge, which, from the various obstructions in the streets, and the general difficulty of passing through the most crowded portion of the city, must now occupy many hours, would obviously direct the whole current of the traffic into the Tunnel. Hitherto, no expedient has been adopted to shorten the passage of the traffic; and the contrivance by which 1200 clear feet are substituted for at least three miles of the most encumbered thoroughfares imaginable, must be adopted as a matter of palpable advantage. Still there may be difficulties in the way which practice only can exhibit.—But any fear of the structure itself we should regard as altogether visionary. The building of the Tunnel seems as solid as a rock. During the whole period from its commencement, we

have not heard a single instance of its giving way, vast as the pressure was from above, and trying as were the damps, the ground springs, and the extreme difficulty of building under water. At this moment the roof is obviously as free from damp as the roof of St Paul's!—and unless an earthquake should burst it, the whole fabric seems much more likely to last than were it exposed to the diversities of temperature, the heats and frost, above ground. The especial advantage of the system of the Tunnel is, that it can be adopted in any part of the course of a river, and even in its widest part, (for few European rivers exceed the breadth of the Thames at Rotherhithe, unless where they spread into marshes or lakes,) and yet offer no impediment to the navigation.

But we regard it as having a still higher character; we consider it as a noble and essential adjunct to the railway system, and to have come exactly at the proper period for completing a system which is now spreading over Europe, which is obviously meant as a great instrument of civilization, and which without it must suffer a full stop at the banks of every great river. For we cannot look to any resource in the clumsy and always insecure contrivance of a bridge of boats or masonry, incurring great loss of time, requiring change of engines and carriages, with a hundred other disadvantages; while, by a tunnel, the whole train might sweep along wholly unobstructed, and be many a league on its course before a traveller could have crossed by the bridge. We shall thus probably see the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone passed below their beds, if the Governments of their countries shall have the funds or the common sense to follow up their present projects for the railroads. Our impression decidedly is, that the tunnel is essential as a part of the railway. England has a right to pride herself alike on the scientific intrepidity and the palpable value of the undertaking to mankind. Brunel has been knighted on the completion of his work. But his perseverance and talent deserve a more productive distinction. We hope that he will give us a history of this great, *new*, and decided triumph over nature.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

Of all the self-admiring performances ever given to the world, this is the most profoundly, profusely, and perpetually self-admiring. Immediately on the writer's publishing her first novel, she commenced a "Journal," which she professed to be a register of her own thoughts on all occasions. It should more properly have been called a register of all the panegyrics uttered by all the *prôneurs* of her day—of all the gossip that was ever lavished on a novelist and her novel—of all the twaddle of Bath—and all the silliness that variegated the colloquies of the Thrale dinner table. If the praises which the author of *Evelina* has here recorded were actually uttered, the last generation must have had an average silliness far beyond any thing that could have been conceived; for such intolerable trifling as seems to have formed the occupation of all classes above the mere labour of their hands—such prodigal nonsense on the subject of men and things—such staring and gazing at the writer of a mediocre romance—and such laboured inanity of occupation, mind, and life, is wholly unaccountable in any previous knowledge of the age. For that age produced Chatham, and his greater son; Holland, and his greater son; Burke, the unrivalled; and Johnson, whose humour remains humorous under all the changes of years, and whose vigour of mind has made all his paradoxes plausible, and all his graver opinions proverbial. The genius of England was never more conspicuous than at a time when all below it seems scarcely above the level of contempt. There is, undoubtedly, a change in the general mind since. In the last age there was evidently much more idleness—systematic, regular, orderly idleness—than now. The visits to Bath and other watering-places were made by all persons of tolerable income, as a matter of course; they resembled the regular recurrence of a country actor's round of the provincial theatres, or of a judge's circuit. After this habitual routine, the travellers returned to London, where their employment was to gossip on their summer travel,

and project new absurdities for the next season. Thus life rolled away, and by the help of *conversazziones*, (of all things the most insipid,) by an occasional attendance at Court, which filled up the month before with speculations on millinery, and the month after with sneers at character, and by an endless, washy circulation of correspondence on nothing, the fashionable world, and that minor world which clung to its spirits and imitated its follies, contrived to get rid of thought—forget the lapse of time—and bear the lumber of life—until gout in the gentleman and palsy in the ladies arrived, carrying off the surcharge of beaux and belles, and left their carriages, cushions, and maladies to a new generation of *Phillises* and *Philanders*—Lady Bettys and Lord Butterflies.

The Journal exhibits the most extraordinary avidity for praise that was ever blazoned upon paper. Authors are supposed to be gifted with a peculiar width of swallow and vigour of the digestive organs on such subjects; but Miss Fanny Burney was all swallow and all digestion. The rankest adulation goes down with her as easily as the most delicate approval; praise, so gross as to be satire to every ear but her own, is gulped down with the most palpable rapture; and even when she has some doubt, on first thought, whether she has not been laughed at, her second thought settles the question to her own comfort, and, like a Frenchman taking a kick for a compliment, she congratulates herself on the universal attentions of the world. Her indefatigable compilation of this favourite Journal is among the most curious parts of her practice. Every syllable breathed to her, whether direct or indirect, on the topic of herself, or her second self, her heroine, is instantly recorded in her pages. To see Miss Burney constantly running out of the room loaded with fresh reminiscences of conversational absurdity, like the bee returning to its cell with its legs encrusted with flower-dust, must have been a constant amusement to her associates—for every thing finds an instant place in her Journal. Yet, with an evident

consciousness of all this folly, she perpetually plays the little hypocrite, enters her small protest against believing a word of it, and while she is scribbling down every hint, insinuation, and whisper of praise, she solemnly avows to herself and the world that she does not care for an iota of it—that she hates, dreads, abhors it; and finishes by vows never more to have her blushes called up by this persecution of panegyric. She then commences a fresh page of reluctant rapture, and longs to abandon the infinite renown which lays her under the intolerable penalty of being the admiration of all mankind.

But the volumes are amusing—all actual displays of human character are amusing; and even this extravagance of egotism produces some amusement by its very extravagance. But the *Journal* alludes to some individuals whose names were among the great of their day, and whose memory lives in ours; and, trifling as are the traits which Miss Burney was capable of collecting, they give an interest to her volumes. The *Journal* commences characteristically with the glories of *Evelina*, and the conviction of the authoress that all the eyes of all the world were fastened on her.

“1778.

“This year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney. I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island. This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance *Evelina*, as a young lady's entrance into the world.”

This is, of course, meant for the general eye as burlesque, but every following paragraph of the volume shows that it was the sincere meaning of the writer. But we must leave the authoress, and come to what constitutes the true interest of the *Journal*, the few anecdotes of Johnson.

Burney and his daughter were invited to the Thrales'. “The journey to Streatham kept her in the fidgets,” as she tells us, “from fearing that they would expect a less awkward and

backward person than I was sure they would find.

“Mr Thrale's house is white, and very pleasantly situated in a fine paddock. Mrs Thrale was strolling about, and came to us as we got out of the chaise. ‘Ah!’ cried she, ‘I hear Dr Burney's voice; and you have brought your daughter—well now, you are good.’”

In the library her delicacy was put to the most formidable trial, for she met a gentleman who praised her *Evelina*. “I was actually confounded,” says she, “by the *attack*.” At dinner she was placed beside Johnson, whom she describes as suffering “almost perpetual convulsive movements of hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.” She gives an abstract of the conversation, but it was commonplace enough until an epilogue of Garrick's to *Boadicea* was mentioned, which Johnson unhesitatingly said was miserable. “And yet,” said Mr Seward, “it has been very much admired; but it is in praise of English valour, and so, I suppose, the subject made it popular.” “I don't know,” said Johnson, “any thing about the subject, for I could not read on until I came to it. I got through half-a-dozen lines, but I could observe no other subject than eternal dulness. I don't know what is the matter with David. I am afraid he is grown superannuated, for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable.” Mrs Thrale's remark on this shows considerable acuteness, and she is altogether the most interesting personage in the volumes. “Nothing is so fatiguing,” said she, “as the life of a wit. He and Wilkes are the two oldest men of their age I know; for they have both worn themselves out, by being eternally on the rack to give entertainment to others.”

“David, madam,” said Johnson, “looks much older than he is; for his face has had double the business of any other man's—it is never at rest; when he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to what he assumes the next. I don't believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the course of his life; and such an eternal, restless, fatiguing play of the muscles must certainly wear out a man's face before its real time.”

The name of Sir John Hawkins

happened to be started; and on Mrs Thrale's observing that Hawkins was one of those whom Johnson "would suffer nobody to abuse but himself, and that Garrick was also one of these,"

"Why, madam," was the characteristic reply, "they don't know when to abuse and when to praise him. I shall allow no man to speak ill of David that he does not deserve. And as to Sir John, why really I believe him to be an honest man at bottom. But, to be sure, he is *penurious*, and he is *mean*. And it must be owned he has a degree of *brutality* and a tendency to *savageness*, that cannot easily be defended."

All the party laughed at this style of "backing one's friends." Defence of this kind was certainly the reverse of protection; but Johnson a good deal strengthened his own case by a proof of Sir John's meanness. They once belonged to a club together, and as Hawkins ate no supper after the first night of his admission, he desired to be excused from paying his share. "And was he excused?" was the general enquiry. "Oh, yes!" said Johnson, "for no man is angry with another for being inferior to himself. We scorned him, and we admitted his plea. For my part, I was such a fool as to pay my share for wine, though I never tasted any. But Sir John was a most *unchubable* man."

In a week there was another Streatam dinner, and Johnson talked. He alluded to Mr Langton's children. "They might," said he, "be very good children, if they were let alone. But their father is never easy when he is not making them do something which they cannot do. They must repeat a fable, or a speech, or the Hebrew alphabet—and they may as well count twenty for what they know of the matter. However, the father says half, for he prompts every other word. But he could not have chosen a man who would have been less entertained by such means."

"I believe not," said Mrs Thrale. "Nothing is more ridiculous than parents cramming their children's nonsense down other people's throats. I keep mine as much out of the way as I can." Yet even Mrs Thrale could not escape.

"Yours madam," said he, "are in nobody's way. No children can be

better managed, or less troublesome. But *your fault* is a too great perverseness, in not allowing any body to give them any thing. Why should they not have a cherry or a gooseberry, as well as bigger children?"

"Because they are sure to return such gifts by wiping their hands upon the giver's gown or coat, and nothing makes children more offensive. People only make the offer to please the parents, and they wish the poor children at Jericho when they accept it."

"But, madam, it is a great deal more offensive to refuse them. Let those who make the offer look to their own gowns and coats; for when you interfere, they only wish *you* at Jericho." Of Langton, whose affairs were embarrassed, he said, in answer to Mrs Thrale's enquiry whether he was likely to retrieve them, "No, madam, he never will; he complains of the ill effects of habit, and rests contentedly upon a confessed indolence. He told his father himself that he had no turn for economy. A thief might as well plead that he had no turn for honesty."

At supper he grew unusually festive, and challenged Thrale (who, though a gourmand, was not a drinker) to join him in wine. "I wish my Master (so he usually called him) would say to me—Johnson, if you will oblige me, call for a bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till it is done. And after that I will say—Thrale, if you will oblige *me*, you will call for another bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass; and by the time we should have drunk the two bottles, we should be so happy and such good friends, that we should fly into each other's arms, and both together call for the third."

Johnson's character of the Thrales was one of the simplest, yet the most expressive of *social* panegyrics. Meeting Miss Burney in the library alone, he said of the family,—"These are as good people as you can be with. You can go to no better house. They are all *good nature*: *nothing makes them angry*."

A good deal of the Doctor's early London life was spent in literary struggles for existence—and poverty proverbially brings men acquainted with strange characters. One day, in thinking of Mrs Thrale as the wit-

tiest woman he knew—"And yet," said he, "I have known all the wits, from Mrs Montague down to Bet Flint." "Bet Flint," said Mrs Thrale, "and who was she?" "Oh, a fine character, madam. She was habitually a slut and a drunkard, and occasionally a thief." "And how came you to know her?"—Why, madam, she figured in the literary world too. Bet Flint wrote her own life, and called herself Cassandra, and it was in verse; it begins—

'When nature first ordain'd my birth,
A diminutive I was born on earth,
And then I came from a dark abode
Into a gay and gaudy world.'

So Bet brought me her verses to correct, but I gave her half-a-crown, and she liked it as well. Bet had a fine spirit; she advertised for a husband, but she had no success, for she told me no man *aspired to her*. Then she hired very handsome lodgings and a footboy, and she got a harpsichord; but Bet could not play; however, she put herself in fine attitudes, and drummed."

Mrs Thrale then asked the conclusion of Bet's history.

"Why, madam, she stole a quilt from the man of the house, and he had her taken up. But Bet Flint had a spirit not to be subdued. So, when she found herself obliged to go to jail, she ordered a sedan-chair, and bid her footboy go before her. However, the boy proved refractory; for he was ashamed, though his mistress was not."

"And did she ever get out of jail again, sir?"

"Yes, madam, when she came to her trial, the judge acquitted her. 'So now,' she said to me, 'the quilt is my own, and now I shall make a petticoat of it.'"

Then followed the history of another, who called herself Hortensia, and who walked up and down the Park repeating a book of Virgil. After this the Doctor gave an account of the famous Mrs Pinkethman. "And she," he said, "told me that she owed all her misfortunes to her wit; but she was so unhappy as to marry a man who thought himself also a wit—though, I believe, she gave him no implicit credit for it, but it occasioned much contradiction and ill-will." On Mrs Thrale's expressing surprise "how he could ever have known such people,"

and saying that she wondered he had never gone to see Mrs Rudd, (who was implicated in forgery with Mr Perreans—a case which made much noise at the time,)—"Why, madam, I believe I should," said the candid Doctor, "if it were not for the newspapers. But I am prevented from many frolics which I should like very well, since I am become such a theme for the papers."—He probably alluded to his having been roughly handled by Churchill, for his curiosity in the ridiculous affair of the Cock-lane Ghost.

The name of Mrs Charlotte Lennox, a voluminous novelist, and of some repute in her day, came on the tapis. She had waited on Johnson on her beginning to write, and requested him to take her to Richardson, which he did.

"Poor Charlotte Lennox," said he, "when we came to the house, she desired me to leave her; 'for,' says she, 'I am under great restraint in your presence; but if you leave me alone with Richardson, I'll give you a very good account of him.' However, I fear poor Charlotte was disappointed, for she gave me no account at all."

All this was sufficiently pleasant; but literary society, unless the choice happens to be peculiarly fortunate, is rather a hazardous thing. It brings one terribly into contact with solemn fools. One day they had a Mr Lort, a sort of learned pig, or bookworm, or living mummy; altogether *mal-apropos*, and making the most absurd blunders in manners, in the perfect unconsciousness, or rather from that self-conceit which thinks that the learned individual in question can do no wrong. In the course of the evening, this Mr Lort, who was a gatherer of manuscripts and absurd antiquities of all kinds, produced some MSS. of Chatterton, and among the rest some of his bitter verses against Johnson as a placeman and pensioner. "All which he read aloud, with a steady voice and unmoved countenance." All were astonished, but Johnson (probably to their still greater astonishment) only listened and laughed. At supper, this foolish Mr Lort suddenly said, "Pray, madam, have you heard any thing of a novel that runs about a good deal, called *Evelina*?" Now, Miss Burney's remark is natural enough. "What a ferment did this

question, before such a set, put me into!" No answer was given round the table. "It has," pursued the literary blockhead, "been recommended to me, but I have no great desire to see it, because it has such a foolish name. Yet I have heard a great deal of it, too." He then repeated "Evelina" in a very languishing and ridiculous tone. "My heart beat so quick against my stays," says the author, "that I almost panted with extreme agitation, from the dread of either hearing some horrible criticism or of being betrayed. And I *munched* my biscuit as if I had had not eaten for a fortnight."

Then follows an anecdote of the well-known Hannah More, savage enough on the part of the doctor, but a good rebuff for one of the most fussy women alive or dead.

When Hannah was introduced to Johnson, she began singing his praises in the warmest manner. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long habit of being praised had given him. She then redoubled her attack, and "peppered still more highly," until he turned suddenly on her, and with a stern and angry countenance said—"Madam, before you flatter a man so *grossly* to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth the having."

Mrs Montague was invited to dine at Thrale's, and the Doctor greatly enjoyed the idea of a literary conflict between the ladies. "Down with her, Burney; down with her; spare her not; spare her not; attack her; down with her at once. You are a rising wit, and she is at the top. And when I was beginning the world, and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits, and then every body loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; every body would like to see me conquered. But then, when I was new—to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my soul. So, at her, Burney; at her, and down with her."

All this is curious, but it is character, and can be perfectly understood from the course of Johnson's life; he had found himself thrown into the background by fortune, disregarded by society, and insulted by the preference given to men whose intellectual inferiority he must have despised.

This made him bitter, hostile to society, and glad of the opportunity of plucking the feathers from those jays, all whose plumage was stolen. And yet, on the whole, he was probably a happier man than if he had been thrown at an early period into the full current of fashionable praise. Aristocracy has its merits, but it is always contemptuous of men more humbly gifted with wealth; and the man of talents, who places his gratification in associating with persons of rank, must prepare to meet with humiliations. We do not say that those will be direct, for high life avoids all directness; but it will be impossible for him to doubt that he is received on a different footing from their "own order." A man of talents ought not to submit to such humiliations; he ought to disdain being received on the footing of any exhibition that he can make of himself. He ought to scorn invitations given on the ground of his singing his own songs, his grouping the names of all the company into rhymes, his story-telling, or his faculty of imitating the speeches of Fox, Pitt, or Canning. Yet we have known men of abilities invited as expressly for those displays as Van Amburgh to show his tigers, or the great northern conjurer for making the cards tell fortunes or drawing ribands out of his mouth. Our impression is, that men of real superiority of mind, yet who are neither among the rich nor the noble, should avoid the company of both; should scorn the intercourse which *never* takes place without lowering themselves; and instead of scattering their cards at the hall doors of persons of rank, would act a much manlier part by remaining within the circle of their own condition, and despising the superiority that consists only in accident. Johnson was always of this opinion. "Great lords," said he, "don't love clever men, for they don't like to be contradicted."

Mrs Montague at last came, but made no very decided conquest of any of the circle. She was a woman of large fortune and some slight talent; whose ambition it was to figure as a literary authority, which she never became, and to be regarded as a literary patroness, for which she had never exhibited the suitable liberality. Her authorship consisted in a common-

place and useless defence of Shakspeare from the absurdities of Voltaire's sarcasms; and her patronage of literature, in giving coffee in her handsome drawing-room to the principal authors and artists of the day, who wanted neither her patronage nor her coffee. She was flattered and laughed at. Her only actual merit consisted in giving an annual dinner to the Marylebone chimney-sweepers; an exhibition in which the expenditure of half-a-crown a piece acquired the fame of benevolence for the giver, and entitled the climbers of the Marylebone flues to be recognised among human beings once a-year.

She is described in these pages "as middle-sized, very thin, and looking infirm; with a sensible and penetrating countenance; and the air and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished, "and of great parts." Johnson told them, that a "Mrs Hervey, of his acquaintance, had said, that she remembered Mrs Montague *trying* for this air and manner."

The subject of "Evelina" was touched on. On which the writers say—"I began now a violent *nose-blowing* for the benefit of *handkerchiefing* my face." At length Mrs Thrale mentioned by whom the novel was written; this put the authoress into another of her affected trepidations, which produced the favourite hoydenish effect—"I fairly and abruptly *took to my heels*, and ran out of the room with the utmost trepidation, amid astonished exclamations from Mrs Montague and Miss Gregory. I was horribly disconcerted. These tremours, however, she says, "I must *gulp down*. I find them indeed somewhat *har of digestion*." On which she follows up the metaphor to the most fearless extent. "They must *make their own way* as well as they can."

Some conversation on match-making takes place, in which a Sir John Somebody, whose initials only are given, is proposed as a husband for the writer, whose share of the dialogue is thus elegantly expressed:—"F.B.—He, he; Ha, ha; He, he; Ha, ha." To some other remark she says—"If he had known Kitty Cooke, I could have called out, '*There I had you, my lud.*'" Of a Mr Swan she says, in the same style—"I believe he would as soon *bite off his own*

nose as hear of Evelina again." "Lady Ladd was quite a *strapper*."

But as the volumes advance her language improves. She was evidently of a quick and intelligent nature, capable of enjoying the advantages of good company; and the general ability of the conversation at Streatham, the good manners of the company with whom she now associated in Bath and London, produced their natural effect. Johnson in the course of those recitals appears generally in a favourable point of view; his roughness was always considerably subdued in the society of females; he seems to have had something more than friendship for Mrs Thrale, which, however, he was too rational and high-minded to avow, and he was interested for Miss Burney, as the daughter of an old and lively acquaintance.

A book, by a Mr Huddisford, in which the writer of *Evelina* was mentioned, had given an opportunity for the display of that affected horror of publicity, which offends common sense in all the earlier portions of the work. She was shocked by the epithet of "little Burney," and the Doctor undertook good-naturedly to reconcile her to the world once more. He came up to her and said, in a low voice—"Well, my dear, and how are you now? have you done fretting? have you got over your troubles?" Then came the lady's explanation.

"Why, sir, they say, the pamphlet was written by a Mr Huddisford. Now I never saw, never heard of him before, how therefore could he know whether I am little or tall. He could not call me little by inspiration; I might be a Patagonian for any thing he could tell."

Johnston could not endure this nonsense, and he was very near giving her a pat of that bear's paw which he so often laid heavy on fools.

"Pho! fiddle-faddle!—do you suppose your book is so much talked of and not yourself? Do you think your readers will not ask questions, and inform themselves whether you are short or tall, young or old? Why should you put it on me?" Of course "little Burney" had done no such thing; but was delighted at every enquiry, let it be of what kind it might. They then went into the library, where the Doctor gives her more of his wis-

dom. Mrs Thrale had joined them ; and happening to say that Mrs Montague had pronounced the " Dedication " to Evelina to be so well written that she supposed it to be the Doctor's, " little Burney " made the *mal-apropos* remark, " She is very kind, because she likes one part better than another, to take it from *me*." Johnson, without taking the trouble to notice this petty petulance, observed :

" You must not mind that ; for such things are always said where books are successful. There are three distinct kinds of judges upon all new authors or productions. The first are those who know no rules, but pronounce entirely from their natural taste and feelings ; the second are those who know and judge by rules ; the third are those who know, but are above the rules. These last are those whom you should wish to satisfy. Next to them rate the natural judges ; but ever despise those opinions which are formed by the rules."

There are some capital scenes scattered through the volumes. One deserves record for its personages. Miss Burney had been invited to an evening party in Hertford Street, at the house of Mrs Cholmondeley, a woman of fortune, and probably a prodigious *blue*. On entering the room, the first person whom she saw was the celebrated Mrs Sheridan—one of the most beautiful and most singularly-gifted beings that England produced during the last century. " The elegance of Mrs Sheridan's beauty is unequalled by any I ever saw, except Mrs Crewe's," was Miss Burney's verdict ; and this was a judicious remark, for elegance was the express character of her beauty. But she had the superior qualities of extreme elegance of taste, brilliant conversation, and one of the most touching and delicious voices that ever was heard in public. She was the daughter of Linley, a musical teacher in Bath, and as such had begun her career as a public singer, and attained immediate popularity. Sheridan, whose family then resided in Bath, fell in love with this enchantress, and persuaded her to elope with him. A long course of adventure followed, in which Sheridan displayed every quality but prudence ; but at the period alluded to in the dialogue he was still

young, with the highest reputation as a dramatist, and with life all sunshine before him and his very lovely wife. How deeply this sunshine was obscured to both, it is even now almost painful to say. But Sheridan, with the finest faculties and with the finest opportunities, threw all away ; and after a long life of desperate struggles, more against himself than against fortune, perished, a bankrupt and a forlorn man. Mrs Sheridan died long before, exhausted in mind and body, melancholy and miserable.

The description of the evening is lively. " Mrs Cholmondeley sat next me. She is determined, I believe, to make me like her, and she will, I believe, have full success ; for she is very clever, very entertaining, and very much unlike any body else." The first subject started was the opera ; and all joined in the praise of *Pacchierotti*. Mrs Sheridan declared she could not hear him without tears, and that he was the first Italian singer who had ever so affected her. Sheridan arrived ; he is described as a man of striking countenance, though not handsome, and even of elegant appearance. Tall, and very upright, his appearance and address at once manly and fashionable, without the smallest tincture of foppery or modish graces. " In short, I like him vastly, and think him every way worthy his beautiful companion. By all that I could observe in the course of the evening, and we stayed very late, they are extremely happy in each other : he evidently adores her, and she as evidently idolizes him. The world has by no means done him justice."

Poor Sheridan ! the world was willing enough to do him justice, and a great deal more. His manners, talents, and even his vices, were exactly of the order which the world loves. He was, of all the men of his day, the most gifted by nature with variety of extraordinary powers. But he threw them all away, and, after a life of as restless and fruitless anxiety as ever wore out the spirit of man, perished deserted, unhappy, and undone. He had but one want, but that was a formidable one—he wanted dignity of mind. Nothing could teach him the value of principle. Ascending from the humble condition of the son of a travelling lecturer—for to this the

elder Sheridan had ultimately fallen—he suddenly rose into the most showy circles of professional, public, and aristocratic life; was the first dramatist and the first wit of a period distinguished for stage authorship and social animation; suddenly appeared the first orator of Parliament, in a time which boasted of the memorable names of Pitt, Fox, and Burke; and gave the promise of raising British eloquence to the noblest heights of Greece and Rome. I am perfectly aware that all this has been doubted; that he has left but little behind him; and that Sheridan's suppression of the Hastings' Speeches apparently justifies the common idea, that they were merely things of the time—gaudy flourishes, the tinsel vesture of a temporary and overworked imagination. But the speeches which excited the wonder which we know those singular displays to have excited—which first held Parliament, and then the whole assembled legislature, in astonishment for hours together—which were not merely endured, but admired by such men as Burke, Pitt, and the whole crowd of taste and talent who had been taught eloquence by those illustrious masters, and taught fastidiousness by the habit of witnessing excellence, cannot have been tinsel or temporary. We know that the House was in a tumult of applause; that every man without doors was quoting fragments of those great performances for months together; that all the journals of the time were labouring to collect hints, figures, maxims, the strong rebukes and brilliant appeals of those magnificent orations. And are we not entitled to ask, could this effect have been produced without something that was worthy of admiration—something that deserved to be recorded as one of the great memorials of intellectual power—something that ought to have been preserved and commemorated as the orations of antiquity are preserved, in evidence and illustration of the intellectual rank of the national genius? That Sheridan never published those Speeches is to be as much regretted as if the Parthenon had been swept away in the days of its first splendour, and before it could have given the architects of the future ages the rules of the bold and the beautiful in their noble science. That Sheridan's omission to publish them arose first

from the various dissipations of a life of fashion, next from the various vexations which so soon began to sow his path with thorns, cannot be doubted. No man earlier felt the vanity of human life, or discovered the wretchedness of attempting, without fortune, to sustain himself in a rank with the wealthy of the world. In a few years he was utterly ruined; and literature, eloquence, and wit, gradually passed away from a mind perplexed with humiliating expedients to sustain existence. Still we must judge of his public ability by its public effect. The eloquence which won the universal admiration of a time of remarkable ability, must have been true eloquence. What orator since has produced an equal impression? What distinguished effort of any parliamentary speaker has ever attained the same distinctions? To what speech of any man of his time did the head of the Ministry, the head of the Opposition, and the head of the political writers of England or the world—Pitt, Fox, and Burke—offer the same emulous panegyric? These are *proofs*, evidences to which we have never heard an answer, and to which we never expect to hear one.

The civilities of the Thrales continued unwearied for years. They constantly had Miss Burney on visits at Streatham; they took her with them to Brighton, Bath, every where, and thus gave her opportunities of seeing all the persons most talked of in their time. But all this intercourse only confirms the opinion which we have long entertained, that literature is in its nature a delicate and retiring thing, and that when it is brought forward as an "object" of society, it actually loses its true rank and becomes ridiculous. "Literary conversation" almost always degenerates into twaddle. The *bas-bleu* race are always triflers. Nothing can be more trying to human patience than to fall into the midst of a coterie who have no other topic than "the last new poem," and nothing more silly exists on earth than the waste of time that results from attempting to give a literary tone to the age or to the hour. The well-known Lady Miller of Bath was one of the well-meaning victims of this absurdity. She was a woman of fortune, living in a handsome house, and eager to acquire the reputation of

being a patroness of poetic taste. She collected round her a crowd of the idlers who were and are to be found, from generation to generation, in the idleness of a huge watering-place; gave parties to poetasters, and offered prizes for poems, which were to be secretly slipped into an antique vase in her Bath-Easton villa, from which vase no poem worth the ink that wrote it was ever extracted. The intention was good, but the performance covered the hospitable hostess with burlesque. The "vase at Bath-Easton" naturally became the watchword for popular laughter, and the fact of obtaining a prize in this paradise of namby-pamby was enough to extinguish a reputation for life.

Miss Burney was introduced to her ladyship by Mrs Thrale. "Up I jumped," says Fanny; and, after a few words of course, the ladies returned to their seats. "Do you know," she writes, "that notwithstanding Bath-Easton is so much laughed at in London, nothing here is more *tonish* than to visit Lady Miller, who is extremely curious in her company, admitting few people who are not of rank or *fame*." However, the patroness did not ultimately fascinate the patronized. "After all this, it is hardly fair to tell you what I think of her. Well then, Lady Miller is a round, plump, coarse-looking dame of about forty; and while all her aim is to appear an elegant woman of fashion, all her success is to seem an ordinary woman in very common life, with fine clothes on; her manners are bustling, her air is mock-important, and her manners very inelegant." All this has the look of caricature. But it is now beyond explanation whether the pencil was not dipt in a little personal consciousness of slight, from the lady whose acquaintance was "*so tonish*." At all events, it affords a valuable moral to those who, having handsome houses, dedicate them to "*conversazziones*," in the hope of being "*beloved*" by the sons or daughters of Parnassus. The honey-bee might as wisely give a general invitation to the wasps.

The third volume is by much the most interesting, from its topics; for it exhibits Miss Burney employed in attendance on Queen Charlotte; and thus gives us an unusually clear in-

sight into what all the world are longing to know, and what appears to be (or, at least, *to have been*) the most dreary life in the world. In 1786 this species of service, which she soon pronounces a servitude, began. Her journal certainly exhibits the king, queen, and the whole of the family in a very amiable light. They treated her with much good-nature, and their domestic life seems to have been remarkably gentle, pure, and amiable. But the "nature" of the life was not to be cured of its ills by the casual character of royalty. Undoubtedly, a stern master and mistress might have greatly embittered her situation; but its monotony, its minute etiquette, the fear of saying too much or too little, or often of saying anything at all—the life of watchfulness lest offence be unconsciously given, the fear lest it should be suddenly taken, constitute altogether as painful a scene of dependency as any imagination could furnish; and yet a dependency which seems necessary to the connexion between the household and the sovereign. The first official employment of the young authoress (who had been honoured with royal favour for her authorship alone) was to mix the queen's snuff, and keep her box always replenished! She soon, however, had weightier matters to awake her to a sense of household honours. For the benefit of those who are ambitious, we give a sketch of this young lady's day—

"I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning-gown and cap, and wait my first summons, which is, at all times, between seven and eight. * * * The queen's dress is finished by Mrs Thielky and myself. No maid (servant) ever enters the room while the queen is in it. Mrs Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. * * * It is fortunate for me that I have not the handing them. I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neck-handkerchief."

Pleasant embarrassment this for a woman of ability, fêted and flattered by the world, and accustomed to live without the labour of her hands. "By eight o'clock the queen, for she is extremely expeditious, is dressed." They then go generally to the King's

Chapel. Some hours are then her own, a part of which, however, are necessarily devoted to thinking of preparing dresses for the frequent court days. About noon, the toilette began again. "These times mentioned call me to the irksome and quick-returning labours of the toilette. Mrs Schwellenburg then constantly attends, so do I. Mrs Thielky at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things; and then the hairdresser is admitted. She generally reads the newspapers during that operation. When she observes that I have *run to her not half dressed*, she constantly gives us leave to return and finish, as soon as she is seated." The Queen's conduct seems at all times to have been considerate. These memoranda also place the character of the Princess-Royal in a very pleasing point of view. They represent her as a superior kind of woman,—gentle in her manners—very obliging and very condescending. This was contrary to the received opinion, for she was generally spoken of as the haughtiest of the family. But Miss Burney's evidence is conclusive, and, late as it is, justice is done to her memory. She proceeds, "It is commonly three o'clock when I am thus set at large; and I have then two hours quite at my own disposal; but, in the natural course of things, *not a moment after*." At five she dined with Mrs Schwellenburg, whom she describes as an intolerable old woman, uniting the vulgarity of the menial with the insolence of the upstart. She treated the poor authoress as a mere dependent, and ultimately produced a great deal of the misery of her situation.—After "terracing" as she calls it—and sitting with this formidable old German woman, the "little supper" appeared to complete this day of tediousness and formality. She is summoned again, between eleven and twelve, to attend the Queen. This attendance lasts from twenty minutes to half an hour, and thus the day ends, to begin again in six hours after. Such a life would be enough to wear away the soul; it would make a rational being envy the parish pump. "Evelina" was heartsick of it, and calls herself a "nun." But the royal family were not more fortunate. George III. was one of the most estimable of

men, not without intellect, and even fond of the more practical parts of science; but the narrative of his resources for society at Windsor is absolutely distressing. His chief expedient for passing his evenings seems to have been a succession of visits to a superannuated, sickly, but most loyal woman, a Mrs Delany, whose residence was in Windsor, and whose gentleness of manners, and habit of perpetual sorrow for something or for nothing, conciliated the sympathy of the royal family. Mrs Delany was a perfect Niobe, and her eternal melancholy, her wearisome resignation, and her indefatigable worship of their Majesties, and every thing that had touched the spirits of majesty, render the narrative insufferable. But here the king paid constant evening visits, and here the queen followed him, and here the princesses followed the queen. All driven by sympathy, and *ennui*; and yet in this crowded little room no one dared to *sit down* from hour to hour, while their majesties were present; for this was etiquette. The princesses *never* spoke to their father or mother, unless they were first spoken to. This, too, was etiquette; and all human beings were obliged, in that day of long trains and high-heeled shoes, to learn the art of walking backwards; and make their retreat without seeing where this retrograde manœuvre was carrying them. And this, too, was etiquette. There can be no doubt that all this was as irksome to the king and queen, as it was vexatious to the feelings and hazardous to the limbs of their Majesty's loyal and backsliding subjects. "Poor little Burney complains" of it in all ways—ludicrously, lackadaisically, and in sober seriousness; but the formality of this dismal life made such a contrast to all that she had hitherto enjoyed, as to half kill her. She speaks at last in the tone of an anchorite, or a nun between four walls. "Hopes that she may be able to reconcile herself to her *fate*; thinks that *destiny* is *not* to be counteracted; resolves to *bear all things*," rather than disappoint the view which induced her father to place her in the household; and utters sentiments worthy of a monk of La Trappe, spade in hand, digging his own grave. It is to be hoped that

all this has changed long since. But the volumes are a standing memorial, and they thus become, like other standing memorials, a warning of the way which ambitious young ladies have taken, and will take, towards making themselves very wretched; and to the unambitious, a great reconciler to the comforts, the pleasantness, and the freedom of a life that never sees grandeur but in the newspapers.

The life of the equerry does not seem to have been much more amusing. Colonel Goldsworthy, a man of fortune, and in the actual command of a regiment of dragoons, was one of those gentlemen; and though evidently fond of detailing his sorrows, and stating them with a humorous sadness, yet if the facts be so, his honours were not to be envied. He tells Miss Burney that his only resource in his office is his relaxation of the tea-table in hers and Madame Schwellenburg's apartment. "All the comfort of my life, in this house, is one half hour a-day spent in this room; after all one's labours, riding and walking, standing and bowing, what a life it is! Well, it's honour, that's one comfort. One has the honour to stand until one has not a foot left, and to ride till one's stiff, and to walk till one is ready to drop, and then one makes one's lowest bow, and blesses one's-self for the honour. Wait," said he to her—"but it is hardly fair to ask you, because you know almost nothing of the joys of this sort of life—but wait till November or December, and then you'll get a pretty taste of them. Running along in those cold passages; then bursting into rooms fit to bake you; then back again into all those agreeable puffs. I promise you, you'll get knocked up in three days—take my word for that." Among other advices, he begged of her not to attend

the early prayers in winter. "Don't go to early prayers in November; if you do, that will completely kill you. Joking apart, let me have the honour just to advise against this one thing, or else it's all over with you." He then describes the sufferings of the royal family.

"When the princesses, used to it as they are, get regularly knocked up before the business is over, off they drop, one by one:—first, the queen deserts us; then princess Elizabeth is done for; then the princess-royal begins coughing; then princess Augusta gets the snuffles; and all the poor attendants, my poor sister at their head, drop off, one after another, like so many snuffs of candles; till at last, dwindle, dwindle, not a soul goes to the chapel, but the king, the parson, and myself; and there we three freeze it out together." And this weariness of soul evidently pervaded the whole household. The queen complained that she could not get any body to converse with her; "she liked conversation," she said, "but all that she got from any one, was—yes and no."

We had a still more expressive sketch from a chaplain of the household, with the extraordinary name of "Turbulent;" a name which his manners might have well deserved, but who was a shrewd observer, and in the present instance spoke gravely. "You have now," said he, "seen nearly the whole of every thing that will come before you. In a very short time you will have passed six months here, and then you will know your life for as many, and twice, and thrice as many years. You will have seen every body and every thing; and the same round will still be the same, year after year, without intermission or alteration." So much for the raptures of ladies of the bed-chamber.

THE RAILWAY.

The single question on this subject is—how are accidents to be avoided? There is no doubt of the vast power of the invention; of its completeness for strength and speed; of its giving an altogether new facility of transit to man; of its most marvellously increasing the facilities of human intercourse; and of its thus answering all the general purposes for which it was

designed, but one—and that is safety. That one is therefore the great object to which the attention of science should be turned, and the liberality of Governments directed. There is some advantage in being aware of the single point to which the general mind should be directed, in the instance of any great invention. And henceforth it is plain, that if research and rewards

ought to be applied to the operation of any machine, they ought to be to the simple object of giving complete security to the passengers by the railway.

The accident on the Versailles railway has been terrible—perhaps the most terrible which has occurred since the first use of the invention; but it is not a more formidable one than from the nature of the machine might have happened on any day since it first ran; and the true wonder is, that such accidents have not happened in every country where it has been employed. In the present condition of the machine, the slightest derangement is sufficient to produce wide-spread ruin. The breaking of a single axle produced the French catastrophe; the breaking of a single crank might have done it; the snapping of a chain has done similar mischief; the slightest awkwardness on the part of the engineer might do it, and this to the extent of destroying the passengers of the whole train. The Versailles accident has struck terror into Paris, and must, for a considerable time, greatly impair the popularity of the conveyance; but it will still be used, and will, of course, still be liable to the same calamity, unless some important change takes place in its management. The account in the *Moniteur* is official, and gives the outline which the government desires to be received. It is in substance this:—The train of the *rive gauche*—for there is one also on the right bank of the Seine—which left Versailles at half-past five in the afternoon for Paris, consisted of eighteen carriages, two open, three diligences, and thirteen carriages of the second class. It was drawn by two engines. On its approaching Bellevue, about three miles from Paris, the axle of the first engine broke, and the wheels becoming detached, the engine got off the rails, and, plunging across the road, it was thrown down by the shock of the second engine, which ran over it, and was pulled forward by two of the close carriages, two open carriages and a diligence, which bounded over the wreck of the others, and formed a pile. The shock broke up those carriages at the instant, and most of the passengers were killed or wounded. But even this, fearful as it was, was not the worst. The fire of the broken engines fell on the road, and ignited the fragments of the carriages—the

whole was soon in a blaze. The surviving passengers now attempted to make their escape, and some were dragged out of the windows, but the rest were chiefly consumed to ashes. The pile of broken carriages was at least thirty feet high, and this burning so fiercely as to be scarcely approachable.

Every day, for a considerable time after, furnished some melancholy details in the French papers. The number in the whole train was about one thousand. The fête had collected a great number of people at Versailles to see the fountains in the palace gardens play; and, as the passengers were so numerous, a second tender had been fixed on. As the train approached Bellevue, it was remarked that it moved with extraordinary speed, and in another moment came the general shock. Only those in the first five carriages were hurt; the other carriages, though feeling the shock to some degree, suffered no injury. Every thing that could be done, by medical aid and public liberality, was actively employed; and the king signalized his humanity by the interest which he took in the case of the unfortunate sufferers. A report was made by the government engineers to the Academy of Sciences, which stated, that the calamity was the “result of gross faults easy to have been avoided. The first being the employment of four-wheeled engines instead of those having six; and the second, the having two locomotives for a single train.” Adding, that from the obviousness of such errors, the occurrence was no argument against the merits of railway travelling. In the discussion which followed, strong remarks were made on the locking of the carriage doors, by which escape was prevented, and also on the want of some means to separate the locomotive from the train, when the axle broke.

The numbers destroyed or mutilated are not yet ascertained. The government paper states them at the smallest number, forty-three killed and fifty wounded. Other accounts nearly double this number, frightful as it is; and the nature of the event palpably puts it beyond any exact calculation. Many persons certainly were in the carriages of whom not a remnant has been found; in some instances a whole family have disappear-

ed. Many of the passengers were strangers, for whom no enquiry has been made, and who, in such a city as Paris, could not be missed. The people in the neighbourhood have been since employed in lifting the dust of the road and the ashes of the carriages, and have found fragments of jewellery, watches, and snuff-boxes, by some of which alone the deaths of the owners have been ascertained. Admiral D'Urville, a distinguished French navigator, and some members of the Chamber of Deputies, are the only public persons yet ascertained to be lost—the holiday people of Paris being, as elsewhere, among the humbler orders. It is observable in this instance, as in many others, that the injury was done in the carriages nearest the engine, while, out of the whole eighteen, thirteen altogether escaped. In some instances in England, it is true that the injury has been sustained by the carriages at the other end of the train; but this was always from the rapid succession of another train. It seems therefore probable, that if a pair of large trucks with wool-packs, or any other substance at once light and resisting, were placed between the train and the locomotive, the shock would be comparatively trivial. The power of separating the train instantaneously from the engine would also be of evident value. But the grand difficulty is the speed; while it continues from five-and-twenty to forty, or even fifty miles an hour, it must be dangerous—for the slightest failure in any part of the machinery must be ruin. But the speed is the favourite object; and to spin over a country in an hour which in other ways of conveyance would occupy half a day, is the delight of the multitude. Against this feeling there is no use in attempting to argue. It is the feeling of the idler of fortune, to whom hours and weeks are the same, as much as of the man of business, to whom time is money. Engineers are already boasting of inventions which are to make a mile a minute a tardy pace, and are to sweep us from London to the Land's End between breakfast and dinner. The railway is even becoming a popular pastime here; and it was but the other day that a large party went by the railroad to Southampton, and, after making a journey of seventy-eight miles in time for lun-

cheon, were received on board a steam-boat for an excursion round the Isle of Wight, and after above a hundred miles of naval discovery on the shore of that unknown region, were carried up to London again, and placed within the circuit of the city at ten o'clock, after a day of great amusement, in which they had traversed, or rather flown, 300 miles. Temptations of this order are irresistible. The French Government seems to be in earnest at last in its adoption of the railroad system. Seven vast lines of conveyance are to be opened from Paris to all points of the compass.—

1. To Belgium, through Lisle and Valenciennes.
2. To Germany, through Strasburg.
3. To the Mediterranean, through Lyons, Marseilles, and Cette.
4. To the ocean, by Naples.
5. To Spain, through Bordeaux and Bayonne.
6. To the centre of France, through Vierzon.
7. To England, with a terminus yet unsettled.

Besides two interior railroads from the Mediterranean to the Rhine, through Lyons, Dijon, and Melhouse. And from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, through Cette, Toulouse, and Bordeaux.

Of all these roads, the most productive because the most frequented, in every sense the most important, will be that between Paris and England. The point of communication should so obviously be Calais, that it is only surprising that there should be a moment's doubt on the subject. The shortest distance by sea should, in every instance, decide the choice of a terminus between a continent and an island. Space of land has become scarcely a consideration. For what is the difference between twenty miles and ten on a railroad? But we have not arrived at that power of annihilating space by sea, and there is, at present, no probability of our exceeding twelve, or perhaps fourteen miles an hour.—Thus the time saved by having the terminus at Boulogne instead of Calais might be five minutes, but the time lost by the longer sea passage is now an hour, and may occasionally be much more. Nature, which has fixed Calais at within fifteen miles of Dover, has done her part in settling the question already. If this railroad were completed, it would be perfectly possible to reach Paris from London

between breakfast and supper; the journey, in fact, at the common rate

of thirty miles an hour, might be made within a much shorter interval.

HAMBURG.

The destruction of a large portion of this old city has called forth a general spirit of contribution, and the King of Prussia, in a feeling and graceful address to his subjects, has recommended the distress of the people to the clergy and their congregations, and has already, personally, sent a large sum for their relief. The King of Hanover, an honest and kind-hearted man, accustomed to the charitable energies of England, has contributed largely. The King of Denmark, the Duke of Mecklenburg, and other leading personages of Germany, have given assistance; and the subscription in London has already reached about L.20,000, of which more than half has been already dispatched in dollars for the immediate relief of the sufferers. The details of the fire are not yet exactly ascertainable. There is some doubts of the nature of its origin, and even of the nature of its losses. The extent of the injury, however, has been much exaggerated; and the millions of pounds sterling, which were said to have been consumed, would more properly have been stated as *florins*; unless the expense of rebuilding were to be included, which, for the material of about 1500 houses, must entail a heavy outlay.

The fire was first discovered about nine o'clock in the morning of Ascension Day. For four hours it was nearly disregarded, and continued burning down the houses of the dirty and crowded quarter in which it began. The district surrounding the Stein Tweite, where it commenced in the house of a Jew, a maker of cigars, consists chiefly of wretched wooden houses, some of them lofty, and spreading over a considerable extent; and all probably in a state of disrepair and decay, and filled with every filth of a squalid part of a squalid population. A large spirit-warehouse, which was in the midst of this inflammable quarter, soon took fire, and the flames suddenly spreading over the whole district, a large one, for it cannot cover less than thirty or forty acres, became wholly irrestrainable. The east wind, which had blown partially for some time, now began to come in violent

gusts, carrying burning fragments high in the air, and thus extending the conflagration. As an instance of the effect thus produced, the Nicolai Church was set on fire by a fragment falling on the roof of the steeple, which was 200 feet from the ground. The whole edifice was soon in flames, and as its ruin was seen to be inevitable, and there was but little risk of human life, it became an object of general curiosity. The fire raging within gradually heated the copper covering of the spire until it actually glowed. Then the copper began to burst, and the flames darted out in all directions; at length the beams being all burnt, the whole upper portion of the steeple began to bend, and after wavering for a while, it plunged down upon the roof of this great church, which was immediately one huge body of flames; also involving, unfortunately, a vast quantity of furniture, which had been just placed there for safety.

The senate, or governing body of Hamburg, had assembled at an early hour, and as every effort had been found unavailing to stop the conflagration, they sent for Messrs Thompson and Lindley, the engineers of the railway, and appointed them to direct their firemen. They adopted the plan of abandoning the burning district, and endeavouring to save the yet untouched portions of the city. But for this purpose their only resource was to blow up the lines of houses between those districts. The explosion immediately took place, and all that was saved may have owed its safety to this bold advice. But the rabble, always savage, took this opportunity of showing the brutal jealousy with which the foreigner looks upon the Englishman. At the moment when the English engineers with their men, the English residents, and even the crews of the English merchant ships in the Elbe, were making the most active efforts (and the only effectual ones in the end) to extinguish the flames, there was a general outcry against them, as continuing the conflagration, as setting houses on fire, and having been found with matches in their pockets, &c. That the native vagabonds and thieves of Hamburg may have done all this

for the sake of robbing with impunity, is perfectly probable, and that they might have found it convenient to charge the English with doing what they themselves were busy in doing at the moment, is only what might be expected from such villains. But the readiness with which this most improbable and infamous cry was adopted by the people, very much cools our sympathy for their sufferings; and if the Senate shall not make an example of every ruffian who was heard propagating this lie, and still more joining in the personal ill-usage of our countrymen, not a shilling more ought to be sent from this country to either senate or people. It ought to have been the first duty of our minister, Colonel Hodges, to demand a strict investigation on the subject, and after having thus shown the iniquity of the clamour, to have demanded the condign punishment of every propagator of a report which might have ended in extensive bloodshed. This remains for him to do, and, if he regards himself as a proper English representative, he must do it. We say, that in no city ought the clamour to have been raised, and in none ought it to be done with impunity. A few brandings and whippings might bring those miscreants to a sense, if not of their crime, yet of their hazard; and special care ought to be taken that not one of them should receive a farthing of English contribution.

But the eventual loss to Hamburg may be repaid by the advantages which the conflagration has given for clearing a most unwholesome and abominable portion of one of the filthiest, most gloomy, and most deformed cities of Europe. Of course, no one would desire to see fire the agent in this business. But unless fire did the work, it would never have been done. Hamburg had been for upwards of two centuries one of the richest cities on the continent. It grew in opulence, from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the French war, with remarkable rapidity. In proportion to the German style of living, the inhabitants were by much the most opulent in Europe. Almost every trafficker, above the absolute dealer in old rags, had his garten-house, (villa.) There was scarcely a respectable family in the city which did not keep its carriage, and the Hamburg

dinners were memorable for extravagance. And yet, in the midst of all this mass of private wealth, there was a total want of public spirit. No man thought of reforming squalidness of the most repulsive kind. The canals, and they are numberless, were left fetid pools; the streets were badly paved; the public buildings were dingy with the dust of five centuries; the habitations of the lower orders were the extreme of dirt and dilapidation; yet no man came forward to open any of those wretched quarters. No act of the people washed, or brushed, or coloured, or cleaned any thing. Our only wonder is, that the plague did not take up its residence there with as much the air of a native as in the dens of Constantinople or Cairo. For this, however, we do not blame the Senate. The government is too *free* to be able to do any thing. But they will now find the space open for them, and as they must fill it with something, it is to be hoped that they will fill it with decent houses, and give their wretched population room enough to see the heavens above, and breathe their air beneath. This ruin might all have been averted if they had from time to time but expended a little of their wealth (and they now are growing rapidly rich again) in improving the ventilation of the city, in gradually removing their frightful old streets, and in making spacious communications between the different quarters. The whole crowd of the canals ought to be built over; this alone, would give them handsome avenues. Let them follow the example of London. See how we are piercing through the districts of ancient abomination, and pouring light upon the darkness of cellars and centuries. Smithfield already trembles, and even St Giles's begins to think its privilege of annual fever in hazard. But the German will do none of these things—with his pipe in his mouth he will smoke away existence, as his fathers did before him—bequeath the business of improvement to his sons, who will pass through life with their souls wrapped in tobacco fumes, like their sallow predecessors—and transmit the recorded repulsiveness of any thing that meets the senses in the length and breadth of Teutichland, untouched by the hand of renovation, to the latter ages of mankind.

ANGELO ; A TALE.

(TAKEN FROM THE DRAMA OF VICTOR HUGO.)

CHAPTER I.

THE KEY.

OUR narrative takes us back to the middle of the sixteenth century, and places us in the town of Padua, at that time under the government of the Republic of Venice. Angelo Malipieri was the podesta appointed by the Republic to rule over this dependency. It is well known that Venice was not only severe in its government, but equally jealous of those governors themselves on whom it conferred the necessary power of carrying its decrees into execution. The delegate of the Republic—fearful person as he might be to those placed under his authority—was himself the subject of perpetual surveillance, and under the complete control of that formidable Council of Ten, which still retains in history so mysterious and terrible a name. Angelo Malipieri kept all Padua in awe—men held their breath as he passed—the lattice closed at his approach—the song ceased—man and woman alike dreaded his observation, escaped from his presence if it were possible, or, if to encounter him was unavoidable, paid to him, in exterior deportment, the most profound deference. Yet Angelo Malipieri was himself afflicted with a more constant terror, suspicion, and alarm, than any of the inhabitants of Padua over whom he tyrannized. The Council of Ten, he was well aware, had their spies around him; amongst their number all could not possibly be his friends, and one enemy might have it in his power to accomplish his ruin. What those spies might report—what the Council might decree—who could assure him for a single day? A spy might not only discover, he might invent; and that Council knew no limit to the severity of its decrees, and no resistance to their execution. An eastern despot, who, as the sole minister of his will, sends a solitary mute with the present of a bowstring to his disgraced vizier, could not have more confidence in its power than had this secret Council of Ten.

But Angelo Malipieri had still other sources of disquietude. Not content with occupying one of the most embarrassing and perilous positions of public life—one which secured him the hatred of all beneath, and the suspicion of all above him—he had contrived to make for himself a position in private life which, if not so dangerous, was equally embarrassing. He had married, as many noblemen then did, and as some, we suppose, do even to this day, a woman of high family and powerful connexions, for the sake of the wealth and influence which the alliance brought with it, but without any feeling of affection whatever for the lady of his choice. And though the bride was young and beautiful and amiable, this was no matter for wonder; for Angelo knew well that Catarina Bragadina yielded him her hand solely through the persuasion or coercion of her relations—that her heart was engaged elsewhere—and that duty, cold, formal duty, was the utmost he could claim from one whom nature had rendered capable of the warmest and most devoted attachment. The lovely daughter of one of the proudest houses of Venetian nobility, who in her maiden state was the envy of her sex, had been ever since her marriage kept in a splendid but harsh imprisonment, by a husband who was as jealous of his honour as he was indifferent and regardless of herself. That passion which Angelo had not found at home, he had sought abroad; and an actress who bore the name of Thisbia, a charming and fascinating creature, who had risen from the very lowest condition and class of society to the possession of great wealth and still greater popularity, was the object of his present idolatry. His dreaded power as podesta was sufficient to keep aloof that flock of admirers attracted by the favourite actress of the day; but the heart of Thisbia had by no means submitted to the tyrant of Pa-

dua. He could succeed in deterring and terrifying his rivals—in repelling others from her door—in securing for himself such a reception in her house as had proclaimed him to the world at large a favoured lover; but all this had not ingratiated him with the pretty Thisbia herself, who, though her manners had certainly not been irreproachable, was a person far more governed by the feelings of her heart than by any other earthly consideration.

This fascinating woman kept the podesta in a perpetual fever of jealousy. She would sport with his passion, and, by a thousand provoking sallies, manifest her own freedom from that thralldom she was even then throwing around him. Another lover she did not dare openly to favour—it would have been fatal, at least to *him*, so far to exasperate the tyrant of Padua; but this was the nearest approximation to success he had hitherto attained. Our podesta, therefore, had upon his hands, in the same town, a wife and a mistress, of both of whom he was jealous in the extreme—of the one for the sake of his honour, of the other for his love. His wife he kept confined within her own chamber in a seclusion as complete as any Turkish husband could possibly have desired; his mistress he could not seclude from the world in the same manner, but he every where followed and watched her with a lynx-eyed suspicion.

On the evening from which we take up our narrative, the mansion of Thisbia was the scene of festivity, and was thronged with all the brilliant and the witty of the town of Padua. Not only the house, but the garden had been illuminated for the fête; and Angelo having taken Thisbia apart, was walking with her to and fro on a marble terrace, where the orange-trees alternated with the glittering and coloured lamps, and which was at present deserted of all other visitors. As was not unusual with the podesta, he had been making some few enquiries of the lady, which had evidently been prompted by his jealousy.

“A brother?”—he might have been heard to say—“Is it a brother of yours, this young man who has lately followed you to Padua?”

“Yes,” replied Thisbia, “a brother.”

“And his name?” pursued the enquirer.

“Is Rodolfo. I have told you this twenty times, my most redoubtable podesta. Have you no more gracious subject of conversation?”

“Pardon, Thisbia; I will ask no more questions. You played Rosmonda yesterday most exquisitely. Padua is very fortunate in possessing one whom all Italy extols. But, ah! how all this admiring and applausive audience irritate and wound me. I die with jealousy when I see so many eyes feasting upon your beauty. I could strike them all with blindness. Pray, who is that cavalier in a mask you conversed with this evening under the portico? Pardon, Thisbia; I will ask no more questions.”

“Well, well, you arch inquisitor—know that this cavalier in a mask was no other than your own lieutenant, your captain of the sbirri, Virgilio Pasca.”

“And what would you have with him?”

“Ay, what?—suppose I will not tell you?” said Thisbia in a playful manner; then, seeing that the podesta was preparing a visage of entreaty, she continued, “Nay, no conjurations, signor. You shall know all if you will, but the story is something long. I am,” said Thisbia, and her manner suddenly altered, and she sank into a melancholy tone, “I am, as you know, nothing—nobody—a child of fortune, sprung from the lowest of the people—a comedian—a thing you may fondle one day and destroy the next, and do both with the same smile. Well, whatever I am, or may have been, I once had a mother. Do you know what it is to have a mother? Have you had one, gloomy signor—you? Ah, you smile; but you do not know what it is to be a poor, weak, miserable child, half-famished, friendless in the world; and then to feel that you have ever about you, above you, a woman, an angel; who walks when you walk, stops when you stop; who still looks on you, smiles to cheat you of your tears; who teaches you to talk, teaches you to laugh, teaches you to love!—who warms your little fingers in her hands; your little body between her knees; your little shivering soul within her heart!—who gives her milk to you when an infant; her bread when you are grown up; her life always!—to whom you say ‘mother,’ who says to you ‘child,’ words

which God himself is pleased to hear! Well, I had such a mother. 'Twas a poor lone woman, without husband or friend, who sang ballads in the public streets. I went about with her, and as I grew up I sang too. This was the commencement of my public career, signor. They used to throw us some miserable coin. One day my mother sang in the streets of Brescia some chime which bore an offensive allusion, of which she knew nothing, to the republic of Venice. Brescia, like this Padua, lies under the dominion of your republic. An ambassador of Venice had passed at the time; the crowd had laughed; a senator of the republic was attracted to the spot; he listened; my mother, quite unconscious, went on singing; he ordered the captain of the guard to take that vile woman to the gallows—yes, to the gallows! They seized upon my mother; she said nothing: why should she?—they would not have heard her. She embraced me, and let fall her large tears upon my forehead; she clasped to her bosom a little metal crucifix she always carried with her, and let them bind her. I see it now, that crucifix. It was of polished copper, and my name, Thisbia, was rudely traced at the bottom of it with the sharp point of a needle: she had wished to unite in the same memorial all that was dear to her—her God and her child. I saw them bind my mother; I could not utter a word; I neither cried nor wept; I stood motionless, aghast, frozen, dead. No one in all the crowd spoke a word. But there was with the senator a young girl who held him by the hand, doubtless his daughter, who was struck with pity. The beautiful child, she threw herself at the feet of her father; she wept so bitterly, and her tears fell from eyes so lovely, that she obtained the pardon of my mother. When the poor woman was unloosed, she took her crucifix and gave it to the child, 'twas all she had to give, and told her it would bring her happiness. Soon after this, my mother died. I have become rich. I wish to see that child, that infant-angel, who saved my mother. Who knows?—she is now grown up to womanhood; she is probably unhappy; she may now have need of me. In every town I visit, I call before me the sbirri, the men of police; I relate this adventure,

and to him who finds out the person I am in search of, I will give ten thousand golden sequins. For this reason I spoke to Virgilio Pasca, the masked cavalier, under the portico. —Are you satisfied?"

"Ten thousand golden sequins!" said Angelo, "What, then, will you give to the woman herself if you should find her?"

"My life! if it will profit her."

"But how could you recognise her?"

"By my mother's crucifix."

"Pooh! she will long since have lost a piece of worthless copper."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Thisbia; "we never lose what has been earned like that. And now, Signor Angelo," said the pretty actress, returning to her natural gaiety of manner, "any more questions? or is your jealous curiosity appeased for the present? Why, what a sombre aspect you continually wear! you, too, who are all-powerful in Venice. In vain I light up my house, my gardens; I cannot light up a smile upon your countenance. In vain I give you music; you return it not in gaiety. Prythee smile."

"I do smile," said the podesta, wreathing his visage into what certainly needed the assurance of his word to certify that it was a smile. "You wonder, my dear Thisbia, that I am not gay. I have heard your story—hear something of mine. I am, as you say, all-powerful here in Padua, the sovereign and tyrant of this town. But absolute as I am, above me—mark you, Thisbia—there is something greater—dark, full of shadows, terrible; there is Venice, the state-inquisition, the Council of Ten. The Council of Ten! speak of it in a whisper; there is always a listener near. They are men whom no one knows, who know us all; who are visible in none of the forms and ceremonies of government, who are visible in every scaffold that is raised; men who have their hands on all heads—yours, mine, that of the doge himself; who wear no royal robe, no ducal mantle, no crown, nothing to designate them to the eye; who, for all apparatus of power, have a few secret signs, the spy, and the executioner; men who speak to the people of Venice only through the bronze mouth of the lion of St Mark: fatal mouth, which you may think is mute, but which speaks, nevertheless,

with terrible effect, for it cries to all that pass—Denounce! denounce! and the wretch once denounced, is taken; once taken, is powerless as the worm. At Venice every thing is done secretly, mysteriously, surely. Condemned, executed; no one to see, to hear you; not a cry possible, not a look that is returned by a human eye; the victim has a gag, the executioner a mask. But why did I speak just now of scaffolds? At Venice men die not on the scaffold. They disappear. A man is missing from his family. What has become of him? Oh, the leads, the wells, the canal Orfano—they could tell! At night-time you may hear something fall into the water: pass on—hear it not. Venice, for the rest, is dance and festivity, music and torches, gondolas, theatres, and a carnival of five months. You, Thisbia, a comedian, see Venice only on this side; I, who am a senator, know it on the other. Oh, believe me, there is in every palace—in mine, in that of the doge—a secret passage, unknown to the master of it, that traverses along the walls of every salon, of every chamber, of every closet; a dark corridor, of which others have the key, and whose windings others trace, and through which men pass and repass utterly unknown to you, upon some mysterious business, in which you are kept profoundly ignorant! Often in the night-time, I have sat upright in my bed and heard steps within the wall. Oh, this Council of Ten! Put a workman alone in a cellar; bid him make you a lock: before the lock is finished, the Council of Ten have the key of it. Madam, madam, the valet who waits on me is a spy; the friend who salutes me is a spy; the priest who confesses me is a spy; the woman who swears she loves me is a spy”——

“Indeed, signor!” interrupted Thisbia.

“I mean not you,” continued the excited podesta; “and moreover you never say that you love me. Every thing, I repeat, that sees me is an eye of The Ten—every thing that hears me is an ear of The Ten—every thing that touches me is a hand of The Ten—hand how terrible! that for a long time gently feels, then seizes with sudden and pitiless grasp. Magnificent podesta that I am! It is my mission here to tame and subjugate this town;

it is my command to make myself terrible; meanwhile I cannot be sure that to-morrow morning there shall not appear in my chamber some miserable sbirro, who shall tell me to rise and follow him, and miserable wretch though he may be, I shall rise and follow him—and where? To some horrible and cavernous place from which he will issue without me. Tyrant of Padua—slave of Venice!”

“Truly I pity you,” replied Thisbia; “what a frightful position have you described!”

“Yes, I am an instrument with which one people tortures another people. Such tools wear out fast, and break often.”

At this point of the conversation, Angelo, on turning round, discovered a man lying on the terrace under the shade of one of the orange-trees. He was attired like a minstrel, and lay fast asleep, with his guitar by his side; but nevertheless the suspicions of the podesta were immediately aroused.

Thisbia smiled at his alarm, as she informed him that the sleeper was a poor player on the guitar—half an idiot—whom the dean of St Mark’s had recommended to her compassion. He had been in the house a fortnight, finding his dinner with the servants, and throwing himself to sleep in the first quiet corner that he met with. His name was Homodei. Her mother, she added, had wandered in the same way from town to town—he should stay in her house as long as he pleased.

Notwithstanding this account of Homodei, and although his appearance bore out the description given of him, Angelo could not help looking at him with suspicion. His colloquial fervour was entirely checked, and Thisbia had no difficulty in persuading him to go and join the other guests. She herself, she said, would soon follow him, but she saw her brother Rodolfo coming, and would first have a word with him.

The podesta left, and the brother Rodolfo took his place.

Brother, indeed! He was no brother—neither was his name Rodolfo; though as every one in Padua is calling him by that assumed name, we shall retain it throughout the narrative. If the charming actress was coy and cold to the podesta, she made amends by her ardent reception of

Rodolfo. This cavalier had followed her to Padua, or, at all events, had again met her at this town, after an intimacy formed shortly before in another part of Italy; for Thisbia, as might be presumed from her profession, often passed from city to city. In order to facilitate their intercourse, and baffle the jealous scrutiny of the podesta, she at once declared him to be her brother, and they had for some days, under the protection of this assumed relationship, enjoyed the unrestrained intercourse of lovers.

But while the manner of Thisbia was most caressing, frank, and fond, an eyewitness could not have failed to observe that the demeanour of Rodolfo was far more calm and reserved than so cordial a reception from so beautiful a woman would have led him to expect. After she had been pouring out her heart to him in those wild and passionate strains, which, as they are only intelligible to lovers, we here willingly omit, he would reply kindly, but briefly—he would praise her beauty, and her generous heart that deserved to be loved; but he did this with more of reflection than of passion: it was honest applause, too honest to please a quick-sighted lover. But Thisbia was too happy to love and to be loved, to exercise a very rigid scrutiny on the deportment of her cavalier.

But she could not devote the whole evening to a *tête-à-tête* with Rodolfo; she was compelled to leave him to rejoin her other visitors. Their interview, it was agreed, should again be renewed when all the guests had departed; nay, if he chose to be upon that terrace in about an hour's time, they might before that see each other again.

"Charming woman! you deserve to be loved," said Rodolfo to himself when she had left—"but I love you not."

"No!" said a voice behind him, "you love her not!" At that moment Rodolfo felt the hand of a stranger upon his shoulder. It was Homodei—the idiot—the guitar player. "No," continued he, "you do not love this woman, neither is your name Rodolfo. Your name is Eccelino da Romana—a noble of ancient family—and you love"—

"Ha! who art thou?" interrupted Rodolfo.

"I am the idiot and the musician," replied Homodei with a bitter smile. "And you love Catarina Bragadina! You won her heart—you could not win her hand. You quitted Venice, you have fled to every part of Italy, but love has followed you. You have thrown yourself headlong into pleasures, distractions, follies, vices—useless! You have endeavoured to love other women—this comedian, for instance—still useless!—the old love has always re-appeared under the new. You have come to Padua—it was not to follow Thisbia—it was because the wife of the podesta"—

"Peace!" exclaimed Rodolfo, "Hold thy peace! Name her not."

"Would you see her?—see her this night?"

"Who are you?" was the answer of the astonished Rodolfo.

"I am the idiot and the musician," replied Homodei with the same sinister smile. "Would you see Catarina Bragadini, the wife of Angelo Malipieri, who is both her husband and her jailer?"

"Would I see her? Oh, God! that it were possible!" exclaimed Rodolfo.

"You would see her then? You shall."

"Where?"

"In her own chamber. At midnight meet me at the southern side of the podesta's palace, and I will be your guide. Go now—remember at midnight. At present leave this place to me, I have need of it." And Rodolfo withdrew to prepare himself for his mysterious appointment.

Homodei lingered on the terrace, where he was aware that Thisbia would soon make her re-appearance. She came, and was disappointed in not finding Rodolfo, but still more surprised when she saw Homodei stand before her, looking at her with a keen penetrating glance, very unlike the idiot she had been ready to answer for to the podesta.

"He is gone, Signora," said Homodei.

"Ha!" exclaimed Thisbia, "what dreadful deceit is this! And the unhappy podesta!"

"Never mind the podesta. He is gone, I say."

"Who are you?"

"I am a musician, lady." And, taking his guitar in his hand, he con-

tinned—"This instrument, you see, has strings, and they emit a sound according as I finger them,—and the human heart, whether of man or woman, has certain strings or fibres, and the musician can play upon these also. Suppose this evening—by some accident—a young cavalier, who wears a black plume in his hat, should break an appointment he has made—I know the place where, at midnight, you will find him."

"Where?—with whom?—a woman?"—asked Thisbia.

"A very fair one."

"Oh, God! what mean you? Who are you?" repeated the distracted Thisbia.

"The musician—would you find him?"

"I do not believe you—I do not heed you for a moment. It is a horrid lie—Rodolfo loves;"—and she continued to pour forth her protestations of faith in the constancy of her lover.

Homodei, as if he heard them not, approaching still nearer to her, said, in the calmest possible voice—"You have doubtless remarked, that the podesta, Angelo Malipieri, carries, suspended by a chain round his neck, a little golden trinket, of very elegant workmanship. That trinket is a key. It will open a door. Make pretence that you have a fancy for that trinket. Ask it of him without saying a word of the use we intend to make of it."

"A key!" replied Thisbia; "I will not ask a key of him. Who are you, that would make me suspicious of Rodolfo? I would not have this key.—Go, I will not hear another word from you."

"The podesta," said Homodei, in the same calm voice, "is coming. When you have the key, I will explain how we are to use it to-night. I will return in a quarter of an hour."

"Wretch!" reiterated Thisbia, "do you not hear me? I say I will not have this key. I am confident of Rodolfo. This key, I do not think of it,—I will not speak a word of it to the podesta"—

"In a quarter of an hour," replied Homodei, and left the terrace as Angelo made his appearance.

How it happened we leave the reader to explain for himself, but it certainly was the fact, that Angelo

Malipieri never received so kind a welcome from the pretty actress as he did at this moment. Her playful and caressing manner necessarily brought her to observe and to handle that little golden trinket, which was suspended by a chain round the neck of the podesta. She remarked on the beauty of its design—surely it was the work of Benvenuto Cellini—what would it be for? Why, the toy was fitter for a woman than a man.

The podesta explained that it was a key.

A key!—she never could have guessed it,—and what would it open? It opened several doors, and amongst others that of a bed-chamber.

Thisbia was surprised that so small a key should open a door; but since it was a key and not a mere trinket, she would not ask him for it.

The podesta, who had never been able to persuade her to accept any present from him, was delighted to think that she had taken a fancy to this trinket. He pressed it on her. He had another key—it was quite safe in her keeping—he would have every lock in his palace altered, if this would remove her scruples. She took it—she returned it—she again played with it as it hung upon his neck.—"Well," she said at last, "since you so earnestly wish it, I will accept this toy."

She had no sooner got the key in her possession than she found some excuse for dismissing the podesta. Homodei was already standing at the corner of the terrace. "I have the key!" she exclaimed, as she ran towards him, "And now?"

Homodei took the key and carefully examined it. "It is right," he said. "One hour after midnight, I will come and be your guide. I will show you the first door you have to open with it—after which you can proceed without me, for you will only have to walk straight forward."

"But what shall I find after the first door?" enquired Thisbia.

"Another."

"And what then?"

"A third. The same key opens them all."

"And what behind the third?"

"You will see," said Homodei with a laugh, and left her.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRUCIFIX.

CATARINA, the wife of the podesta, lived, as we have said, in a state little short of absolute imprisonment. Her chamber, which was situated at the extreme corner of the mansion, had but one communication with the other apartments of the house; and not only was this chamber kept locked, but several of the contiguous rooms, which it was necessary to traverse before reaching it, were locked also. Connected with this chamber, was a small circular oratory for the lady's devotion, from which there was no outlet whatever. The window was indeed ornamented with a balcony, but it was one which the lover's serenade could hardly reach, much less the lover himself; when standing on it, you look down from an elevation of ninety feet of perpendicular stone work, and the river Brenta was flowing close beneath. If, as we shall presently find, there was a secret door wrought in the wainscot of this chamber, and further concealed by tapestry, it was one unknown to the fair inhabitant, and could only be used against her for her betrayal and destruction. The interior of the chamber was as elegantly and magnificently furnished as wealth and art could effect. The bed was a throne—even the ottoman might have served as footstool to a sovereign in his state—but it was still a prison; and her husband, when he condescended to visit her, spoke and looked as might become the jailer.

This chamber, although it was midnight, was at present unoccupied; the lamp was burning alone; the fair prisoner was in her oratory at her devotions. But though no one was there, the tapestry in one corner of the room was seen to move; it was drawn aside, and a door opened, disclosing a dark passage from which Homodei ascended, followed by Rodolfo.

"Enter," said the former.

"Where am I?" enquired Rodolfo.

"Perhaps on the first step of you scaffold," was the very encouraging reply. "Have you never heard that there is in Padua a chamber, which, though full of gold and velvet, flowers, perfumes, and perhaps of love, it is

fatal to enter? for even to open the door of it is a crime punishable with death, be the culprit whom he may, noble or plebeian, young or old?"

"You speak of the chamber of the podesta's wife?"

"In that chamber you are now standing.—If you have fear there is yet time—the door is still open—you may retreat."

"Where is she?" was the sole answer of the lover.

"You will remain, then?" said Homodei. "She is now in her oratory—she will be here instantly. I presume you do not desire my company?"

Homodei, before quitting the apartment, contrived to place upon the table, unseen by Rodolfo, an open letter; and then, retiring through the masked door, left Rodolfo alone in the chamber.

He was not alone long. When Catarina entered from her oratory, and found her old lover kneeling at her feet, her first thought was that of alarm for the danger that he ran; and she could reflect on nothing else than how to secure his immediate escape from the perilous spot on which he stood. Rodolfo succeeded in assuring her that he was safe—that he had been conducted there by a secret passage, and could retreat at will. She then bade him sit down in a chair by her side, and gave herself up to the pleasure of again seeing and conversing with one she had so sincerely loved.

"They forced me," she said, "as you know, to this marriage; it was a prison that they closed upon me. This jealous keeper of mine dreads his honour. Rodolfo, you whom I love, I tell you that his honour is safe—but this heart, Rodolfo, it is still thine."

With fond enquiry she entreated him to tell her what he had been doing—where he had been wandering—what had filled up his history in the interval of their separation. It was a void, he said—he could think only of that separation—he knew not what he had been doing—he knew only what he had *felt*. Then the next moment, Catarina, with still greater fondness, imposed silence upon him. There

were moments, she said, when words were an hinderance. Let him be silent, she thought to herself—I am looking at him; let him be silent—I am loving him; let him be silent—I am happy!

But this ecstasy was of short duration. Her eye fell upon the open letter which had been placed by Homodei upon the table. Had Rodolfo put it there? Who then? were questions rapidly asked. Rodolfo knew nothing of it. His mysterious guide had most probably left it there.

She took it up, and read the following terrible lines—

“A spy of the Council of Ten may be condemned when he loves—is he contemptible when he revenges?”

Catarina exclaimed that they were lost! She knew the handwriting. It was Homodei's, a fearful man, who had made advances of love towards her, which she had indignantly repelled; and who had now plotted this diabolical revenge, in which her honour was to be sacrificed, and the life of him who was dearest to her—perhaps also her own.

Rodolfo rushed to the masked door—it was locked; he ran to the balcony—it was ninety feet high, and the Brenta beneath. They both listened—they heard steps approaching through the adjoining chamber. Catarina hurried Rodolfo into her oratory, the only place of concealment, and having locked the door, sat down to meet her husband with what apparent composure she could assume.

To her astonishment, it was not Angelo Malipieri who made his appearance. It was a woman, a solitary woman, who, holding a lamp in one hand, and a small key in the other, came treading on tiptoe and silently into the chamber. It was Thisbia, who, deserted by Rodolfo at the hour of their appointed interview, had found in this a confirmation of those suspicions which Homodei had conveyed into her mind. She entered the chamber of the podesta's wife with a heart full of rage and bitterness, and with a determination to a full revenge upon her rival.

“Who, and what am I? and what seek I?” she said in answer to the questions which her appearance naturally called forth from the surprised Catarina. “I am the mistress—so men call me, at least—of the podesta,

and I hold in my power the virtuous wife of the podesta. I am a comedian, a stage girl—you are a noble, virtuous matron, and I hold you in my power. Deny it not—he was there—sitting upon that chair; you should have arranged them better, madam. Where is he?—virtuous matron, indeed! They pass veiled through the streets—they are going to the church—and all you who meet them, you stand aside, you bow, you reverence. Fools! go up to them—tear off the veil, behind the veil there is a mask; tear off the mask, behind the mask there is a mouth that lies. I am the mistress of the podesta, and you are his wife, and I will destroy you. Where is he?”

“Who?” faltered Catarina.

“Where is he? here is a door”—trying the door of the oratory—“open it.”

“It is my oratory, madam—nothing else. There is no person there. Some one has deceived you. I live retired, banished, concealed from all eyes”—

“The veil!”

“It is my oratory, I assure you. There is nothing but my prayer-book”—

“The mask!”

“There is no one there!”

“The mouth that lies! Ah, you speak to me with the terror of a culprit! Try again—be angry—indignant—put on the injured woman.” Then, perceiving a cloak which Rodolfo in his haste had dropt upon the floor, “And this is not the mantle of a man?” she exclaimed, as she held it up in triumph before the terrified Catarina. “That door shall be opened,” and she rushed to the door of the chamber, and called aloud on Angelo Malipieri!

Catarina was in despair.

How this stranger had gained admittance, or what had made her so bitter an enemy, she could not divine; but she felt persuaded that it all formed a portion of the same plot which the spy of the Council of Ten had formed for her destruction. She sank on her knees before a small crucifix that was suspended against the wall.

Thisbia had followed her with her eye, and seeing the crucifix, she darted at it—snatched it from the wall—and overwhelmed the astonished Catarina with a new string of questions—

how came she by it?—who gave it her?—

A poor woman, she replied, whose life she had saved when a child. There was some name scratched at the bottom of it—"Thisbia," she believed.

There was no time for further explanation. Angelo Malipieri, called up by the cries of Thisbia, entered the apartment. Angry, suspicious, cruel, when even no cause of offence had been given, Catarina could expect no mercy from him whatever, now that, in the discovery of Rodolfo, a very reasonable ground of jealousy would be afforded him. She was preparing her mind to encounter the very worst, when, to her surprise, Thisbia came calmly forward to Angelo.

"Do not be alarmed," she said, "I will explain all. Briefly, there is a plot against your life. To-morrow morning you are to be assassinated as you step out of your palace. I have heard it but just now, and have come in the middle of the night to warn your lady of it, that she might prevent your stirring out without the necessary precautions. I did but men-

tion your assassination, and she swooned—see, she is trembling still."

Catarina was stupefied. Angelo had too many reasons to believe the probability of the tale to reject it.

"But why," said he, "bring this to my wife?"

"To what other chamber in this house," she said with a smile, "could I, at this time of night, have directed myself?"

"But how could you gain entrance here?"

"The key you gave me."

"I never told you that it opened these chambers."

"Oh, you forget!"

"And the cloak—what means this?"

"I threw it round me as a disguise and protection—I had a hat also, but I have somewhere dropt it. And now you shall escort me home, if you will."

Thisbia first contrived to slip into the hand of Catarina the key by which she had entered, that she might thereby secure the escape of Rodolfo, and then left the apartment with Angelo,

CHAPTER III.

THE POISON.

When Rodolfo had escaped from the oratory, the first thing he meditated was the just punishment, it could scarcely be called revenge, due to the wretch who had so nearly betrayed both himself and Catarina to destruction. The next day the body of Homodei, the spy of the Council of Ten, was found lying on the banks of the Brenta, pierced through with more than one mortal wound, either by the sword or the dagger. But the villain had still lived too long. That morning Rodolfo had dispatched a brief letter to Catarina to assure her that he had made good his escape, and had given this in charge to Dafne, her confidential attendant. Homodei had, by terrible threats, induced the girl to deliver the letter to him, and having thus intercepted it, he caused it to be conveyed to the hands of Angelo. The dying wretch had therefore left his sting in the very heart of his antagonist.

Rodolfo had been so far prudent as not to sign his name to the letter.

Angelo believed he saw in it a convincing proof of his wife's infidelity; but he could not gather from it who the person was who had thus assailed his honour in the dearest point. That some one had an interview at night with his wife was evident from the letter; her guilt, therefore, he considered as proved beyond doubt; on her at least he would take an ample revenge, although the other culprit might for a short time escape detection.

Amongst those to whom the podesta showed this letter, in order by the handwriting to discover the person who had sent it, Thisbia, as may be supposed, was not the last. Poor Thisbia! she knew well that she was one of that class of women to whom men use the language of love merely to cover pleasure with the gloss of sentiment—to whom they are not even supposed to use it with any deeper meaning; she saw, too, that she had all along been deceiving herself, and loving Rodolfo with her whole heart

and soul, she had given to his words the same intense passion that she breathed into her own. But reflections such as these, while they explained her position, by no means rendered it more tolerable; they were of a kind manifestly to add to the poignancy of her grief. But this woman, who had saved her mother's life, she would save her life; and as Rodolfo loved *her*, why, she would save that life for him. And for herself, she would go weep till her heart broke; there was nothing left her, she thought, but to die.

When Angelo requested her to look at the letter, and say if she knew the handwriting, she took the paper at first with eagerness from his hands; something like a hope had crossed her mind that, after all, it might not have been Rodolfo who was concealed that night in the oratory; but every thought of that kind vanished the moment she had glanced at the letter. Did she know the handwriting, indeed? Alas! no one better. But she returned it slowly to the podesta. She knew nothing of it.

Angelo proceeded to converse upon his schemes of revenge. His wife should die. The headsman and his attendants had already been brought into the palace. Thisbia suggested that, supposing the death of his wife resolved on, this should be effected in the most private manner possible, so as to attract no public notice, and to conceal rather than render notorious the dishonour done to the podesta. Why employ the headsman or the assassin? why any other hand than his own? why not administer poison? She had some of a most potent quality. It had been sent to her as an invaluable present by the Archdeacon of St Mark's. She would fetch it, if he pleased.

All this appeared very good counsel to the podesta, and it was agreed upon between them, that Thisbia should bring the poison to the palace, and that they two only should be cognizant of the fate of the unhappy Catarina.

Unhappy indeed! for before the bitterness of death could arrive, she was to endure another trial, and to be harassed with distressing fears for the fate of Rodolfo. Angelo, as he returned to his palace, resolved on one more attempt to discover the writer of

that letter which had acquainted him, as he supposed, with his dishonour; and his eagerness to make this discovery may be judged of by this, that to attain it he had brought himself to forego some portion of his revenge upon his wife. He proceeded to her chamber. He had previously, again and again, demanded the name of the writer, but had obtained no answer. He now laid the letter open upon her table, and gave her this alternative—"Sign," said he, "at the bottom of this paper, the name of the person who wrote it; and instead of death, the imprisonment of a convent shall be your only punishment. I give you one hour to reflect. Sign his name, and you are saved. Death for him, a convent for yourself. If, at the end of an hour, the signature is not there, your death is inevitable." And he left her with the letter lying open before her.

She had not sat long before a gentle tap was heard at the door, and Rodolfo, taking advantage of the key which had been given him to make his escape from the oratory, entered the room. Quite ignorant of the discovery which Angelo had made, he came to tell her that Homodei, the terrible spy of the Council of Ten, was dead.—Catarina, concealing her own dreadful position, appeared to hear the news with satisfaction.—Alas! he had left behind him such a legacy of mischief as even his malice would hardly wish to increase. He noticed, he said, that throughout the palace there was an air of gloom, of mystery, of confusion—what was the cause of it? Catarina did not know. He had met men carrying in through a private gate at the rear of the palace, an empty coffin—for whom could it be? Catarina started and turned pale, but recovering herself, answered, that she did not know. She implored him to leave her, for the peril to which he was exposing himself was more than she could endure. He then mentioned that he had written a few lines to her to assure her of his safety—had she received them? Oh, yes, she had received them. His letter had certainly come to hand—there it lay open upon the table. He was glad to hear that it had not been intercepted. She again entreated him to go, and enjoined him not to write again—not to write at all, either to her or any one

else, while he remained in Padua—it was a woman's fancy, but it was her request—she was sure he would grant it. “And now,” she said, rising from her chair, “you must indeed go—the danger you are in while you stand there is frightful—I cannot support it another moment.” And giving and permitting an embrace, more tender than her lover had hitherto received—folding him for an instant in her arms—she bade him adieu, and again sat herself down in the chair from which she had risen.

Generous woman! what an effort had she made to conceal from her lover the terrible fate that hung over her own head! The thought had occurred to her of escaping from death and her murderous husband, by immediate flight with Rodolfo—such a course was surely justifiable, and the attempt could not possibly aggravate the peril of her own situation; but she reflected on the improbability of success, and refused to involve Rodolfo in the certain destruction that awaited on herself.

Exactly at the expiration of the hour Angelo returned. He returned with Thisbia, bearing in her hand the vial of poison. He walked straightway to the letter—it was in the same condition in which he had left it, and in the same spot—it had not been touched.

“Have you reflected madam?” he said, with the utmost sternness of deportment. “You die, or you disclose the writer of this letter. Will you name him?”

Catarina had never for an instant thought of this side of the alternative.

“Then you drink this,” he said, taking the vial from Thisbia and placing it before her on the table.

“Is it poison?” exclaimed Catarina.

“It is!” exclaimed her husband.

Catarina Bragadini had not hesitated a moment in choosing death herself rather than bring destruction on the head of Rodolfo; and if the death she was about to die had been ten times more terrific, it never could have extorted from her the name of the writer of that letter. But it was one thing for a tender and affectionate woman to be utterly *incapable* of preserving her own life by the sacrifice of one whom she loved, and quite another thing to possess the fortitude necessary to meet her own inevitable fate. She never looked an instant at the

alternative of escape, but she shrank with terror from the poison.

“You will drink it madam,” said Angelo, “or I call in those who with the axe or the dagger shall perform their office more rudely. Even this is a lenity. A guilty woman is spared a public execution.”

“Assassin! murderer!” she exclaimed, “I am not guilty. There is one whom I love—I tell you this—and I say it with an innocent brow. I am not guilty, but you wish to believe it—you have got possession of a piece of paper you think condemns me, and you will hear nothing. You married me for my wealth—against my known attachment—basely for my wealth—and what marriage has it been? You have never loved me, yet have been jealous in the extreme; you have kept me in a prison; you have installed a mistress in my place. To men all things are permitted. Always severe, always sombre and suspicious—never a kind word—happy arts to win the affections of a woman! And now you come to murder me—come with this woman here, your public mistress, who is interested to destroy me—who seems already to have acted the part of a spy—who comes now to assist in my execution.”

Angelo seized his wife by the arm, and insisted on her swallowing the fatal draught without further delay. She advanced her hand to the vial—she carried the deadly liquor to her lips—her courage failed—she laid it down again.

“No; I cannot!” she exclaimed. “Oh, ’tis frightful! Think, reflect, what a horrible thing it is that you are doing. A woman—a meek, lonely woman—abandoned by all—no relative near—no friend—without power to resist—you come and poison her in a remote corner of her own house.”

Thisbia could not restrain an expression of sympathy at her suffering.

The despairing lady caught at it as a fragile hope. “Ah!” she said, turning to Thisbia, “you sighed—I heard you—deny it not—you have some pity on me. You see he would assassinate me here—is it possible that you assist him in this deed? Oh no! no! Hold, I will explain it all to you, and you will speak for me to the po-

desta. Tell him, for he will not hear me, that what he is doing—it is horrible, execrable. If I offended you just now, pardon me, madam. I am innocent—but he will believe nothing. Oh, do not tell me that I must take courage! Why am I to have this courage? I am not ashamed to be a woman—a weak, fearful woman. You see I weep, because this death terrifies me. Am I not a creature to be pitied, to be spared?"

The podesta, foaming with rage and impatience, rushed out of the room to call on those who should perform at once the act which he persisted in regarding as one of justice as well as revenge.

Thisbia, as soon as he had left, endeavoured to persuade her that it was her better course to take the poison. Against the swords and daggers that would soon make their appearance there could be no resistance—and for their wounds no cure. She was almost in as great an agony of mind at this moment as Catarina herself. If she explained her meaning too clearly she was afraid that Catarina would, by some imprudence, betray her secret; and if she could not prevail upon her to take the poison, her death she knew was inevitable.

The step of Angelo, accompanied by other steps, was now heard at the door. She rushed towards it. "Enter alone—alone!" she exclaimed, as she closed it in the face of the horrid group who now approached; "she consents—she obeys." He entered alone.

Catarina, with some vague hope that she had a friend in Thisbia—certain that she had an implacable enemy in her husband—drank the poison. Its operation seemed to be almost instantaneous, and she sank upon the floor to all appearances dead.

A coffin, as we have already intimated, had been prepared, and bearers were in readiness to convey her to the tomb.

Thisbia, by a bribe which was sufficiently munificent to have purchased these men for any act whatever, induced them to carry an empty coffin to the tomb, and to bear the body of Catarina to her own chamber, and deposit it on her own bed. She also gave orders to a domestic to see that two fleet horses were procured, and kept in readiness near a private en-

trance of her house. She then sat down at the foot of the bed to await the recovery of Catarina—for we need not say that it was a narcotic, and not a poison, that had been administered. The little metal crucifix lay upon her lap. "Ah, my mother!" she said, "if this present has brought happiness to any one, it has not been to thy daughter!"

But Rodolfo, was he all this time ignorant of what had taken place? The same confidential maid, Dafne, from whom the spy of the Council of Ten had, by his terrible threats, extorted the letter, was in the neighbouring oratory during the whole of the scene we have just endeavoured to describe; and she made report of all that she had heard to Rodolfo. Unhappily her report was far from correct. From her place of concealment, and judging alone by what reached her ear, it seemed that Thisbia was a participant, a willing accomplice, in the murder of her mistress. To Dafne it appeared that she had not only brought the poison, but that it was owing to her that she had been finally persuaded to take it. All this was carried to Rodolfo, who, conscious of the just cause of jealousy he had given to Thisbia, did not doubt for a moment that this passion had led her to assist, and probably to provoke, Angelo to the assassination of Catarina. He now sought the house of Thisbia with a heart full of bitterness and revenge.

He knocked at the door—he entered—Thisbia met him with a melancholy smile—was about to narrate her proceedings and her plans—he abruptly silenced her, "It is I who have to speak—it is for you to listen." And he forthwith overwhelmed her with a torrent of reproaches. "Reply not," he continued, as she attempted to interrupt his vehement accusations. "Spare excuses—inventions—lies. I know all. You may well perceive—I know it all. There was a certain Dafne, madam, two steps from you—separated by a door only—in the oratory. There was a certain Dafne, I say, who saw much—heard all—was close by. You brought the poison—you—will you deny it? You brought the poison—and I—I have brought this dagger." And he drew a poniard from his bosom, and held it before her eyes.

Thisbia did not shrink from the weapon. But this cruel resolution of Rodolfo's—taken so suddenly, upon the first report, which would not admit, would not hear of explanations—fell on her like a death-blow. "You hold me," she said, "even at this price! You will kill me out of love for another—without a word heard. Oh, Rodolfo! is it true then—tell me from your own mouth—that you *never* loved me?"

"Never!" exclaimed Rodolfo.

"That word," she said, "kills more than your dagger will."

"Never!" he repeated. "Love for you, I say it with a boast, I never felt; some pity, at the most."

"Ungrateful man!—and she—tell me, did you love her?"

"Did I love her?" cried Rodolfo, and as well for the torture of the unhappy, and, as he believed, the guilty creature before him, as the expression of his own full heart, he poured forth the warmest devotion, and lavished his enthusiastic praises upon the deceased.

Thisbia interrupted him in his career; "Well," said she, with a forced calmness, "if you love her I have done well."

"Done well!" exclaimed the furious Rodolfo.

"Yes, I have done well. Are you quite sure what it is I have done?"

"Sure! I tell you that Dafne was there, and heard it all. There were but three of them, she said, in the chamber—the podesta, his wife, and one whom they called Thisbia; and she it was who, by some cruel artifice or dreadful threat, induced her to drink the poison. What can you say in your defence?"

"Oh, nothing, Rodolfo!" answered the generous and despairing girl. "Believe it all—believe it all—I wish to die—and to die near you, at your feet, by your hand, is all that I can now hope for; it is all you could grant me, Rodolfo. But hear me for an instant. I deserve, I think, some pity, though for such as I am the world has little compassion to spare. It knows little, and it cares less, what virtue, what love, what courage, or devotion, may remain to us. When I was a child I was a mendicant; at sixteen years I found myself in the world without bread. I was picked up from the streets by some of your great lords—

they relieved me from hunger to plunge me into vice. I know what will be said—you should have died of hunger—as if it was so easy to die of hunger at sixteen. Yes, all compassion is for the great, the noble, the fortunate; if they weep, you console them—if they do ill, you excuse them. They may weep—they may complain; for us no fate is too severe. Poor wretch!—go on—on—utter no complaint—conceal your tears—all the world is against you. Woman of *pleasure!* you were made to suffer."

She sank her head within the palms of her hands, and remained silent for a few moments. Then raising her face, and dashing the tears from her eyes, she continued—"But the heart lived on. I cannot make you comprehend me; but I needed, as my sole salvation, that I should have some one to love. I was to the world—no matter what; but all I felt within—who was to receive it, who was to know it, how was it to live, unless there was some *one* person to whom I could be noble, generous, devoted? I say not this to turn you from your resolution or to appease your anger. It is not possible you can love me—you say you never have. But, O Rodolfo! to what point of madness the poor girl who now speaks has loved *you*—when I am dead you may, perhaps, know. And I—I was all the while to you—a mere distraction—a pastime—so it seems"——

Rodolfo impatiently broke in upon these passionate regrets of the poor Thisbia, reminding her of the story which the maid Dafne had reported to him, and again demanding to know if she had any thing to say in its contradiction.

"Well," said Thisbia in despair, for she saw that the mind of Rodolfo did not rest a moment upon her—"well, she told you true—I did revenge myself—I poisoned her—it is I who killed her."

"You confess it, then," cried Rodolfo—"you even boast it!"

"Yes, it is I who did it—strike—it is I who killed her—strike, I say!"

Rodolfo plunged the dagger in her side—she fell.

"Give me your hand, Rodolfo," said the fallen and dying girl. "Oh, leave me this hand!"—she said, as he attempted to extricate it from her hold.

At this moment the voice of Cata-

rina was heard from the couch on which she lay,—Rodolfo ran towards her, and clasped her in his arms.

"Great God! thou art living!" he cried, "how hast thou been saved?"

"By me"—said Thisbia, endeavouring to raise herself—"By me!—for thee!"

In vain did Rodolfo run to the expiring girl;—all succour was useless—all his passionate regret unavailing.—"Go," she said, "to thy Catarina;—give yourself up to joy—forget that I am here. I have deceived the podesta. I gave a narcotic instead of a poison. Horses are ready. In three hours you will be out of the power of Ve-

nice. She is free—dead to the podesta—dead in the estimation of all the world—living only for you. Have I not done well, Rodolfo?"

He hung like one distracted over the generous and expiring Thisbia—"Ah!" said she with a faint smile, which recalled, for the last time, the exquisite grace and gaiety of one of the most fascinating of women—"you will think of me sometimes, will you not? After all, you will say she was a good girl that Thisbia.—Let me say once more, my Rodolfo—adieu, *my* Rodolfo"—and, still holding the hand of Rodolfo, she breathed her last.

BERKELEY AND IDEALISM.*

AMONG all philosophers, ancient or modern, we are acquainted with none who presents fewer vulnerable points than Bishop Berkeley. His language, it is true, has sometimes the appearance of paradox; but there is nothing paradoxical in his thoughts, and time has proved the adamant solidity of his principles. With less sophistry than the simplest, and with more subtlety than the acutest of his contemporaries, the very perfection of his powers prevented him from being appreciated by the age in which he lived. The philosophy of that period was just sufficiently tinctured with common sense to pass current with the vulgar, while the common sense of the period was just sufficiently coloured by philosophy to find acceptance among the learned. But Berkeley, ingenious beyond the ingenuities of philosophy, and unsophisticated beyond the artlessness of common sense, saw that there was no sincerity in the terms of this partial and unstable compromise; that the popular opinions, which gave currency and credence to the theories of the day, were not the unadulterated convictions of the natural understanding; and that the theories of the day, which professed to give enlightenment to the popular opinions, were not the genuine offspring of the speculative reason. In

endeavouring to construct a system in which this spurious coalition should be exposed, and in which our natural convictions and our speculative conclusions should be more firmly and enduringly reconciled, he necessarily offended both parties, even when he appeared to be giving way to the opposite prejudices of each. He overstepped the predilections both of the learned and the unlearned. His extreme subtlety was a stumblingblock in the path of the philosophers; and his extreme simplicity was more than the advocates of common sense were inclined to bargain for.

But the history of philosophy repairs any injustice which may be done to philosophy itself: and the doctrines of Berkeley, incomplete as they appear when viewed as the isolated tenets of an individual, and short as they no doubt fell, in his hands, of their proper and ultimate expression, acquire a fuller and a profounder significance when studied in connexion with the speculations which have since followed in their train. The great problems of humanity have no room to work themselves out within the limits of an individual mind. Time alone weaves a canvass wide enough to do justice to their true proportions; and a few broad strokes is all that the ge-

* "A Review of Berkeley's Theory of Vision, designed to show the unsoundness of that celebrated speculation." By Samuel Bailey, author of "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," &c. London: Ridgway. 1842.

nus of any one man, however gifted, is permitted to add to the mighty and illimitable work. It is therefore no reproach to Berkeley to say that he left his labours incomplete; that he was frequently misunderstood, that his reasonings fell short of their aim, and that he perhaps failed to carry with him the unreserved and permanent convictions of any one of his contemporaries. The subsequent progress of philosophy shows how much the science of man is indebted to his researches. He certainly was the first to stamp the indelible impress of his powerful understanding on those principles of our nature, which, since his time, have brightened into imperishable truths in the light of genuine speculation. His genius was the first to swell the current of that mighty stream of tendency towards which all modern meditation flows—the great gulf-stream of Absolute Idealism.

The peculiar endowment by which Berkeley was distinguished, far beyond his predecessors and contemporaries, and far beyond almost every philosopher who has succeeded him, was the eye he had for *facts*, and the singular pertinacity with which he refused to be dislodged from his hold upon them. The fact, the whole fact, and nothing but the fact, was the clamorous and incessant demand of his intellect, in whatever direction it exercised itself. Nothing else, and nothing less, could satisfy his intellectual cravings. No man ever delighted less to expatiate in the regions of the occult, the abstract, the impalpable, the fanciful, and the unknown. His heart and soul clung with inseparable tenacity to the concrete realities of the universe; and with an eye uninfluenced by spurious theories, and unperturbed by false knowledge, he saw directly into the very life of things. Hence he was a speculator in the truest sense of the word; for speculation is not the art of devising ingenious hypotheses, or of drawing subtle conclusions, or of plausibly manœuvring abstractions. Strictly and properly speaking, it is the power of seeing true facts, and of *unseeing* false ones; a simple enough accomplishment to all appearance, but nevertheless one which, considered in its application to the study of human nature, is probably the rarest, and, at any rate, has been the least success-

fully cultivated, of all the endowments of intelligence.

What a rare and transcendent gift this faculty is, and how highly Berkeley was endowed with it, will be made more especially apparent when we come to speak of his great discoveries on the subject of vision. In the mean time, we shall take a survey of those broader and more fully developed doctrines of Idealism to which his speculations on the eye were but the tentative herald or preliminary stepping-stone.

People who have no turn for philosophic research, are apt to imagine that discussions on the subject of matter are carried on for the purpose of proving something, either *pro* or *con*, concerning the existence of this disputed entity. No wonder, then, that they should regard the study of philosophy as a most frivolous and inane pursuit. But we must be permitted to remark, that these discussions have no such object in view. Matter and its existence is a question about which they have no direct concern. They are entirely subservient to the far greater end of making us acquainted with our own nature. This is their sole and single aim; and if such knowledge could be obtained by any other means, these investigations would certainly never have encumbered the pages of legitimate enquiry. But it is not so to be obtained. The laws of thought can be discovered only by vexing, in all its bearings, the problem respecting the existence of matter. Therefore, to those interested in these laws, we need make no further apology for disturbing the dust which has gathered over the researches on this subject of our country's most profound, but most misrepresented philosopher.

Berkeley is usually said to have denied the existence of matter; and in this allegation there is something which is true combined with a great deal more that is false. But what is matter? *That* is matter, said Dr Johnson, once upon a time, kicking his foot against a stone—a rather peremptory explanation, but, at the same time, one for which Berkeley, to use the doctor's own language, would have *hugged* him. The great Idealist certainly never denied the existence of matter in the sense in which Johnson understood it.

As the touched, the seen, the heard, the smelled, and the tasted, he admitted and maintained its existence as readily and completely as the most illiterate and unsophisticated of mankind.

In what sense, then, was it that Berkeley denied the existence of matter? He denied it not in the sense in which the multitude understood it, but solely in the sense in which *philosophers** understood and explained it. And what was it that philosophers understood by matter? They understood by it an occult something which, in itself, is *not* touched, *not* seen, *not* heard, *not* smelled, and *not* tasted; a phantom-world lying behind the visible and tangible universe, and which, though constituting in their estimation the sum and substance of all reality, is yet never itself brought within the sphere or apprehension of the senses. Thus, under the direction of a misguided imagination, they fancied that the sensible qualities which we perceive in things, were copies of other occult qualities of which we have no perception; and that the whole sensible world was the unsubstantial representation of another and real world, hidden entirely from observation, and inaccessible to all our faculties.

Now it was against this metaphysical phantom of the brain, this crotchet-world of philosophers, and against it alone, that all the attacks of Berkeley were directed. The doctrine that the realities of things were not made for man, and that he must rest satisfied with their mere appearances, was regarded, and rightly regarded by him, as the parent of scepticism,† with all her desolating train. He saw that philosophy, in giving up the reality immediately within her grasp, in favour of a reality supposed to be less delusive, which lay beyond the limits of experience, resembled the dog in the fable, who, carrying a piece of meat across a river, let the substance slip from his jaws, while, with foolish greed, he snatched at its shadow in the stream. The dog lost his dinner, and philosophy let go her secure hold upon the truth. He therefore sided with the vulgar, who recognise no distinction between

the reality and the appearance of objects, and repudiating the baseless hypothesis of a world existing unknown and unperceived, he resolutely maintained that what are called the sensible shows of things are in truth the very things themselves.

The precise point of this polemic between Berkeley and the philosophers, is so admirably stated in the writings of David Hume, that we feel we cannot do justice to the subject without quoting his simple and perspicuous words—premising, however, that the arch sceptic had his own good reasons for not doing full justice to his great forerunner. Nothing indeed was further from his intention than the wish that the world should know the side which, in this controversy, Berkeley had so warmly espoused. Had he furnished this information, he would have frustrated the whole scope of his own observations.

"Men," says Hume, "are carried by a natural instinct or prepossession to repose faith in their senses. When they follow this blind and powerful instinct of nature, they always suppose the *very images* presented to the senses to be the external objects, and never entertain any suspicion that the one are nothing but representations of the other. But this universal and primary opinion of all men is soon destroyed by the slightest philosophy, which teaches us that nothing can ever be present to the mind *but an image or perception*. So far, then, we are necessitated by reasoning to contradict or depart from the primary instincts of nature, and to embrace a new system with regard to the evidence of our senses. But here philosophy finds herself extremely embarrassed, when she would justify this new system, and obviate the cavils and objections of the sceptics. She can no longer plead the infallible and irresistible instinct of nature, for that led us to a quite different system, which is acknowledged fallible and even erroneous. And to justify this pretended philosophical system by a chain of clear and convincing argument, or even any appearance of argument, exceeds the power of all

* Berkeley's Works: *Of the Principles of Human Knowledge*, sec. 35, 37, 56. First Dialogue, vol. i. pp. 110, 111. Second Dialogue, vol. i. p. 159. Third Dialogue, vol. i. p. 199, 222. Ed. 1820.

† *Principles of Human Knowledge*, sec. 86, 87.

human capacity." Then follows the famous sceptical dilemma which was never, before or since, so clearly and forcibly put. "Do you," he continues, (firstly,) "follow the instinct and propensities of nature in assenting to the veracity of sense? But these lead you to believe that the *very perception or sensible image is the external object.*" (Then, secondly,) "Do you *disclaim this principle* in order to embrace a more rational opinion, that the perceptions are *only representations* of something external? You here depart from your natural propensities and more obvious sentiments; and yet are not able to satisfy your reason, which can never find any convincing argument from experience, to prove that the perceptions are connected with any external objects."*

Now, when a man constructs a dilemma, it is well that he should see that both of its horns are in a condition to gore to the quick any luckless opponent who may throw himself upon either of their points. But Hume had only tried the firmness and sharpness of the second horn of this dilemma; and certainly its power of punishing had been amply proved by the mercilessness with which it had lacerated, during every epoch, the body of speculative science. But he had left untried the temper of the other horn. In the triumph of his overweening scepticism,

he forgot to examine this alternative antler, no doubt considering its aspect too menacing to be encountered even by the most fool-hardy assailant. But the horn was far less formidable than it looked. Berkeley had already thrown himself upon it, and though he did not find it to be exactly a cushion of down, he was not one whit damaged in the encounter. "*I follow,*" says he, embracing the first of the alternatives, "*I follow the instincts and prepossessions of nature. I assent to the veracity of sense, and I believe that the very perception or sensible image is the external object, and on no account whatever will I consent 'to disclaim this principle.'*" Your philosophy—your more rational opinions—your system of representation—your reasonings which, you say, necessitate me to depart from my primary instincts—all these I give, without reservation, to the winds. And now, *what do you make of me?*† And if he had answered thus, as he would undoubtedly have done had he been alive, for such a reply is in harmony with the whole spirit of his philosophy, we do not, indeed, see what Hume, with all his subtle dialect, could have made of him. But the champion of common sense—he alone who could have foiled the prince of sceptics at his own weapons, was dead,‡ and the cause had fallen into the hands of Dr Reid, a far easier

* Hume's Philosophical Works, vol. iv. pp. 177, 178, 179. Ed. 1826. We have abridged the passage, but have altered none of Hume's expressions.

† *Vide* Berkeley's Works, vol. i. pp. 182, 200, 203.—If the anachronism were no objection, a very happy and appropriate motto for Berkeley's works would be—

"*Spernit Humum fugiente penna.*"

HORACE, *Od.* iii. 2, 24.

Which we would thus translate—"He sets Hume at defiance with a *penn*, which the sceptic cannot trip." David Hume, however, was a very great man—great as a historian, as every one admits; but greater still as a philosopher: for it is impossible to calculate what a blank, but for him, the whole speculative science of Europe for the last seventy years would have been. If the reader wishes to see the character of his writings, and the scope of the sceptical philosophy fairly appreciated, we beg to refer him to an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, (Vol. LII. p. 196, et seq., Art. Philosophy of Perception,) written by Sir William Hamilton, and which, in our opinion, contains more condensed thought and more condensed learning than are to be found in any similar number of pages in our language, on any subject whatever. It gives us great pleasure to see that the writings of this distinguished philosopher, extracted from the *Edinburgh Review*, have been translated into French (Paris, 1840) by M. Peisse, a very competent translator, who has prefixed to the work an introduction of his own, not unworthy of the profound disquisitions that follow.

‡ *Was dead.* This is not precisely true, for Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature*, from which the above extract is taken, was published in 1739, and Berkeley did not die until 1753. But we explain it by saying that Hume's work fell dead-born from the press, and did not attract any degree of attention until long after its publication;

customer, who, when he could not avoid both horns of the dilemma, preferred to encounter the second as apparently the less mischievous of the two.

The first great point then on which Berkeley differed from the ordinary philosophical doctrine, and sided with the vulgar, is that he contended, with the whole force of his intellect, for the inviolable identity of objects and the appearances of objects. The external world *in itself*, and the external world in relation *to us*, was a philosophic distinction which he refused to recognize. In his creed, the substantive and the phenomenal were one. And, though he has been accused of sacrificing the substance to the shadow—and though he still continues to be charged, by every philosophical writer, with reducing all things to ideas in the mind, he was guilty of no such absurdity, at least when interpreted by the spirit, if not by the letter of his speculations. Nay, the very letter of his philosophy, in general, forestalls, and bears him up against, all the cavils of his opponents. His own words, in answer to these allegations, are the following. "No," says he, addressing his antagonist Hylas, who is advocating the common opinion of philosophers, and pressing against him the objections we have spoken of,—“No, I am not for changing things into ideas, but rather *ideas* into *things*; since those immediate objects of perception, which, according to you, are only appearances of things, *I* take to be the real things themselves.”

“Things!” rejoins Hylas, “you may pretend what you please; but it is certain you leave us nothing but the empty forms of things, the outside of which only strikes the senses.”

“What you,” answers Berkeley, “what *you* call the empty forms and outside of things, seem to *me* the very things themselves. . . . We both, therefore, agree in this, that we perceive only sensible forms; but herein we differ, you will have them to be *empty appearances*, I, *real beings*. In short, you do *not* trust your senses, *I* do.”*

So far, then, there does not appear to be much justice in the ordinary allegation, that Berkeley discredited the testimony of the senses, and denied the existence of the material universe. He merely denied the distinction between things and their appearances, and maintained that the thing *was* the appearance, and that the appearance *was* the thing. But this averment brings us into the very thick of the difficulties of the question. For does it not imply that the external world exists *only* in so far as it is perceived—that its *esse*, as Berkeley says, is *percipi*; that its existence is its being perceived, and that, if it were not perceived, it would not exist? At first sight the averment certainly does imply something very like all this; therefore, we must now be extremely cautious how we proceed.

We have already remarked that Berkeley, in vindicating the cause of common sense, frequently appeared to overshoot the mark, and to give vent to opinions which somewhat staggered even the simplest of the vulgar, and seemed less reconcilable with the obvious sentiments of nature, than the philosophical doctrines themselves which they were brought forward to supplant. And the opinion now stated is the most startling of these tenets, and one which, to all appearance, is calculated rather to endamage than to help the cause which it is intended to support. But, in advancing it, Berkeley knew perfectly well what he was about; and though he is far from having fenced it with all the requisite explanations—and though he did not succeed in putting it in a very clear light, or in giving it an adequate and ultimate form of expression—or in obviating all the cavils and strong objections to which it was exposed—or in sounding the depths of its almost unfathomable significance; still he felt, with the instinct of a prophet, that it was a stronghold of impregnable truth, and that in resting on it, he was treading on a firm footing of fact which could never be swept away. Time, and the labours of his successors, have done for him what the span of one man's life,

and when at length, after a lapse of many years, the proper time for answering it arrived, on account of the general notoriety which it had suddenly obtained, that then Berkeley was no more.

* Berkeley's Works, vol. i. p. 201. Ed. 1820.

and span too, we may say, of one man's intellect, capacious as his undoubtedly was, prevented him doing for himself.

We shall admit, then, that Berkeley holds that matter has no existence independently of mind—that mind, if entirely removed, would involve in its downfall the absolute annihilation of matter. And admitting this, we think, at the same time, that we can afford a perfectly satisfactory explanation of so strange and difficult a paradox, and resolve a knot which Berkeley was the first to loosen, but which he certainly did not explicitly untie. The question is: supposing ourselves away or annihilated, would the external world continue to exist as heretofore—or would it vanish into nonentity? But the terms of this question involve a preliminary question, which must first of all be disposed of. Mark what these terms are; they are comprised in the words, “*supposing ourselves away or annihilated.*” But *can* we suppose ourselves away or annihilated? If we can—then we promise to proceed at once to give a categorical answer to the question just put. But if we cannot—then the prime condition of the question not being purified, the question itself has not been intelligibly asked; and therefore it cannot expect to receive a rational or intelligible answer. Should this be found to be the case, it will be obvious that we have been imposing upon ourselves, and have only mistakenly imagined ourselves to be asking a question which in truth we are *not* asking.

Can we, then, conceive ourselves removed or annihilated? is this thought a possible or conceivable supposition? Let us try it by the test of experience, by hypothetically answering the original question, *in the first place*, in the affirmative, and by saying that, although we conceive ourselves and all percipient beings annihilated, still the great universe of matter would maintain its place as firmly and as faithfully as before. We believe, then, that were there no eye actually present to behold them, the sky would be as bright, and the grass as green, as if they were gazed upon by ten million witnesses: that, though there were no ear present to hear them, the thunder would roar as loudly, and the sea sound as tempestuously as before; and that the firm-set earth, though now deserted by man, would remain as solid

as when she resisted the pressure of all the generations of her children. But do we not see, that in holding this belief we have violated, at the very outset, the essential conditions of our question? We bound ourselves to annihilate the percipient in thought, to keep him ideally excluded from the scene, and having done this, we professed ourselves ready to believe and maintain that the universe would preserve its place and discharge its functions precisely the same as heretofore. But in thinking of the bright sky, and of the green grass, and of the loud thunder, and of the solid earth, we have *not* kept him excluded from the scene, but have brought back in thought the very percipient being whom we supposed, but most erroneously supposed, we had abstracted from his place in the creation. For what is this brightness and this greenness but an ideal vision, which cannot be thought of unless man's eyesight be incarnated with it in one inseparable conception? Nature herself, we may say, has so *beaten up together* sight and colour, that man's faculty of abstraction is utterly powerless to dissolve the charmed union. The two (supposed) elements are not two, but only one, for they cannot be separated in thought even by the craft of the subtlest analysis. It is God's synthesis, and man cannot analyze it. And further, what is the loud thunder, and what is the sounding sea, without the ideal restoration of the hearing being whom we professed to have thought of as annihilated? And finally, what is the solidity of the rocks and mountains but that which is conceived to respond to the touch and tread of some human percipient, ideally restored to traverse their unyielding and everlasting heights?

Perhaps the reader may here imagine that we are imposing a quibble both on ourselves and him, and that though we may not be able to conceive ourselves *ideally* removed, yet that we are perfectly able to conceive ourselves *actually* removed out of the universe, leaving its existence unaltered and entire; but a small degree of reflection may satisfy him that this distinction will not help him in the least. For, what is this universe which the reader, after conceiving himself, as he thinks, *actually* away from it, has left behind him unmutated and entire? We ask him to tell us something about it. But when he attempts to do so, he will

invariably find the constitution of his nature to be such, that instead of being able to tell us any thing about *it*, he is compelled to revert to a description of his own human perceptions of it—perceptions which, however, ought to be left altogether out of the account; for what he is bound to describe to us is the universe itself, abstracted from all those impressions of it which were supposed to be non-existent. But this is what it is impossible for him to describe. A man declares that if he were annihilated the universe would still exist. But what universe would still exist? The bright, the green, the solid, the sapid, the odoriferous, the extended, and the figured universe would still exist—Certainly it would. But this catalogue comprises the series of your perceptions of the universe, and this is not what we want; this is precisely what you undertook *not* to give us. In mixing up the thought of these perceptions with the universe, professedly thought to exist independently of them, you have transgressed the stipulated terms of the question—the conclusion from which is, that in supposing yourself annihilated, you did *not* suppose yourself annihilated—you took yourself back into being in the very same breath in which you puffed yourself away into nonentity.

We must here beg to guard ourselves most particularly against the imputation of having said, that in thinking of the external universe man thinks *only* of his own perceptions of it; or that, when he has it actually present before him, he is conscious *only* of the impressions which it makes upon him. This is a doctrine very commonly espoused by the idealistic writers. It is a tempting trap into which they have all been too prone to fall; and Berkeley himself—and a man as great as he—Fichte, have not altogether escaped the snare. But it cuts up the very roots of genuine speculative idealism, and controverts the first and strongest principle on which it rests. This principle, we may remind the reader, is that the thing *is* the appearance, and that the appearance *is* the thing; that the object *is* our perception of it, and that our perception of it *is* the object; in short, that these two are convertible ideas, or, more properly speaking, are one and the same idea. But this use of the word *only* implies that we possess a faculty of abstraction, in virtue of

which we are able to distinguish between objects and our perceptions of objects, between things and the appearances of things—a doctrine which, if admitted, (and admit it we must, if we use the word *only* in the application alluded to above,) would leave this as the distinction between realism and idealism—that whereas the former separates objects from our perceptions of them for the purpose of *preserving* the objects, the latter separates the two for the purpose of *annihilating* the objects. And the truth is, that this is precisely the distinction between spurious realism and spurious idealism. They both found upon the assumed capability of making this abstraction, only they differ, as we have said, herein, that the one makes it in order to preserve the objects, and the other in order to destroy them. But genuine idealism, looking only to the fact, and instructed by the unadulterated dictates of common sense, denies altogether the capability of making the abstraction—denies that we can separate in thought objects and perceptions *at all*; and hence this system has nothing whatever to do either with the preservation or with the destruction of the material universe: and hence, too, it is identical, in its length, and in its breadth, and in its whole significance, with genuine unperverted realism, which just as stoutly refuses to acknowledge the operation of this pretended faculty. Let us beware, then, of maintaining that man, in his intercourse with the external universe, has *only* his own perceptions or impressions to deal with. It was this unwary averment which gave rise to the systems, on the one hand, of subjective idealism, with all its hampering absurdities; and, on the other hand, of hypothetical realism, with all its unwarrantable and unsatisfying conclusions.

To return to our question. It seems certain, then, that the question—Would matter exist if man were annihilated?—cannot be intelligibly asked, when we consider it as answered in the affirmative, because it is clear that its terms cannot be complied with. Conceiving the universe to remain entire, we cannot conceive ourselves as abstracted or removed from its sphere. We think ourselves back, in the very moment in which we think ourselves away.

But, *in the second place*, suppose that we attempt to answer the question

in the negative, and to maintain that the material universe would no longer exist if we and all percipient beings were annihilated: how will this hypothetical conclusion help us out of the difficulty which hampers the very enunciation of the problem? We are aware that this is the favourite conclusion of idealism as commonly understood, and it is a conclusion not altogether uncountenanced by the reasonings of Berkeley himself. But still the form of idealism which espouses any such conclusion, is unguarded and shortsighted in the extreme. The ampler and more wary system refuses to have any thing to do with it; for this system sees that, when the question is attempted to be answered in the negative, the conditions of its statement are not one whit more faithfully discharged than they were when a reply was supposed to be given to it in the affirmative. For let us try the point. Let us say that, man being annihilated, there would no longer be any external universe; that is to say, that there would be universal colourlessness, universal silence, universal impalpability, universal tastelessness, and so forth. But universal colourlessness, universal silence, universal impalpability, universal tastelessness, and so forth, are just as much phenomena requiring, in thought, the presence of an ideal percipient endowed with sight and hearing and taste and touch, as their more positive opposites were phenomena requiring such a percipient. Non-existence itself is a phenomenon requiring a percipient present to apprehend it, just as much as existence is. No external world is no more no external world without an ideal percipient, than an external world is an external world without an ideal percipient. Therefore, in saying that there would be no external world if man were annihilated, we involve ourselves in precisely the same incapacity of rationally enunciating the question as we did in the former case. We are compelled to bring back in thought our very percipient selves, whom we declared we had conceived of as annihilated. In neither case can we adhere to the terms of the question; in neither case can we construe it intelligibly to our own minds; and therefore the

question is unanswerable—not because it cannot be answered, but because it cannot be asked.

Now for the great truth to which these observations are the precursor. We have already taken occasion to remark, that discussions of the kind we are engaged in are carried on, not for the sake of any conclusion we may arrive at with respect to the existence or the non-existence of the material universe, but solely for the sake of the laws of human thought which may be evolved in the course of the research. Now, the conclusion to which we are led by the train of our present speculation is this—that no question and no proposition whatever can, for a moment, be entertained which involves the supposition of our annihilation. It is an irreversible law of human thought, that no such idea can be construed to the mind by any effort of the understanding, or rationally articulated by any power of language. We cannot, and we do think it; we only *think that we think it*. And upon the basis of this law, and upon it alone, independently of revelation, rests the great doctrine of our immortality. The fear of death is a salutary fear, and the thought of death is a salutary thought, not because we can really think the thought or really entertain the fear, but only because we *imagine* that we can do so. This imagination of ours (we say it with the deepest reverence) is a gracious imposition practised upon us by the Author of our nature, for the wisest and most benevolent of purposes. We *appear* to ourselves to be able to realize the thought and the fear, and this it is which drives us back so irresistibly into the busy press of life, and weds us so passionately to its rosy forms: we *are* not able to realize the thought or the fear, and this it is which makes us secretly to rejoice “in the sublime attractions of the grave.” Wo to us if we could indeed think of death! In the real thought of it we should be already dead, but in the mere illusive imagination of the thought we are already an immortal race. We have nothing to wait for: eternity is even now within us, and time, with all its vexing troubles, is no more.*

But to return to Berkeley. What then is the precise position in which he

* Wordsworth's little poem, entitled “We are Seven,” illustrates this great law of human thought—the natural inconceivability of death; and hence, simple as its character may be, it is rooted in the most profound and recondite psychological truth.

has left the question respecting man and the material universe? He maintains, as we have said, that matter depends entirely for its existence upon mind. And in this opinion we cordially agree with him. But we must be allowed to widen very amply the basis of his principle, otherwise, on account of the doctrine thus professed, we feel well assured that our friends would be disposed to call our sanity in question. Berkeley's doctrine amounts to this, that there are trees, for instance, and houses in the world, because they are either seen, and so forth, or thought of *as seen*, and so forth. But here his groundwork is far too narrow, for it seems to imply this, that there would be no trees and no houses *unless* they were seen, or thought of as seen. It is therefore exposed to strong objections and misconstructions. The realist may laugh it to scorn by saying, "Then, I suppose, there are no trees and no houses when there is no man's mind either seeing or thinking of them!" But broaden the basis of the idealistic principle, and see how innocuous this objection falls to the ground; affirm that in the case of *every* phenomenon, that is, even in the case of the *phenomenon of the absence of all phenomena*, a subject-mind must be thought of as incarnated with the phenomenon, and the cavil is at once obviated and disarmed. The realist expects the idealist, in virtue of his principle, taken in its narrower significance, to admit that when the percipient neither sees, nor thinks of seeing, trees and houses, there would be no such thing as these objects. But the idealist, instructed by his principle in its wider significance, replies, "No, my good sir; no-trees and no-houses, *i.e.* space empty of trees and houses, is a phenomenon, just as much as trees and houses themselves are phenomena: and as such it can no more exist without being seen or thought of as seen than any other phenomenon can. Therefore, if I were to admit that, in the total absence and oblivion of the percipient, there would be no-trees and no-houses in a particular place, I should be guilty of the very error I am most anxious to avoid, and which it is the aim of my whole system to guard people against committing—I should merely be substituting *other* phenomena in lieu of those which had disappeared—I should merely be placing the phenomenon of no-object in the room of the phenomenon of object, and, in main-

taining (as you seem to expect I should) that the former might exist without being seen or thought of as seen, while the latter might not so exist, I should be giving a direct contradiction to my whole speculation—I should be chargeable with holding that *some* phenomena are independent and irrespective of a percipient mind either really or ideally present to them, and that *others* are not; whereas my great doctrine is that *no* phenomena, not even, as I have said, the phenomenon of the absence of all phenomena, are thus independent or irrespective." It appears to us that Berkeley's principle requires to be enlarged in some such terms as these; and being so, we think that it is then proof against all cavils and objections whatsoever. It is perfectly true, that the existence of matter depends entirely on the presence, that is, either the real or the ideal presence, of a conscious mind. But it does not follow from this that there would be *no-matter* if no such conscious mind were present, or thought of as present, because *no-matter* depends just as much upon the real or the ideal presence of a conscious mind. Thus are spiked all the cannon of false realism; thus all her trenches are obliterated, all her supplies cut off, and all her resources rendered unserviceable. Thus, too, we may add, is the flank of false idealism turned, and her forces driven from their ground, while absolute real idealism, or the complete conciliation of common sense and philosophy, remains in triumphant possession of the field.

Now we think that this mode of meeting the question respecting mind and matter, and of clearing its difficulties, is infinitely preferable to that resorted to by some philosophers, in which they make a distinction between what they call the *primary*, and what they call the *secondary* qualities of matter; holding that the latter are purely subjective affections, or impressions existing only in ourselves; and that the former are purely objective elements, constituting the very existence of things. As this is a very prevalent and powerfully supported opinion, we cannot pass it by without some notice. But in our exposure of its futility, we shall be very brief. All the secondary qualities, colours, sounds, tastes, smells, heat, hardness, every thing, in short, which is an *affection of sense*, may be generalized at one sweep into *our mere* knowledge of things. But the primary qualities which are usually

restricted to extension and figure, and which constitute, it is said, the objective or real essence of things, and which are entirely independent of us—into what shall they be generalized? Into what but into this? into the *knowledge* of something, which exists in things over and above *our mere* knowledge of things. It is plain enough that we cannot generalize them into pure objective existence in itself; we can only generalize them into a *knowledge* of pure objective existence. But such a knowledge, that is to say, a knowledge of something existing in things, over and above our *mere* knowledge of them, is not one whit less *our* knowledge—and is not one whit more *their* existence, than the other more subjective knowledge designated by the word *mere*. Our knowledge of extension and figure is just as little these real qualities themselves, as our affection of colour is objective colour itself. Just as little we say, and just as much. You—(we suppose ourselves addressing an imaginary antagonist,) you hold that our knowledge of the secondary qualities is not these qualities themselves; but we ask you—Is, then, our knowledge of the primary qualities these qualities themselves? This you will scarcely maintain; but, perhaps, you will say, take away the affection of colour, and the colour no longer exists; and we retort upon you—take away the knowledge of extension, and the extension no longer exists. This you will peremptorily deny, and we deny it just as peremptorily; but why do both of us deny it? just because both of us have subreptitiously restored the knowledge of extension in denying that extension itself would be annihilated. The knowledge of extension *is* extension, and extension *is* the knowledge of extension. Perhaps, in continuation, you will say, we have our own ideas—the secondary qualities are in truth our own ideas—but that besides these we have an idea of some thing existing externally to us which is *not an idea*—and that this something forms the aggregate of the primary qualities: Admitted. But is this idea of something which is not an idea, in any degree *less an idea* than the other ideas spoken of? We should like to be informed in what respect it is so. Depend upon it, the primary qualities must be held to stand on precisely the same footing as the secondary, in so far as they give us any information respecting real objective existences. In

accepting the one class the mind may be passive, and in accepting the other class she may be active; but that distinction will not bring us one hair's-breadth nearer to our mark. If the one class is subjective, so is the other; if the one class is objective, so is the other; and the conciliating truth is, that both classes are at once subjective *and* objective. In fine, we thus break the neck of the distinction. There is a world as it exists in relation to us: true. And there is the same world as it exists *in itself*, and in non-relation to us: true also. But the world as it exists in relation to us, is just *one* relation in which the world exists in relation to us; and the world as it exists in itself, and in non-relation to us, is just *another* relation in which the world exists in relation to us.

Some readers may perhaps imagine, that in making this strong statement we are denying the real objective existence, the primary qualities, the *noumena*, as they are sometimes called, of things. But we are doing no such thing. Such a denial would lead us at once into the clueless labyrinths of subjective idealism, which is a system we altogether repudiate. All that we deny is *the distinction* between the primary and the secondary qualities, between the noumena and the phenomena; and we deny this distinction, because we deny the existence of the faculty (the faculty of abstraction) by means of which we are supposed to be capable of making it. This certainly is no denial, but rather an affirmation, of the primary qualities of real objective existence, and it places us upon the secure and impregnable ground of real objective idealism—a system in which knowledge and existence are identical and convertible ideas.

We shall now proceed to make a few remarks on the work which stands at the head of the present article—Mr Bailey's "Review of Berkeley's Theory of Vision," in which he endeavours "to show the unsoundness of that celebrated speculation."

Mr Bailey is favourably known to the literary portion of the community, as the author of some ingenious "Essays on the formation and publication of opinions;" and he is doubtless a very clever man. But in the work before us, we must say, that he has undertaken a task far beyond his powers, and that he has most signally failed—not because

these powers are in themselves feeble, but because they have been misdirected against a monument—*are perennius*—of solid and everlasting truth. The ability displayed in the execution of his work, is immeasurably greater than the success with which it has been crowned.

Therefore, when we say that, in our opinion, Mr Bailey's work has been any thing but successful in its main object, we can, at the same time, conscientiously recommend a careful perusal of it to those who are interested in the studies of which it treats. Its chief merit appears to us to consist in this—that it indicates with sufficient clearness the difference between the entire views advocated by Berkeley himself on the subject of vision, and the partial views which it has suited the purposes or the ability of his more timid but less cautious followers to adopt. We shall immediately have occasion to speak of the respects in which the disciples have deserted the principles of the master; but let us first of all state the precise question at issue. There is not much fault to be found with the terms in which Mr Bailey has stated it, and therefore we cannot do better than make use of his words.

"Outness, (says he, p. 13,) distance, real magnitude, and real figure, are not perceived (according to Berkeley's theory) immediately by sight; but, *in the first place*, by the sense of feeling or touch; and it is from experience alone that our visual sensations come to suggest to us these exclusively tangible properties. We, in fact, see *originally* nothing but various coloured appearances, which are felt as internal sensations; and we learn that they are external, and also what distances, real magnitudes, and real figures, these coloured appearances indicate, just as we learn to interpret the meaning of the written characters of a language. Thus a being gifted with sight, but destitute of the sense of touch, would have no perception of outness, distance, real magnitude, and real figure. Such is Berkeley's doctrine stated in the most general terms."

We beg the reader particularly to notice, that the distance and outness here spoken of are the distance and outness of an object from the eye of the beholder; for Mr Bailey imagines, as we shall have occasion to show, that Berkeley holds that another species of outness, namely, the outness of one visible thing from other visible

things, is not immediately perceived by sight. This latter opinion, however, is certainly not maintained by Berkeley, and the idea that it is so, is, we think, the origin of the greater part of Mr Bailey's mistakes. The only other remark which we think it necessary to make on this exposition is, that we slightly object to the words, which we have marked in italics—"in the first place"—for they seem to imply that outness, &c., are perceived by sight in the *second* or in the *last* place. But Berkeley holds, and in this opinion we agree with him, that they are never perceived *at all* by the sense of *sight*, properly so called. The same objection applies to the word "*originally*," where it is said that we "see originally nothing but various coloured appearances," for it seems to imply that *ultimately* we come to see more than various coloured appearances. But this, following Berkeley's footsteps, we deny that we ever do. In other respects we think that the statement is perfectly correct and unobjectionable.

As a further statement and abstract of the theory, Mr Bailey proceeds to quote Berkeley's own words, in which he says, "that distance or outness" (*i.e.* outness from the eye) "is neither immediately of itself perceived by sight, nor yet apprehended and judged of by lines and angles, or any thing that hath a necessary connexion with it; but that it is only *suggested* to our thoughts by certain visible ideas and sensations attending vision, which, in their own nature, have no manner of similitude or relation either with distance or things placed at a distance. But, by a connexion, taught us by experience, they (*viz. visible ideas and visual sensations*) come to signify and suggest them (*viz. distance, and things placed at a distance*) to us, after the same manner that words of any language suggest the ideas they are made to stand for. Insomuch that a man born blind, and afterwards made to see, would not, at first sight, think the things he saw to be without his mind, or at any distance from him." Such is an outline of the theory which Mr Bailey undertakes to controvert.

In laying the groundwork of his objections, he first of all proceeds (and we think this the most valuable observation in his book) to point out the distinction between two separate opinions which may be entertained with regard to the outness of visible objects. The one opinion is, that sight is unable

to determine that visible objects are external, or at any distance *at all* from the eye: the other opinion is, that sight, though gifted with the capacity of determining that all visible objects are at *some* distance from the eye, is yet unable to determine the relative distances at which they stand towards it and towards one another. In the words of Mr Bailey, "Whether objects are seen to be external, or at *some* distance, is one question altogether distinct from the enquiry—whether objects are seen by the unassisted vision to be at *different* distances from the percipient." He then adds, "yet Berkeley uniformly assumes them to be the same, or, at least, takes it for granted that they are to be determined by the same arguments." This is true enough in one sense, but Mr Bailey should have considered, that if Berkeley did not make the discrimination, it was because he conceived that the opinion which maintained the absolute non-externality of visible objects, *i.e.* of objects in relation to the organ of sight, was the only question properly at issue. The remark, however, is valuable, because Berkeley's followers, Reid, Stewart, and others, have supposed that the other question was the one to be grappled with; and, accordingly, they have not ventured beyond maintaining that the eye is unable to judge of the *different degrees* of distance at which objects may be placed from it. But the thorough-going opinion is the true one, and the followers have deserted their leader only to err, or to discover truths of no scientific value or significance whatever.

Let us now consider the general object which Berkeley had in view, and determine the proper point of sight from which his "theory of vision" should be regarded. We have already remarked that it was but the stepping-stone or prelude to those maturer and more extended doctrines of idealism in which his genius afterwards expatiated, and which have made his name famous throughout every corner of the philosophic world; and which we have endeavoured to do justice to in the preceding pages, giving a more enlarged and unobjectionable construction to their principle, and clearing, we think, at least some of the difficulties which beset his statement of it. His theory of vision may be called an essay on the idealism of the eye, and of the eye alone. It is idealism restricted to the consideration of this

sense, and is the first attempt that ever was made to embody a systematic and purely speculative critique of the facts of seeing. We use the words *purely speculative* in contradistinction from geometrical and physiological critiques of the same sense; of which there were abundance in all languages, but which, proceeding on mathematical or anatomical *data*, which are entirely *tactical*, had, in Berkeley's opinion, nothing whatever to do with the science of *optics*, properly so called. Optics, as hitherto treated, that is to say, as established on mathematical principles, appeared to him to be a false science of *vision*; for this reason, that the blind were found to be just as capable of understanding and appreciating it, as those were who could see. Hence he concluded, and most justly, that the true facts of sight had been left out of the estimate, because these were, and necessarily must be, facts which no blind person could form any conception of. He accordingly determined to construct, or at least to pave the way towards the construction of a truer theory of vision, in which these—the proper and peculiar facts of the sense—should be taken exclusively into account: and hence, passing from the mathematical and physiological method, he took up a different, and what we have called a purely speculative ground—a ground which cannot be rendered intelligible or conceivable to the blind, inasmuch as they are deficient in the sense which alone furnishes the *data* that are to be dealt with. The test by which Berkeley tried optical science was—can the blind be brought to understand, or to form any conception of it? If they can, then the science *must* be false, for it ought to be a science of experiences from which they are entirely debarred. We should bear in mind then, first of all, that his object in constructing his theory of vision was, leaving all geometrical and anatomical considerations out of the question, to apprehend the proper and peculiar facts of *sight*—the facts, the whole facts, and *nothing but* the facts, of that particular and isolated sense.

Now we think that Mr Bailey's leading error consists in his not having remarked the unswerving devotedness with which Berkeley follows out this aim; and hence, having failed to appreciate the singleness and unrelaxing perseverance of his purpose, he has consequently failed to appreciate the

great success which has attended his endeavours. He has not duly attended or done justice to the pertinacity with which Berkeley adheres to the facts of vision cut off from all the other knowledge of which our other senses are the inlets. In studying the science of vision, the eye of his mind has not been "single;" and hence his mind has not been "full of light." He does not himself appear to have experimentally verified the pure facts of the virgin eye as yet unwedded to the touch. He has not formed to himself a clear conception of the absolute distinction between these two senses and their respective objects—a distinction upon the clear apprehension of which the whole intelligibility of Berkeley's assertions and reasonings depends.

In proof of what we aver, let us turn to the consideration of one fact which Berkeley has largely insisted on as the fundamental fact of the science. Colour, says the Bishop, is the proper and only object of vision, and the *outness* of this object (*i. e.* its outness from the eye) is *not* perceived by sight. Upon which Mr Bailey, disputing the truth of the latter fact, remarks, "on turning to Berkeley's essay, we find literally no arguments which specifically apply to this question; nothing but bare assertion repeated in various phrases." This is undoubtedly too true—and perhaps Berkeley is to be condemned for having left his assertion so destitute of the support of reasoning. But he saw that he had stated a fact which he himself had verified, and perhaps he did not think it necessary to prove it to those who had eyes to see it for themselves; perhaps he was unable to prove it. But, at any rate, Mr Bailey's complaint shows that he is deficient in that speculative sense which enables a man to see that to be a fact which is a fact, and to explicate its reason, even when no *rationale* of it has been given by him who originally promulgated it. This reason we shall now endeavour to supply. Let us ask, then—what do we mean when we say that a colour is *seen* to be external? We mean that it is seen to be external to *some other colour* which is before us. Thus we say that white is external to black, because we see it to be so. It is *only* when we can make a comparison between two or more colours that we can say that they are seen to be external—*i. e.* external to each other. But if there were no colour but one before us, not being able to make any comparison,

we should be unable by sight to form any judgment at all about its outness, or to say that we *saw* it to be out of any thing. For what would it *be seen* to be out of? Out of the eye or the mind, you say. But you do not see the colour of the eye or of the mind—and therefore you have no ground whatever afforded you on which, instructed by the sense of sight, you can form your judgment. You have no other colour with which to compare it, and therefore, as a comparison with other colours is necessary before you can say that any one of them is *seen* to be external, you cannot predicate visible outness of it at all. Nor does it make any difference how numerous soever the colours before you may be. You can predicate outness of them all in relation to each other; but you can predicate nothing of the sort with regard to any of them in relation to your eye or to your mind, for you have no colour of your eye or mind before you with which you can compare them, and *out* of which, in virtue of that comparison, you can say that they *visibly* exist. Doubtless, if you saw the colour of your own eye, you could then say that other visible objects, that is, other colours, were seen to be external to it. But, as you never see this, you have nothing left for it but even now to accept the fact as Berkeley laid it down, coupled with the reasoning by which we have endeavoured to explain and expiscate it. But the *touch*! Does not the touch enable us to form a judgment with respect to the outness of objects from the eye? Undoubtedly it does—as Berkeley every where contends. But the only question at present at issue is: does the sight?—and the *fact* established beyond all question by the foregoing reasoning is, that it *does not*.

What makes people so reluctant and unwilling to accept this fact is, that they suppose we are requiring them to believe that visible objects, that is colours, are not seen to be external to their own visible bodies; that, for instance, a colour, at the other end of the room, is not seen to be external to their hand, or the point of their own nose. They think that when such a colour is said not to be seen to be external to the eye, that we are maintaining that they must see it to be in close proximity to their own visible nose or eyebrows. But, in truth, we are maintaining no position so completely at variance with the fact, and

we are requiring of them no such extravagant and impossible belief. As well might they conceive that we are inclined to maintain that the chairs are not seen to be external to the table. Now, on the contrary, we hold it to be an undeniable fact, (and so does Berkeley,) that all visible objects are seen to be external, and at a distance from one another; that objects at the end of the street, or at the end of the great ranges of astronomy, are all seen to be very far removed from the visible features of our own faces; but we deny that these objects, and our own noses among the number, are seen to be external, or at any distance at all from our own sight; simply for this reason, that our sight is unable to see itself. How can we see a thing to be at any distance whatsoever from a thing which we don't see? Suppose a person were privately to bury a guinea somewhere, and then, pointing to St Paul's, were to ask a friend, "how far is my guinea buried from that cathedral?" What judgment could the person so interrogated form — what answer could he give? obviously none. The guinea might be buried under St Paul's foundation—it might be buried at Tinbuctoo. There are no *data* furnished, from which a judgment may be formed, and a reply given. In the same way, with regard to sight and its objects; the requisite *data* for a judgment are not supplied to this sense. One *datum* is given, the visible object; but the other necessary *datum* is withheld, namely, the visibleness of the organ itself. Therefore, by sight, we can form no judgment at all with respect to the distance at which objects may be placed from the organ; or perhaps it would be more proper to say, that we do form an obscure judgment, to the effect that all visible objects lie within the sphere of the eye; and that where the object is, there also is the organ which apprehends it. Or, to repeat the proof in somewhat different words, we affirm, that before sight can judge of the distance of objects from itself, or that they are distant at all, it must first *localize* both itself and the object. But it can only localize these two by seeing them, for sight can do nothing except by seeing. But it cannot see both of them; it can only see one of them. Therefore, it cannot localize both of them, and hence the conclusion is driven irresistibly home, that it can form no judgment that they are in any degree distant from one another.

Touching this point Mr Bailey puts forth an averment, which really makes us blush for the speculative capacity of our country. Speaking of the case of the young man who was couched by Cheselden, he remarks, in support of his own doctrine, that visible objects are seen to be external to the sight; and in commenting on the young man's statement, that "he thought all objects whatever touched his eyes as what he felt did his skin," he remarks, we say, upon this, that it clearly proves "visible objects appeared external even to his body, to say nothing of his mind." External even to his body! Surely Mr Bailey did not expect that the young man was to perceive visible things to be *in* his visible body. Surely he does not think that the hands of Berkeley's argument would have been strengthened by any such preposterous revelation. Surely he is not such a crude speculator as to imagine that the mind is *in* the body, like the brain, the liver, or the lungs; and that to bear out Berkeley's theory, it was necessary that the visible universe, of which the visible body is a part, should be seen to be in this mind internal again in its turn to the visible body. Truly this is ravelling the hank of thought with a vengeance.

Berkeley's doctrine with regard to the outness of visible objects, we would state to be this:—All these objects are directly seen to be external to each other, but none of them are seen or can be seen, for the reason above given, to be external to the eye itself. He holds that the knowledge that they are external to the eye—that they possess a real and tangible outness independent of the sight—is entirely brought about by the operation of another sense—the sense of touch. He further maintains that the tactual sensations having been repeatedly experienced along with the visual sensations, which yield no such judgment, these visual sensations come at length of themselves, and in the absence of the tactual impressions, to suggest objects as external to the eye, that is, as endowed with real and tangible outness; and so perfect is the association, that the seer seems to originate out of his own native powers, a knowledge for which he is wholly indebted to his brother the toucher.

Now Mr Bailey views the doctrine in a totally different light. According to him Berkeley's doctrine is, that not only the tangible outness of objects, or

their distance from the eye, is not immediately perceived by sight, but that not even their visible outness or their distance from one another is so perceived. He thinks that, according to Berkeley, the latter kind of outness is *suggested* by certain "internal feelings"—Heaven knows what they are—no less than the former. He does not see that this "internal feeling," as he calls it, is itself the very sensation of visible outness as above explained. He seems to think that, according to Berkeley, the eye does not even see visible things to be out of one another—out of our visible bodies for example; but that the disintrication of them is accomplished by a process of suggestion. No wonder that he makes dreadful havoc with the Bishop's doctrine of association. The following is his statement of that doctrine:—

"Outness is not immediately perceived by sight, but only suggested to our thoughts by certain visible ideas and sensations attending vision. Berkeley (he continues) thus in fact represents the visual perception of objects as external, to be an instance of the association of ideas. If, however, he had clearly analyzed the process in question, he would have perceived the fallacy into which he had fallen. It is impossible that the law of mind, by which one thing suggests another, should produce any such effect as the one ascribed to it. Suppose we have an internal feeling A, which has never been attended with any sensation or perception of outness, and that it is experienced at the same time with the external sensation B. After A and B have been thus experienced together, they will, according to the law of association, suggest each other. When the internal feeling occurs, it will bring to mind the external one, and *vice versa*. But this is all. Let there be a thousand repetitions of the internal feeling with the external sensation, and all that can be effected will be, that the one will invariably suggest the other. Berkeley's theory, however, demands more than this. He maintains that because the internal feeling has been found to be accompanied by the external one, it will when experienced alone, not only suggest the external sensation, but absolutely be regarded as external itself, or rather be converted into the perception of an external object. It may be asserted, without hesitation, that there is nothing in the whole operations of the human mind analogous to such a process."

There certainly is nothing in the mental operations analogous to such a process, and just as little is there any thing in the whole writings of Berkeley analogous to such a doctrine. Throughout this statement, the fallacy and the mistake are entirely on the side of Mr Bailey. The "outness" which he here declares Berkeley to hold as *suggested*, he evidently imagines to be *visible* outness: whereas Berkeley distinctly holds that visible outness is never *suggested* by sight at all, or by any "visible ideas or sensations attending vision," and that it is only *tangible* outness which is so suggested. "Sight (says Berkeley, Works, vol. i. 147) doth not *suggest* or in any way inform us that the *visible* object we immediately perceive exists *at a distance*." What Berkeley maintains is, that vision with its accompanying sensations suggests to us another kind of outness and of objects which are invisible, and which always remain invisible, but which may be perceived by touch, provided we go through the process necessary for such a perception. He admits the immediate and unsuggested sensation of visible outness in the sense explained above—that all visible things are directly seen to be external to our visible bodies, only denying (and we think we have assigned good grounds for this denial) that any of them *are seen* to be external to our own *invisible* sight. He maintains that this direct sensation of visible outness comes through experience to suggest the perception of a different, namely of a tangible and invisible, outness. He asserts (we shall here adopt Mr Bailey's language, with some slight variation giving *our* view of the case,) that in consequence of there having been a thousand repetitions of the sensation of visible outness with the sensation of tangible outness, the one will invariably suggest the other. And his theory demands no more than this. He never maintains that because the sensation of visible outness—already explained, we beg the reader to keep in mind, as the sensation of visible objects as external to one another, but not as external to the sense perceiving them—he never maintains that because this sensation has been found to be accompanied by the sensation of tangible outness, that it will, when experienced alone, not only suggest the tangible outness, but absolutely be regarded as tangible itself, or be converted into the perception of a tangible object. He

never, we say, maintains any thing like this, as Mr Bailey represents him to do. It may therefore be asserted with hesitation, that there is nothing in the whole history of philosophical criticism analogous to the blunder of his reviewer. Nothing is easier than to answer a disputant when we confute, as his, a theory of our making.

Berkeley informs us, that visual sensation—that is, the direct perception of the outness of visible things with regard to one another, having been frequently accompanied with sensations of their tactual outness and tactual magnitudes, comes at length, through the law of association, to suggest to us that they are external also to the eye, although we never see them to be so; and to suggest this to us—of course as the word suggestion implies—in the absence of the tactual sensations. Thus the visual sensations, which, in the absence of the tactual sensations, call up the tactual sensations, resemble a language, the words of which, in the absence of things, call up the ideas of things. Thus the word rose, in the absence of a rose, suggests the idea of that flower; and thus a visible rose, not seen as external to the eye, does, in the absence of a tangible or touched rose, suggest a tangible or touched rose as an object external to the eye. “But,” says Mr Bailey, “this comparison completely fails. To make it tally we must suppose that the audible name, by suggesting the visible flower, becomes itself a visible object.” What! does he then suppose that Berkeley holds that the visible flower, by suggesting the tangible flower, becomes itself a tangible object? To make Mr Bailey’s objection tell, Berkeley must be represented as holding this monstrous opinion, which he most assuredly never did.

Our limits prevent us from following either Berkeley or his reviewer through the further details of this speculation. But we think that we have pointed out with sufficient distinctness Mr Bailey’s fundamental blunder, upon which the whole of his supposed refutation of Berkeley is built, and which consists in this: that he conceives the Bishop to maintain that the perception of visible outness, or the distance of objects among themselves, is as much the result of suggestion as the knowledge of tangible outness, or the distance of objects from the organ of sight. He seems to think Berkeley’s doctrine to be this: that our visual sen-

sations are mere internal feelings, in which there is originally and directly no kind of outness at all involved, not even the outness of one visible thing from another visible thing; and that this outness is in some way or other suggested to the mind by these internal feelings. But, says he, Berkeley’s theory demands more than this: for “the internal feeling not only suggests the idea of the external object, but by doing so, suggests the idea, or, if I may use figure, infuses the perception of *its own* externality.” And he cannot understand how this result should be produced by any process of association. But neither does Berkeley’s theory demand that it should; for this “internal feeling” is itself, as we have already remarked, the direct perception of visible outness,—that is to say, the outness of objects in relation, for instance, to our own visible bodies; and so far there is no suggestion at all in the case, nor any occasion for any suggestion. Suggestion comes into play when we judge that, over and above the outness of objects viewed in relation to themselves and our visible bodies, there is another kind of outness connected with these objects; namely, their outness in relation to the organ itself which perceives them; and this suggestion takes place only after we have learned, through the experience of touch, to localize that organ. Having thus indicated the leading mistake which lies at the root of Mr Bailey’s attempted refutation, we shall bid adieu both to him and Berkeley, and shall conclude by hazarding one or two speculations of our own, in support of the conclusions of the latter.

How do we come to judge that objects are external to the eye as distinguished from our perception, that they are external to one another—and how do we come to judge that they possess a real magnitude quite different from their visible magnitude? These are the two fundamental questions of the Berkelian optics; and in endeavouring to answer them, we must go to work experimentally, and strive to apprehend the virgin facts of seeing, uncombined with any other facts we may have become acquainted with from other sources. Let us suppose, then, that we are merely an eye, which, however, as it is not yet either tangible or localized, we shall call the soul the seer. Let this seer be provided with a due complement of objects, which are mere

colours in the form of houses, clouds, rivers, woods, and mountains. Every thing is excluded but sight and colours. Nothing but pure seeing is the order of the day. Now, here it is obvious that the seer must pronounce itself or its organ to be precisely commensurate in extent with the things seen. It may either suppose the diameter of the landscape to be conformed to the size of its diameter, or it may suppose its diameter conformed to the size of the landscape. It is quite immaterial which it does, but one or other of these judgments it must form. The seer and the seen must be pronounced to be co-extensive with one another. No judgment to a contrary effect—no judgment that the organ is infinitely disproportioned to its objects, is as yet possible. Well, we shall suppose that these objects keep shifting up and down within the sphere of the organ, growing larger and smaller, fainter and brighter in colour, and so forth. Still no new result takes place: there is still nothing but simple seeing. Until at length *one particular* bifurcated phenomenon, with black extremities at one end, and lateral appendages, each of them terminating in a somewhat broad instrument, with five points of rather a pinky hue, begins to stir. Ha! What's this? This is something new—this is something very different from *seeing*. One of the objects within the sight, one of our own visual phenomena has evolved, by all that's wonderful! a new set of sensations entirely different from any thing connected with vision. We will call them muscular sensations. As this is the only one of all the visual phenomena which has evolved these new sensations, the attention of the seer is naturally directed to its operations. Let us then attend to it particularly. It moves into close proximity with other visual objects, and here another new and startling series of sensations ensues—sensations which our seer never found to arise when any of the other visual phenomena came together. We will call these our sensations of touch. The attention is now directed more particularly than ever to the proceedings of this bifurcated phenomenon. It raises one of the aforesaid lateral appendages, and with one of the points in which it terminates, it feels its way over the other portions of its surface. Certain portions of this touched surface are not visible; but the seer, by

calling into play the muscular sensations, that is, by moving the upper part of this phenomenon, can bring many of them within its sphere, and hence the seer concludes that all of the felt portions would become visible, were no limit put to these movements and muscular sensations. Very well. This point, which occupies an infinitely small space among the visual phenomena, continues its manipulating progress, until it at length happens to rest upon a very sensitive and orbed surface, about its own size, situated in the upper part of the bifurcated object. And now what ensues? Speaking out of the information and experience which we have as yet acquired, we should naturally say that merely this can ensue—that if the point (let us now call it our finger) and the orbed surface on which it rests are out of the sphere of sight, the seer has nothing to do with it—that it is simply a case of touch; or if the finger and the surface are within the sphere of sight, that then the finger will merely hide from our view a surface co-extensive with itself, as it does in other similar instances—and that in either case, all the other objects of sight will be left as visible and entire as ever. But no; neither of these two results is what ensues. What then does ensue? This astounding and almost inconceivable result ensues; that the *whole* visual phenomena are suddenly obliterated as completely as if they had never been. One very small visible point, performing certain operations within the eye, and coming in contact with a certain surface as small as itself, and which must also be conceived as lying within the eye, not only obliterates that small surface, but extinguishes a whole landscape which is visibly many million times larger than itself. If this result were not the fact, it would be altogether incredible. From this moment, then, a new world is revealed to us, in which we find that instead of the man and all visible objects being in the eye, the eye is in the man: and that these objects being visibly external to the bifurcated phenomenon whose operations we have been superintending, and which we shall now call *ourselves*—they must consequently be external (although even yet they are never visibly so) to the eye also. The seer, the great eye, within which we supposed all this to be transacted, breaks as it were, and falls away, while the little

surface to which the forefinger was applied, and which it covered, becomes, and from this time henceforward continues, to be our true eye. Thus, by a very singular process, do we find ourselves, as it were, within our own eye—a procedure which is rescued from absurdity by this consideration, that our eye itself—our tangible eye—is also found within the primary eye, as we may call it—which latter eye falling away when the experience of touch commences, the man and the universe which surrounds him start forth into their true place as external to the seer, and the new secondary eye, revealed by touch, becoming localized, shrinks into its true proportions, now very limited when tactually compared with the objects which fall under its inspection. And all this magical creation—all our knowledge that objects are out of the eye, and that the size of this organ bears an infinitely small proportion to the real magnitude of objects—all this is the work of the touch, and of the touch alone.*

Perhaps the following consideration may help the reader to understand how the sight becomes instructed by the touch. Our natural visual judgment undoubtedly is, as we have said, that the eye and the landscape which it sees are precisely co-extensive with each other; and the natural conclusion must be, that whatever surface is sufficient to cover the one, must be sufficient to cover the other also. But is this found to be the case? By no means. You lay your finger on your eye, and it completely covers it. You then lay the same finger on the landscape, and it does not cover, perhaps, the hundred millionth part of its surface. Thus are the judgments and conclusions of the eye corrected and refuted by the experience of the finger, until, at length, the eye actually believes that it sees things to be larger than itself—a total mistake, however, on its part, as Berkeley was the first to show; for the object which it seems to see as greatly larger than itself, is only *suggested* by another object which is always smaller than itself. The small visible object suggests the thought of a large tangible object, and the latter it is which chiefly occupies the mind; but still it is never seen—it is merely suggested by the

other object which alone is presented to the vision.

By looking through a pair of spectacles, any one may convince himself of the impossibility of our seeing the real and tangible magnitude of things—or of our seeing any thing which exceeds the expansion of the retina. A lofty tower, you will say, exceeds the expansion of the retina—certainly a tangible, a *suggested* tower, does so: but does a visible, a seen tower, ever do so? Make the experiment, good reader, and you will find that it never does. Look, then, at this tower from a small distance, through a pair of spectacles, which form a sort of projected retina, not much, if at all, larger than your real retina. At first sight you will probably say that it looks about a hundred feet high, and, at any rate, that you see it to be infinitely larger than your own eye. But look again, attending in some degree to the size of your spectacle glasses, and you shall see that it does not stretch across one half, or perhaps one fourth, of their diameter. And if a fairy pencil, as Adam Smith supposes, were to come between your eye and the glass, the picture sketched by it thereon, answering in the exactest conformity to the dimensions of the tower you see, would be an image, probably not the third of an inch high, or the hundredth part of an inch broad. This is certainly not what you seem to see, but this is certainly what you *do* see. These are the dimensions into which your lofty tower has shrunk. Now is this tower, seen to be one-third of an inch high, and very much smaller than the retina, represented by the spectacles—is this tower another tower, seen to be a hundred feet high, and infinitely larger than the retina, and existing out of the mind, in *rerum natura*? or is not the latter tower merely *suggested* by the former ideal one, in consequence of the great disparity which touch, and touch alone, has proved to exist between the thing seeing and the thing seen? Unquestionably the latter view of the matter is the true one; seen objects are always ideal, and always remain ideal—they have no existence in *rerum natura*. They merely suggest other objects of a real, or at least of a tangible kind,

* It may, perhaps, be thought that all this information might be acquired by the simple act of closing our eyelids. But here the tactual sensations are so faint, that we might be doubtful whether the veil was drawn over our eye or over the face of things. Our limits prevent us from stating other objections to which this explanation is exposed.

with which they have no necessary, but merely an arbitrary connexion, established by custom and experience. So much upon the idealism of the eye.

In conclusion, we wish to hazard one remark on the subject of inverted images depicted on the retina. External objects, we are told, are represented on the retina in an inverted position, or with their upper parts pointing downwards. Now, in one sense this may be true, but in another sense it appears to us to be unanswerably false. Every visible object must be conceived as made up of a great number of *minima visibilia*, or smallest visible points. From each of these a cone of rays proceeds, with its base falling on the pupil of the eye. Here the rays are refracted by the humours so as to form other cones, the apices of which are projected on the retina. The cones of rays proceeding from the upper *minima visibilia* of the object are refracted into foci on the lower part of the retina; while those coming from the lower *minima* of the object are refracted into foci on the upper part of the retina. So far the matter is perfectly demonstrable; so far we have an image on the retina, the lower parts of which correspond with the upper parts of the object. But what kind of image is it—what is the nature of the inversion which here takes place? We answer that it is an image in which not one single *minimum* is in itself reversed, but in which all the *minima* are transposed merely in relation to one another. The inversion regards merely the relative position of the *minima*, and not the *minima* themselves. Thus, the upward part of each *minimum* in the object must also point upwards in the image on the retina. For what principle is there in optics or in geometry, in physiology or in the humours of the eye, to reverse it? We do not see how opticians can dispute this fact, except by saying that these *minima* have no extension, and consequently have neither an *up* nor a *down*; but that is a position which we think they will hardly venture to maintain. We can make our meaning perfectly plain by the following illustrative diagram—In the lines of figures,

A	B	C
1	9	6
2	8	5
3	7	4
4	6	3
5	5	2
6	4	1

Let the line A be a string of six beads,

each of which is a *minimum visibile*, or smallest point from which a cone of rays can come. Now, the ordinary optical doctrine, as we understand it, is, that this string of beads A falls upon the retina in an image in the form of the row of figures B; that is to say, in an image in which the bead 1 is thrown with its head downwards on the retina, and all the other beads in the same way with their heads downwards. Now, on the contrary, it appears to us demonstrable, that the beads A must fall upon the retina in an image in the form of the row of figures C; that is to say, in an image in which each particular bead or *minimum* lies with its head upwards upon the retina. In the annexed scheme our meaning, and the difference between the two views, are made perfectly plain; and, it is evident, that if the object were reduced to only one *minimum*—the bead 2, for instance—there would be no inversion, but a perfectly erect image of it thrown upon the retina.

Now, there are just five different ways in which the fact we have now stated may be viewed. It is either a fact notoriously announced in all or in most optical works; and if it is so, we are surprised (though our reading has not been very extensive in that way) that we should never have come across it. Or else it is a fact so familiar to all optical writers, and so obvious and common-place in itself, that they never have thought it necessary or worth their while to announce it. But if this be the case, we cannot agree with them; we think that it is a fact as recondite and as worthy of being stated as many others that are emphatically insisted on in the science. Or else, though neither notorious nor familiar, it may have been stated by some one or by some few optical writers. If so, we should thank any one who would be kind enough to refer us to the works in which it is to be found. Or else, fourthly, it is a false fact, and admits of being demonstrably disproved. If so, we should like to see it done. Or else, lastly, it is a true, and a new, and a demonstrable fact; and if so, we now call upon all optical writers, from this time henceforward, to adopt it. We do not pretend to decide which of these views is the true one. We look to Dr Brewster for a reply; for neither his, nor any other man's *rationale* of the inverted images, appears to us to be at all complete or satisfactorily made out without its admission.

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Ditto	10	10	0	"
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Boarders are received by the Principal, and by the Vice-Principal, into the College, at 25 Guineas per annum for Boys who are natives of the Island, and 30 Guineas for Boys who are not; also by the English Master at similar rates, and by the Third Master; and a few Boarding-houses, kept by highly respectable persons, are sanctioned by the Principal. These Terms are exclusive in every case of the College Fees. The Board to be paid half-yearly. Each Pupil has a single Bed.

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* * There is regular steam-communication between the Island and the surrounding countries.

The BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN takes this opportunity of placing before the Public the present state of King William's College, with reference to its Finances.

The College was built upon the basis of an old Foundation of BISHOP BARROW, who collected and gave certain sums which were afterwards laid out in lands, with the view of providing for the Education of the Manx Clergy.

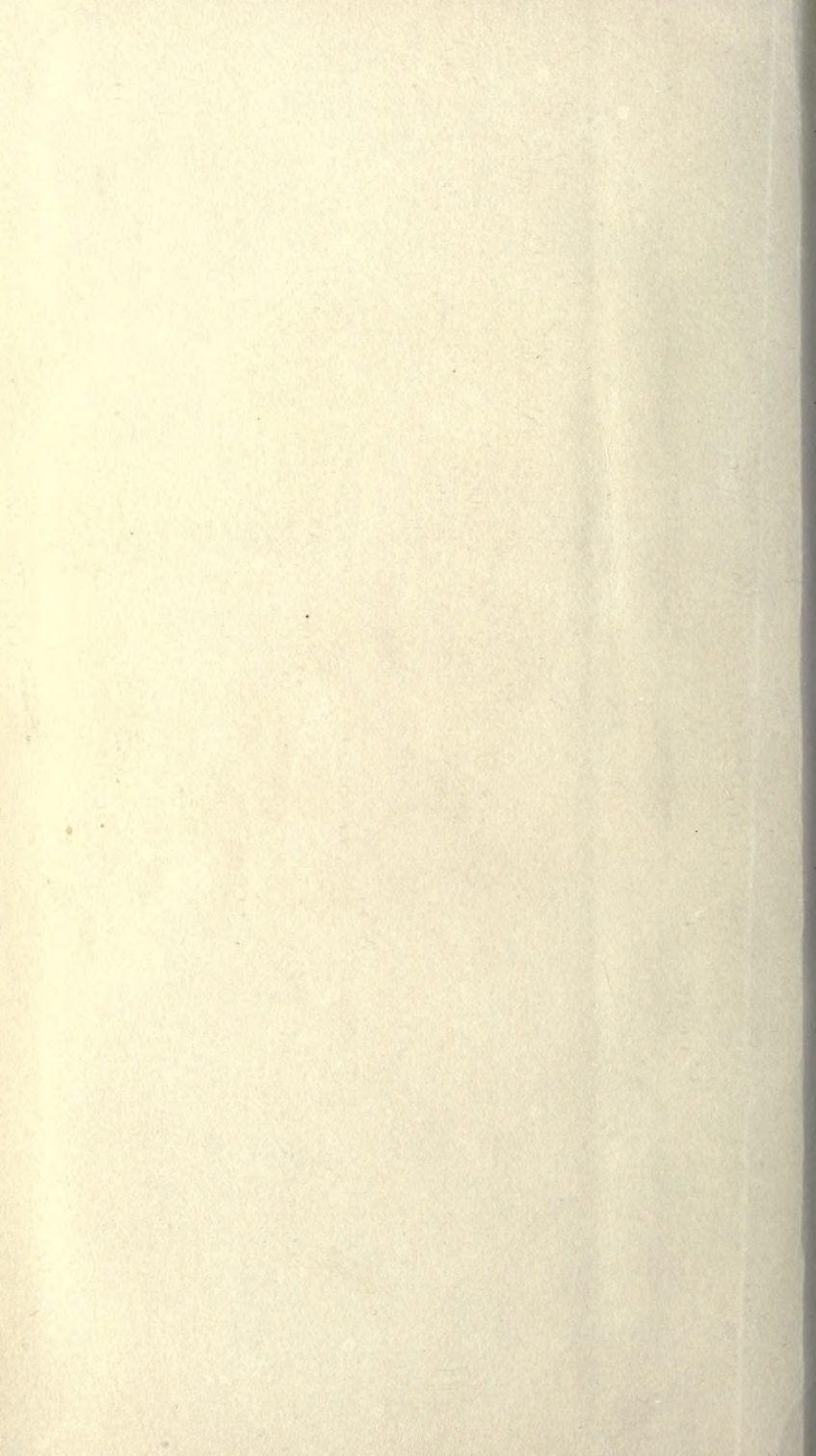
The present Building cost about £6000; of which about £2000 consisted of money accumulated from the Charity with the view of being so employed; £2000 or more, of money subscribed, chiefly by the inhabitants of the Island; and the other £2000 was raised by mortgaging the Funds.

Now, as it is necessary that the present Masters of the School should be paid, or proper Teachers could not be provided, and as they are certainly not too highly paid, the interest of this debt, as well as an annual sum employed in gradually liquidating it, are unavoidably taken out of that portion of the Funds which otherwise could be employed for the education of youths, out of whom proper persons would be selected to supply the wants of the Manx Church, leaving the Bishop, for some years to come, with inadequate means for providing for the due education of a future Clergy.

If, therefore, any Charitable Individuals should feel disposed to assist in liquidating this debt, or in furnishing the Bishop with funds which might be applied by him to educate the sons of Clergymen, or others, with the prospect of their entering into the Church, he will gladly accept of any sums so offered, and try to apply them, according to the intention of the Donors, and the best of his judgment, to the glory of God, and the benefit of that portion of the Church of Christ which has been committed to his care.

BISHOP'S COURT, *May 4, 1842.*





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